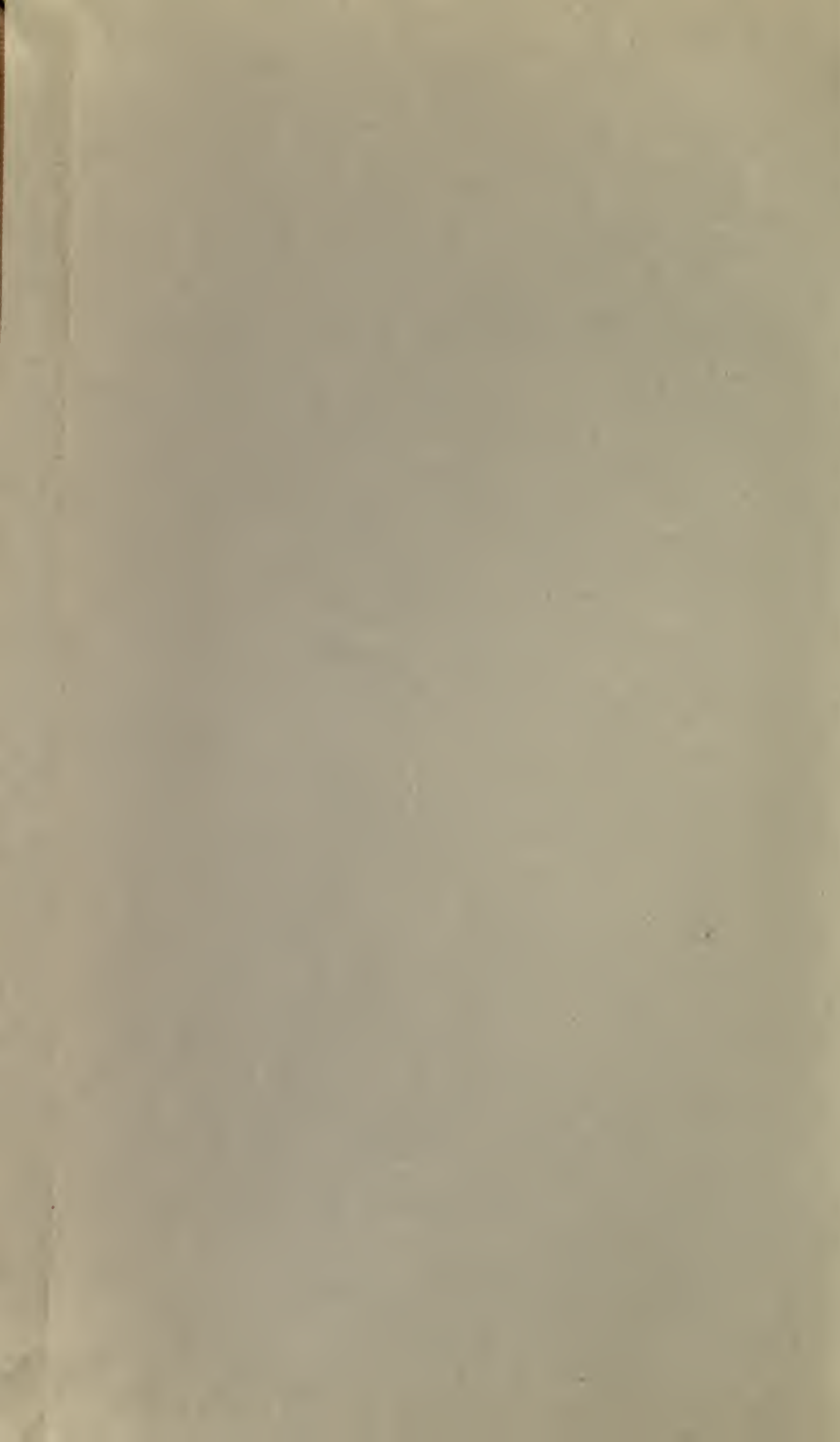


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THE
EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT,
INDIANA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

A NARRATIVE OF ITS SERVICES

IN THE

CIVIL WAR OF 1861-1865.

Written by a Committee consisting of James A. Barnes,
James R. Carnahan and Thomas H. B. McCain.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.:
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1895.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS
OF THE
EIGHTY-SIXTH INDIANA REGIMENT,
UPON WHOSE
VALOR, FIDELITY, CONSTANCY AND TRIUMPH,
AROSE
THE STANDARD OF FREE GOVERNMENT AND UNIVERSAL LIBERTY,
AND TO THEIR
SONS AND DAUGHTERS, THEIR WIVES, SISTERS AND MOTHERS,
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
IN THE HOPE
THAT IT MAY REMAIN A TESTIMONIAL TO THEIR HEROIC ENDURANCE,
PATRIOTIC SACRIFICES, AND A TRIBUTE TO THEIR
HALLOWED MEMORY.

To the
Volunteers
of the
Eighty-Sixth
Indiana Regiment

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INTRODUCTORY.

In the presentation of the history of the Eighty-Sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, the authors seek not their own glorification. The work of writing the part taken by this regiment is undertaken at the request of the members of the regiment who survived the hardships and dangers of the years from 1862-1865 in active campaign life. The desire of these comrades is to preserve for their children, the history of the service they rendered to the Nation in the days of her peril, and that the name and deeds of their regiment may not be entirely forgotten.

It is not intended to write a history of the entire war of the Rebellion, but in narrating the manner by which this regiment was organized, and then formed a part of the great Union Army, or Federal Army as it was called by the people of the South, and then in chronicling the deeds of the men of the Eighty-Sixth, it will be necessary to write to some extent of the opening year of the war, and of the events of the years that followed. We must write somewhat of the organization of the entire Army of the Union, and briefly recount the necessity for the formation of the Eighty-Sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers.

After writing of the formation and muster-in of the regiment, it will be necessary to relate something of the general history of the campaigns in which it participated, and the battles in which it bore an important and conspicuous part. The surviving members of this regiment feel a just and honorable pride in the military record of this special body of troops in which they performed their service, and

they have no less pride in the glorious achievements of every regiment and battery that was mustered into the United States service, and entering the field bore its part in the suppression of the rebellion and the preservation of the American Republic. It is felt that each and all, officers and enlisted men, have "a vested right" in the great glory and renown that so justly belongs to all.

Notwithstanding the fact that the wonderful achievements of the American citizen soldiery merits the highest encomiums from all and for all, yet we as Indiana men will certainly be pardoned if we should in this work, claim for the Indiana soldier, and for those particularly who were active participants in the campaigns and battles of the war through which we passed, as much valor, and as many thoroughly soldierly qualities, included in the terms bravery, courage, daring and prowess, on the battle-field, as can be shown by any other State that took part in that deadly struggle from 1861-1865 inclusive.

On every battle-field during the entire war for the preservation of the Union, Indiana regiments and Indiana batteries were found, and the banners borne by her sons were ever in the thickest and hottest of the fray.

The pages which follow will be simply a recital of the part which the Eighty-Sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, performed in the great drama on the theater of the most bloody war of modern times. It will not be claimed that this regiment did more than any other similar body of men in the field, but the aim is to give a plain, unvarnished story of the marches, the bivouacs, the skirmishes, the battles of this organization, and recount its hardships, its exposures, its privations and its severe trials,—this and nothing more.

JAMES A. BARNES,

JAMES R. CARNAHAN,

THOMAS H. B. MCCAIN.

HISTORY OF THE EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

CHAPTER I.

BURSTING OF THE STORM CLOUD.

The Secession of the Southern States—Firing on Sumter—President Lincoln's Proclamation—Governor Morton's Call for Six Regiments—The President's Call for Three Years' Men—The Response of Indiana.

During the winter of 1860-'61 seven of the Southern States undertook to secede from the Union, and destroy the National Government. Soon other States in the South joined in the movement and attempted to set up an independent government. The arms and treasure of the United States were taken possession of, and finally Fort Sumter, near Charleston, South Carolina, was fired upon, and the garrison, after a stubborn fight, was compelled to surrender. This firing upon the United States flag and upon United States soil was the open declaration of war against and upon the Government, and this was to be met. Abraham Lincoln, the President, at once issued his proclamation for volunteers, as follows:

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the power vested in the marshal by law:

Now therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department.

I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union and the prosperity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union; and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens, in any part of the country.

And I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid, to disperse, and to retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Believing that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to be at their respective chambers, at twelve o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the fourth day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

[L. S.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Signed:

By the President.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Following immediately upon the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 troops for the three months' service, Governor Morton issued a proclamation under date of April 16, 1861, as follows:

WHEREAS, An armed rebellion has been organized in certain States of this Union, having for its purpose the overthrow of the government of the United States;

AND WHEREAS, The authors and movers in this rebellion have seized, by violence, various forts and arsenals belonging to the United States, and otherwise plundered the Government of large amounts of money and valuable property:

AND WHEREAS, Fort Sumter, a fortress belonging to the United States, the exclusive possession and jurisdiction over which was vested in the General Government by the Constitution of the United States, has been besieged by a large army and assaulted by a destructive cannonade and reduced to submission, and the National flag hauled down and dishonored;

AND WHEREAS, The President of the United States, in the exercise of the power vested in him by the Federal Constitution, has called upon the several States remaining true to their allegiance, to aid him in the enforcement of the laws, the recovery of the National property, and the maintenance of the rightful authority of the United States:

Now, therefore, I, Oliver P. Morton, Governor of the State of Indiana, call upon the loyal and patriotic men of this State, to the number of six regiments, to organize themselves into military companies, and forthwith to report the same to the Adjutant General, in order that they may be speedily mustered into the service of the United States. The details of the organization are set forth in the instructions of the Adjutant General, herewith published.

OLIVER P. MORTON, Governor.

LEWIS WALLACE, Adjutant General.

Indianapolis, April 16, 1861.

These two proclamations were each the first by the Chief Executive of the United States, and the Chief Executive of the State of Indiana, announcing or declaring war, the cause thereof, and calling for troops. These first calls by President Lincoln and Governor Morton in April, 1861, had scarcely been flashed over the wires until the State had more than filled her quota, and her regiments were hurrying from peaceful homes into fields that were to be made far more glorious by their deeds of valor, than any battle-field of the old world where the wars had been waged for conquest or hate, at the command of a despot, and by soldiers of fortune or force. From North to South, from East to West within her borders the sons of Indiana responded to the call. They came from the stores and counting rooms, from the colleges and country school houses, from village, town and city, from shop and farm, leaving all and every prospect of future comfort for the hardships, danger and death that awaited them

in their new lives as soldiers. There was then no thought of honor and glory, no towering ambition to be gratified, no promise or hope, of great pecuniary reward,—there was only the one great moving and impelling cause, *Patriotism*, as pure, as earnest, as high and as noble as ever influenced men to act. The life of the Nation was threatened, the Republic was in peril; it must be saved. This thought, and this alone brought men from their peaceful homes, and into the tented field. Of all of the States of the Union, Indiana had had for a score of years prior to the breaking out of the civil war, less of the military spirit than any other State of the Republic. It was wholly devoted to peaceful pursuits. Its mercantile, mechanical and agricultural affairs engrossed almost the entire attention of her people. There was in April, 1861, not to exceed a half dozen of what might be termed even fairly respectable military companies in the State; there was not even a professed battalion or regimental organization anywhere within our borders. Outside of a very few men who had seen some little military service in the Mexican war, which had closed some thirteen years prior to the rebellion, it is safe to say that we had not three hundred men in the entire State that had ever stood in military ranks, or had ever had a single drill in the manual of arms, and certain it was that there were not ten men, who even in the so-called military bodies prior to 1861, who had ever had a commission or rank, higher than that of Captain, and none who had in any rank commanded a battalion or a regiment. The lawyer, the preacher, the business man, the mechanic and the farmer entered the new life, as soldiers, with all the zeal and mental application the necessities of the day and the occasion demanded. With the same haste with which the companies were recruited and mustered into the service, the companies were assigned to regiments. These were as speedily equipped, and without any delay for preparatory drill were put on board the cars, not even waiting for passenger coaches, but loaded into box cars and cattle cars, and were sent to the front to engage in active campaign life. There was no opportunity to test the qualifications of the

men who were commissioned as field officers and placed at the head of the various regiments, and there was no pretense that the company officers were in any respect informed as to their duties, but they were commissioned and told that they "had it all to learn." Fortunately the men who were commissioned as field officers of each of the six regiments organized under the first call, proved by their gallantry and faithful service that they had been well chosen. In the calls of 1862, we had some of the officers of the first regiments of 1861 transferred to the new regiments and they brought with them such experience as they had gained during a year's service. Looking back over the period of the war, and the years that "tried men's souls," the years when under military discipline, and the storms of battle, in which youths speedily developed into strong and thoughtful men under the responsibilities that were laid upon them, and when we compare the soldiers of other States with those from Indiana, our State and our officers and soldiers, lose nothing by that comparison. In relation to the efficiency of Indiana officers in the Army, Governor Morton late in the war, (1865), in his message to the Legislature said:

"The duty of appointing officers to command our regiments is full of responsibility and embarrassment. I have commissioned many whom I did not know, and for whose fitness I was compelled to rely entirely upon the opinion of others. But it affords me gratification to state that the Indiana officers, as a body, have been found equal to those of any other State: that they have, upon every battle-field, sustained the great cause, and shed lustre upon the flag under which they fought. Many have been appointed to high commands, in which they have acquitted themselves with the greatest honor and ability, and very many have nobly laid down their lives in battle for their country."

At the breaking out of the war, the United States was unable to furnish the uniforms and equipments necessary for an army of 75,000 soldiers so suddenly called into active service. There must needs be arms and ammunition of all kinds and for all branches of the service. These were the first essentials, and to the manufacture of these the Government was compelled to turn all its force and power to the neglect of uniforms and the distinctive badges that indicated

the soldier and not the citizen. Under the circumstances, therefore, it became necessary for the State to provide uniforms for the troops organized within her borders. Some of the regiments were uniformed before they left the State, others went into the field without their uniforms, and the uniforms were made and sent to them. There were, however, no individual measures taken for uniforms—the soldier took what was handed him and “swapped around” until he got something which was called “a fit” that he could wear. The writer remembers well the great variety of uniforms that were worn by the first year’s troops, each State having a uniform in many respects differing from those worn by the troops from other States.

Each branch of business pertaining to the army or military life was crowded to the utmost. Speaking of the activity that prevailed in every military department of the State, General Terrell says: “Indeed every department was taxed to the utmost; the duties were novel, and the officers assigned to discharge them inexperienced and unskilled; yet better supplies were not furnished at any subsequent period during the war, or at so cheap a rate.”

The spirit of patriotism then pervaded all classes. It was in the man who had goods to sell, and the man who manufactured them, as well as in the men who volunteered to do military service. The leading, moving and guiding spirit in all matters pertaining to the war, in so far as the State of Indiana was concerned, was the then Governor, Oliver P. Morton. It was his mind and genius that directed in the organization of the Indiana troops for the first call. It was he who influenced and directed the legislation that was necessary to place Indiana abreast of the other loyal States in those matters that were then vital to the best interests of the Nation. What is here said of Governor Morton at the breaking out of the war, is equally true of him during all the years of war through which the Nation passed until peace was again declared and our boys came marching home.

No work for him was too arduous, no labor too great for him to undertake in the cause of the Union, or for the men

who had left their homes as members of any body of Indiana soldiers. Whether at home discharging the duties as Governor, or absent looking after the financial interests of the State—the Indiana soldier and his welfare were ever uppermost in his mind. His activity in all matters pertaining to the war was most fully illustrated in his recommendations to the legislature which he had convened in special session. The legislature met in extra session on the 24th of April, 1861, and the Governor in his message, after reviewing the situation in which the General Government was then placed, and after recounting what Indiana had already done and was trying to do, said:

“In view of all the facts, it becomes the imperative duty of Indiana to make suitable preparations for the contest, by providing ample supplies of men and money to insure the protection of the State and General Government in the prosecution of the war to a speedy and successful termination. I therefore recommend that one million of dollars be appropriated for the purchase of arms and munitions of war, and for the organization of such portion of the militia as may be deemed necessary for the emergency; that a militia system be devised and enacted, looking chiefly to volunteers, which shall insure the greatest protection to the State, and unity and efficiency of the force to be employed.”

The legislature at once authorized a war loan of two millions of dollars, and appropriated for general military purposes one million dollars; for the purchase of arms five hundred thousand dollars; and for expense of organizing and supporting the militia of the State for two years one hundred thousand dollars.

So strong a hold did Governor Morton have upon the legislature and the people of the State in these first days of the great civil war, that men of all political parties accepted him as the leader, and the State at once took a higher and stronger position with the other loyal States than it had ever previously had, and all because of the policy that was then adopted concerning the war.

The “Three Months’ Men,” as the men were called who composed the regiments numbered from six to eleven inclusive, that had been organized under President Lincoln’s call of April 15, 1861, had all been sent to the front immediately

after their organization and were testing the hardships of camp and field. It was but just to the men who responded to this first call to say, that although there was not so much fighting crowded into their term of service as there was later on in the same period of time, yet during their service was had much of hardship and danger. The term of service of the men under this first call had not been concluded when President Lincoln issued his second call for troops, the second call being for a three years' term of service. The President and his Cabinet and the members of Congress had now come to a full realization of the fact that the war would "not down," at the bidding, but that it was to be a campaign the end of which was unknown, and that it was to be of some considerable duration, none doubted.

On May 3, 1861, the President issued another call for troops to serve for three years. This second call was for 42,034 volunteers, and increased the regular army by the addition of eight regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and one regiment of artillery, making an aggregate increase of the regular army of 22,714 officers and enlisted men. The navy was also increased by the addition of 18,000 seamen, making a total for volunteer and regular armies and the navy of 82,748.

The six regiments organized under the first call returned home at the end of their term of service and found that during their absence in the field the enlistments had been so rapid that the entire quota had been filled under the second call. Each of the first six regiments re-enlisted, and before another call was issued by the President they had all been accepted by the War Department, and were mustered-in, and had again left the State and gone to the front.

As each month passed by, the war assumed greater and greater proportions. The enlisting in Indiana did not stop. On July 1, 1861, only two months later, another call was made for 500,000 men. Under this call Indiana furnished: Two regiments of Infantry, twelve months' service; Forty-seven regiments of Infantry, three years' ser-

vice; Four companies of Infantry, three years' service; Three regiments of Cavalry, three years' service; Eighteen batteries of Artillery, three years' service. On October 2, 1861, Governor Morton issued another proclamation, in which he called upon "all men capable of bearing arms, and who can leave their homes, to cast aside their ordinary pursuits, and enroll themselves in the ranks of the army." He appealed to the citizens with all his fervid eloquence. He said: "Let Indiana set the glorious example of doing her whole duty, and show to the world how much can be accomplished by the brave and loyal people of a single State." He urged the farmer to "leave his plow, the merchant his store, the mechanic his workshop, the banker his exchange, and the professional man his office, and devote themselves to their country." Under these calls at the close of the year 1861. Indiana had mustered into the service regiments numbered from Six to Fifty-nine inclusive, and eleven batteries of light artillery—and still the calls for troops from Indiana and the other loyal States continued. Other States as well as Indiana were enlisting, mustering-in, and sending their troops into the war.

On January 24, 1862, Governor Morton issued another call under a call to him by the General Government, for five more regiments, and says: "Let this call, which I trust is the last I shall have to make during the war, be responded to with the same zeal and alacrity as the former ones have been." The call was answered and the five regiments were organized.

Through the year 1861 and into the first part of January, 1862, however, as they who passed through the subsequent years of the war to its close now see it, there was with the exception of a few battles, but little of the severity of actual warfare. The summer and autumn of 1861 was chiefly spent by both armies in drilling and preparation for those severe conflicts and hardships that came later on in the service. The winter of 1861-'62 brought with it the cold and storms of rain and snow and sleet, and the sufferings of the men unused to army or out door life were terri-

ble in the extreme. The battles of Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing in the West, in which so many of our Indiana troops were engaged, and the severe work of the Army of the Potomac, began to make the men who were yet at home realize, to some extent, that there was war in this country, and that war meant bloodshed, wounds and death. For every death, however, there was someone who wished to avenge that death, and each death seemed to bring a greater realization of the actual value of the Republic, and of the importance of its preservation.

The early part of 1862 had been marked by victories for our army both on the Potomac and Western fields, but the severity of the winter and the loss from disease, and from wounds and deaths on the battle field, had very largely reduced the effective force of the Union Army, so that when the early summer of 1862 came, and it was necessary to push the war with more vigor, it was discovered that more men must be put into the field. This now brings the reader to the period at which the Eighty-Sixth Regiment of Indiana and other regiments were called into the service of the United States. The special cause which brought about the President's proclamation of July 1, 1862, calling for 300,000 troops is most fully explained in the petition that was presented to him, the President, by the Governors of eighteen of the loyal States, of which the following, is an authenticated copy from the files in the War Department at Washington.

THE PETITION.

June, 28, 1862.—The undersigned, Governors of States of the Union, impressed with the belief that the citizens of the States which they respectively represent are of one accord in the hearty desire that the recent successes of the Federal arms may be followed up by measures which must insure the speedy restoration of the Union; and believing that, in view of the present state of the important military movements now in progress, and the reduced condition of our effective forces in the field, resulting from the usual and unavoidable casualties of the service, that the time has arrived for prompt and vigorous measures to be adopted by the people in support of the great interests committed to your charge, we respectfully request, if it meets with your entire approval, that you at once call upon the several States for such number of men as may be required to fill up all military organizations now in the

field, and add to the armies heretofore organized such additional number of men as may, in your judgment, be necessary to garrison and hold all of the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies, and to speedily crush the rebellion that still exists in several of the Southern States, thus practically restoring to the civilized world our great and good government. All believe that the decisive moment is near at hand, and to that end the people of the United States are desirous to aid promptly in furnishing all re-inforcements that you may deem needful to sustain the government.

ISRAEL WASHBURN, jr., Governor of Maine.
 H. S. BERRY, Governor of New Hampshire.
 FRED'K HOLBROOK, Governor of Vermont.
 WM. A. BUCKINGHAM, Governor of Connecticut.
 E. D. MORGAN, Governor of New York.
 CHAS. S. OLDEN, Governor of New Jersey.
 A. G. CURTIN, Governor of Pennsylvania.
 A. W. BRADFORD, Governor of Maryland.
 F. H. PIERPONT, Governor of Virginia.
 AUSTIN BLAIR, Governor of Michigan.
 J. B. TEMPLE, President Military Board of Kentucky.
 ANDREW JOHNSON, Governor of Tennessee.
 H. R. GAMBLE, Governor of Missouri.
 O. P. MORTON, Governor of Indiana.
 DAVID TODD, Governor of Ohio.
 ALEX. RAMSEY, Governor of Minnesota.
 RICHARD YATES, Governor of Illinois.
 EDWARD SALOMON, Governor of Wisconsin.

The President.

President Lincoln did not need very much urging, nor did he deem it necessary for him to take a very great deal of time to consider the subject matter of the petition of these Governors, for on the third day after the date of the petition, he responded thereto as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 1, 1862.—GENTLEMEN—Fully concurring in the wisdom of the views expressed to me in so patriotic a manner by you, in the communication of the 28th day of June, I have decided to call into the service an additional force of three hundred thousand men. I suggest and recommend that the troops should be chiefly of infantry. The quota of your State would be —. I trust that they may be enrolled without delay, so as to bring this unnecessary and injurious civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. An order

fixing the quotas of the respective States will be issued by the War Department to-morrow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The GOVERNORS of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Michigan, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, and the President of the Military Board of Kentucky.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In the light of subsequent events, it seems very strange that men who were so prominent in the affairs of State, both in the National and State governments, after the war had been in progress over a year should not have realized the magnitude of the struggle, which at the end of nearly fourteen months, had only really begun. The events that had transpired between April, 1861, and the last days of June and the 1st day of July, 1862, when these Governors addressed the President, and he penned his response thereto, were but the prologue to the great drama that was to be enacted on a stage that embraced half the States of the Union, and before which the people of the whole civilized world with bated breath, were the spectators. At the time of which we now write no decisive blow had been struck. True there had been much loss of blood and treasure and life, great, *very great*, it then seemed to a people that was accustomed only to peaceful pursuits, but the South was in arms, their hopes were high in the anticipation and belief that it could and would be able to set up a government independent of the Union. These Governors were doubtless sincere when they expressed the belief that the "recent successes of the Federal arms" could be followed to "a speedy restoration of the Union," and that it might be an easy matter "to speedily crush the rebellion that still exists in several of the Southern States."

President Lincoln evidently realized more fully the magnitude of the work before him, than did these Governors. This is made apparent by the fact that he made his call of July 1, 1862, for 300,000 men. The force to be enrolled under this call was to be within itself a great army. Nor in the gathering of this great army was the President to be

disappointed in the wish he expressed in his reply to the Governors, when he wrote, "I trust that there may be enrolled without delay"—although the "satisfactory conclusion" of the civil war, was long postponed. Before the war closed Indiana alone had furnished 208,367 men. Of this number there were killed, or died of disease 24,416.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORGANIZATION.

The Eighty-Sixth Recruited in Response to the Call for 300,000 More—The Material Furnished by the Eighth Congressional District—Rendezvoused at Camp Tippecanoe—Line, Field and Staff Officers.

Under the call of the President, July 1, 1862, and the orders from the War Department, the quota for the State of Indiana was Twenty-one Thousand, Two Hundred and Fifty, (21,250) to serve three years or during the war. Immediately after this call Governor Morton took active measures looking to the filling of Indiana's quota at the earliest possible moment. On July 7, 1862, the following proclamation was addressed to the people of the State:

To the People of Indiana :

The large number of troops required to garrison and hold the great extent of territory which has been wrested from the possession of the rebels by the many and distinguished victories that have attended the Union arms, enables the rebels to greatly outnumber our forces now in the vicinity of Richmond. The greater part of the rebel army has been concentrated at Richmond—their last stronghold—for a final and desperate struggle; and the army of the Union—while fighting with a gallantry hardly equaled, and never surpassed, in the annals of warfare—has, by overwhelming numbers, been compelled to make a short and temporary retreat.

The President, in the exercise of the powers vested in him by the Constitution and Laws of the United States, has called for 300,000 men,

a force deemed entirely adequate to the crushing out of the rebellion and the restoration of peace and the Union of the States.

Again I call upon the loyal and patriotic men of Indiana to come forward and supply the quota due from our State. Up to this hour, Indiana occupies a most exalted position connected with the war. Her troops have been in almost every battle, and have behaved with uniform and distinguished gallantry. Never before has the State held so proud a place in the opinion of the world, and it should be by the prayer and effort of every loyal citizen that she may not now falter, and that nothing may hereafter occur to detract from her well-earned honors. But while we are justly proud of the high rank to which Indiana has attained, we should never forget that our allegiance and highest duty are due to the Nation, of which Indiana is a part; that in struggling for National Government, we are contending for our National existence, honor, and all that is dear to freemen, and that in this struggle we must succeed, at *whatever cost*; that it is the duty of every State to furnish, promptly, her full proportion of the military force called for by the President, and that in doing so, she has no right to dictate the terms of his military policy or prescribe conditions precedent upon which such force shall be furnished. To do so, would be to recognize the odious doctrine of State Rights, as it has been taught by rebel politicians for many years, and which is but another name for secession and the cause of all our woe.

I, therefore, call upon every man, whatever may be his rank and condition in life, to put aside his business and come to the rescue of his country. Upon every man, individually, let me urge the solemn truth, that whatever may be his condition or business, he has no duty or business half so important to himself and family as the speedy and effectual suppression of the rebellion.

Those who from age and infirmity cannot enter the army, can do much to stimulate others; and I want every man to feel especially called upon to exert himself, and by public and private exhortation, and by every legitimate influence, to encourage the immediate filling up of the new regiments. And to the women of Indiana, whose hearts are so full of love of home and country, and who by their labors and contributions, have done so much to relieve the sick and wounded soldiers, let me especially appeal. Emulate the virtues of the Roman matron—urge your sons, husbands, and brothers to the field. Your influence is all-pervading and powerful. And to the maiden, let me say, beware of that lover who, full of health and vigor, lingers at home in inglorious ease when his country calls for him to arms.

* * * * *

Tents, uniform, arms, artillery, and equipments of every kind, will be furnished at the various camps as fast as required. Commanders of

the camps will be promptly appointed, and every facility afforded for recruiting and providing for the troops.

The period of enlistment will be for "three years or during the war," and the terms and mode of organization will be pointed out in order to be issued in a day or two by the Adjutant General.

OLIVER P. MORTON, Governor of Indiana.

Executive Department, Indianapolis, July 7, 1862.

The first regiments organized under this proclamation were formed and had gone into the field by the close of the month, July, when immediately, the second assignment under the call was made, and by the close of the first week of August, 1862, the camps in each of the several districts were again alive with men, and the work of organization of new regiments was being carried on with as much zeal as at any previous time since the breaking out of the war.

Indiana in this call did as she had done in all of the previous calls, she voluntarily furnished more than her quota. Under the call of July 1, 1862, she furnished: One regiment of Infantry, twelve months' service; Thirty regiments of Infantry, three years' service; Six companies of Infantry, three years' service; Two regiments Cavalry, three years' service; Nine batteries of Artillery, three years' service. Each of these regiments had their full complement of men—1000 each.

The Eighty-Sixth Regiment was one of the regiments called for from the Eighth Congressional District, at that time composed of the counties of Tippecanoe, Carroll, Clinton, Boone, Montgomery, Fountain and Warren, and the camp, or rendezvous; was located on the hills just south of and adjoining the city of Lafayette. It was an excellent position for a camp and gave to the new recruit a very pleasant first experience in soldier life. The camp was high and dry—overlooking the Wabash river and valley—in plain view of the various railroads, and the stir and bustle incident to the arrival of recruits by the railroads, the activity and novelty of the situation all tended to keep up the enthusiasm and spirit of the newly made soldiers. The month had not passed away until each of the ten

companies of the regiment was in "Camp Tippecanoe," for so the camp was named.

Company A was recruited in Boone county with Aaron Frazee as Captain, George W. Smith First Lieutenant, and Robert A. Williamson Second Lieutenant.

Company B was recruited in Carroll county with Francis J. Mattler as Captain, John S. Armitage First Lieutenant, and Jeremiah Haugh Second Lieutenant.

Company C was recruited in Fountain county with Jacob C. Dick as Captain, William Burr First Lieutenant, and Oliver Boord as Second Lieutenant.

Company D was recruited in Warren county with Lewis Stevens as Captain, Jackson Hickson First Lieutenant, and Harris J. Gass Second Lieutenant.

Company E was recruited in Warren county with Philip Gemmer as Captain, George Hitchens First Lieutenant, and John R. Moore Second Lieutenant.

Company F was recruited in Boone county with William S. Sims as Captain, Jacob Palmer First Lieutenant, and Robert W. Coolman Second Lieutenant.

Company G was recruited in Clinton county with John Seager as Captain, Samuel Douglass First Lieutenant, and Nelson R. Smith Second Lieutenant.

Company H was recruited in Clinton county with Milton Bell as Captain, James B. Newton First Lieutenant, and Uriah Thomas Second Lieutenant.

Company I was recruited in Tippecanoe, Clinton, Boone, and Montgomery counties with William C. Lambert as Captain, John Gilliland First Lieutenant, and James T. Doster Second Lieutenant.

Company K was recruited in Montgomery county with William M. Southard as Captain, William H. Lynn First Lieutenant, and John M. Yount Second Lieutenant.

Orville S. Hamilton, of Lebanon, was commissioned as the first Colonel on September 6, 1862.

Dixon Fleming, of Warren county, was commissioned as

Lieutenant Colonel September 6, 1862, but declined the commission October 21, 1862, without having been mustered into the service.

Jasper M. Dresser, of Lafayette, was commissioned as Major September 6, 1862.

Carson P. Rodman, of Lebanon, was commissioned as Adjutant on August 18, 1862, prior to the muster-in of the regiment.

Kersey Bateman, of Attica, was commissioned as Quartermaster August 12, 1862, prior to the muster-in of the regiment.

Rev. William S. Harker, of Frankfort, was commissioned as Chaplain September 7, 1862.

James S. Elliott, M. D., of Thorntown, was commissioned as Surgeon September 6, 1862.

Joseph Jones, M. D., of Williamsport, was commissioned as Assistant Surgeon August 14, 1862, prior to the muster-in in of the regiment.

Allen M. Walton, M. D., of Lafayette, was commissioned as Assistant Surgeon September 6, 1862.

Such was the organization of the regiment as to the Company officers and as to the Field and Staff officers at the time it moved to Indianapolis to be armed and equipped for active service. On the first of September the regiment was ordered to Camp Carrington, Indianapolis, and remained there for one week. The date of the muster-in of the regiment as such was September 4, 1862, and the mustering officer was Col. J. S. Simonson, of the regular army. The change of scene from Camp Tippecanoe to Camp Carrington was very great to most of the men, and officers as well. The majority of the regiment saw here for the first time soldiers in full uniform and equipments and the moving of troops as they left their camps and marched out in full campaign outfit, with bands playing and colors flying starting for "the front." The air they breathed was full of martial strains, and every breeze bore to their ears the sounds incident to camp life. Sentries paced their beats, and received their instructions in regard to guard duties.

The full and complete roster of the regiment is published with this history, and contains briefly a record of all changes that were made of the officers both of the field and staff, and of the line, as well as the record of the enlisted men.

It may not be amiss in this connection to state that all of the Field and Staff, excepting Assistant Surgeon Jones, that were mustered in with the original organization retired before the hardest part of the service of the regiment was reached. Assistant Surgeon Walton was severely wounded at Chickamauga and died from the wounds there received. He was a good and faithful officer, kind and sympathetic in his disposition, and under all circumstances a gentlemen.

Of the original Captains at the organization six resigned, two were dismissed by court martial, two were promoted, one was mustered out with the regiment with same rank, and one, William M. Southard, of Company K, was killed in the storming of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863. Of Captain Southard it can be truthfully said, no man was ever a more devoted friend than he, and as an officer he looked scrupulously after the interests of his men. His death was such as any soldier living might wish for if fate decreed to him to die. He died in the midst of the charge on Missionary Ridge when the regiment had almost reached the summit, and victory was just within its grasp. The shots had come thick and fast, the struggle had been a hard one, the troops were pushing through the leaden storm, cheered on by the voices of their officers. Captain Southard was doing his full duty when the soldier's summons came, and with a cheer to his men, and with a breath of love on his lips to her who had borne him, in the midst of that terrible shock of battle, as he received the death wound and while falling he spoke the word "Mother," and his soul went out to the God of battles, and battles for him were forever ended.

Of the original First and Second Lieutenants at the organization eight were promoted; eight resigned; two were dismissed; one, Second Lieutenant James T. Doster, of Company I, died; and one, First Lieutenant George W. Smith, of

Company A, was killed in the first day's engagement at Stone's River, December 31, 1862.

CHAPTER III.

THE INITIATION.

Camp Tippecanoe—Its Fine Location—Hard Beds—Trials for Hoosier Stomachs—Edible Blankets—Electing Officers—Physical Examinations—First Efforts at Drill—Raiding the Sutler.

The separation of friends was much the same in all places and at all times for the soldier when called to duty in the field during our late war. There was always a strong probability that this separation was final. This probability of never again meeting these friends embittered the parting more than one can tell, and whatever the sense of duty of offering one's service to his torn, distracted, and bleeding country all were loth to separate from those whom they held dearest—dearer than life itself—when that separation was quite possibly for all time. No one feeling the ties of kinship, the love for wife and children, for brothers and sisters, or love and reverence for parents, or that tender emotion of the lover for his sweet-heart will deny that it was to him a most severe and terrible trial, and cost him many a pang and prolonged heartache.

On entering Camp Tippecanoe each man was wide awake to take observations concerning his new life. The high rolling ground and its superior drainage made it a splendid location for a military camp. The sheds used for sleeping purposes were mere temporary structures, built of undressed boards from the saw mill. The camp in general was very scantily furnished with the most necessary articles for convenience or comfort. The bunks were not even supplied with straw.

Some of the seeming hardships which will be here related probably the more staid and dignified historians would scarcely pause to notice, much less to chronicle, but they are told that our children may learn and know of them. They were trivial ones, no doubt, yet life is made up of little things, and subsistence is one of the indispensable things in existence, and quite as necessary to the newly recruited soldier as to any other class, for next to an infant the average raw-recruit is among the most helpless of beings. It is reasonable to believe that the conditions which are here delineated had no little effect in undermining and ruining the health of many who, under more favorable circumstances, might have made fairly serviceable soldiers. The utter repulsion of food caused by these conditions so far weakened digestion in many a sturdy lad as to sow the seeds of disease, for the elements of weakness caused by the repugnance to food ultimately produced camp-diarrhœa, and probably still more frequently caused that condition of mind known as nostalgia, or home-sickness, which of all things most completely destroyed the usefulness of a man as a soldier while still leaving him in possession of a fair portion of his faculties and physical powers. But it frequently went much farther than this; it robbed him of strength and made him a physical wreck, and it often so completely unnerved him mentally that he would cry like a child at the bare mention of home or friends. This condition of body and mind was frequently brought about by the great shock to the system of the young men when they had to endure unexpected hardships and extremely nauseating rations, as at Camp Tippecanoe, where it was expected everything in the line of eatables to be both clean and palatable. This statement of the origin of disease and home-sickness may seem, to the inexperienced, to be a strong one and rather far fetched, but having witnessed the deep disgust and utter loathing of food by, at least, apparently healthy young men immediately almost upon arriving in camp, it is believed this statement is not overdrawn. Most of the old soldiers who read this can bear witness that the picture here

given is *not* too highly colored nor stated in too strong terms. The trials which are imposed on one changing from a civil life to that of a soldier are not, and cannot be appreciated by any one who has never made the change and who never experienced the privations incident thereto.

Going into camp at LaFayette, so near home and friends, surrounded by all things necessary to make one comfortable and cheerful many did not consider it as soldiering but rather as picnicing. Here all were to have a good time when once they got inured to camp life. It was to be a joyous prelude to the more arduous duties of the campaigning that was to come when they were thoroughly drilled and fitted for the field of action. And so it was in many respects, a very good time if all could have accepted it as such, although there were some bitter doses. Many thought they would live fine, drill a little for exercise and that the change would be so little that in all essential things it would not be unlike home life.

The realizations of these astounding changes at once aroused the perceptive faculties to great activity. It set thoughts afoot—a running, as it were, and the boys pondered much upon their situation and wondered what would come next. They reasoned in regard to future developments that if there was such a marked difference between their conception of camp-life and camp-life as found here under the most favorable circumstances, what bewildering and astounding changes in camp-life and campaigning would be presented when once ushered into the field of active duties in the enemy's country. There where the real rather than the imaginary trials are met face to face, where hardships, privations, and suffering from the vicissitudes of heat and cold are extremely oppressive, where death stalks by his side and and that continually there and there only can be witnessed the great trials of the soldier, and there only can his heroism and the extent of his offering on the altar of his country be understood and fully appreciated. These thoughts came with great force and suggested the thought: What next? True they had volunteered in the service at the call of their

country with the determination to do their full duty. It was however, never supposed that it would add to the danger of probable death by a rebel bullet, the pangs of starvation in a country so overflowing with all the necessaries of life as in the Northwestern States, and in a country so traversed and intersected by railroads as both the North and the South furnishing such ample means for transportation of these necessaries. Their minds became greatly excited and the more they gave wing to their imagination the more excited they became. They could not unravel the mystery of the future, or tear aside the veil which hid from view coming events. It was well they could not. They had but to do their duty and bide their time.

In referring to the hardships of diet in Camp Tippecanoe it is not meant to insinuate that the Commissary of Subsistence of the camp failed to do his full duty in furnishing rations. All certainly had plenty to eat, indeed, much that none wanted, and yet ate it—reluctantly it is true, but ate it all the same. There was plenty of bread and meat and an abundance of good water. The bread was fairly good baker's bread. The meat was excellent. What then was the trouble, may be asked. But the difficulty of mastication and deglutition were not directly referable to the quality of the bread or meat, or any of the solid foods issued, nor were they occasioned by the quality of the drinks pure and simple. The malignant imp that presided over the appetite and almost defeated the plan of subsistence was not in any of these articles originally, but it was over and in all of these before they were finally and fully prepared for the palate. It ruled in camp everywhere—that is in Camp Tippecanoe. To be more explicit, the different companies of the Eighty-sixth upon their arrival in camp had issued to them a lot of coarse white hairy blankets, the like of which had never been seen before or since. They could hardly be called woolen, but were composed of coarse stiff hairs which were ever ready upon a touch to desert their place in the original fabric and cling with wonderful tenacity to the place of their adoption as designated by the accidental touch. In these blankets the boys

stood guard at night. They threw them around their shoulders in the chill of cool evenings; they slept in their bunks wrapped in them, and consequently they were literally covered from head to foot with these foul, unsightly hairs. Like the effects of original sin they were ever present. Clothing was covered with them; nose, eyes, mouth, and ears were filled with them. An hundred Esaus spat and sputtered from morning until night, and from night until morning again to free their mouths of these persistent abominations, and they came far short of success. There were few or no vessels yet provided which could be used for transferring the rations from the regimental commissary department to the company quarters. Therefore these blankets came readily into use; for rations we had to have. Thus at a very early date there was a very general and liberal admixture of these blanket hairs with all rations drawn to be used by the companies. But there was never a hair missed. The crop was an unfailling one, and there was always on hand an abundant supply. By this double use of the blankets the hairs were generously and even copiously distributed everywhere; no place or person was slighted. The bunks were full of them; the rude tables were festooned with them; the bread was dressed and robed with them; the meat was duly appared with the fashionable garb of the day and consequently was well covered with coarse white hairs. They invaded the sugar; tin plates were ornamented and embellished in various designs by these long, stiff, tickling, unwelcome nauseating hairs. Tin coffee-cups were likewise wreathed and fringed in fantastic dressings with them. In short, not a drinking or cooking utensil or vessel of any kind could be found about the company quarters of that camp but what was fully decorated with these white robed conquerors. With a persistence that seemed born of intelligence they were ever present—conquering time and space and the palates of hundreds of sturdy lads and strong men, showing no favors to any. Yet they taught a good lesson: they were like true soldiers always at the front and every ready to perform their full duty. The boys were at first disgusted, then

angry, then both disgusted and angry, then disgusted, angry, and sick, for the gorge of every man did not fail to rise in rebellion against such treatment, as every well-fed, well-treated, and cultivated stomach should do. Yet this or a similar experience may have in one sense been necessary and beneficial in proving the boys' stomachs and preparing them for that which was to come, for although these constituted their last and only ration of edible blankets they suffered many hardships and sore trials of the stomach and palate during their term of service. This was, however, their worst and most trying experience of the palate while they remained in camp at LaFayette.

After their arrival in camp the boys were called up for examination and acceptance or rejection by the examining surgeons. This was soon completed. Some few were rejected who were really very anxious to go to the front and serve their country. The physical defects on account of which they were rejected were not in most cases marked ones so as to be noticeable by non-professionals, and the rejected ones were much crest-fallen because of their rejection, and declared that they were better men physically, that they were healthier, stronger, and more capable of enduring fatigue, exposure, and every manner of hardships than others of their comrades who were accepted. Some few even went so far as to make a request of the surgeons to accept them and again failed. The surgeons were the autocrats of the occasion and their decision was final. But generally the boys of the Eighty-sixth were a robust and sturdy lot of Hoosiers—composed of young men accustomed to physical exercise and to labor either upon the farm or at some trade, mostly of fine form and fine fibre and of as good nerve and muscle as the Western country could produce. Therefore a slight examination was sufficient to satisfy the surgeons that they were good for any ordinary or reasonable service of camp or field with proper care, training and handling to inure and accustom them to the diet, duties, and habits of a soldier's life.

Soon after the men were accepted by the examining sur-

geons they were called out upon the drill ground to go through the form of the election of officers. It was but a mere form as the whole thing was set up, cut and dried, as is said in politics. Of course there were some who were disappointed, but with a commendable spirit of patriotism there was but little grumbling. Some of the best men in the different companies were undoubtedly defrauded of their rights and had to receive orders from those who were in every way their inferiors as soldiers and as men. But in no particular did these defrauded ones show their superior qualities both as men and as soldiers more markedly than by their orderly conduct and quiet submission, and their prompt obedience to all orders and their readiness for every duty.

After being passed by the surgeons as being physically capable and suitable for the service in the army of the United States, and the farce of the election of company officers was gone through, the boys were ordered to drill so many hours each day. No time was to be lost. There was an urgent demand for more troops in the field, and it was necessary that they should be given as much drill as they could well perform and thus be speedily prepared to go to the front. It was then very necessary and every way desirable that the regiment should be well drilled at the earliest possible date. Accordingly daily drill was the order. Here again was trouble, not of so serious a character, it is true, as to cause the loss of life or directly to destroy health, yet quite enough to frequently cause vexations and very trying disputes between the men in ranks being drilled and the drill-masters. The yoking together of unequals always causes an extra expenditure of force. Here there were many unequals with varying degrees of inequalities of form, strength, motion and constitution—the most diversified inequalities of both the muscular system and of the brain and nervous system. From these arose multiplied jars and aggravations and as a natural consequence a great waste of muscular force and a rapid and an immense expenditure of nervous energy. These expenditures of the natural forces of the body at such a rapid rate, at a time when already greatly over-taxed

caused nervous irritation and "the wear and tear" which makes a good humor impossible. In these drills there was this yoking. Here was the quick, nervous, rapid mover whose mental make-up was of the same nature as his physical constitution, and who took in the points of drill as readily as given, matched with the slow and even sluggish in body and mind—whose physical nature was but the counterpart of his mental constitution and whom it required weeks and months to learn to "catch step." The long gangling youth of immense bone, great stride, and deliberate tread was to be drilled alongside of the short of stature, quick of step, and short of reach. The rapidity of stride of the one had to be checked and his step lengthened, the step of the other had to be quickened and his reach shortened, things to the uninitiated, the untrained, difficult to perform. The various natural gaits of a thousand men confirmed by the unrestricted habit of years was no easy matter to break up and change to the regular, time-keeping, cadenced tread of the trained veteran soldier. It was making a machine of the liberty loving son of toil who had known no master and whose motions had been free and unrestricted as the air he breathed, yet this very breaking up and training to time-keeping tread had to be done or there was an end to drill, and consequently of all hopes of that regularity and precision required in the execution of all military evolutions. The importance of keeping step can scarcely be overestimated in an attempt to march a regiment in line of battle, or, in fact, any military maneuver or evolution requiring regularity of movement and precision of action. Its importance is never fully appreciated by the civilian or new recruit. So it was with the Eighty-sixth in Camp Tippecanoe. Drill duties were a severe trial of patience. The short, brief word of command delivered in tones of authority by the drill-master grated harshly on the young American ear that had not been accustomed to be so ordered by man, and who still thought this to be a "free country" and themselves "freemen" as many of them expressed it. Not unfrequently there would be a brief and forcible expostulation uttered in reply to some command em-

phasized by an explosive adjective in an irritated tone of voice and a threat to get even with the drill-master in the no distant future. There were many complaints made, demurs were entered, and protests filed, but all came to naught so far as action was concerned. Drill progressed much the same as though no complaints had been made. The cry by loud voiced sergeants and corporals drilling squads here and there could be heard at all times of the day. "Left, left, left, left." "Catch step;" "Guide right;" "Left, left, left, until it became monotonous and irksome in the extreme. Still the drill had to go on and did go on. But then it is astonishing how soon a raw recruit will tire of drill. He will imagine that he is worn out and broken down with drilling before he has learned its first principles. The Eighty-sixth were raw recruits; yes, an awkward squad.

No events transpired in camp at LaFayette that were of particular importance in the military history of the regiment. In fact the organization here was but the chrysalis of what was afterwards the regiment—merely in a state of pupilage. However on Sunday night a depredation was committed which caused a flurry of excitement to run through camp the following morning. This was very distinctly and positively *not* military. On the morning spoken of it was discovered that the sutler's tent was laid low. His tent and goods gave the only evidence that a cyclone had struck the camp. The whole matter was easily explained. The Hoosiers were getting ready for a campaign and had tried their hands on the sutler's tent and goods. The establishment gave evidence of their prowess. It was evidently of pillage and had been well executed. The man attending to the stock of goods had gone to town during the night. Some of the vigilant, riotous spirits of camp had observed this and soon collected from the quarters others equally bold and turbulent as themselves to complete the work contemplated. Who organized the raid or led the raiders is not known positively, but certain it is, that the work was artistically done; for if ever a sutler's tent was stretched flat and his goods strewn to the four winds surely here was the time and place. The

loss must have been considerable. No special effort was made to apprehend the perpetrators of this outrage. They certainly would not have been hard to find had there been any well directed effort. The Eighty-sixth like most regiments had a few men who were ever ready for deeds of violence, and some of these, at least, were cool and unflinching in the face of greatest danger, and attested their courage and their true soldierly qualities at the head of charging columns even with their lives. One of the leading spirits of the raid on the sutler was a member of Company H. He was one of the bravest men in the regiment and finally gave his life on the field of battle.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMP CARRINGTON.

From LaFayette to Indianapolis—Camp Carrington—The Eighty-sixth Mustered In—The Blue Uniform Donned—Camp Equipage Drawn—The First "Hard Tack"—Furnished With Arms and Equipments—An Irishman on Guard—One Month's Pay—Orders to March.

The stay at Camp Tippecanoe was short. The regiment was ordered to Indianapolis by rail. The trip was soon made and uneventful save an accident happened by which one of the men was pretty severely injured at Thorntown. The train made a brief stop here and as it started up the man by some means was hurt, though not seriously. How like lightning from the front where he was hurt, the word ran along down the train to the rear, and what a flush of excitement it created until the minds of those who had friends and brothers there were quieted by learning that it was not one of their friends. This man was the first one to receive an injury of any kind in the regiment. The remaining distance was speedily covered without noteworthy incident. The regiment disembarked on the site which was then known as

“Camp Murphy,” and afterwards became famous as “Camp Carrington.”* But the change from Camp Tippecanoe to Camp Carrington was no improvement, so far as the camp was concerned, and those who had a high sense of the proprieties of life or even a particle of modesty were greatly shocked to be so situated. There was no privacy whatever, and the younger members of the regiment and the naturally sensitive ones found great trials facing them at this place. Here new discoveries relative to a soldier’s life were made daily. The men were placed under new restrictions, the camp-guards being under more stringent orders about permitting persons to go and come. The military rules and orders were gradually tightening their relentless grip and the free young American was being petrified, as it were, into the veteran campaigner, and he felt it keenly. Still there was little murmuring except by a few tough ones who wanted to go on a continuous jamboree.

At this camp on the 4th day of September, 1862, the Eighty-sixth was mustered into the United States service—born into actual military service from which there was no retreat. The mustering officer was Colonel J.S. Simonson, of the regular army. The Eighty-sixth were now Uncle Sam’s boys in truth and in fact and it was his duty to provide for them. They at once began receiving supplies of all kinds to prepare and fit them for service in the field. They donned the blue, with blouse, pantaloons, and forage cap. They received tents, haversacks, canteens, cooking utensils, guns and accouterments, and all the equipments belonging to the full fledged infantryman. Here they were very quietly made acquainted with a noted character of the war—the Union soldier’s abomination and yet one of his best friends—the “hard tack,” or in other words the army cracker. The first hard tack received came in barrels and were marked “sea

*This camp had previously been designated as “Camp Chris Miller,” but upon the arrival of the Eighty-sixth it was known as “Camp Murphy.” It was soon afterwards changed to “Camp Carrington” which name it retained until the close of the war. To avoid confusion in the minds of the reader it shall be referred to as “Camp Carrington.”

biscuit." Many of the boys shouted for joy actually expecting to see nice soda biscuits roll out of the barrel when the heads were knocked in. Alas! for human expectations and human hopes. These first hard tack were "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage" and as hard as a deal board. Butter, cream and pie were no more to be had save some execrable dried apple pies which "hawkers" occasionally disposed of in camp. These good things of the palate were no more to be thought of than was a sweet restful night's sleep in one of mother's feather beds.

The arms furnished were the Enfield rifle, a first class piece for that day, a really good serviceable gun, not easily got out of order, and one which the regiment retained throughout its term of service. As soon as the arms and accouterments were received at the arsenal and the men marched back to camp, came the examination of the implements of warfare. It was an inspection more extensive, more rigid and thorough than any inspector ever gave them subsequently. There arose at once a discussion of the merits of the gun which was continued so long as there was one who was not fully satisfied. Nothing thus far had created so much interest in camp as these instruments of death. The motives that had actuated the men and caused their enlistment now seemed apparent. With some, these guns were to be the agents in their hands to help save the Nation from destruction, with others idea of punishment was more predominant and they were to be the instruments of terror to traitors and rebels, and with others they were to aid in helping free the negroes, and to a still fewer in number they were to be simply appliances of destruction of their fellow man and to enable their possessors to plunder and pillage. Fortunately the latter class was very few in number and were usually condemned and somewhat held in check by their comrades.

The various parts of the gun each man carefully examined for himself, and thus he made himself thoroughly acquainted with it in all the details of its parts and their workings. From tip of bayonet to butt of stock no portion or part

escaped the closest scrutiny and examination. Perhaps as a rule the bayonet came first in the investigation, and from tip of blade to bridge of socket no part escaped the examination—nothing was missed by the newly fledged soldier. The blade, socket, stud-mortise of socket, and clasp were all scanned closely and fully comprehended before this part of the arm was laid aside and another taken up. It is unnecessary to relate the details of this searching inspection and examination of the arm, but from muzzle to butt, lock, stock, and barrel, band and band-spring, sling and sling-swivel, trigger and trigger-guard, ram-rod and its groove were all thoroughly examined and their relations and functions noted. Of the appendages of the gun the wiper, the ball-screw, the screw-driver, the spring-vise, and the tom-pion, all were speedily passed under the scrutinizing gaze of a thousand Hoosier eyes and their fitness for the purpose for which they were intended fully discussed, as were the cartridge-box and its magazines, its straps and plates, and hooks for fastening belt. So the whole paraphernalia of the newly fledged soldier was critically examined.

Again orders for drill had been promulgated and some feeble attempts were made in this direction. Now that they had their arms the boys felt that they ought to be put through the manual of arms, and then company and battalion drill as soon as possible. A little drilling was done, but it was very little as all were too busy drawing supplies and getting ready for the front. So the time ran on at Camp Carrington.

A little incident occurred at this camp before the men had drawn arms. It shows the mettle of the Hoosier boys and that they intended to do what they believed to be their duty. The camp-guard had been established and strict orders given to the guards to allow no one to cross the guard-line except at the gates with properly signed passes. Of course the raw recruit thought this order meant just what it said, and accordingly supposed that no one was to be allowed to pass in or out over the line, be he a private or Major-General, not knowing that field officers were by mili-

tary rules excepted. Well, General Carrington was riding round on a tour of inspection and thought to ride into the camp of the Eighty-sixth. He rode up to the guard-line and naturally supposed that the guard had been properly instructed and knew sufficiently of military matters to admit him. But he had struck the wrong man. Attempting to cross, the guard halted him, but he rode up quite near to the guard and informed him who he was, and that on account of his rank he was entitled to pass—to enter camp at will notwithstanding the instructions from the Colonel to allow no one to pass in or out. But no, the guard was firm and insisted he could not pass into camp over his beat. The General became impatient and attempted to ride forward into camp regardless of the guard's threatening attitude and warnings to keep off. Now, came the fun. The guard quite as determined as the General seized the bridle-rein of the General's horse, reined him back upon his haunches and struck the General himself a heavy blow on the left arm and shoulder with a stout cudgel with which the guards were then armed. The General now thoroughly aroused spurred his charger furiously forward, causing him to break away from the guard and so rode into camp. This little episode was witnessed by many of the boys who scarcely knew what to make of it. The General himself was very much excited, asked the company to which the soldier belonged, his name, and sought his Captain and then Colonel Hamilton. All expected to hear him severely denounced and perhaps ordered a severe punishment for his gross blunder. But on the contrary the General commended him highly for his great firmness in doing that which he believed to be his duty and recommended that he be promoted to corporal immediately if there was a vacancy, and if not as soon as a vacancy occurred.

Here too after being mustered into Uncle Sam's family the men received one month's pay, thirteen dollars, and one-fourth of their promised bounty, twenty-five dollars. Most of this money was sent home by a majority of the boys for the use of their families, their wives and children, or their parents and younger brothers and sisters, or to be kept for

them until they should return home. There were a few however, on the other hand who were reckless and not disposed to look ahead who retained their money and squandered it in gambling and drink. Others spent it in supposed luxuries. They soon had neither money or anything to show for it, and by their indulgence had in a measure unfitted themselves for the performance of the duties of a soldier in the field. Thus the few days at Indianapolis soon wore away. Some were preparing themselves to be serviceable soldiers, others were laying the foundation for a hospital career from the first. A few spasmodic attempts at drill were made, but the constant hurry and rush upon the part of officers to make out requisitions and to receive and distribute necessary supplies prevented anything like systematic instruction. All felt the great need of this training, but there was so little time for it, that the instruction they did receive was of small practical value. The men greatly needed to be made familiar with the manual of arms, the company and battalion drill. The latter was not attempted so short had been the regiment's stay in camp. Therefore the Eighty-sixth practically knew nothing of drill when it was called to go to the front.

Almost daily now trains would go by bearing "the boys in blue" from camps in other parts of the State and from other States to the front. Cheers from the train for the camp would make the welkin ring, and answering cheers from the camp would resound again and again. These outbursts of enthusiasm told how thoroughly the Northern heart was aroused. How the grand and true spirit of patriotism had, at last, by its fervor welded and made as one mighty brotherhood this people and bound them in indissoluble bonds for country, home and loved ones. Each succeeding train-load of passing blue-coats had a tendency to make the boys grow impatient to go forward to meet the enemy. They knew too that they should soon follow their comrades gone before. There was a demand for more troops for the field. General Braxton Bragg had skillfully turned the flank of Buell's command in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Alabama, and was now

marching rapidly on the most direct route for Louisville, Kentucky, with his main force, while another portion of his command under the noted General Kirby Smith was advancing upon and threatening Covington, Kentucky, and Cincinnati, Ohio. High hopes of the South centered on this raid. Bragg intended to carry the war this side the Ohio. The Northern States were to be the theater of war instead of the Sunny South. There was a perfect furore of excitement in and around Cincinnati, and, in fact, all over the Northern States. Buell was denounced as a traitor to the cause he pretended to serve. He was accused of being in league with the enemy, and of every conceivable weakness and folly. There was certainly no truth in any of these charges beyond possibly that of extreme caution and indecision similar in degree and kind to that of McClellan in the East. But there was a truth on the other side which was overlooked by the Union army and the people of the North in general. Bragg was in fact a much more able commander than the people of the North gave him credit. The truth was Bragg had played his part thus far with consummate skill and judgment, and had in his favor, which greatly promoted success, the friendliness and sympathy of a large majority of the people of the country through which his army was passing. These advantages permitted Bragg to avoid all engagements, and, no doubt, gave rise to the charges against Buell by those who were unfriendly towards him.

The great excitement in the North, and especially of the Northwestern States, caused the people to urge and boldly demand that the threatened cities be made secure—that sufficient troops be at once sent forward to defend and protect them from the approaching enemy. The excitement at Cincinnati was truly at fever heat and great demands were made by her people upon the government for aid, while the citizens turned out almost enmasse to defend their homes from the would-be invaders. General H. G. Wright was in command of the department, and General Lew Wallace was in command of Cincinnati and Covington, and the troops in the trenches defending them. General Heth, of Kirby Smith's

command, took position a few miles south of Covington on the 6th of September. This increased the excitement in that locality as a matter of course. But this was the farthest point north that any considerable force of that command reached.

This was the situation in Kentucky when on Saturday, September 6, the Eighty-sixth received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Soon a second order was received to move on the following day, Sunday, September 7. All was excitement now. The crisis of meeting the enemy seemed undoubtedly to be at hand.

CHAPTER V.

“GRUMBLE HILL.”

From Indianapolis to Cincinnati—Breakfast at Fifth Street Market—Across the River—Covington—Ludlow—Camp Mitchell—Newport—The First Bivouac—Camp Wallace—“Grumble Hill”—Company H On Picket—Wallowing in the Ditches.

After breakfast Sunday morning, September 7, Sibley tents were struck and everything packed, ready at the tap of the drum to depart for the front. But the train was not yet ready. The day was consumed in waiting until 5 o'clock when the train rolled out for Cincinnati over the L., C. and L. Railway. It proved to be a very “slow coach,” and many of the boys whenever it stopped would jump off and run to adjacent orchards and lay in a supply of apples. Such boyish pranks as these were performed as long as daylight lasted. Thus time and train trundled on together until night, when the boys became more quiet, for up to this time they had been in a hilarious mood, singing, shouting, and having a boisterous time generally. Some of the more staid members of the regiment tried to sleep after night came, but the attempt was vain. After a long tedious ride about 4 o'clock Monday morning, September 8, the command was landed at

Cincinnati. Tumbling out of the cars more than half-asleep the boys immediately dropped down upon the platform of the depot for "forty winks" of sleep.

Weary with the night's ride the boys slept late, but at length they were aroused and began to move about. They went in squads to the river and performed their morning ablutions and returned to the station. The regiment here in a great city was at a loss to know what to do for breakfast. There was no fuel provided and many of the men were timid and did not know how to look for it. Later on the most timid man in the regiment would easily have found an abundance. So they stood round the depot not knowing what to do. Finally, however, after long waiting the command came, "fall in," "shoulder arms," "right face," "forward march," and they began a slow straggling march eastward, filed left up Vine street, climbed the hill and finally reached Fifth street Market House where the good people of the city had provided for them a good meal. After breakfast the regiment was marched down the street in the direction of the river to a hotel, and were there addressed by Brigadier-General Mahlon D. Manson, who was then a paroled prisoner, having been captured at Richmond, Kentucky, August 30. After the speaking the regiment continued its march to the river, crossed to Covington, Kentucky, on a pontoon bridge and proceeded down the river. Passing through Ludlow, a mile or more, it bore off to the left and camped. The day was warm and the loads were heavy. The men had been on their feet almost the whole day and were entirely inexperienced in marching, and many of them found it exceedingly tiresome, in fact, many fell behind the regiment on this, its first march. These stragglers were greatly fatigued and much chagrined at the thought of not being able to keep up, but they mostly came in before dark. The camp here was designated as Camp Mitchell. The regiment now barely had a taste of marching, but many, at least, were fully satisfied that when it was undertaken in earnest that there was not one bit of amusement about it—not, at least, for raw troops. The teams were soon on hand and tents were put up. After supper, the

events of the day were discussed until "taps," when all retired hoping for a good night's rest. Not long after lying down an alarm was given and the regiment was called out as was supposed to give battle. After standing to arms for some time, and neither seeing or hearing anything indicating the approach of the enemy, the regiment was permitted to break ranks and again retire.

The following morning was quite cool but otherwise pleasant. There was a number of the regiment reported sick this morning. Marching in the heat of the day, heavily loaded, and then lying at night upon the cold, damp ground produced internal congestions. The changes in food and drink caused many to suffer with camp diarrhoea, accompanied in some cases with considerable fever.

Orders were received to march before noon. The regiment was soon on the road, leaving behind the tents and the sick. Crossing Licking river the command passed to the southeast of Newport, and having marched some six or seven miles was halted in an open field, where it remained until the following day. The boys were now being initiated into the duties and mysteries of marching, camping, campaigning, and of the bivouac. Tuesday and Tuesday night, September 9, the Eighty-sixth experienced its first true bivouac with naught but the sky and stars above. The next morning was pleasant and the men lounged around the bivouac fires discussing the probability of a battle at this place until about 10 o'clock, when the regiment recrossed the river back into Covington and took position on a high hill just south of the town and about a half mile from it. This was designated as Camp Wallace. Here the boys were far from being pleased with their environment and much grumbling was indulged in in the ranks. These complaints became so numerous and vigorous that the place came to be known as "Grumble Hill." Again the wagons failed to arrive with the tents and the regiment indulged itself with another bivouac. This hill was already intrenched, therefore the Eighty-sixth formed its line just inside the works and so bivouacked to be ready to "fall" into the ditch and defend the hill to the last

in case of an attack. Reports were flying still thick and fast of the enemy's approach with intention of making an attack upon the place. Nerves were consequently on a constant strain. On the morning after the regiment's arrival at this camp on "Grumble Hill" it began raining and the trenches were very muddy. Notwithstanding the rain and the mud, every hour or so an alarm would be given that the enemy was approaching and the men would be ordered into the ditches, there to wallow in the mud. But Kirby Smith had no intention of an attack, and was even at that time withdrawing his forces. The nerves of all were in a state of extreme tension, and this with the real hardships of loss of sleep and wallowing in the mud was extremely wearing on the constitutions of the men. Even after nightfall the camp would be alarmed by the command "Fall in, Eighty-sixth." "The enemy is almost upon us." At once the regiment would rush into the muddy trenches. If men were ever justifiable in indulging in profane remarks here was the occasion on "Grumble Hill." Some nights they would be allowed scarcely any sleep, so busy were they falling in and out of the ditch. Thus the men were nearly worn out with dragging up and down and watching for the iron-hearted enemy who was every coming in a "tiger-footed rage" to tear them to pieces and devour them bodily.

Looking back now at these trials in the light of experience, all of this constant worry and annoyance was a great injury to the men of the Eighty-sixth. This no doubt, sent many a man to the hospital, not a few of whom secured discharges and thus weakened the organization in point of numbers, and greatly discouraged others that remained, and in that way did harm to the spirit of the regiment that required time to fully overcome.

On the 12th inst. the tents came up. Thenceforward what little time there was for sleep on "Grumble Hill" was with a little better protection from wind and rain and the chill of the night air. The regiment had been here at or near Covington five nights without tents and this was felt to be quite a hardship. Later on little would have been

thought of such deprivations. By whose orders the men were thus bedeviled no one will probably ever know, but through ignorance or spite or some other equally culpable motive the regiment was most shamefully managed and mistreated. Some time during the 14th it was announced that the regiment was under marching orders. A great shout went up from the overjoyed Hoosiers who were besides themselves almost at the prospect of getting away from "Grumble Hill.

On the morning of the 16th of September, Company H, Captain Milton Bell in command, was detailed to do picket duty for the regiment. Let the diary of a member of that company tell how that duty was performed and how some of the company were employed: "The company (H) received orders to go out as pickets. We went out about three miles on the pike and stopped for the reserve or company headquarters at a fine house from which an 'old secesh' had been taken and left everything that we wanted to use. Our men were soon placed upon the line. The Second-Lieutenant, Uriah Thomas, took a squad of thirteen men and started on a little scout on our own responsibility. The men stripped themselves of all necessary luggage that they might be in the best possible trim for making good time if by chance they should come across too strong a squad of the enemy. Pressing forward at a good pace we soon covered some four miles from our reserve station and came to a suitable place to get our dinners. We had a good dinner and all the apples and peaches we could eat, as well as all the milk we could drink, something we had not had since leaving home. After scouting around over the neighborhood for some time, always keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy, we concluded to lay in a supply of something nice to eat and then return to the post of our duty. So we killed a nice shoat and secured a number of chickens and returned to the picket station. Up to this time everything had gone along pleasantly enough without the appearance of an enemy. About dark we feasted on "hard tack," fresh pork and chicken. Soon after this our relief went upon the line to do sentinel duty. Reported attempts of "bushwhackers" firing upon the sentinels here

after dark were made known to us and all were duly warned to keep a sharp lookout for their own personal safety as well as the general good. It was a wide-awake picket line that night. The countersign was "Blue Ridge." Some time before our "trick" was out one of the sentinels heard, as he claimed, some one snap a cap immediately in his front. Taking it for granted that it was a "bushwhacker" making an attempt upon his life, he fired on him without hesitation. The next sentinel being as he supposed somewhat more exposed than the one that fired, and more likely to fall a victim to the "bushwhacker's" fire, left his post and came down the line with speed of a quarter horse, making the brush crack as he came tearing along. Fearing that the other sentinels would mistake him for the enemy and so sacrifice him to their fears he yelled at every jump "Blue Ridge," "Blue Ridge," "Blue Ridge," until the woods rang with his unearthly cry. He made good time to the reserve station, where with almost breathless haste he related his very narrow escape. It was laughable in the extreme to others, but a fearful reality with the frightened sentinel. The sentinel who fired stood fast and nothing more was heard. Some of the boys were wholly incredulous and did not believe the statements of the sentinel who fired—did not believe that he had heard any one or anything, and questioned him very closely as to the place where he heard the noise. Early next morning they sallied forth to prove there had been no one there, and that the sentinel had fired for "buncombe." But upon going to the spot designated, to their great surprise, a gun was found which satisfied all but a few obstinately incredulous ones. It was now pretty generally accepted that a genuine attempt at "bushwhacking" had actually been made, but the prompt firing of the sentinel had frightened the would-be assassin and he had left in haste. Now, too, the timid comrade who is somewhat given to boasting cannot say a word in his braggadocio style without being called down with 'Blue Ridge,' 'Blue Ridge' much to his discomfort. Before the company was relieved another squad of the boys went outside the lines and killed a nice calf and

brought it to the reserve. Thus the company was for the time being pretty well provided with good meat. About 10 o'clock a. m. on the 17th, we were relieved by another company of the Eighty-sixth and H company returned to the camp on the hill." It might be said here in closing this account that the sentinel who so promptly fired upon the "bush-whacker" afterwards became the regiment's most expert forager, in fact, it never saw his equal. He was, however, captured by the enemy near Rural Hill, Tennessee, paroled and never returned to the regiment, and was afterwards reported as a deserter. The timid sentinel on the contrary, notwithstanding the great trial to his nerves, remained in the service and finally fell a victim to the enemy's shot in the fateful trenches around Atlanta toward the last of July, 1864.

The Eighty-sixth now considered itself capable of performing every duty known to veterans. The boys had marched; they had bivouacked; they had laid in the trenches all night; they had been on picket; they had performed every duty of a soldier except meet the enemy in actual battle and they were ready for that. Were they not soldiers? The company had scarcely reached camp when the tomfoolery of ordering the regiment into the trenches was begun again. All now knew there was no armed enemy of any considerable number within miles, yet the men were compelled to wallow in the ditches as though the enemy was in sight. This treatment of the regiment was certainly a monumental piece of stupidity, and can only be accounted for on that score. It seemed to be a malicious and studied piece of cruelty. It was the fate of this regiment for some months after its entrance into the field to suffer unnecessarily the most outrageous treatment, neglect and exposure.

On the 19th of September the regiment received marching orders which caused a ripple of excitement in the ranks. To a man all were anxious to leave the camp on the hill where the men had been so miserable and "had to drink river water." On the following day the orders were more specific. They were to have three days' cooked rations in their haversacks and be ready to march at a moment's notice.

This was something definite. All went to work with a will, some to cook, some to strike tents, and others to packing up all baggage that should go on the wagons. All was hum and bustle, jest and jollity, at the thought of departing forever from "Grumble Hill." Everything was in readiness for the trip by noon, and the old hill, destitute of numberless white tents, lay bleak and bare. The men of the Eighty-sixth only waited for the word of command to set forward on their journey wherever it might lead.

The men lounged about the fires chatting without noteworthy incident, until late in the afternoon when a sensational scene was enacted. A member of Company D, Bartley Scanlan, who was guarding some baggage had partaken of too much Kentucky whisky, and it proved to be of the fighting kind. Thereupon he became furious and threatened to shoot a number of officers, and did actually snap two caps at them. He fixed his bayonet and capered around at a lively rate. Taking a defensive position near the baggage he swore by all the saints in the calendar that he would prod the first man or officer that came within his reach. It was lively, and then it was something entirely new and refreshing in camp and very naturally created quite a good deal of excitement. The Colonel came up at length and disarmed him and quieted the commotion. For his unsoldierly conduct he was "bucked and gagged." This was the first case of "bucking" in the regiment. Scanlan afterward made a good soldier except his liking for "insanity drops."

The regiment remained on the hill the entire day until the dusk of the evening, when at last came the command, "Attention, Battalion. Take arms. Shoulder arms. Right face. Forward march. File left;" and the boys turned their backs on "Grumble Hill" to see it no more during their term of service. The regiment marched through Covington direct to the boat landing and shipped aboard two steamboats, the "Forest Rose" and the "Dunleith" for Louisville, Kentucky,

"Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio."

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN THE OHIO.

The "Forest Rose" and the "Dunleith"—The Beautiful Scenery—How the Boys Whiled Away the Time—Land at Jeffersonville—Camp Gilbert—Cross the River to Louisville—A Tedious Night March—Arrival of Buell's Army—The Clamor Against Buell—The Eighty-Sixth's Assignment—General Nelson Killed.

On the morning of Sunday, September 27, about 6 o'clock, the "Forest Rose" and the "Dunleith" backed out from their landing, swung round into the channel and steamed out down the river. Two other boats carried an Ohio regiment down at the same time, the four boats frequently being in full view of each other in the stretches of the river and making a very beautiful sight to behold. As the magnificent boats steamed down stream that beautiful September morning, the men were relieved of all thought of camp duty and were consequently once more comparatively at ease. The atmosphere was delightfully invigorating and the sun shone brightly. It was a lovely day. The speed of the boat was not great as the river was quite low and care in navigating it was necessary. There were multiplied beauties of nature upon the right and upon the left. The rugged hills upon either hand forming the river's bluffs and the beautiful stream glided gently and peacefully between on to old ocean's briny deep. The hills from foot to rugged crest were variegated by the shade of wood and the many colored leaves of hickory, beech, oak, and the maple blushing with the early autumn tints, added their beauties to the scene. The light of the open fields varied according to the crops which they bore, from the rich green of the unripe corn to the golden stubble of harvested wheat, all encircled by ser-

pentine fences and there in turn draped with trailing vine and scented shrub. Occasionally there was a break in the line of hills upon the banks and then the landscape broadened, showing a fine stretch of country for the labors of the peaceful pursuits of the husbandmen. These glimpses and views of portions of our grand country that seemed so prosperous and happy, and possessed of so many advantages over all other countries of soil and climate, as well as in her laws and institutions, were food for reflection which led, no doubt, to many and diverse thoughts among the thousand men of the Eight-sixth floating down the broad and beautiful Ohio. The people on the river's banks, especially upon the Ohio and Indiana bank, waved their God's speed with many a glad hearty shout. Upon the Kentucky shore many cheered but was not so universal or so uniformly hearty in manner as upon the other bank.

The occupants themselves of the boats were variously employed. As in every other situation in life the idler was found "upon deck" here. He scarcely seemed to note the beauties of nature of either land or stream, or to have a thought of home, friends, kindred, or the enemy to be met in the future. Others were busily engaged writing home to friends or loved ones to acquaint them of their change of location and the prospect of campaigning in other fields and the thousand and one things which soldiers always had to tell. Some were viewing the rainbow in the spray from the great stern-wheel of the boat as it dashed round and round and churned the dark waters of the river into a fine mist in which the beautiful bow of heaven could be plainly seen in a miniature form. Others sat upon the bow of the boat, as it plowed its way through the waters down stream looking ahead as if they were eager to press forward and meet the enemy. Some of the younger members of the regiment were chatting cheerily together; some of the older ones were conversing in a more sober and sedate manner probably of weightier home matters, the importance of which they could not wholly divest their minds. Some others were playing cards for amusement, euchre and seven-

up being the games. Still others were throwing the cards for money—gambling. Draw poker was the favorite game, although others were indulged in for money. There were those who had been in the whirl-pool of the gambling circle and whose passion was not quenched but only defeated for a time by the loss of all their money. These went about from group to group looking so forlorn and disconsolate, so woe-begone, that one might easily have supposed that they had just returned from the burial of their last and their dearest earthly friend. The more lucky were all smiles. They went round jingling the money of their disconsolate comrades, grinning and boasting of their luck and superior shrewdness. Thus the Sabbath day and the boats sped on. A number of times the boats were aground and two or three times they were backed off with considerable difficulty.

Arriving at Louisville the boats remained at the landing during the night but swung round about 6 o'clock the next morning and crossed the river. Once more the Eighty-sixth landed on Hoosier soil. The regiment reached its camping place about 9:30 a. m. and at once proceeded to prepare breakfast. The camp was pitched to the east of Jeffersonville and was designated Camp Gilbert. Immediately after breakfast many, if not all the boys, went down to the river and took a bath, removing the last vestige of the hated "Grumble Hill." The wagons with the tents not arriving on the 22nd, the regiment bivouacked that night. On the morning of the 23rd the cleaning up business was continued. Tents arrived and were put up in the forenoon. Directly after dinner the regiment was ordered out for battalion drill. It was nothing more than a feeble attempt as yet, but little instruction in squad and company drill had been given and almost none in the manual of arms. Sometime during the evening after returning to camp orders were received to march. This created a hum of excitement. New troops always become more or less excited on receiving such orders. Steps were immediately taken to be in readiness. Rations were cooked, "traps" of all kinds were packed up, but the orders for the march seemed to hang fire. Not until

11 o'clock at night was the order given to "fall in." The regiment then marched to the river and crossed on a ferry-boat.

The Eighty-sixth now left Indiana soil to return no more until it came back victorious and with banners flying at the close of the war. But, alas! many who then crossed the river came not back, and "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" on the other side. After reaching the Louisville side the regiment marched west and south with many halts and changes of direction as though it was being led by some one who was undecided or did not know where to go. It was a long tedious night march. The men were all very tired and exhausted by the loss of sleep and marching. The regiment finally halted about 4 o'clock a. m. in the southwest suburbs of the city. But the trip down the river, the bivouac in the cold night air, battalion drill, and the night march, had their effect upon the unseasoned men and the regimental surgeons woke up on the morning of the 24th of September to find themselves the proprietors of quite an extensive practice. Soon the boys began skirmishing for extras in the line of eatables. Some few succeeded, more met with indifferent success, and a larger number made a flat failure, but they all gained experience and strength for another occasion. Camp-guard soon had to be established in order to hold the regiment together as the boys were rapidly scattering on these foraging expeditions. On the night of the 25th of September, John W. Fisher, of Company H., accidentally shot himself through the hand while standing camp guard. The wound was quite a severe one and necessitated the removal of an entire finger. This was the first accidental shooting in the regiment, although later a number were wounded this way. Grave doubts existed whether all were purely accidental.

In the forenoon of the 26th the regiment received orders to march instanter. It marched north, it marched east, it marched south, it marched west and came to the place of starting. It was now evident to all that somebody did not know what was wanted. To make the best of it the Eighty-

sixth unloaded, intending to stay until it was found where it belonged. However, about 4 o'clock p. m. the regiment was again ordered into line, and at once marched down into the city. The marching had all been done in a hesitating, undecided manner, with checks and halts and consultations as though the Colonel might be lost. This childish manner of proceeding had delayed it so much that night came on long before the regiment reached Fifth street where it bivouacked for the night. Heated by the marching the men lay down without supper on the cold ground and tried to sleep. They arose in the morning with teeth chattering, and chilled to the bone. For the chill the sovereign remedy was a good strong cup of hot coffee. As a stimulant old government Rio or Java was certainly very reliable on such occasions. The coffee was soon made—boiling hot and breakfast well on the way. Then came the aggravating command, "Fall in, Eighty-sixth." For the space of five minutes the air around that bivouac was blue, and bore a strong sulphurous smell, mingled with a faint aroma of good strong coffee. No one was chilly now. Hoosier blood was hot, and the coffee was still hotter—scalding hot, but none could afford to lose that precious beverage. So down it went, hissing hot, and there weren't less than five hundred scalded throats in the regiment that day. This time the regiment made an advance, moving about a half mile due south where it was halted. There breakfast was prepared and eaten.

After breakfast the orders were to lay off camp. The tents arrived about 10 o'clock and were pitched in regulation order. This was the 27th. Later in the day it set in raining, and as it was very dark and gloomy and the constant down pouring of water the boys thought themselves quite fortunate to have their tents. On this day Buell's veteran army arrived. Now for the first time the boys began to realize how troops on the march and actively campaigning appeared. The lack of neatness was truly a great surprise. They were really an army of unwashed tatterdemalions, but it must not be inferred from this that collectively, at least, they were unknown to fame. Of all slouchy, slovenly look-

ing, mud-begrimed, illy clad human beings these veteran troops of Buell's old command were unmatched. The Eighty-sixth was now about to be initiated into the third degree of the mysteries of a soldier's life. How difficult they had often found it to secure enough water to boil their little pot of coffee, not to think of bathing hands and face or the person, could not be realized. This knowledge, however, was soon to come. The Eighty-sixth had not yet come to appreciate the full force and influence of a long and trying march, where the one great object of the general commanding is to be on time, and which the private soldier, inspired by that essential *esprit de corps*, is made to feel the one object of all his endeavors is to be in ranks, ever present, ready for the forward march or any duty to which he may be assigned. These veterans did not scarcely seem to notice, much less to care, for the condition of their clothing, their chief topic of conversation, their pride and boast, being the long and rapid march they had made—out-footing Bragg's veterans and securing the prize of the march—the city of Louisville. One or two of these “unlicked cubs” remarked, “Your clothing will not look so bright or be so clean by the time you have made a long hard march after the enemy as we have just done,” and they were quite right.

It was observed that these veterans had plenty of rations—onions, potatoes, and vegetables—which the Eighty-sixth did not get. What did this mean? Were the raw troops to be starved in order to feed these dirty, greasy veterans of Buell's army? Was the Commissary Department discriminating in their favor? It certainly looked like it. Well, they deserved all the favors they received. But many a member of the Eighty-sixth then and there resolved that from that day henceforth, if the Commissary Department did not furnish him with provisions, he would find a supply for himself, if possible, and he generally made a good effort to fulfill the resolution. It was only under the most unfavorable and difficult circumstances that any failed, but of course they often did fail, for the simple reason there was nothing to forage. Few regiments in The Army of the

Ohio, or as it was afterwards known The Army of the Cumberland, were better independent foragers than the Eighty-sixth Indiana. On the night of the 27th the boys tried their hands, when a beef not issued by the Commissary came into camp. Where it came from few knew, but it found its way inside the guards and no arrests were made. On the morning of the 28th reveille was sounded at 3 o'clock, and the regiment was called into line and stood to arms until daylight. Then came drill until dinner, and in the afternoon drill again. So passed the days at Louisville.

There were many rumors floating through camp in regard to the movements of the enemy. Sometimes they had Bragg advancing in full force upon the city, then again they would have him in full retreat—precipitately retiring from Buell's overwhelming numbers. The rapidity with which a camp rumor will traverse a cordon of camps encircling a city is something marvelous, but no more so than the innumerable forms in which it will manifest itself. Equally marvelous is the facility with which troops and armies are handled, and the philosophy of "the grand strategy of war" as expounded by the rank and file. These rumors and grapevines" are a source of much annoyance to new troops. But the old soldier takes things as they come, not allowing anything to disturb him or affect the equanimity of his nerves. Experience has taught him better, has schooled him for his own advantage. It is in the field of active service that real soldiers are made.

At Louisville the clamor against General Buell became so formidable that he was removed from the command of this army, and General George H. Thomas appointed to succeed him. But Thomas declined the promotion, generously refusing to displace his friend, and hesitating to assume the responsibility of commanding such an army, magnanimously requested the reinstatement of General Buell to the command, which was accordingly done. The army was hastily reorganized and the new troops incorporated with the old. The army was organized into three army corps, the First, Second, and Third, commanded respectively by General A.

McD. McCook, General Thomas L. Crittenden, and General C. C. Gilbert. Gen. Henry M. Cist in the History of The Army of the Cumberland, (then the Army of the Ohio), denominates these divisions as army corps. In the official programme of the twentieth annual re-union of The Army of the Cumberland they are so called. General Buell himself, in his official report of the campaign in pursuit of Bragg, speaks of them as army corps. Many historians, however, designate them simply as grand divisions. Their designation as corps, however, was only on the authority of the commander of the army, and not therefore correct, but merely used as a matter of convenience, as by an act of Congress, approved July 17, 1862, the President alone had the authority to establish and organize army corps. As General Fremont was given command of the First Army Corps in the Mountain Department August 12, 1862, it seems plain that these divisions of Buell's army were not authoritatively designated. The new troops that had been rushed into the field for the defense of Cincinnati, Covington, and Louisville, were now distributed among and incorporated with the veterans of Buell's army, a regiment or two in each brigade of old troops. Thus the danger of having a command entirely of raw troops was avoided. The Eighty-sixth was placed in the Second Corps, with General T. L. Crittenden in command; the Fifth Division, with General H. P. Van-Cleve in command; and the Fourteenth Brigade, with Colonel P. B. Hawkins, of the Eleventh Kentucky, in command.

On the 29th of September the fatal quarrel between General William Nelson and General Jeff C. Davis occurred at Nelson's Headquarters at the Galt House in Louisville. Davis was unarmed, but quickly borrowed a pistol and shot Nelson through the lungs causing his death in a very short time. Nelson was regarded as an able and efficient division commander, but over-bearing and tyrannical to subordinates, and was very much disliked by the rank and file of the old army where he was well known. General Davis was tried by a court martial which wholly exonerated him from all blame in the sad transaction. On the 30th of September, an

advance was made by some detachments of the army, probably as a reconnoissance, to learn the position and strength of the enemy's forces, and to prepare for the general advance soon to be made.

CHAPTER VII.

IN PURSUIT OF BRAGG.

A Real March—Its Trials and Its Lessons—Bardstown—The Dusty Limestone Pikes of Kentucky—River Water—Parched Corn—Raw Goose—Springfield—On to Perryville—The Detour for Water—A Forced Night March.

As before stated the grand divisions of the army serving in the Department of the Ohio under General Buell were never authoritatively designated army corps and given numbers by the President, who alone had the authority to form and number corps, but as they were so called in that army and in many histories of Buell's campaign after Bragg, to avoid confusion, and as a matter of convenience in designating these commands they shall be here spoken of as corps. Practically the organizations were the same as army corps, and therefore there is no great violence done the military history of that army in so calling them.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of October 1, 1862, the drums beat reveille for the Eighty-sixth. The regiment was promptly formed on the color line of the camp and there stood to arms until daylight. The regiment drilled during the forenoon as usual, and did not have the slightest suspicion of having to march that afternoon; in fact, the rank and file did not expect to advance with the army at this time until the order was received. They did not consider themselves sufficiently drilled to go to the front and face the enemy. They were not consulted in regard to the matter, and in a very short time the regiment was strung out upon

the Bardstown pike, and going at a good round pace with knapsacks about as large as "the hump" on an ordinary camel's back. They were not, however, so well adjusted as a camel's hump. Their enormous size and poor adjustment made trouble for many a poor fellow. But notwithstanding the men were raw, awkward, and heavily burdened the hot pace was kept up. The old soldiers geyed the tenderfoots unmercifully and this aroused their ire. They struggled manfully to maintain the high rate of speed, but it was at a fearful cost. Many could not keep the pace and fell behind. Every few minutes some one of the thousand men would become painfully conscious of the faulty adjustment of his enormous load and would drop out of ranks, halt by the roadside, unslung his knapsack and begin to rearrange his "pack." That the pace was too rapid and the harness was too galling was soon quite apparent from the muttered curses and the rapid thinning of the regiment by the men falling out. Some fell out, unslung knapsacks and threw out such articles as they thought they could best dispense with, repacked, and tramped on after the rapidly disappearing column, hoping to be able to maintain their place in ranks after this sacrifice. Others still more determined not to fall behind the regiment on the first half day's march, even if it required a greater sacrifice at their hands, unslung their huge knapsacks and flung them with curses, but without other ceremony, to the side of the road, and trudged hurriedly on after the regiment. Many old soldiers badgered the boys over the loads they were carrying. It was a hard march even for the veterans who had raced with Bragg and his legions. For the members of the Eighty-sixth and of all new regiments it was a killing march. Nor was the question of baggage the only one which gave the boys trouble. They knew nothing of the manner in which they should take care of their rations while marching and their great and prolonged exertion gave them ravenous appetites, and when out a day or two they ate most voraciously, and greatly to their own detriment. But another effect soon manifested itself—they soon found themselves destitute of

anything to eat, consequently they were in a short time suffering from the other extreme.

When they halted to bivouac the first evening out from Louisville they were terribly tired one and all. Naturally enough most of the men sat down to rest before gathering their supplies of fuel and water. They were not long in discovering that this waiting was a great mistake for more reasons than one. Wood for fuel soon became a scarce article in their immediate neighborhood on account of the great consumption of fence rails by the old soldiers. Here was a forcible illustration of the principle of supply and demand. In this vicinity there was a moderate supply of rails, but there was an exorbitant demand for immediate use. The hardy veterans pushed their demands vigorously. They had plenty, the raw recruits had none. Water would be the same if the supply was not abundant. A scarcity of the latter article often causes intense suffering and it was to be greatly dreaded. Then, too, if they waited to rest after a long, hard march before laying in the necessary supplies, they found themselves so stiff and sore and drawn, that it seemed impossible to proceed in search for the needed articles. Every joint, tendon, and muscle was inflexible, and the slightest movement sent the cold chills alternately up and down their spines and caused such excruciating pains it was almost impossible to restrain outcries. Most of the men felt like it would be impossible for them to march on the following day. All speedily learned this lesson: To lay in all needed supplies with the utmost alacrity immediately upon arrival in camp. Many would get over anxious to be ahead, and thus frequently got themselves laughed at and guyed. On occasions of halts made toward evening these over-zealous fellows would drop on to a fence corner, pile the rails and guard them while the column went tramping on to pastures new to the great disgust of the rail-guarding comrade. Thus were the wits of the raw recruit sharpened daily. Time, circumstances, and the old soldiers proved to be good teachers and they taught many lessons in rapid succession, and what made the lessons

more effective was the dear price paid for most of the instruction.

So the days passed. On the night of the 4th of October, Crittenden's corps arrived in the vicinity of Bardstown, Van-Cleve's division bivouacking in sight of the town. Early on the morning of the 5th it was again on the road, passing through Bardstown, and pressing on after Bragg's army. The day's duties were a mere repetition of those of the preceding day—tramp, tramp, tramp, over hills and across hollows, and on what seemed an endless stretch of road, a smooth white limestone pike, from which arose a suffocating dust. The regiment and brigade went into bivouac after midnight that night on the banks of a branch of Salt River. Here was an abundance of water, and the boys were exceedingly glad to get the much despised "river water," but they were scarce of rations. Some messes in the regiment had nothing but parched corn and coffee for breakfast on the morning of the 6th. The men of the Eighty-sixth had not yet become thoroughly broken to the harness nor fully alive to the necessity of husbanding their allowance of rations, and they now began to realize the exertion and toil, the hunger and thirst and actual hardships of marching. Some in the ranks were grumbling at our lack of rations, but it is presumed it was more their fault than that of the Commissary Department.

On the evening of the 6th the brigade bivouacked near Springfield. The men of the Eighty-sixth were hungry, tired, leg weary and foot-sore, shoulder tired and tender with knapsack, gun, and cartridge-box, and not in the best of spirits or humor. Just across the road from the bivouac was a splendid looking patch of Irish potatoes, a most tempting bait for hungry men. The clash and clatter of bayonets caused in stacking arms had hardly ceased before the men were seen climbing the fence into that patch; for although not in very good spirits or in the humor for cheerful and enlivening conversation, most of them had sufficient life and energy to dig potatoes. They went to digging as though their lives depended upon getting the task done before the

next regiment came along. They were making fine headway when Captain Francis B. Mattler, of Company B, took it upon himself to cross over to the patch and order the diggers out. His august presence was not appreciated at this particular time and his officiousness came near involving him in a serious difficulty. A very tired and hungry man is not usually the best natured under the most favorable circumstances. There was in this case special reasons for irritation. Many of the men had already learned to detest the Captain for his extreme officiousness and petty, tyrannical conduct on numerous occasions, and they were therefore ready to settle this matter, and with it the old accounts, and pay spot cash for all they owed him on the margins of previous deals. So when he climbed the fence and ordered them to stop digging the potatoes and get out it did not take them long to be ready for business, and some of them "proposed to move immediately upon his works" if he did not get out himself in a greater hurry than he had entered. It seemed probable that the doughty Captain would have to take ignominiously to flight to save himself. But further trouble was averted by the Colonel ordering a Captain of another company to quell the disturbance, which was done on the part of the detailed Captain in a quiet and judicious manner without difficulty, although some of the boys, to use camp slang, "cussed a streak." But they were too hungry and determined to yield the potatoes they had already secured and so brought them safely to camp. The Eighty-sixth was a hungry body of men that evening and everybody was on the lookout for something to eat. One man tired, sick, and very hungry had the good fortune to come into possession of a piece of raw goose about half picked, but it was not raw very long. It was soon both thoroughly "picked" and well done. Placing it on the end of his ram-rod he held it over a camp fire and thus broiled it slightly and proceeded to devour it. It was a tough piece of goose and he did not attempt to cut it, but tore it with his teeth as a dog tears the meat from a bone. The blood was dripping from it and ran down from the corners of his mouth and dropped off his chin. In the extremes

of hunger man becomes a mere animal. This description of hunger may seem to the uninitiated and delicate stomach a rather "tough case," yet this piece of more than half raw goose was to him a most delicious morsel. No delicacy now done in the best style of the most skillful *chef* could compare with it in savoriness. Doubtless, however, it was not so much the quality of the goose as the man's vigorous appetite that gave it its seeming richness of flavor. A slight breakfast consisting of coffee, parched corn and in some cases a little government bacon, no dinner, and a day's hard marching is a combination not conducive to amusement, good humor, or pleasant memories of the newly enlisted soldier, but it is a most wonderful appetizer for all those who have sufficient stamina to take the full course. This was the situation of the Eighty-sixth on the evening of October 6 at Springfield, Kentucky.

Rations were issued to the regiment at this bivouac and they came most opportunely. The members of the Eighty-sixth were now making rapid progress in the lessons which experience alone could teach regarding the life of a soldier, and consequently were, in racing parlance, rapidly rounding into form. The camping grounds at Springfield were in a meadow, and the men thus secured a good rest for their weary limbs and sore feet, many of the latter being blistered from heel to toe, and greatly needed the time on the soft, springy turf instead of the hard limestone pike to render them again fit for duty. The most of the regiment were greatly refreshed and strengthened by the next day when it resumed its line of march, which was about 11 o'clock. It was well that the men had had a good rest, and they felt somewhat recuperated in feet, limbs, and strength of body, for this day's march, the 7th, proved to be one of the hardest of all in pursuit of Bragg.

Buell's command was now advancing upon Bragg at Perryville on three different roads. McCook on the left was approaching the place on the old Maxville road. Gilbert in the center, traveling on the direct road from Springfield to Perryville, had the shortest route and of course arrived in

the immediate vicinity of the enemy first. Crittenden's corps moved on the right flank and somewhat apart from the center. This corps was accompanied by General George H. Thomas, Buell's second in command, and in fact, the corps was practically commanded by Thomas while absent from the presence of the commanding general. The column marched briskly forward, the men feeling much refreshed. But a hardship confronted them of a graver nature than any they had yet met—the extreme scarcity of water. The column proceeded at a good telling pace, while stragglers ranged the country along the roadside hunting for water. When the place designated as a camp for Crittenden's command was reached there was still no water to be found. Here was a dilemma. The men were already tired and suffering with great thirst. The army was concentrating in the face of the enemy. One corps, a very important grand division of the forces at hand, being ordered to march on a certain route and bivouac at a designated place in order that it might be able to reach the enemy's front at a specified time, was unable to obey orders for the reason of a lack of water. Military law is said to be absolute. The concentration of an army in the face of an enemy is a military duty which requires the greatest skill and caution. It also requires careful and exact obedience of the commanding general by his subordinates. It is a military maxim that in the presence of an enemy all troops should be kept well in hand, while on the march and in easy supporting distance at all times, thus enabling each part of the army to support and sustain the other as the exigencies of the occasion may demand. The commanding general should know the route of each column, its hour of marching, its rate of speed, its bivouac, when reached, condition of troops, and should as near as possible see the end from the beginning. But here the subordinate commander was met by a condition more imperative than military law itself. It was a demand on the physical nature of the men which could not be denied. Water they must have. To obey the order to the letter would be to defeat its object. By seeming disobedience alone could the spirit of

the order be carried out. There was but one right thing to do—a wide detour for water must be made which would necessitate a forced night march under the most trying circumstances, and detach the command from the rest of the army varying wide from its intended line of march. The men had already marched hard. The sun blazed down with fervent heat, and the white hot pike shone back in their faces and almost blistered them. It felt like a furnace under their feet. The tread of many thousand feet raised from the heated and powdered limestone of the pike a fine dust that settled upon all exposed surfaces of the person and penetrated the clothing, the nose, ears and mouth and seemed to absorb every particle of moisture of the body. The heat and the great exertion made the men extremely thirsty, but this heated limestone dust trebled and quadrupled the suffering in this particular. However there was but one solution of the problem. General Thomas was equal to the occasion and ordered the column forward. Night came but the men toiled on and on, sleepy, tired, footsore and hungry. Far into the night the steady regular tread of the column was heard on the pike winding over the hills. Silently for a long time they proceeded, bearing up bravely with unabated vigor. Then came mutterings and questioning of the need of such marching, then lagging, irregular, tottering footfalls. All were tired and some were sleeping. No water had been seen since leaving Springfield. Men ranged the hills and hollows along the roadside in search of it. They questioned the natives where a drink could be procured, only to receive an equivocal answer. But the questioning and quest were alike, vain. Water was not to be had. The men were well-nigh famished, in fact they became almost frantic. They could scarcely articulate. The topic of conversation was without exception of the one thing on all minds water, water, water. When and where can water be procured? There was but one sufficient reason now to carry the column forward. The men had become convinced that the object of their desires could only be reached by going forward—that somewhere ahead was water, and that this was the reason for

this terrible and determined onward push. The march was continued until between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning of October 8, when the head of the column reached the bed of what had been a running stream of water, but which now only held here and there pools of the precious stuff. This was known as Rolling Fork of Salt River. A mad rush was at once made for the pools and men drank their fill. After filling their own canteens they emptied them at one draught, refilled them and partially emptied a second time. The army canteen held three pints. This is given as a simple illustration of the great thirst suffered by the men of Crittenden's corps on their forced march on the night of the 7th of October, 1862.

The brigade bivouacked on the bluff of the river. It was exceedingly rocky and rough, and on this rugged hill they made their beds. Not half the regiment came to the bivouac with the marching column. Some came in soon after the regiment halted, and they kept coming singly, and in squads, until after sunrise, when the regiment was again pretty well reformed. This night's march and the following day was perhaps the Eighty-sixth's greatest trials for the want of water during its entire term of service. Gilbert's corps also suffered for the same cause, but succeeded in securing possession of some filthy pools in the bed of a stream near Perryville on the evening of the 7th, and held them, although the enemy made an attempt to drive them off. But bad water was greatly to be preferred to no water. The hard march and the deprivation of water or its excessive ingestion caused a large number of the regiment to be reported on the sick list on the morning before the march was resumed.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERRYVILLE.

The Battle—The Field and the Dead—"The Gilded Puddle Which Beasts Would Cough At"—The Onward March—Bivouac in Fodder Houses—On the Skirmish Line All Day—A Reconnoissance—Danville—Stanford—Thundering at the Rebel Rear—Crab Orchard—Mt. Vernon—A Broken Country—"Hungry Hollow."

The morning of the 8th opened up delightfully pleasant so far as the weather was concerned. It was as bright as an October morning could be. Yet it was not a cheerful prospect. The rocky hill glistened in the golden sunlight, bare and barren, without a spot of green to enliven and brighten its gray slopes and crest. The extreme drought had dried up the grasses and all that was to be seen was the gray glistening rocks. The men lounged about the place of their bivouac for sometime before the bugles and drums began to sound the warning notes that they must proceed at once on their way. The regiment filed out of camp, crossed the river-bed and went forward at a rapid pace. Everything indicated an emergency at hand and the greatest haste. Certainly trouble was expected ahead. Dusty and hot the men soon became greatly heated and very thirsty. Scrambling and quarrels occurred at every place where there was the least indication of finding water. Even "the gilded puddle" was fought for with the same vehemence as would have been for the finest spring. Wherever there was a little mud puddle there was a jostling, contentious throng seeking to fill canteens and to slake their thirst. The suffering for water was almost as great as the previous night. After covering some eight miles the command was halted and ordered to

pile knapsacks. With the knapsacks of each company a guard was left and the regiment hurried forward to take a position upon the field. The command pressed on until near where the line was forming. Then it was halted and formed, and ordered to "forward into line." Soon Hawkins' brigade, VanCleve's division, had completed its part of the general allignment with Gilbert's and McCook's corps, the corps taking position as it had advanced, that is McCook upon the left, Gilbert in the center, and Crittenden on the right. Having completed the allignment the command awaited the attack of the enemy. But it waited in vain. This was just what General Bragg desired. The delay caused by closing up the column of General Buell's army and form it in battle array and then waiting to be attacked served his purpose and gave him another twenty-four hours, the time needed, to withdraw his wagon train and clear the roads and yet have sufficient time to draw off his troops from Buell's front without being forced to fight a general battle which might have proved disastrous. His attempt to surprise and crush McCook was a partial success as to the surprise, but wholly a failure as to the annihilation. Bragg had no intention or desire to meet the whole army which was now in his immediate front, ready and anxious for battle. The long lines of blue coats could be seen far to the left and some distance to the right. The lines extended from the Lebanon pike on the right to and across the Maxville pike on the left. This line was distant on the right from Perryville some two or three miles, the left and center being nearer the town. The center, Gilbert's corps, was lying across the Springfield pike, while McCook's extended from Gilbert's left some distance across the old Maxville road, approaching but not reaching the Chaplin River. This was the day on which the battle of Perryville or Chaplin Hills was fought by the left and center of Buell's army, the brunt of the battle falling upon the division of Rousseau of McCook's corps.

McCook held his position well, considering the great numbers against him. The battle was hotly contested until

night. The Eighty-sixth was in line ready for battle about 1 o'clock p. m., and confidently expected to be ordered forward. But it simply waited in line for the enemy to make the attack. The regiment lay thus in line all day except while engaged in throwing down a fence in its immediate front. Batteries came galloping up to the line and wheeled into position. Hither and you staff officers might be seen galloping in hot haste with orders for the different parts of the line. "The rumble and roar" of battle on the left could be distinctly heard. As the various batteries rushed into line here and there a man would be injured. What mattered it? This was war. What was the cracked head or broken thigh of one man in comparison to the lives of hundreds perhaps that might be saved by the battery being in position on time. The business in war is to injure, disable, maim, cripple, kill. The regiment was now getting a glimpse of the dreadful, crushing power of war and how it ground individuals to nothing under its iron wheels. That some such thoughts were entering the minds of the men could be plainly seen by looking down the line. The firm set jaw, the determined look of the eye and face of the courageous, and the wild, startled look on the face of the more timid, revealed their thoughts and full appreciation of the situation as they lay there listening to the thunders of the battle and watching for a long line of "graybacks" to come charging upon them. But the regiment only waited, that was all. Had Crittenden's and Gilbert's corps been hurled forward upon Bragg's forces with the impetuosity that the enemy had attacked McCook, much might have been accomplished, if not practically destroying Bragg's army as Thomas afterward destroyed Hood's at Nashville. Such a movement might, at least, have saved our army's losses at Stone's River, for a crushing defeat here would have so weakened Bragg that he could not and would not have dared to make a stand at Murfreesboro.

Being the rawest kind of campaigners and hearing the boom of the guns till nightfall on the left the men remained in line and laid upon their arms at night. The Eighty-sixth

having left their knapsacks, they had no blankets and slept upon the field with mother earth for their couch, wrapped in darkness and sheltered by the heavens. The night grew cool and they were pretty thoroughly chilled by morning's dawn. After a hasty breakfast of coffee, fat pork and "hard tack" they felt warmed and much better. About 6 o'clock a. m. they moved out in line of battle, marching in this way through brush, briars, weed patches, over fences, through door-yards, gardens and almost everything else. Holding the even tenor of their way they swept on trampling under foot everything that came in their path, but no armed foe appeared. The regiment covered what seemed about four miles, but it was probably two, and came to a fine pasture where the command was halted. Here dinner was had and the men secured a much needed rest. Their hardships in the last few days and nights had been very severe, still they were true blue and were ready for any duty. Shortly after dinner the command was again set in motion, and marched in column through the now historic town of Perryville, Kentucky.

A short distance from town the regiment bivouacked in a nice pasture near a spring of fine water, the spring being in a cave. All enjoyed this good pure water. The men soon supplied themselves with rails and straw to add to the comfort of their bivouac. Here the members of the regiment visited almost in a body the battle-field and looked for the first time on the shattered and mangled remains of the dead. Some few in the regiment had seen service in the Mexican war, and a few had seen service in other regiments during the present war. To all others the dreadful, shocking sights of the battle-field were a new, and to most, a sad experience.

Bragg had now made good his escape from the immediate vicinity of Perryville. For allowing him to thus escape Buell was severely condemned. All the old charges of incompetency, traitor, and communicating with the enemy, were revived and sounded over the land. Few knew the difficulties under which Buell labored. Historians of to-day

will deal more justly with his name and service. The winter of 1895, thirty-three years later, Congress recognizing his ability and patriotism placed him on the retired list of the army. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says of this: "The House has done the right thing in placing Don Carlos Buell on the retired list of the army as Brigadier-General. General Buell commanded one of the great armies with decided ability for nearly a year, and was relieved through a singular bit of luck. A part of his army fought a battle without his knowledge and against his instructions. The commander was undone by the fault of his subordinates, and the extraordinary fact that no one rode a few miles to let him know that a heavy battle was in progress at Perryville." Commenting on the above the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "The battle of Perryville was made the pretext of carrying out a decision arrived at weeks before. But after all has been said that can be said, all parties to the controversy concede that Buell was a good soldier; that he handled the Army of the Ohio, afterwards the Army of the Cumberland, admirably, and that under his command it became one of the best disciplined and most efficient military organizations in the field. The action of the House is to be commended." Such, however, was not the opinion in Buell's own army at the time of, and immediately following, the battle of Perryville.

Notwithstanding Bragg had escaped here, it seemed to be the general opinion of general officers that he would make a stand farther on, perhaps in the neighborhood of Danville or Harrodsburg. It seemed they could not divest their minds of the idea that Bragg was in Kentucky to fight rather than to gather up supplies and encourage the Kentuckians to enlist in the Southern army. Therefore the following morning the whole army pressed forward on all available roads, Crittenden's corps marching out on the road to Danville. It was a rough, stony road, and there was scarcely a man in the regiment whose feet were not more or less worn out, sore, or tender. The command covered some eight or ten miles before halting for the night. The bivouac was located in a beautiful woods pasture, well cleared of all underbrush, and

finely set with blue-grass. Although tired and sore, the boys went to work immediately to provide necessaries for their comfort during the night. The fodder in an adjoining corn field could be seen moving in almost every direction—a fair share of it finding its way to the Eighty-sixth. Soon the entire regiment had provided itself with snug fodder houses for protection against rain and storm. A plentiful supply of rails was had and all seemed peaceful and quiet, and the men really did enjoy a very comfortable night. Next morning when breakfast was just ready an alarm was given. The pickets had been fired upon and the command was, “Fall in, Eighty-sixth.” The regiment was instantly formed and went forward at once. The prospect for that meal was forever destroyed. After a few minutes’ waiting two companies were detailed and sent out as skirmishers. One company was deployed upon the line, and advancing some distance was ordered to lie down, and there through the entire day these skirmishers lay waiting, watching, expecting the enemy to attack; this too without breakfast, or a mouthful to eat, or any relief whatever from their position. This would have been considered pretty tough service even by veterans, but then they would have known how to take advantage of the situation and helped themselves by sending details back to the bivouac for food and drink. A short time after dark the regiment and the companies on the line, were relieved and returned to the bivouac. Supper and breakfast were eaten, both at the same time. The boys were decidedly small in the circle of their belts after an eighteen hour fast, and they did ample justice to their meager commissary stores. Looking over the history of that Kentucky campaign after Bragg one cannot keep from laughing at the awkwardness and feeble manner in which the men took care of themselves, yet candor compels it to be said that it was an outrage and a shame that they were not better treated and cared for by those in command.

The following morning the drum beat reveille at peep of day, and the men arose promptly, not intending to miss another breakfast if they could possibly avoid it by their own

exertions and alacrity. The meal was speedily prepared and as quickly dispatched. Shortly after the morning meal Hawkins' brigade was ordered out on a reconnoissance to determine the location of the enemy. After having proceeded some three or four miles there were strong indications of a considerable force. The brigade was at once halted and formed in line of battle and there waited expecting an attack. But the enemy failed to put in an appearance. The regiment bivouacked for the night on the same ground. Again the regiment built fodder houses and supplied itself with rails. The men were in a great bustle getting supper and in high glee over the prospect for a good time that night, when orders came to move at once and re-join the command. The good humor was soon dispelled and something different prevailed. The men thought orders were given at the most unreasonable hours. One time they would be cheated out of their breakfast, at another of their supper. But the exposed position without adequate support, and the separation from the division, were good military reasons for the brigade's recall. The brigade marched at once carrying pumpkins, chickens, and various other supplies.

These daily experiences were making soldiers of some very fast, and invalids of others just as rapidly, and actually killing many others. The sick list of the regiment was being greatly and very rapidly augmented. The regimental surgeons found themselves with more patients than they could properly attend to, and the poor fellows suffered much, both from the inability of the surgeons to get round and for the want of medical supplies.

The army was now in the world famous blue-grass region of Kentucky where there was plenty, and it is hardly necessary to say that the boys did not depend solely upon the regimental commissary for subsistence, but drew from the abundance of the country in a very liberal manner, supplying themselves with beef, veal, pork, chickens, turkeys, potatoes and all things necessary to refresh and strengthen. No one mess had all of these eatables, but the different

messes of the regiment were provided with some of these various articles. When in camp, or whenever a halt was called when on the march, some of the best foragers would be skirting the column's line of march picking up supplies.

On the morning of the 13th the march was resumed and having covered about six miles, the command arrived at Danville. Bivouacking at the edge of town in a fine woods pasture belonging to the farm of General Boyle very strict orders were received against foraging, even the taking of fence-rails. Cord-wood was issued to the Eighty-sixth for fuel. The regiment arrived here early in the day and were quite comfortably situated and were made exceedingly glad by the reception of a large mail from friends in the North. Singing and shouting took the place of grumbling and mutterings of discontent. The early halt and bivouac gave all who were well a good rest, and an opportunity for the men to do many little things for themselves which they could not find time to do when marching from early morning until late at night, or spending the same long hours on the skirmish line. Clothing was repaired, and the straps of the cart-ridge-box, knapsacks and haversacks were adjusted. These are small things, but they are straws on the camel's back and they are essential to the soldier's comfort when on the march.

The regiment was now considerably reduced in numbers. Some were behind, foot-sore and worn out, many were sick, and a few had deserted. This march had tried the mettle of the men as well as their physical stamina. Some still with the regiment were injured in health and broken in spirits and constitutions, but had managed by great perseverance and will power to maintain their places in ranks. It was only the strong, muscular ones of iron constitutions and indomitable pluck, genuine Saxon grit, that had been able to maintain their places in ranks at all times and endure the great hardships up to this point in the march without injury to themselves. From the day they left Louisville there had been a terrible strain on the men of the regiment, and it is really wonderful that so many came through it all. Raw as the

men were, they kept pace with the veterans of Buell's army, inured to all kinds of service and exposure, and as a regiment it was ever ready for the line of battle, for the skirmish line, or whatever duty it was called upon to perform, although the men scarcely knew more of drill than to "shoulder arms" or "right face."

The command, or VanCleve's division at least, had almost twenty-four hours rest at Danville and were much benefitted by it. On the morning of the 14th after breakfasting on some of the best that the blue-grass region afforded, the division left Danville continuing the pursuit of Bragg's army, General Wood's division having preceded it during the night on the Stanford road. The day was quite warm, but the division pushed on to Stanford. Before arriving there, however, the boom of cannon could be heard. General Wood's division had run up against the rear of the enemy and was pounding away at him in a vigorous manner. To judge by the thunderous roar of the artillery there was a battle on hand. A strong rear guard had been posted to delay the advance of Buell's column. They showed a strong disposition to maintain the ground and to fight if too closely encroached upon, but General Wood finally succeeded in putting them to flight and continued the pursuit. They had served their purpose. They delayed the column and gave General Bragg more time to get his supplies out of the way. As Wood continued right on after the enemy, VanCleve's division had nothing to do but to follow to within a few miles of Crab Orchard. But it was not to be a night of rest. The men of the Eighty-sixth weary, sore, and asleep as though dead, were aroused, and ordered to push on. It was about 11 o'clock at night when the column tramped on in the darkness after the fleet-footed foe. Bragg was well away now and cared little for his pursuers. The topography of the country had greatly changed. The fine rolling land like that around Danville had disappeared, and instead, it was a broken, semi-barren region that furnished but little provender for the free-handed foragers. There were hills and hollows, and ravines and gullies, and these constituted the

country. Forage for the horses and mules was scarce. There were fewer chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, hogs and sheep, consequently the men had to depend for subsistence almost entirely upon the rations issued from the commissary department. The pikes had disappeared. In one sense this was an advantage, but in other respects it was much harder than marching on the pikes. Now there were dirt roads, the best of all roads for marching when good, and clear of obstructions, and when soft enough to be spongy and springy under the feet. But these roads were gravelly and rocky. The marching was uphill and down hill, up ravines and down hollows, through gorges and winding round hillsides. This manner of marching to already worn out men was very exhausting. It was only the invincible Hoosier pluck that carried nine out of ten through. The bad quality of the water here caused many to suffer severely with camp diarrhœa and the regimental surgeons were kept busy.

The wagon trains were left at Stanford, only the ambulances accompanying the troops. But the column pushed forward on through Crab Orchard and Mt. Vernon, pressed close on the heels of Bragg's retiring forces, thundering at the rear-guard almost continuously. Rations were exhausted by the raw troops, but what mattered it so the rebels were driven out? A few miles beyond Mt. Vernon a deep ravine or gorge through which the road passed was filled with trees felled from the hillsides into the road, thus effectually blockading it. The regiment had bivouacked the previous night between this point and Mt. Vernon, and when it was found that this gorge was blockaded it was ordered to return to the bivouac of the previous night, although a very undesirable place for a camp. The road passed through a deep ravine with steep hills rising on each side. There was scarcely a place on all the hillsides where a good bed could be made, yet the whole regiment was compelled to "bunk" here. The scarcity of rations here both nights caused the boys to give the place the name of "Hungry Hollow," and it was worthy of the name, as many an old soldier will

remember it well until his dying day. Rations almost wholly gone, nothing to forage in this wild, hilly country, bad water and a steep hillside so steep that the men had to sleep astraddle of a sapling, doubled round a stump or rock, or lie on the uphill side of a log to keep from rolling or sliding down. All these did not have a tendency to endear the place to any, although it will ever have a place in memory. No doubt, the younger generations may laugh at those things as matters of the veterans' perverted imagination, but a few weeks' campaigning in the mountainous regions of Kentucky will satisfy the most skeptical, and they will quickly avow "the half has not been told."

CHAPTER IX.

THE WILD CAT HILLS.

Sour Grapes—Buell Denounced—Turned Back—Buell Removed—Rosecrans Assigned to the Command—Somerset—A Deep Snowfall—Apple Jack—Columbia—Overcoats and Dress Coats Drawn—Stolen Cheese—Glasgow.

The following morning the road having been cleared of all obstructions, Crittenden's corps pushed on after the rebel forces to what was known as the "Wild Cat Hills" in the vicinity of Rockcastle river. This was an extremely wild and broken country, each section getting rougher than the preceding as the mountains were approached. The hills presented many strange sights to the Hoosier eyes, accustomed to look only upon the flat country of the Wabash Valley. The hills rose almost to mountain height. There were wild dells and picturesque cliffs, ravines, gorges, abrupt and precipitous descents, among all of which the road wound its serpentine way. Here were many immense boulders and smaller broken and fragmentary rocks in piles as if the hammer of God had smitten mountains of stone and shivered and crushed them into loose lying fragments. Forageable

things, of course, were not to be found in this thinly settled section, consequently the stock of provender daily grew more and more attenuated.

Here on these Wild Cat Hills occurred an incident to which new regiments are subject, and which sometimes rob them of many a good soldier. Elijah Wellman, of Company H, carelessly handling his gun shot a toe off. This gave the Surgeon a chance to show his skill in another manner than in issuing quinine and Dovers powders. After the amputation was completed and the patient came out from the influence of the chloroform he became very sick and vomited a great deal. This unfortunate accident ended Wellman's service with the regiment.

There was at this time much discontent and grumbling among the troops which was most generally directed at General Buell. In fact, the feeling here against him grew stronger than ever, the fault finders holding him responsible for the escape of the rebel army, for the lack of rations, and for the hard and laborious march without apparent success in forcing the enemy to give battle after leaving Perryville. The rank and file of the army from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa were particularly bitter and outspoken.

After lounging a day or two among the rocks of the Wild Cat Hills while the cavalry pursued the retreating enemy as far as Barboursville and Manchester, the column about faced and returned to the neighborhood of Mt. Vernon. From here the sick, and those greatly enfeebled, and the wounded, were sent back to hospitals in the rear, while the army went toiling across the country toward Nashville. It was not a cheerful thought to have in one's mind of another long march over a rough broken country, but the army must reach the vicinity of Nashville before the enemy's forces get in striking distance, and therefore there must be no extra delays.

On the morning of the 24th of October, by General Order No. 168, War Department, General Buell was removed and Major General W. S. Rosecrans assigned to the command. By the same order, the Department of the Cum-

berland was re-created. It also designated the troops as the Fourteenth Army Corps, which soon afterwards, by general and popular consent gave place to the more appropriate name of Army of the Cumberland, as originally borne under Generals Anderson and Sherman.

On the 24th, taking the road to Somerset, the regiment marched somewhat more leisurely. It covered some eight or nine miles and bivouacked near a fine pond of water, and was decidedly more comfortable than on the Wild Cat Hills, although it was not good ground for a bivouac. The following morning reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock, and all was bustle and hurry until breakfast was prepared and eaten. But then the hurry was over and VanCleve waited for another division to take the advance. The troops lounged here and there until about 10 o'clock and then filed out upon the road, winding over the country, making good time, and reaching Somerset about 4 o'clock. It was now raining and a most unpromising evening. The command passed beyond the town about a mile and bivouacked. But for some reason the Eighty-sixth had great trouble to find its place. Colonel Hamilton lost his temper entirely and threatened to demolish the veteran regiments who were guying the Eighty-sixth about being "lost in the wilderness" like the children of Israel. It was rather too pointed to the Colonel. It passed here and there through the grounds of the other regiments and somewhat disturbed them. Much bad feeling was engendered, but at length about dark he found the place assigned him. There was not a flattering prospect for much needed rest, but the men slept soundly until towards morning—about 3 o'clock—when they were wakened by the limbs from the trees falling all around. There was a continual snapping and crashing of limbs. They would break off from the trees with snapping and cracking sound, and in a second or so would come crashing upon the earth. On looking about them they immediately perceived the cause. They discovered that some five or six inches of snow had fallen in the night and being wet and heavy was breaking the limbs from the trees. The various bunks of the regiment was buried in

“the beautiful.” Several men in the regiment were more or less injured by the falling limbs. It was quite dangerous and notwithstanding they were tired, the entire regiment now arose and built fires and watched for falling timber not daring to lie down. Not a man in the regiment had a tent, consequently all were covered with snow and their blankets were wringing wet. Rails were carried a good half mile or more, fires were built and blankets strung up near them to dry. Breakfast was prepared and eaten and every preparation was made to be ready to march, but word came that the regiment would remain in camp, and then the work of the day was commenced in earnest. Axes were procured and hundreds of strong men went to work, felling great trees on every hand until the forest rang. The crash of the falling trees was mingled with the shouts and laughter of the busy laborers. Trees were felled and cut into logs. These were rolled into great heaps and fired. The brush was cut and piled in heaps, and thus the work proceeded in all parts of the camp. Here and there were parties of workers chopping, others rolling and piling the logs together, and still others gathering and piling the brush and building fires, until the camp ground looked like a great clearing up of lands in a timbered country more than a military bivouac. Some built brush houses, or sheds, to protect themselves from the storm, and made fires immediately in front of these primitive structures, and were soon reasonably comfortable, even with the ground covered with snow. Fortunately the Eighty-sixth was bivouacked in a large woods pasture from which the under brush had been cleared. This with the felled timber made it a very good and comfortable place. During the night the regiment had sheltered under the trees, and now these same trees cut down furnished the men fuel and shelter. The members of the Eighty-sixth were not slow by this time to take advantage of any circumstance which would contribute to their comfort in camp. But here great inclemency of the weather caught them unawares, and the severe exposure rapidly increased the number of sick among those already greatly exhausted and worn out by the long

continued marching, and its many privations and extreme hardships. Accordingly the regimental surgeons established a temporary hospital in the town of Somerset, and some fifteen or twenty of the worst cases were conveyed there, that they might have better attention and care while the command remained here. But this was not long. It remained over the 26th and 27th of October, recruiting strength and waiting for the roads to dry up. On the morning of the 28th a member of Company K, Alexander Jester, died at the hospital in Somerset. He was buried by the hospital force. The march for Nashville was resumed. The roads were bad and but little progress was made. The command bivouacked near a stream known as Fishing Creek. Here Laban Landon, or Company C, died, and was buried by the side of the road. Thus were the ranks of our noble regiment being thinned. Few comrades remember these patriots who gave up their lives for the cause as truly as those who died upon the field. They were too much burdened and hurried in the onward push to give much heed to a dying comrade. Who can locate their graves? No flowers for them on Memorial Day, yet who will say that they shall not receive their reward?

From Somerset the column marched to Columbia, reaching there on the 31st. There was nothing occurred on this part of the march out of the usual routine, with the single exception that perhaps the supply of "apple-jack" was rather more abundant than heretofore, and those who wished to lay in a supply had a little more leisure to look for it, consequently those disposed to imbibe freely were sometime slow about reaching camp and were often inclined to be boisterous when they did reach it. Others were "too full for utterance" and navigation, and tarried by the way-side until the mighty influence of the "jack" had abated its control. Then they came to camp soberly and demurely. Poor fellows, they looked badly enough, and no doubt they felt even worse than they looked.

The following morning after reaching Columbia, November 1, clothing was issued to the Eighty-sixth, and the poor

simpletons, nearly to a man, drew overcoats and dress-coats, and many of them other articles of clothing. The men already had a sufficient load to carry. These coats and articles of clothing greatly increased their burdens. The men had perhaps thrown away since leaving Louisville fully one half of their baggage, and now were again loaded to the guards—fully as heavy as when leaving that city to take their first march. But experience is an excellent master. On November 1 the regiment left Columbia, marching out about 8 o'clock. The morning was quite cool and the men generally put on their dress-coats and overcoats, thinking that the easiest way to carry them. The command was hurried forward at a rapid pace. As the day advanced the heat increased until it became quite warm. Bundled as the men were they soon felt themselves sweating at every pore, but no time was given to change coats or to re-adjust loads. It was certainly very hard marching. Many gave out and fell behind the regiment before noon, but no halt was called. Still pressing on with unabated speed the number in ranks grew less and less. Some few straggled to be sure, who were not exhausted, but when the regiment was finally halted for the night's bivouac, about 3 o'clock, there were only one hundred and forty men in ranks to stack arms. At first the Colonel looked at the regiment as it "dressed up" in line before stacking arms in blank amazement. Then he became angry, growing hotter and hotter until he was in a terrible rage. He charged on to the company officers, but soon saw that was utterly useless. Then he charged back upon the incoming stragglers, swearing that he would arrest and punish every man of the Eighty-sixth that was behind when the halt was called. He immediately ordered the arrest of those just coming in and placed a guard to halt and arrest all who came later. The stragglers were collected under a large tree in an open space just to the rear of the regimental line where all could see and hear. And here the Colonel continued to swear at them and tell them what terrible punishment was in store for them, what kind of soldiers they were, and how little they deserved the name. It was a perfect volley of

epithets and abusive terms, and long continued. It was fun for the boys who came in on time, and for some who were in the arrested squad, but judging by appearances it was quite a serious matter for others. Some were greatly crest-fallen at the thought of being under arrest. Others took it quite philosophically. Most of them knew Colonel Hamilton to be a hot-headed but kindly natured man who would relent, and practically, at least, take it all back as soon as his anger cooled off. He soon had a good two hundred under and around that tree, and would gallop his charger in a furious manner almost upon every new arrival. He fumed and fretted, he chafed and frothed, and swore what terrible things he intended to do. One would have supposed he would have every man of them shot at sunrise the next morning. At length his anger began to cool and he saw the folly of his rage and the utter foolishness of his conduct. He then gave up in disgust and ordered the men to go to their respective companies, but threatened the direst punishment upon any of them if he ever again caught them straggling. The tirade of the Colonel against the boys occasioned much merriment for those who were calmly watching the circus at a safe distance. The affair was known as "the arrest of the persimmon knockers," or the "the organization of the Eighty-seventh Regiment by Colonel Hamilton." We believe the latter designation was given it by Ike Wetherall, of Company K, one of the captured late arrivals and one of the noisest men in the regiment. This diversion came in good time. It was needed, and it somewhat revived the men, although they were very tired and sore. The march had been a hard one and the men had appetites like sharks. Consequently rations vanished with unexampled rapidity.

It will not be out of place here to relate an incident of the night. One of the boys who had a little money and very little rations, went to a sutler near by and bought fifty cents' worth of cheese. But being of a provident disposition the mess did not eat it that night for supper, intending to save it for the morrow when their wants would be still greater, their hunger more urgent and imperative. It was packed away

nicely in a haversack and the haversack placed in a stack of guns standing quite near the mess's sleeping place, in fact, their "shake down" being spread against one side of the "stack." But alas! when the cheese was sought by eager and hungry messmates the following morning not a crumb of it could be found. It had been spirited away. Its disappearance was complete. Search was made without success. It was a mystery. Who got the cheese was the question. The poacher, Packer, was accused of the theft but strenuously denied it. He swore he would have been glad to have eaten it but did not have that pleasure. The search and all hope of ever finding the thief were given up. But of this, as of almost all things of its class sooner or later the old saying "murder will out," came true. Some eight years afterward the man who got the cheese, who was wholly unsuspected and might have remained so, took too much "insanity drops" and straightway divulged his secret of the theft. He pleaded destitution of both rations and money, extreme hunger and inability to procure anything by begging from comrades almost as destitute as himself, in extenuation of his pilfering. He was freely forgiven, and all who were still living of the mess took a hearty laugh over it and the events of the day, November 1, 1862, when Colonel Hamilton frightened the "persimmon knockers" so badly.

On the following morning the stragglers being fully and duly restored, they all marched out together about 9 o'clock, singing with spirit "John Brown's body lies mouldering in in the tomb." They stepped off at a lively rate, making good time in much better shape than they had done the previous day. They covered some seventeen or eighteen miles by dark and bivouacked in the woods alongside the road. The next morning they were on the road by 6 o'clock and marched steadily, reaching Glasgow, passed through the town and bivouacked about 1 o'clock in a beautiful meadow or pasture lying in the bottom lands of quite a nice stream known as a branch of the Big Barren River.

Here the boys who had an inclination to forage on their own hook had fair opportunities to lay in temporary sup-

plies. The Eighty-sixth on such occasions acted on the principle that "opportunities are like eggs and must be hatched while fresh." The chickens, turkeys, pigs and sheep came into camp in goodly numbers. Camp-kettles were in great demand, and when procured were usually well filled and kept so almost day and night. Active foraging for eatables continued while the command remained here. The country afforded an abundance. At this place again a number of the regiment had become sick or so completely exhausted as to require that they be sent back to hospitals to recuperate, as the number greatly exceeded the capacity of the regimental ambulances to convey them with the column as it pushed ahead. They were sent from here mostly to Cave City, the nearest railroad point, and from there on to Bowling Green and Louisville.

On the morning of the 5th of November, the column resumed its march. The men were somewhat refreshed and strengthened by the rest and "the fat of the land." It was now the Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, and General Rosecrans was in command. Passing through Glasgow the column bore off to the southwest on the Scottsville and Gallatin road, and covering some sixteen or seventeen miles, bivouacked about 3 o'clock in the woods near the road. A little rain fell in the evening, but not enough to lay the dust. The foraging was continued while on the march, but not with the same effect as when in camp. The supply of chickens brought to the evening's bivouac was limited. On the following morning the orders were to march at 6 o'clock, but it was near 10 o'clock when the regiment filed out upon the road. The command covered some fourteen or fifteen miles during the day's march, passing through Scottsville and a mile beyond, and bivouacked in a perfect thicket of underbrush. The roads were good except being very dusty. Again this evening there was a light sprinkle of rain, after which it turned cooler. The boys divided very liberally with the citizens of the country through which the army passed, and brought to camp chickens, pigs and dried fruit. The enterprising "pot-hound" was a prime

necessity to raw troops on a long march. The following morning was quite cool. This made it disagreeable and the men hovered round the bivouac fires. About 10 o'clock the tramp was resumed. The weather remained cold and damp, snow falling more or less throughout the day. The distance made was not great, but it was a very uncomfortable day's march. The night was cold and the men felt the full force of the disagreeable weather. The following morning reveille was sounded about 3 o'clock. The regiment arose promptly, breakfasted at 4:30 and resumed its line of march for Gallatin about 6:30, where it arrived after a hard march at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, having traveled some eighteen or twenty miles. It pressed on still farther to within about one mile of the Cumberland River. In this day's march it was estimated by different ones that the command had marched from twenty-two to twenty-five miles. As there was no halt called for dinner few, if any of the regiment, had eaten anything during the day more than a few bites as they plodded along the road. There was therefore great demand for rations and not many rations to be had. After a good night's rest the men learned that they would not move as there was no bridge on which to cross the Cumberland river. A detail was made from the Eighty-sixth to aid in its construction. Until this detail returned there was no probability that the command would march. This was a pointer for the free-handed foragers and they might have been seen making good time for "green fields and pastures new." On every hill-top one or more blue-coats could be seen scenting the game, and that, too, at an early hour. Nor did they come back empty handed. The bridge detail returned about 9 p. m. and reported the bridge ready for crossing. The orders for the following morning were to march at 6:30 o'clock, but Hawkins' brigade did not start until 7 o'clock. The command marched directly to and crossed the Cumberland river on the new bridge. After crossing the river, the brigade proceeded on the road running nearly due south until it reached the Lebanon and Nashville pike. At this point it turned west toward Nashville and marched a few miles and halted for the night in a fine

pasture near a beautiful stream of water. The command marched during this day probable twelve or fifteen miles. This place was known as Silver Springs.

The men of the regiment were delighted with the place as a camping ground, and the prospect of remaining here long enough for a good rest seemed fairly good. There was a fine sward, a plentiful supply of pure water, and an abundance of rails conveniently near for all necessary purposes, both for cooking and heating. Such a fine place for camping it had not been the men's fortune often to see. There were also certain signs discovered which denoted that there might be found in the immediate vicinity of camp a goodly supply of ducks, geese, chickens, pigs, and sheep, and it was almost certain that the demand would be quite equal to the supply. Fearing the supply would soon be exhausted, the Eighty-sixth sent out some strong foraging parties the first night. The officers of the regiment did not do this, but the men with muskets did. They were efficient and energetic and served their respective messes and companies well and faithfully. They brought to camp in abundance, turkeys, chickens, pigs, cured meat, dried fruits, and sweet potatoes. Even the next day the fowls could be heard on all sides in the camp of the Eighty-sixth, and the old soldiers of the brigade began to "let up" on guying the boys about their inability to look out for themselves in the way of foraging. The 11th of November, the next day after arriving at this camp, was clear, cool and fine. There were no orders to march and this was cheering news. The weary, foot-sore men were greatly pleased with the prospect of getting additional rest.

CHAPTER X.

SILVER SPRINGS AND RURAL HILL.

A Forty Days' March Reviewed—Death of William Rose and Archibald Coats—A March to Rural Hill—Skirmish With John Morgan's Men—In Camp Near Nashville—Detail of Twenty Men for the Pioneer Corps—Drill and Picket Duty.

The Eighty-sixth had been on the march for forty days, and a part of the time day and night. Raw, soft, and un-drilled as the men were, they had been placed in a brigade and division of veteran troops, hardened campaigners, accustomed to marching and inured to all the duties of the field and a soldier's life, and they were expected to, and did, perform their full share of duty with these troops. It was a terribly rough introduction, but there was no help for it, and all the Eighty-sixth could do was to perform the duty or die. Many indeed had fallen by the way-side—literally marched to death. Others had sickened and died, the principal factors causing the sickness being exposure, privations and the exhausting labor of marching. Still others sick and exhausted, unable to keep pace with Buell's column as it pushed on after Bragg, were sent to the hospitals in the rear, here and there over the country, to regain their health for future campaigns. But many of these never again "took arms" with their former comrades. They were too much broken in health to return to duty in the ranks. Perhaps the pursuit of Bragg's army by that of Buell's, taken as a whole, was the hardest and most trying march any Union army was forced to endure during the entire war. The army was not then supplied with the light and convenient shelter tents which it afterwards carried. The bulk and unhandiness of the Sibleys made them no better than no tents, for

either the wagons were never up with them, or the men were too tired to handle them at night when they reached camp. Therefore, they slept constantly without tents, exposed to the night air, in good and bad weather, in rain and in snow, and felt the full force of all the changes of weather. The great exertion during the day heated their bodies and the cool nights chilled and stiffened their joints and bound their muscles. These things with the inexperience and the extreme scarcity of water, together with the very bad quality of most of it that could be procured, rendered the march a continual struggle for existence, an epoch in one's life to be remembered. It was a very common, almost daily, occurrence to find

—"the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at,"

the only supply of water to furnish drink and from which to procure enough to make a pot of coffee. Those of delicate, nervous systems and dainty stomachs, with a thought of home, its healthy food and drink, and even delicacies, would sicken at the sight of a putrefying mule half submerged in the pond of water where they were compelled to get their supply. The thought of a good, cool drink from the pure water of the well at home would cause them to turn with unutterable disgust from this festering filth with its green scum. Such men were already more than half beaten without the suspicion of the smell of gun powder. Others, however, of firmer fibre, stauncher mold, and iron nerve, and a resolution that would never say "hold, enough," parted the thick green scum, filled the canteen, shut their eyes and drank deeply of the water as it washed back and over the festering animal matter, set in motion as it was by the dipping of many canteens. Such material makes invincible soldiers, as near, at least, as human beings can be called invincible. Of such material was the Army of the Cumberland composed. Father Abraham at Washington had no better, truer, soldiers than those of this old army after the chaff was winnowed out of it. All the Eighty-sixth now lacked to complete the test was the baptism of fire—the battle's storm and hail to finish in every particular

its initiation. In looking back over this trip through Kentucky after Bragg's army it is with horror that one thinks of the abominable character of the drinking water, the scant rations and the general treatment the men received. It is a wonder that so many endured it and survived.

Many, who by indomitable pluck and perseverance, came through the march in pursuit of Bragg had the seeds of disease sown in them which afterwards developed and bore fruit, and from the effects of which they never will be free until they shall have paid the last debt of nature and reaped the reward of their manliness and patriotism. The extent of their sacrifices is little known or appreciated in this life.

All were greatly rejoiced at the prospect of a breathing spell and an opportunity to recuperate after the late rough service they had undergone. On the night of the 11th of November, here at this camp William Rose, of Company B, died. He was buried on the 12th. On the 13th, Archibald Coats, of Company D, died, and was buried the same day. The deaths of these two men so soon after our long march show how desperately the men sometimes struggled to do what they considered their duty. Up to within a very few days of their death they had, shoulder to shoulder, tramped the weary miles through Kentucky with their comrades, literally wearing their lives away. Yet when a halt was called and the relaxation came which follows protracted effort, they gave up and passed away to that peaceful land, where the clash of steel, and the tread of armed squadrons do not disturb. This march had been to the Eighty-sixth an expensive one. The deaths and the many sent back sick, had reduced the regiment to about one-half its original strength.

On the 14th of November the Eighty-sixth was ordered to prepare for general inspection. Then came the hurry and bustle of cleaning arms and equipments, bathing the person and washing the clothing. Besides these things the men were instructed for some time in company drill. On the morning of the 15th they received orders to arrange camp in regular system. This greatly cheered the boys. It caused a

great deal of work, however, to take down and change all those heavy Sibley tents, but they they supposed they had a very good assurance that they would remain here for some time, and all therefore worked willingly. But scarcely was the camp laid off and the tents arranged and put up in regulation style when orders were received to march. Some rather caustic "benedictions" were pronounced in a very energetic manner upon the officers for this extra work, and the order to march following so close upon it. The order was received about 11 o'clock a. m. Tents were struck at once, packed and placed in the wagons. All other "traps" were done up and put on the wagons or arranged for the soldier's own "pack," and the regiment was in line ready to march by noon.

At this camp at Silver Springs on the night of November 12, was the first time the regiment slept in tents after leaving Louisville, October 1. For more than forty days the men had marched and bivouacked—had laid upon the ground in fair and in foul weather with naught but their blankets, darkness, and the starry heavens to cover them, save occasionally when sleeping in the friendly cover of some leafy bower of the forest. This march was an instructive experience. Its lessons were forceful and not to be denied attention. They asserted themselves. Here is an example: Often in the still hours of the chilly night, one might hear the shriek of some youth, as he suddenly awakened from slumber, to the realization that he was suffering excruciating tortures, writhing in pain with numerous extra "kinks" in his legs forcing him to make these outcries. What does it mean? It means that he had overtaxed his strength, his muscles, in endeavoring to keep pace with the advancing column. Burdened beyond his strength and years, with knapsack, haversack, canteen, and gun and cartridge-box, he had labored with every muscle throughout the day to keep his place in ranks. He had obeyed the laws and orders of man, but broken the laws of nature, and he was now paying the penalty. All day long the muscles of his lower limbs unceasingly had contracted and relaxed alternately. They were

still keeping up the play, but now the action was of a spasmodic character. In short, the overtaxed muscles, of his legs were cramping as though they would pull themselves loose from their attachments, and in his agony he cries out and calls on some comrade to rub him until the attack of cramp passes and he can again lie down to sleep. Some times this is repeated many times during a single night, and no one who has never suffered such attacks can estimate the torment of them. Short the attacks may be, but terrible in their punishment of the victim who has broken an inexorable law.

The regiment was drawn up in line ready to march at the hour of 12. Hawkins' brigade was the only troops moving. There was not therefore a very large force on the march. Covering some seven or eight miles the command bivouacked in a very pretty place in a fine woods pasture in the immediate neighborhood of Rural Hill, Wilson county, Tennessee, and supposed to be in the vicinity of the enemy. Accordingly the brigade was ordered to sleep on its arms. Shortly after "taps" picket firing occurred, and the command was immediately called "to arms," and stood in line for a short time. At 5:30 a. m. the command was again called up and stood to arms until daylight.

During the forenoon some prisoners were captured and brought into camp. Three rebel cavalymen were brought in by the Eighty-sixth. It was evident that the enemy was watching closely and would attack if a favorable opportunity offered. Company H was put on the picket line with orders to keep a sharp watch for the enemy. Lieutenant Jeremiah Haugh, of Company B, went outside of the picket lines and was doing a little independent scouting when he was chased by the enemy's cavalry and had a close call to escape. The "Johnnie Rebs" finding that the blue coats would not halt at their commands opened fire upon him. A running fire is seldom an effective one, yet Haugh received a severe wound through the left shoulder, but he wavered not in his retreat, running a good race and made his escape sure. His wound was severe but not dangerous. The weather was

dark and gloomy, raining or misting all day. Besides the adventure of Lieutenant Haugh the regiment lost another adventurous spirit, company H's champion forager and "pot-hound," John Miller. He went out on one of his predatory excursions and failed to return. He was captured and paroled, but he never again returned to the regiment or company. He went home and when reported as a deserter and it became too hot in Indiana he went still further away. Evidently he had seen enough of Morgan's men. Some time before he had captured a donkey with which he made his foraging trips. Presumably on this occasion the donkey was not swift enough when laden with turkeys and chickens to outrun Morgan's cavalry, and he had therefore been captured with a donkey load of pillage in his possession. Seeing him to be a genuine pilferer, they had doubtless threatened to take his life if ever again caught, and had so frightened him that when released he at once started for home, and probably promised to do so, if they would but spare his life.

On the morning of the 17th of November, Company E, Captain Phillip Gemmer, relieved Company H from picket duty, and received the orders to keep the strictest watch for the expected enemy. All day the command watched and waited. There were some indications of an attack, but none was made. On the morning of the 18th, just after daylight, while the command was busy preparing breakfast, the pickets began a brisk firing that indicated an attack. The brigade was under arms immediately. The enemy's calvary had made a bold dash on the picket line, had broken it and rode it down and came right on in gallant style for the brigade camp, doubtless expecting to take it by surprise, stampede it, and capture the entire command. But "the wisest plans o' mice and men gang aft a'glee." It was the unexpected that happened to them and they met a great surprise.

During the night of the 17th, the Eighth Kentucky had come in with the supply train. This regiment bivouacked one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards to the left in a

little ravine, where there was a spring and every convenience for a concealed bivouac. It was out of sight of the approaching rebels, and was not seen by them until it opened fire on the charging squadrons. This Kentucky regiment was armed with Colt's revolving rifles and the men delivered their five shots in the face of the enemy before the latter was hardly aware of the difficulty that lay in his way. The enemy as soon as he saw that he was foiled, wheeled about, and galloped back badly demoralized and in far greater haste than he came. This handsome repulse by the newly arrived regiment saved Hawkins' brigade from a savage attack in the flank where it was least expected. Five of the enemy lay dead in front of the gallant band that had met their dash in such a cool determined manner. How many were wounded is not known, but it was quite evident that it was too hot a place for the rebel cavalymen to tarry long. They did not wait upon the order of their going, but went at once, and that very quickly. After this dash by the enemy and its signal repulse he opened up with his artillery. One, shot, an unexploded shell, struck about thirty paces in front of the center of the Eighty-sixth. A number went whizzing and screaming over it, but did no damage whatever. The battery replied to his fire with interest and a fine show of artillery practice was made for a time, but the enemy soon again found it too hot and limbered to the rear, leaving the field to the despised "yanks." It was said by one of the staff officers, who was looking with a field glass, that Swallow's battery dismounted one of the enemy's guns and this closed the battle. This was the first fire to which the Eighty-sixth as a regiment was exposed, and the men showed genuine Hoosier grit and staying qualities. In short, it was there to stay until ordered away.

General T. L. Crittenden at 8:30 o'clock on the evening of November 18, sent the following report of the Rural Hill affair to Colonel J. P. Garesche, Chief of Staff:

COLONEL: The company of cavalry I sent to look after the brigade at Rural Hill have returned, and report that the cannonading of which I sent you notice in my note of this date, at 8:45 a. m., was at Rural Hill;

that the brigade there was attacked by Morgan's cavalry, who dismounted after their first charge and fought as infantry, with artillery; that the fight lasted about two and one-half hours, but with very slight result. We had no men killed or wounded, but four of the Thirteenth Ohio were taken prisoners. The enemy had four killed that were left dead on the field, and the men buried while the cavalry were there; the number wounded unknown.

No more fighting occurred at this place, although great care was exercised not to be caught napping by the wily enemy. This was the regiment's introduction to General John Morgan, who afterwards became so noted as a cavalry commander and a warrior on the side of the Confederacy. While he had been kept at bay, and Hawkins' brigade had not been shaken in the least, its position was considered rather more hazardous than it should be without a better prospect of gaining by it some signal advantage over the enemy, therefore on the 19th of November the brigade was ordered back from its advanced and exposed position. It was while at Rural Hill on the 17th that Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick joined the regiment. He had been Major in the Twentieth and had already been through twelve battles, and his coolness under fire had created a most favorable impression, and inspired the men with great confidence.

The morning of the 19th was rainy, which rendered marching disagreeable. Bivouacked at night near the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike some four or five miles out from the former place. On the 20th tents were put up and the regiment remained at camp. On the 21st it had marching orders, and moved out about 2 o'clock, but did not go far until it was ordered back and pitched tents on the same ground which it occupied on the previous night. On the 23d the regiment was inspected. On the 24th a heavy detail was sent out with the teams to collect forage. The detail was busily employed and collected forage for the men as well as the horses and mules. On the 26th the regiment marched to within one and a half miles of Nashville and camped. The weather was now quite cool. On the 28th the regiment moved out toward Murfreesboro and camped in one of the worst briar patches in the State of Tennessee not

very far from the Asylum for the Insane. Lieutenant Thomas, of Company H, who had been absent without leave, returned to the company on this day. On the 1st of December the regiment was out for picket, started and were ordered back for review. After being reviewed the whole regiment went on picket and was not relieved until about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 2nd. On the 3d the day was spent in company drill in the forenoon, general inspection at 2 o'clock and dress parade at 4:30. On the 4th in the evening the regiment went on picket again. It was now quite cold and wintry. It snowed a little in the evening. The next forenoon quite a snow fell and the next day it froze quite hard, but the regiment was sent out with the teams to collect forage. On the 7th it received marching orders. On the 8th the whole brigade was sent out on picket. On the 9th returned to camp and received orders to get ready to march. The 10th the command moved back about three miles toward Nashville. In the afternoon of the 11th the regiment being out on battalion drill an alarm was given. Those in camp were formed and marched out until the drill ground was reached, when the whole regiment went about four miles and finding no enemy or disturbance requiring its attention, returned to camp. On the 14th the regiment was sent out with a forage train. On the 15th it was again on picket during a great rain storm.

On the 17th a detachment of twenty men from the Eighty-sixth left the regiment to become a part of the pioneer corps. They formed a part of Company I, Third Battalion Pioneer Corps, and never again served with the regiment. There should have been twenty, but owing to sickness some few of the detachment never reported. The detail included a commissioned officer—a Lieutenant who should have a good knowledge of civil engineering. Second Lieutenant James T. Doster, of Company I, a civil engineer of much experience, was the officer selected. Lieutenant Doster was a gallant, courteous, and accomplished gentleman, and as events subsequently proved and at that time were manifest, he should have been Captain of his company. He first

enlisted in the Tenth Indiana and was with his regiment in the battle of Mills Springs, where he was severely wounded in the foot and from which disability he was discharged. Recovering from this disability, as he supposed, he enlisted in the Eighty-sixth and was made Second Lieutenant of Company I. Lieutenant Doster died from the effects of his Mills Springs wound December 19, 1863.

On the morning of December 12 at about 1 o'clock the regiment was ordered out and marched perhaps five miles east of its encampment. There it was met at the picket station by about 1,500 paroled prisoners who had been captured by the rebel General Morgan at Hartsville on the 7th. It was a most disgraceful surrender on the part of Colonel A. B. Moore, of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, who had command at that post. These men had been taken to Murfreesboro, stripped of their blankets and overcoats, and then marched up to the Union lines to be paroled. The Eighty-sixth escorted these men to Nashville, arriving there about daylight. It then returned to camp, reaching there at 11 o'clock, having made a march of probably twenty miles.

In the above villainous manner was the Eighty-sixth "cat-hauled" from place to place in good or bad weather, with or without cause, moving frequently to satisfy the whim of some red tape upstart, who simply wished to show his authority. However the regiment remained in this immediate neighborhood in various camps and performing the several duties of foraging, scouting, picket and drill, until the army moved forward to attack Bragg's army at Murfreesboro on the 26th of the month. The weather had now become quite cool, and the men who were not warmly clad, and few were, suffered from the inclement weather. It would rain and snow alternately, and then perhaps be warm a day, rendering it still more disagreeable when it again turned cold. On the 6th of December the regiment received its first supply of ponchos, or rubber blankets, after which time the men were somewhat better protected from wind and rain when doing guard and picket duty, or milking the farmers' cows as they came up and around the picket station. Rubber

blankets like beans, bacon, and coffee came to be a prime necessity for the private soldier doing duty at the front.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER.

The Army of the Cumberland—Its Organization—The Eighty-sixth's Assignment—Moving Out From Nashville—Its Position—Plan of the Battle—Colonel Hamilton Relieved—The Movement on the Left Suspended—The Regiment Ordered to the Right—In the Vortex of Death—List of the Regiment's Killed and Mortally Wounded—The Second Day's Fight—Bragg Lost and Rosecrans Won.

On the 26th of December, 1862, the Army of the Cumberland, General W. S. Rosecrans in command, moved from its camp near Nashville against General Braxton Bragg, the commander of the Confederate forces, who had taken up a strong position on Stone's River, near Murfreesboro, a point thirty miles southeast. General Rosecrans had been placed in command of this army, then known and designated as the Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, on the 24th of October. For the sake of convenience but without authority from the War Department, as has been stated in a previous chapter, General Buell, whom General Rosecrans succeeded, had divided the Army of the Ohio into three corps and designated them as the First, Second and Third. The divisions and brigades were numbered consecutively without reference to the corps to which they were assigned. The First corps was placed in command of General A. McD. McCook, with the Second, Third and Tenth divisions; the Second corps under General Thomas L. Crittenden, with the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth divisions; and the Third corps under General C. C. Gilbert with the First, Ninth and Eleventh divisions. It was by this rearrangement of the army that the Eighty-sixth regiment received its first organization assignment. It was placed in the Second corps under

General Crittenden, in the Fifth division, with General Horatio P. VanCleve in command, and in the Fourteenth brigade commanded by Colonel Pierce B. Hawkins, of the Eleventh Kentucky regiment. The Fourteenth brigade was composed of the Thirteenth Ohio, the Eleventh and Twenty-sixth Kentucky, and the Forty-fourth and Eighty-sixth Indiana, and the Seventh Indiana battery. November 5 the three grand divisions of the army, hitherto known as the First, Second and Third corps, were by orders designated as the "Right Wing," the "Center" and the "Left Wing." On November 13 the Fifty-ninth Ohio which was in the Eleventh brigade, Fifth division, exchanged places with the Eleventh Kentucky, and Colonel James P. Fyffe, of the Fifty-ninth, succeeded Colonel Hawkins in command of the Fourteenth brigade. November 22 the Twenty-sixth Kentucky was sent to Bowling Green, leaving the Fourteenth brigade with but four regiments. General George H. Thomas, who up to November 5 had been second in command of the entire army, was assigned to command the "Center," General A. McD. McCook the "Right Wing," and General Thomas L. Crittenden the "Left Wing." December 19 a change was made in numbering the divisions and brigades. The consecutive numbering was discontinued. Divisions were numbered, beginning with the First in each corps or grand division, and brigades in the same manner, beginning with the First in each division, and numbered from right to left. Flags of various designs were used to designate the different headquarters.

Thus on the 26th of December the Eighty-sixth was in the Second brigade, Colonel J. P. Fyffe, commanding, the Third division, General H. P. VanCleve in command, and the "Left Wing" of the Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, with General T. L. Crittenden in command. The officers in command of the regiments composing the brigade were Colonel W. C. Williams, of the Forty-fourth Indiana, Colonel O. S. Hamilton, of the Eighty-sixth Indiana, Colonel J. G. Hawkins, of the Thirteenth Ohio,

Lieutenant Colonel William Howard, of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, and Captain G. R. Swallow, of the Seventh Indiana Battery.

On December 24, General Crittenden with Generals Thomas and McCook received a circular from General Rosecrans directing that ample provisions be made for prompt and rapid communication between theirs and his headquarters. Staff officers were to provide themselves with paper and writing materials, and orderlies and couriers should be at close distance, not more than a half a mile apart, and within sight of each other. This the General considered of vital importance to a combined movement. On the same day a general order was issued that the army should move at daylight on the 25th—Christmas—but this was countermanded on account of the lack of forage on the "Left Wing." The order was renewed on the 25th for a general movement on the 26th. The quiet of Christmas was therefore disturbed by the bustle and confusion incident to such an important move as all felt this one to be. Three days' rations were to be drawn and placed in haversacks, while two days' more were to be carried in the wagons. Twenty wagons were assigned to each grand division loaded with forage and provisions. All ammunition wagons, ambulances and hospital stores were to accompany the army. The sick were to be sent to the hospitals, and the Sibley tents, and all camp equipage and unnecessary baggage to be packed and sent back under the guard of officers and men unable to march to the front and parked inside the fortifications at Nashville. The boys were all busy, in addition to their other duties, in writing letters to friends at home. That was a heavy mail that started North the next day.

A pleasant little incident occurred in the Fifty-ninth Ohio on Christmas evening which the Eighty-sixth was invited to witness. The citizens of Clermont, Ohio, had sent that regiment new colors, On their folds were inscribed "Shiloh," "Corinth," "Ivy Creek," "Perryville" and "Crab Orchard," the battles in which the Fifty-ninth had participated. The presentation speech was delivered by

Colonel Fyffe. Remarks of a patriotic character were made by Colonel O. S. Hamilton, Captain C. F. Sheaff, and Captain W. C. Lambert. Music was furnished by the Second brigade band and patriotic songs were sung by the men.

The morning of the 26th, so big with fate, dawned gloomily. The clouds hung like a pall over the wintry landscape. Great drifts of slowly moving mist lay along the valleys, while the rain came down in torrents, that gathered in pools in the roads, or ran in streams along the gullies. The reveille, as it rolled from camp to camp from the drums and bugles of more than a hundred regiments that covered the fields and hillsides, had a muffled sound in the murky atmosphere. Every officer and man was busy. At the appointed hour the "assembly" was heard. The Eighty-sixth was quickly formed. The bugles sounded "forward," and the brigades, and divisions, and corps, with swinging step filed out upon the roads. McCook led the right, Thomas the center and Crittenden the left. Although the Second brigade started at 8 o'clock, yet it was one of those jerky, exasperating marches, so that it did not get fairly started until 2 o'clock. The rain continued to pour, and the men huddled down under their ponchos like drenched chickens. The enemy was encountered at once and the occasional cannon shot or a sputtering dropping of musketry by the skirmishers of the First and Second divisions, which were in front, were evidences that the rebel nests were being stirred. All day long the steady columns toiled over the broken country and at night bivouacked in the wet fields. Such conveniences as shelter tents had not then been introduced, and the men were placed on their own resources to improvise protection from the storm during the night. The Eighty-sixth camped in some woods where there was much cedar. Their evergreen branches were brought into use both for shelter and beds and the night was passed in comparative comfort.

The next day, Saturday, the 27th, dawned like the one before. The heavy clouds hung low and the rain continued to pour all day long. The brigade marched perhaps two hundred yards when it came to a halt, started again, and

again halted, and marched and halted alternately. At night-fall the command was but a short distance from where it started in the morning. Slowly the columns felt their way on, preceded by heavy lines of skirmishers, driving the sullen and stubborn enemy before them. The Second brigade of the Second division, and the First and Second brigades of Van-Cleve's division, were diverged from the main column of the corps and sent down the Jefferson pike, a road running directly east from the Murfreesboro pike beyond LaVergne. Late at night the advance reached Stewart's Creek and charged the rear guard of the enemy, thus saving the bridge, performing the work it was sent to do. The Eighty-sixth was kept on the move until 2 o'clock in the morning, although but six miles had been made, when it bivouacked for the remainder of the night, utilizing corn blades for beds which the boys found in a barn near by. How these blades had escaped the eagle eye of the cavalrymen of both armies is to this day an unsolved mystery.

Sunday, the 28th, the troops generally rested. The Second brigade moved from its camp to the south about a half a mile, and formed in line of battle near to and west of Smyrna church, where it remained all day. In the evening the regiment with the brigade returned to their camping ground of the night previous, but the corn blades had turned up missing.

No movement was made by the regiment on Monday, the 29th, until 1 o'clock, when the three brigades crossed the bridge which they had saved, turned south, and rejoined the main body of their command on the Murfreesboro pike. General Crittenden with his three divisions advanced that evening to within three miles of Murfreesboro, and bivouacked in order of battle not more than 700 yards from the enemy's entrenchments. The camp of the Eighty-sixth was between the railroad and the pike in a cotton field, and on ground now used as a National cemetery where more than six thousand Union soldiers have "spread their silent tents." General Palmer, who commanded the Second division, and was in the advance, reported that he was within sight of

Murfreesboro, and that the enemy was in full flight. General Rosecrans immediately sent an order to General Crittenden to move a division into the town. Colonel Harker's brigade of Palmer's division, was accordingly sent across Stone's River—the stream being almost everywhere fordable—and drove a rebel regiment back upon the main body in some confusion. Some prisoners were captured who reported that Breckinridge's entire division was there present. General Crittenden wisely took the responsibility of suspending the order until General Rosecrans could be further communicated with. The commanding general was convinced that a mistake had been made and Harker was withdrawn without serious loss.

That night it rained heavily, drenching the soldiers to their skins. The following day, the 30th, was dark, gloomy and depressing, and was spent in anxious suspense as the men stood shivering in their lines. All day the Eighty-sixth waited, the boys securing as best they could their guns from the occasional showers that fell, and many can recall the spectacle of their muskets as they stood, butts up, with fixed bayonets forced into the soft soil—an ominous crop sprang in a single night from fallow-fields, awaiting the quick-coming harvest of Death. The orders were to be ready at a moment's notice. The lines were forming. Batteries were being placed in position. Dark columns stood noiseless in the rain. Hospitals were established in the rear, and the musicians and other non-combatants were detailed to bear the stretchers and attend the ambulances. Medical stores were unpacked and countless rolls of bandages placed at hand for use. Provision trains were brought up and rations issued. Bodies of horse galloped over the heavy fields. Staff officer and orderlies from General Rosecrans' headquarters, near where the Eighty-sixth stood in line, dashed away in different directions. The scattering fire of musketry which came up from the cedar woods far to the right, now swelling into full volleys, the heavy boom of cannon in front, the bearing back of wounded officers and men on stretchers, and the certainty of a great battle at

hand, combined to make all serious and thoughtful. The Eighty-sixth remained in its designated position, calmly awaiting the storm which was to burst on the following day.

The army now stood with its left resting on Stone's River, and its right stretching off into the country as far as the Franklin pike, making a line three miles long. The country is undulating, much of it cleared but broken by rocky ridges overgrown with close cedar thickets. Besides, there were forests of oak and other deciduous trees. Parallel to the Union lines, and distant half a mile, lay Bragg's army, its right resting on the east side of the river, while the main body was on the west side. The night of the 30th set in with a keen, north wind, with heavy, threatening clouds. After dark an ammunition wagon was brought up and each man was supplied with sixty rounds of cartridges, after which such sleep and rest as were possible under the circumstances, were taken. The men slept on their arms. Each had his musket beside him ready to leap out at the slightest alarm. It was a weary night for the Eighty-sixth.

Daylight of the 31st found the men standing to arms. There was no blast of bugle or clatter of drum for reveille. A hasty breakfast of coffee, hardtack and bacon was prepared and quickly eaten. Their morning service consisted in listening to the Adjutant read General Rosecrans' "Grace of God" battle order. From out the raw mists that for a time hung over the field came resonant cheers as the stirring words were read to regiment, detachment and battery. The General came riding by and in encouraging words said: "Boys, stand like men. Fire low, and make every shot count."

Just here an unpleasant incident occurred, and as it is a leaf in the history of the regiment it is proper that it should be mentioned. Colonel O. S. Hamilton, who had command of the regiment, a courageous but inexperienced officer, was ordered by General VanCleve,* the division commander, to

*It is the recollection of some of the men that this order was given by Colonel Fyffe, the brigade commander; others that it was General VanCleve.

perform certain evolutions. After several attempts Colonel Hamilton signally failed, whereupon he was relieved of his sword and his command. The command of the regiment was at once turned over to Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick, a skillful, experienced and well trained officer who had served both as Captain and as Major in the Twentieth Indiana regiment, and came to the Eighty-sixth with his commission on the 17th of November. The action of General VanCleve was wholly a surprise to both Hamilton and Dick, but a step that met the approval of the subordinate officers and the men of the regiment. In justice to Colonel Hamilton and to his memory it should be stated that this unfortunate episode was entirely due to his inexperience, and was no reflection on his courage or bravery. As an officer he was heroic, intrepid and fearless, but was entirely without military knowledge either natural or acquired. He was bold to recklessness as he exhibited by his subsequent actions. Mortifying as this must have been to a man of his proud spirit he nevertheless asked, and was granted, permission to accompany the regiment into the approaching engagement in a subordinate capacity. Most valiantly did he carry himself throughout. Colonel Fyffe, in his report of the battle, generously makes special mention of him, and says Colonel Hamilton, although unacquainted with military matters, was present throughout assisting all in his powers. This affair, however, greatly humiliated and chagrined him and he soon relinquished command of the regiment. He returned to his home at Lebanon where he died a few years ago a disappointed and broken-hearted man.

It was this ground that General Bragg had deliberately chosen whereon to stand and fight. General Rosecrans had planned that General McCook, who commanded the "Right Wing" should occupy the most advantageous position possible, and fight to hold it. General Thomas was to open with skirmishing, and engage the enemy's center. General Crittenden, of the "Left Wing" was to cross General VanCleve's division over the river at a place known as the lower

ford, covered and supported by the sappers and miners, and to advance on Breckinridge who commanded the enemy's left, the only rebel division on that side of the river. General Wood's division was to follow General VanCleve by brigade, and cross at the upper ford. Wood was to take position on VanCleve's right, and the two divisions, supported by Palmer, were to fall with overwhelming force in front and flank, crush Breckinridge, sweep through Murfreesboro, and gain the rear of the enemy's center and left, push him off his natural line of retreat, and thus destroy his entire army. The plan was a skillful one, but Bragg, however, had already decided to fight his own battle and not the one Rosecrans had planned. He had a similar one of his own, by which he hoped to double up his adversary's right by a secret concentration of a heavy force against it. To this end he had massed heavily on his left where Hardee was in command, with orders to attack McCook at daylight. Bragg struck he first blow.

According to the plans of General Rosecrans, McCook, however strongly assailed, was to hold his position for three hours, and to recede—if attacked in overwhelming force—very slowly, and to fight desperately, which he had undertaken to do. Bragg's order was, that at day-break the whole line, beginning at the extreme left, with Hardee's corps, and followed by Polk's, should move forward on McCook's extreme right, and bear it back, crumbling it in the retreat, till Rosecrans' army should stand with its rear to the river. In double lines, the rebel hosts came on, swift and terrible as in-rolling billows. General Johnson who commanded a division in McCook's corps on the extreme right, and who was wholly unprepared for the sudden onset, was crushed with a single blow, the enemy sweeping over his batteries with wild hurrahs. Jeff C. Davis's division was next hurled back over the field. Like a swift succeeding wave the last division of the "Right Wing," Sheridan's, was struck with the same desperation. Sheridan fought with equal persistence and determination. The slaughter was horrible. Three times did the determined enemy advance, and as often was

compelled to fall back. Finally Sheridan's ammunition gave out, and he, too, was compelled to fall back, leaving nine guns, which he could not get through the dense cedar thickets, in the hands of the rebels. The "Right Wing" was now all gone, and the onset that had borne it backward fell with unbroken fury on the "Center." General Rousseau, who commanded a division of reserves, was ordered up to the support of the right "Center" which was then in peril.

The movement, according to General Rosecrans' original plan, had begun on the "Left" by General VanCleve. Colonel Sam Beatty's First brigade, Colonel S. W. Price's Third brigade, and Captain G. R. Swallow's Seventh Indiana battery, had moved across the river and formed in line. Colonel J. P. Fyffe's Second brigade had just reached the river, and was in the act of crossing, when an order flew to VanCleve to suspend the movement, leave one brigade at the river, send another with a battery on double quick time to the rear to save the wagon train which had been attacked by Wheeler's cavalry, and another to the support of the right. Colonel Price was left at the river, Colonel Beatty was sent on double quick to assist General Rousseau, who by this time was hotly engaged. Colonel Fyffe's brigade with Captain Swallow's battery were sent to the rear in hot haste. Knapsacks, blankets, overcoats and even canteens were scattered to the winds on the way. After tramping on a hop, skip and jump gait for about a mile in pell mell order the brigade came out into an open field, formed in line of battle perpendicular to the road, on the left. The rebel cavalry had captured the train, but the corn field was soft and their progress was slow. A few shots from Swallow's battery sent Wheeler flying over the fields and the train was recaptured. At this point Colonel Fyffe received an order from General VanCleve to join the First brigade which had taken position on the right of General Rousseau. Back the brigade started on double quick. The fugitives by this time had darkened the fields, and the panic stricken trains had blocked the roads. On the brigade went through wild confusion and demoralized stragglers. The cedar thickets were ablaze with musk-

etry, the earth was black with broken battalions, among which artillery wagons were plunging, and the chaos and wreck of a seemingly lost battle-field were to be seen in evidence everywhere. Into that vortex of death the Eighty-sixth went.

The brigade was formed in two lines, the Forty-fourth Indiana and the Fifty-ninth Ohio in front, and the Thirteenth Ohio and the Eighty-sixth Indiana in support. The four regiments advanced through the tangled cedar thicket as best they could. There was but little undergrowth, but the whole surface was a continuous ledge of outcropping rock on which only the hardy cedar could find foothold and sustenance. In their immediate front there was a lull. They emerged from the thicket into an open field of sedge. The occasional musket shots which came across that field were but the advance messengers of the impending storm. The lines advanced, halted and laid down. They advanced again and again until the skirt of the wood was reached. The front line had advanced some distance in the wood while the second was at the fence. Every nerve was at its highest tension. The ball opened. Then it was work, desperate and furious. The enemy came up in magnificent order, four lines deep, and his opening fire was like the opening jaws of hell. It had been discovered that the brigade had been sent beyond supporting columns. It was a duel to death, but the murderous flanking fire was more than human flesh and blood could withstand, and the brigade, rent and distorted, reeled and fell back. It was a scene appalling in its atrocity and was enough to daunt the stoutest heart. The two color bearers of the Eighty-sixth were shot down and its colors left on the field.* At every step men fell like wheat before the sickle. The Eighty-sixth lost more than half its force. The enemy had swept everything before him thus far and doubtless felt that with renewed effort the successful issue of the

* The colors fell into the hands of Sergeant John F. Lovin, Company B, Third Confederate regiment, which was in Woods' brigade, of Cleburne's division, Hardee's corps.

battle was within his grasp. Emerging from the woods with yell after yell, firing as he came, the enemy rushed forward in the attempt to cross the open field and drive back a new line, of which the remnants of the torn and bleeding Second brigade formed a part, and which stood in the way to final victory.

That the brigade was without support on the right was a blunder for which in the confusion and excitement of the rapid and varying movements perhaps no one particularly should be censured. General VanCleve, in his report says that he had information from General Rosecrans that General Rousseau, on his left was driving the enemy. This information was accompanied with an order to press him hard. It was in compliance with these orders that the First and Second brigades were ordered to advance. Colonel Fyffe, in his report, says he had assurances that Colonel Harker, who commanded a brigade in Wood's division, would support his right. Fyffe then says: "The division began advancing down the slope of the cedar ridge south of the road, passing Colonel Harker's on my right, beyond the foot of the slope. After passing his brigade, which did not move, my right flank became exposed, with strong indications of a heavy force approaching in front, extending beyond my right flank. As we continued advancing, I sent three different messengers by my aides, calling Colonel Harker's attention to my exposed flank, and at length reported in person to General VanCleve. While doing this the Sixty-fifth Ohio, which, it appeared, had been lying down at the edge of the field, rose to their feet where a force was needed. Supposing it would remain there, I passed back to my position, to see the Sixty-fifth march by the right flank back to Colonel Harker's left." Major H. N. Whitebeck, of the Sixty-fifth Ohio, * says his regiment marched by the right

* It may be stated here that the Sixty-fifth Ohio is the regiment of which Lieutenant Colonel Hinman, the author of that most popular and widely read book, "Corporal Sl Klegg and His Pard," was a member. Colonel Hinman at that time was a Lieutenant in Company E, and is mentioned by Colonel Harker, his brigade commander, for conspicuous gallantry on the skirmish line. In the oceans of war literature that have flooded the country since those memorable days the statement is ventured that none equals in popularity that book of 700 pages. It is popular because it so vividly portrays the actualities and the every-day life of a million volunteers.

flank to the support of the Sixth Ohio battery. It must have been that movement to which Colonel Fyffe refers when he saw the Sixty-fifth march away by the right flank. Colonel Harker says: "While this movement was being executed, a staff officer from the command on my left (Fyffe's) reported a strong force of the enemy in his front. I replied that my right was in danger, and that a strong force and battery were in front." Colonel Fyffe's statement that he appealed to Colonel Harker for support is thus confirmed by Harker himself, but it seems his own command was in a most precarious situation. Fyffe's brigade was in advance of Harker's a considerable distance, thrown out upon assurances and in the belief that it would have sufficient support. When Colonel Fyffe discovered that he was not to have the promised support, he sent Lieutenant Temple, of his staff, to Lieutenant Colonel Dick with orders to wheel the Eighty-sixth to the right, and place it in the woods to secure his flank. "Before the order reached him," continues Colonel Fyffe, "the enemy appeared coming through the woods." The brigade fell back, but in the recession its distance to the rear was as much too great as was its distance to the front, and in turn Harker's left flank became exposed. With his right threatened, and his left already turned, Harker's brigade receded. As before stated a new line was formed in the cedar thicket, a stand was made and the ground hotly contested, and the enemy driven back across the field.

As the sun sank to rest that 31st of December his last look fell on a ghastly spectacle. The earth, torn, trampled and red, lay piled with thousands—some still and calm, as if in sleep, others mangled and blown into fragments, while bleeding arms and legs, without owners, lay scattered on every side. Dead horses and shattered gun carriages helped to swell the frightful wreck, over which darkness, in mercy, drew its pall.

But the cessation of the battle and the coming of night did not release the Eighty-sixth and its colleagues of the brigade and division from their position. They were no longer required to lie prone on the cold, bare ground, but

were compelled to stand without fire, with a hoar frost falling, until the coming of the new year, when they were allowed to fall back about a half a mile where fires were built from a convenient cedar fence and where they lay till morning.

Four months before the Eighty-sixth had entered the field with a thousand men. Disability, disease and death had decimated its ranks until that morning it numbered 368, including officers. The aggregate loss on that bloody day was 194, ten more than half. When the roll was called on New Year's morning, 1863, but one hundred and seventy-four officers and men answered to their names.

In the list of dead on the field were the following heroic names:

Company A.—First Lieutenant George W. Smith,

“ “—Thomas S. Hester,

“ “—Robert W. Myers,

“ “—Richard A. Stowers,

“ B.—Lewis Heintz,

“ “—George E. Armor,

“ “—Richard C. Crowell,

“ “—Anthony M. Saxon,

“ C.—Edward Blanchfill,

“ “—William J. Boord,

“ “—Derrick V. Labaw,

“ “—William H. H. Martin,

“ “—Benjamin Trullinger,

“ D.—William Lamb,

“ “—Jackson Jacobs,

“ “—Nathan C. Pringle,

“ E.—Abram Fisher,

“ “—James H. Clinton,

“ “—William B. Fleming,

“ F.—John M. Wilson,

“ “—William C. Stogdill,

“ “—Robert H. Creamer,

“ “—Henry W. Davis,

“ “—Edwin P. Stephenson,

“ “—James O. Tolin,

- Company F.—James M. Wilkins,
 “ G.—James Cambridge,
 “ “—William T. Whitesell,
 “ H.—Timothy S. Roush,
 “ K.—Martin L. Williams—30.

The following are the names of those who were mortally wounded:

- Company A.—Floyd N. Worrell,
 “ “—John A. Feeley,
 “ B.—John A. Cozad,
 “ D.—Charles W. B. Gilger,
 “ “—Jamis Guest,
 “ “—John A. Johnson,
 “ F.—George Baldwin,
 “ “—John C. Beard,
 “ H.—Levi Lidy,
 “ I.—John H. Stook,
 “ K.—Bartholomew Green—12.

Lieutenant Colonel Dick reported thirty-three enlisted men killed. This included those who died of wounds the following day. Others died from the same cause after his report had been submitted, so that it would make of killed and mortally wounded a total of 41. The wounded numbered 54, many of whom were afterwards discharged. Five officers were wounded, though none seriously. Ninety-nine men and two officers were captured.

Lieutenant Colonel Dick, who had command of the regiment, thus speaks of this part of the battle in his report to Colonel James P. Fyffe:

“ My command arrived in front of Murfreesboro at 8 p. m., December 30, 1862. On the following morning the regiment numbered 368, rank and file. About noon of December 31, with the brigade, we were marched in line of battle across the Nashville turnpike, about one-half mile south, across an open field to the skirt of a heavy woods, in which the enemy lay concealed in heavy force. My regiment was on the extreme right of the brigade. We were halted behind a fence at the edge of the woods, to await the arrival of troops to come up to support us on the right, who failed to come. Our right was totally exposed to

the enemy, who immediately attacked us in overwhelming numbers in front, our right flank extending around partially to the rear of our right wing. Our regiment fought bravely until their ranks were being rapidly cut down and thinned, when we fell back to the turnpike road, where a portion of them again rallied with portions of other regiments of the brigade, and drove the enemy back. Our loss in this engagement was as follows: Commissioned officers killed, 1; wounded, 5; missing, 2; enlisted men killed, 33; wounded, 54; missing, 99. Total number of officers killed, wounded and missing, 8; enlisted men killed, wounded and missing, 186. Aggregate, 194. Both color bearers were shot down and the colors left on the field."

Major Dwight Jarvis, who commanded the Thirteenth Ohio of the Second brigade, in his report to Colonel Fyffe, says:

"On Wednesday at 8 a. m., our regiment, under command of Colonel Joseph G. Hawkins, was ordered in from outpost duty, and took our place in line. Soon after, we started for the south side of Stone's River, but got but a short distance when, by your orders, we countermarched at double-quick a distance of about one mile, to a corn-field on the right of the Murfreesboro road, to repel an attack of cavalry upon our train. Our lines were here formed, my regiment occupying the right of the Second brigade. The enemy being driven from the field by our cavalry and artillery, my regiment was not engaged, and about 10 o'clock under your directions, took a position in the woods south of the corn-field. My regiment was now ordered to cover the Fifty-ninth Ohio, which with the Forty-fourth Indiana, formed the first line of attack, my regiment with the Eighty-sixth Indiana on its right, forming the second line. In consequence of the unevenness of the ground and the density of the thicket, it was difficult to keep our lines properly, but, on emerging from the woods (cedar brakes) into the open field beyond we advanced regularly to the edge of the next woods. The first line having advanced some twenty yards into the woods, my regiment was ordered to lie down. Now it became evident that the enemy was attempting to outflank us upon the right; and this was reported to you, but just at that moment our first line was attacked, and it was compelled to fall back in some disorder and over our men, who were lying close to the fence. At this moment our gallant Colonel fell, mortally wounded, while encouraging the men to keep cool and fire low; and the command devolved upon myself. I held the position until the enemy completely outflanked us, and was then compelled to fall back in disorder to the line of reserves, where I rallied my command, and this time drove the enemy back, they being now in the open field, while we had the advantage of the cover of the woods. We inflicted considerable loss upon them in killed and wounded, besides capturing some thirty prisoners. My loss in the engagement

was quite severe, Colonel J. G. Hawkins and Second Lieutenant J. C. Whittaker being killed; together with twenty-seven enlisted men. Captain E. M. Mast, Lieutenants John Murphy, John E. Ray, S. C. Gould, John Fox (since died), and Thomas J. Stone were wounded, and sixty-eight enlisted men, besides thirty-nine missing."

Lieutenant Colonel William Howard, who commanded the Fifty-ninth Ohio, in his report to Colonel Fyffe, says:

"On the morning of that day (December 31) my command was formed at 4 o'clock in accordance with previous orders, and with the balance of the brigade, started at 8 o'clock to take position on the left, when we received orders to march immediately to defend the wagon train against the attack of the enemy, which was done with promptness, and they were driven back with loss, and the whole train was saved. We then received orders to march back and take position on the right of Colonel Beatty's command, in front, as our forces were hard pressed at that point, in line of battle, and moved forward to attack the enemy; and after moving across the woods we came into an open field, which we moved rapidly across until we reached the woods, and my skirmishers soon discovered the enemy in heavy force and in strong position in front, and fired upon him and fell back to the line, which I immediately ordered forward and made the attack; and after firing upon them several rounds, and holding them in check for some time, we were forced back by superior numbers about twenty paces, when, by the prompt assistance of my officers, we succeeded in rallying the regiment and took position behind a fence, and then poured volley after volley into the advancing ranks of the enemy, and held them in check until Major Frambes, upon the right, informed me that we were being flanked upon that wing and that the balance of the brigade was falling back when I gave the order to fall back, inclining to the right in a skirt of woods, and thereby protecting to a great extent, a flanking fire also. My officers again coming promptly to my assistance, we succeeded in rallying again, and moved to the right, through the woods in front of the enemy, and by a well directed fire checked his onward movement, and held him in that position, when we moved forward and drove the enemy from the field with great slaughter and in complete disorder. * * We held our position until darkness closed the controversy of the day."

Lieutenant Colonel Simon C. Aldrich, who commanded the Forty-fourth Indiana, reported to Colonel Fyffe as follows:

"We went into the field on December 31, 1862, with 316 men, officers included. We took our position, by your order, in brigade on the right, and marched in line of battle through an open field south of the pike. In passing through this field we discovered the enemy making a flank

movement on our right, in a wood bordering upon the field. Intelligence was conveyed to you, and, as I understand, by you to our division commander. We made a stand at the edge of the wood in our front, but were soon ordered to advance, which we did. After entering the woods our skirmishers were ordered in, as the line of the enemy was in sight. We still advanced to within, as near as I could judge, one hundred yards of their line, and opened fire. They replied and advanced their line; at the same time the flanking force opened a galling cross fire upon us. We held the position as long as we could do so without sacrificing our whole regiment; we then fell back to our battery and formed line of battle. We were ordered by General VanCleve to remain here until farther orders. We soon had orders from you to join the brigade at the right, which we did. Here we formed a new line, and remained until some time in the night, when we were ordered to march to the left again, where we remained through the night. I must here mention that at the first rally at the rail fence was the last seen of Colonel Williams. I suppose him to be taken prisoner. Our loss as it stands now is, 19 killed, 56 wounded, and 25 missing."

These are the reports of the four regimental commanders. The history of one regiment is the history of the four. There is no disagreement in the different reports but each makes his report from a different point of view. It will be seen from the reports of Major Jarvis and Lieutenant Colonel Aldrich that the Forty-fourth Indiana and the Fifty-ninth Ohio were in the front line and were supported by the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio when the brigade was thrown into that seething cauldron of death. It was a blunder, but perhaps unavoidable, due largely to the demoralized and panic stricken "Right Wing" which had been driven back with frightful loss. The recession of the divisions of the right had exposed the flank of the "Center" to which VanCleve's division had gone to support, and with the commanders of nearly all grades calling for assistance the wonder is that the error was not more grievous and the results more disastrous.

After recounting the movements of the brigade when the order was received countermanding the movement across Stone's River, and double-quicking to the rear to save the train, Colonel James P. Fyffe, who commanded the Second brigade, says in his report:

"At this point an order was received from General VanCleve to re-

turn to the Third division, and form on the right of the First brigade in two lines to support it; that Colonel Harker would support my right. The order was immediately complied with; the division began advancing down the slope of the cedar ridge south of the road, passing Colonel Harker's on my right, beyond the foot of the slope. After passing his brigade, which did not move, my right flank became exposed, with strong indications of a heavy force approaching in front, extending beyond my right flank. As we continued advancing, I sent three different messengers (messages) by my aides, calling Colonel Harker's attention to my exposed flank, and at length reported in person to General Van-Cleve. While doing this the Sixty-fifth Ohio, which, it appeared, had been lying down at the edge of the field, rose to their feet in the place where a force was needed. Supposing it would remain there, I passed back again to my position, to see the Sixty-fifth march by the right flank back to Colonel Harker's left. The firing in front of my first line, composed of the Fifty-ninth Ohio and Forty-fourth Indiana, was getting to be heavy, and the skirmishers, running in, reported a heavy force advancing through the woods, outflanking my right. Lieutenant Temple, of my staff, was sent at once to Lieutenant Colonel Dick with orders to wheel his regiment to the right, and place it in the woods to secure my flank. Before the order reached him the enemy appeared coming through the woods."

At a meeting of the corps commanders at headquarters during Wednesday night it was decided to fight the battle out on this line. It is said that General Crittenden asked permission to cross the river with the "Left Wing" and fight the enemy as originally contemplated. All acknowledged that the prospect looked gloomy. The enemy held two-thirds of the battle-field, and had in his hands one-fifth of Rosecrans' artillery. About seven thousand men, one-sixth of the whole army, had disappeared from the field, and were among the killed, wounded and captured. It was believed that the enemy would renew the attack in the morning. General Rosecrans, finding that he had ammunition enough, made up his mind to fight it on that very spot. It was a clear, cold December night, but, after midnight, the heavens became overcast, and the bitter rain came pitilessly down on the weary ranks, and on the dead and wounded that bur-

dened the field. Having decided to make the stand the commanding general began a disposition of his troops. General VanCleve had been wounded, and Colonel Sam Beatty, of the First brigade, assumed command of the Third division. On New Year's morning the entire Division crossed the river and took position in line of battle according to the original plan. The Third brigade, Colonel S. W. Price, held the right; the Second brigade, Colonel J. P. Fyffe, the left; the First brigade, now commanded by Colonel B. C. Grider, stationed in support of the center. The Forty-fourth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio were placed on the front line, and the Fifty-ninth Ohio and the Eighty-sixth Indiana on the second. Thus the forces rested during the day with considerable picket firing in front, and artillery duels at intervals, whereby some casualties occurred, but there was nothing like a serious attack. The question of rations became a serious matter, and as many of the men had had nothing since the morning before, they did not hesitate to sample a horse or mule steak from the animals which had been killed in battle. The more frugal, those who held on to their haversacks, notwithstanding their store was scant, were not reduced to this extremity. At night the men lay down on their arms again, without removing their shoes or even unclasping their cartridge belts, ready to leap out at the slightest alarm.

Friday morning, January 2, was devoid of special incident, save a most terrific artillery duel far to the right. The firing on the skirmish line began early and continued lively throughout the morning. Shortly after noon it became evident that an attack was imminent. Colonel Fyffe then ordered the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio into the front line, deflecting the Eighty-sixth back, and placing it behind a fence to be ready to sweep an open field in front. At 3 o'clock the skirmishers reported that the enemy was throwing down fences, as if making ready to charge. At 4 o'clock a double line of rebel skirmishes was seen to advance from the woods in front of Breckinridge's position and move across the fields. Behind them came

heavy columns of infantry, and it became evident that the rebel right wing was bearing down on the already decimated ranks of the Third division. They passed the open cotton fields, in three heavy lines of battle, the first column, in three ranks, six men deep—the second supporting the first—and the reserve column last. Three batteries accompanied this imposing mass, as it came down in splendid order. They came on with steady step and even front, and then, like a swollen torrent, flung themselves forward against Price's brigade. Their strength was overwhelming. In a few minutes the brigade gave way, and the reserve consisting of three regiments of the First brigade, the Nineteenth Ohio, and the Ninth and Eleventh Kentucky, were then sent up and fought gallantly. But the three regiments were too weak and fell back, fighting to the river. Fyffe's brigade, to the left, was not attacked directly in front, but the recession of the right brigade forced it to yield position. The enemy, however, received a heavy flank and oblique fire from the Eighty-sixth and Forty-fourth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio. But General Rosecrans was prepared for this movement. He hastily massed fifty-eight cannon on an eminence on the west side of the river, where they could enfilade the successive columns as they advanced. Their opening roar was terrific, and the crash of the iron storm, through the thick-set ranks, was overwhelming. It was madness to face it, yet the rebel columns closed up and pressed on; but, as they came within close range of musketry, their line seemed to shrivel in the fire that met it. They had now got so near that the men could be seen to topple over separately, before the volleys. A third and last time, they staggered forward, the foremost ranks reaching to the water's edge. But here they stopped—it was like charging down the red mouth of a volcano. Their broken and discomfited columns turned back on their path, closely pursued by the Third division which had rallied, together with the First and Second divisions of Crittenden's corps and the fresh troops from the "Right" and "Center." They chased the flying foe for a half mile, cheering as they charged. Darkness ended

the fight, and the Eighty-sixth with its brigade and division camped on the field.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles D. Bailey, of the Ninth Kentucky, in some recollections of this famous battle printed in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, of January 6, 1889, after giving a vivid account of the part taken by the First brigade, composed of the Ninth and Eleventh Kentucky, the Nineteenth Ohio, and the Seventy-ninth Indiana, makes some comments which will be read with interest. Colonel Bailey at that time was the Adjutant of the Ninth and will be remembered as a most handsome and gallant officer, and as courteous as he was brave. He writes:

“From the beginning of the enemy’s advance until his shattered columns regained the cover of the woods from which they had emerged covered a period of forty-five minutes—a segment of time crowded with all that goes to constitute war in its most terrible aspect. In that brief space some three thousand men were killed and wounded, Breckinridge losing two thousand and the Union army about half that number. There was some criticism at the time of the battle, the spirit of which has been somewhat crystalized in history, that VanCleve’s division did not make the resistance it should against Breckinridge’s onslaught. While losses are not an infallible indication of the fierceness of a fight or the bravery of those engaged, they do show the degree of exposure, and judged by this test VanCleve’s division at least did not give ground before it was vigorously assailed. Its loss in the series of engagements aggregated 1,530, an average of a fraction over 117 to each of its regiments. * * The division was simply run over by an overwhelming force specially organized for that object, and the redeeming feature was the gallant advance and desperate resistance of the three reserve regiments, and the fact that they did advance and make the fight they did was no inconsiderable factor in the ultimate defeat of the rebel plan. * * In many respects the assault of Breckinridge on that day bore a striking resemblance to the famous charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, six months and one day later, and with the possible exception of numbers engaged and the stake at issue, is as much entitled to National recognition as the later event. Like Pickett’s, the failure of Breckinridge was fatal to the assaulting army, with whom in each case the first day’s successes had been of a nature to promise great results. Like Lee, Bragg withdrew after this bloody repulse, and what up to that moment had been a drawn battle with the odds in favor of the Confederates, by the result of this one movement became a Union victory.”

Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick in his report of the

movement of the regiment on the 1st and 2d days of January, says:

“On the following morning, (January 1), we were marched some mile and a half across Stone’s River to the front, and placed in line of battle early in the day, where we skirmished with the enemy all day, lying on our arms at night. The next day we occupied the same ground, skirmishing with the enemy till 3 p. m., when the enemy in vast numbers attacked the right of our line, composed of the First and Third brigades of our division, which maintained the ground, fighting obstinately for some time, when they were forced to yield to superior numbers, and fell back, when our regiment fell back to the high piece of ground, near a house on the hill, some hundred rods to the rear, where we again made a stand, again rallied with other troops, and drove the enemy from the field, retaking and holding our former position.”

The reports of Lieutenant Colonel Aldrich, of the Forty-fourth Indiana, of Major Dwight Jarvis, of the Thirteenth Ohio, and of Lieutenant Colonel William Howard, of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, are substantially the same and concur with the report of Lieutenant Colonel Dick. Colonel Fyffe, the brigade commander, makes special mention of a number of officers and men for their conspicuous commendable conduct throughout the trying ordeal of the many days’ fighting. Among those of the Eighty-sixth were Colonel O. S. Hamilton, heretofore alluded to, Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick, Major J. M. Dresser, wounded in the first day’s engagement. E. D. Thomas, who was an orderly on his staff, and color bearers Benjamin Trullinger and Nathan Coffenberry, who were both shot down, the first killed instantly and the latter mortally wounded in the fight of the first day.

In his report to the War Department General Rosecrans says that he fought the battle of Stone’s River with the following forces: Infantry, 37,977; artillery, 2,223; cavalry, 3,200. Total, 43,400. His losses were as follows: Officers killed, 100; enlisted men killed, 1,630; officers wounded, 405; enlisted men wounded, 7,397; officers captured, 44; enlisted men captured, 3,673. Showing an aggregate loss of 13,249. He thinks the enemy had 15 per cent. advantage in his choice of ground and knowledge of the country, and he estimates Bragg’s strength at 62,720 men. On the contrary

General Bragg reported to the Confederate War Department that his aggregate effective strength was 37,712, including infantry, artillery and cavalry. If this be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the two opposing armies in point of numbers were pretty equally matched. He reports his losses as follows: Officers killed, 123; enlisted men killed, 1,171; officers wounded, 659; enlisted men wounded, 7,286; officers captured, 46; enlisted men captured, 981. Showing an aggregate loss of 10,266. Bragg estimated Rosecrans' strength to be 70,000 men. He also estimates Rosecrans' killed at 3,000, his wounded at 16,000 and claimed to have captured 6,273 prisoners, making a total loss of 25,273. All of which goes to show that in a guessing contest it is not safe to rely on the estimates of the adversary. Wild as Rosecrans was of the strength and losses of Bragg, he is still nearer the mark than Bragg was in estimating the strength and losses of Rosecrans. It is but fair to say that the Union losses were greater than the Confederate losses. Bragg's loss was the greater in killed and wounded, while Rosecrans' loss was the greater in missing or captured. Rosecrans' army was so disabled that it could not make an effective pursuit. But this does not change the facts of history that the battle of Stone's River, was lost by Bragg and won by Rosecrans.

By changing his plan of battle from the offensive to the defensive Rosecrans held Bragg's at first victorious columns in check, and actually turned defeat into victory; and if he did not, like Alexander enter Babylon, "the oldest seat of earthly empire," he did with the Army of the Cumberland, enter Murfreesboro, and what was left of the Eighty-sixth Indiana regiment was a part of that victorious army. Who among those that participated in the stirring scenes of that battle have forgotten the story? Oh, what a story it is! There is no orator's tongue that can tell it, no painter's brush that can depict it, a story of devotion to country and to liberty, to law and to order, that shall go down in history side by side with the heroic deeds of ancient and modern times. In song and story, and marble tablet, in statues of brass and bronze, the story of Stone's River will be told for

all the ages, for Liberty will not forget her children until Liberty herself shall die.

CHAPTER XII.

WITHIN CONFEDERATE LINES.

A Trip Through Dixie—From Murfreesboro to Chattanooga—To Atlanta and Montgomery—From There to Richmond—In Libby Prison—How the Days Were Spent—Released on Parole and Finally Exchanged.

As has been stated the Eighty-sixth had ninety-nine men captured on the 31st day of December, the first day's battle of Stone's River. They were taken in squads of from two to a half a dozen while in the effort to rejoin the main body of the regiment which had fallen back from that fateful fence. The well formed columns of the enemy had passed over them and they were generally taken in charge by stragglers, who no doubt claimed great glory for capturing prisoners already within their lines. In charge of officers and guards the prisoners were marched through the battle-field over which the "Right Wing" had been driven. And what a field it was! The ploughed and trampled earth, the shattered trees, the fields and woods strewn with dead horses, broken artillery wagons, and dead and dying men, looked as if all the forces of earth and heaven and hell had been striving for mastery in the fearful wreck. By the time they reached the Franklin pike several hundred had been collected, and they were started on double quick in the direction of Murfreesboro. When they reached the Stone's River crossing they were granted a breathing spell, but were soon again on the way, though at a more moderate gait. Upon arriving at the city they were placed in the court house yard which was then enclosed with a stone fence. Prisoners continued to arrive until nightfall, and it was not until the

excitement of the day began to subside did they realize their loneliness. That night was spent in the court house yard with neither fire nor food, and having been relieved of ponches, blankets and overcoats by rebel officers who had headquarters in the court house, there was much suffering both from cold and hunger.

Morning came and they were transferred to an old mill in the southern part of the city, where they remained during the day, which was New Years, 1863. That long cold day was one of extreme distress. At sunset, the prisoners were marched through town and quartered in an old school house lot where for the first time since their capture they were permitted to have fire. Several barrels of flour were rolled in and divided among the men, each man receiving about a pint. Lucky were the men who had cups or vessels of any kind to store it. Water was furnished, and a dough was made on any kind of a board that could be picked up regardless of its cleanliness or uncleanness. This soft mass was wound around sticks and held before the fire to bake. It required no appetizer to dispose of that half-baked paste, but like *Oliver Twist*, they wanted more. While the fire contributed somewhat to the comfort of the prisoners, yet the night spent here was one of sleepless unrest.

Next morning, January 1, they were placed aboard platform cars headed in the direction of Chattanooga. The weather was cold, and being without blankets or overcoats, the ride was anything but pleasant, in fact was one of absolute discomfort. The train reached Chattanooga about 2 o'clock in the morning. In the meantime rain had commenced falling which but added to the discomforts of traveling on a gravel train. The prisoners were marched to the banks of the Tennessee river under the shadow of Lookout Mountain, afterwards the scene of historic interest. They wandered around in the dark and the rain until daylight, when axes were furnished, and it was not long until bright fires blazed up from the logs cut from trees which stood on the ground, around which the men huddled awaiting promised and expected rations, during the entire day. Just as the

chickens were going to roost—there were none there, however—wagons, with unsifted corn meal and sugar, drove up, and these two articles were distributed. A load of spiders—old-fashioned pot metal skillets—were thrown off, and in a driving rain the men prepared the corn meal for use. Before the baking was done orders were received to march immediately. Confederate orders, like Federal orders, were not at all times promptly executed, so it was not until 3 o'clock in the morning when the lines were formed and the prisoners under guard started for the Atlanta depot. This time they were placed aboard box cars. The cars were of the most miserable description, for freight and cattle. The men were packed so close that they could neither sit nor stand with any comfort. They slept somewhat after the style of sardines in a box, though not so soundly. With fifty or sixty human beings crowded into so small a space, carpeted as the cars were, the atmosphere soon became stifling. By the time the train reached Atlanta, 138 miles south of Chattanooga, which was the evening of the next day, those cars had all the appearance of having passed through the cedar thickets at Stone's River. At Atlanta the prisoners bivouacked in an open lot, and each man received a small loaf of light bread.

From Atlanta they were taken to West Point, and from there to Montgomery, Alabama, 172 miles southwest. Without so much as changing cars the engine was hooked on to the rear end of the train and started back. Arriving at Atlanta a camp was established two miles from the city. The men were divided into companies of ninety, and an orderly sergeant appointed for each company. Surgeons passed through the camp looking after the sick, prescribing for some and sending others to the hospital. The stay here, however, was short, as orders came to march. At nightfall the men fell in line and marched to the depot where cattle trains were in waiting to take them, they knew not where.

Daylight on the morning of January 11, found them at Dalton, one hundred miles north of Atlanta. At this point the road forks, one line leading to Chattanooga and the other through East Tennessee to Richmond. Over which the men

would be sent was the question of the hour. When the train pulled out over the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad all knew that their destination was determined. Sunday, January 11, was passed in Knoxville. Here as well as all along through East Tennessee the loyalty of the people was plainly evident, as was shown in numerous instances. On the 12th the train bearing the prisoners reached the Wautauga river where the bridge had been burned by Colonel Carter a few weeks before. Colonel Carter commanded a force of Union cavalry and had made a raid through East Tennessee destroying the bridges over the Wautauga and Holstein rivers. This was a part of the plan of General Rosecrans to prevent re-enforcements for Bragg from Richmond. At the Wautauga the prisoners disembarked, waded the river and marched nine miles, the distance between the two rivers. After wading the cold waters of the Holstein, nearly up to their necks, and waiting perhaps two hours a train pulled in to carry the men "on to Richmond."

On the morning of January 16, the train arrived at the capital of the Confederate States. The prisoners were marched across James river, up through the city, amid the taunts and jeers of the throngs that lined the sidewalks. Finally they stood outside the walls of the well known warehouse used in times of peace by Libby & Son, whose sign was still suspended above the door, and gave a name to this prison which will endure for generations. They were assigned to one of the rooms in this large building where were confined several thousand, though they had free access to all the rooms. The windows were secured by iron bars, such as adorn prison cells. The building was surrounded by sentinels, whose beats were on the pavement below. No one was allowed to put his head close enough to the bars to look down on the street, under penalty of being shot. The rations issued to the men consisted of the half of a very small loaf of light bread, and a small piece of tainted meat from cow or horse or mule, nobody knew which, on one day and the broth from this meat, thickened with rice and some times with beans, the next day. This, once a day, consti-

tuted the rations while in Libby prison. What they lacked in quantity was made up in strength, the rice and bean bugs being abundantly able to sustain life. Here the prisoners became intimately acquainted with a friend which stuck closer than a brother. Twice or oftener each day he helped them by his presence to while away a portion of the long dreary hours, and they even took off their clothing to catch sight of him. The time was spent day after day in such diversions as usually engage soldiers in camp. Many whiled the hours in repining, and every day some one or more were transferred to the hospital, located elsewhere, many of whom died. Old letters from home were read and reread. Scraps of newspapers and stray leaves from old books were perused until worn out. The roll was called twice a day by a sergeant who was attended by a strong guard well armed. And thus the days passed. Prayer meetings were held every day, and the fervent invocations that were offered doubtless proved effectual. At 3 o'clock on the morning of January 29, all except commissioned officers filed out of Libby prison for the Petersburg depot not knowing whither they were bound. When the train started in the direction of City Point from Petersburg all knew that their prison days were numbered. At City Point they were paroled. Flags of truce boats were in waiting. They were taken down the James and up the Chesapeake to Annapolis where a parole camp had been established. They remained at this camp six weeks, when they were transferred to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, traveling by boats to Baltimore and thence over the Pennsylvania railroad. After a stay of two weeks here they were sent to Indianapolis and assigned quarters at Camp Carrington, where seven months before they had been mustered in and then known as Camp Murphy. An eight days' furlough was granted the men to go to their homes.

Thus terminated the prison experience of the men who were captured at Stone's River, an experience brief and mild compared with the months of sufferings endured by those who were in captivity afterwards, but an experience fraught with extreme hunger, pinching cold and almost unendurable

hardships. The story of rebel prison pens is one which every true lover of his country might well wish were never written, but it is a part of human history, and as nearly a hundred men of the Eighty-sixth had a slight personal experience it is here given. Those who survived and were not physically disabled by the cruelties of which they were victims were duly exchanged, and by the 30th of May had all rejoined their regiment, and shared in its marches and bivouacs, its skirmishes and battles, until its muster-out more than two years later.

CHAPTER XIII.

STONE'S RIVER TO CHICKAMAUGA.

Six Months at Murfreesboro—Camp Life—How The Time Was Employed—The Long Stay An Absolute Necessity—The Eighty-sixth Receives Really Its First Military Instruction—Punishment of a Deserter—A Piece of Somber Romance—Other Incidents—March to McMinnville.

On the night of January 3, 1863, General Bragg evacuated Murfreesboro. He commenced the movement stealthily at 11 o'clock, gathering up his men and guns so cautiously that it was not known that he was gone until broad day-light next morning. He was in Shelbyville, thirty miles away, by noon on Sunday, the 4th. The facts are that General Rosecrans' army was not in a condition to make an effective pursuit. While the battle resulted in a victory for the Union army, it was a victory dearly bought. General Rosecrans had lost, in killed and wounded, nearly nine thousand men, besides over three thousand prisoners, nearly a third of his effective strength. He had lost, in addition, fifty pieces of artillery, and over five hundred and fifty artillery horses, so that farther pursuit was not only inadvisable but impossible. Bragg retired so hastily as to leave 2,600 of his sick and wounded with 200 medical and other attendants. In fact,

General Rosecrans found the town full of wounded soldiers of both armies who were greatly suffering for medical attention and the necessary comforts. Hospital appliances were furnished the Confederate surgeons so that they could properly care for their wounded men, while of course his own wounded and sick were not neglected.

The army now settled down into camp life to recuperate and prepare for future operations. The Eighty-sixth with its brigade were assigned to a position on the Maney place, north of the town and east of the Lebanon turnpike. The ranks of the regiment had been decimated to such an extent that it presented all the appearance of a mere squad. While the loss of the entire army had been only about one-third, the loss of the Eighty-sixth had been more than one-half, thirteen per cent. of which had been killed and mortally wounded, fifteen per cent. wounded so seriously as to disable them for duty, and twenty-seven per cent. had fallen into the hands of the enemy, leaving but forty-five per cent. of those who had responded at roll call but five days before. It was indeed a time for sadness and discouragement. But the remnant of the regiment bravely set to work. The camp was arranged according to regulations, and men and officers entered upon their duties in all their diversified forms—building fortifications, scouting, foraging, escorting trains, picketing and drilling.

The life of a soldier in time of war presents two especial characteristics, and each of these is an extreme. The soldier is either in the midst of change and excitement in which every power of mind and body is brought into the most active play possible, or his life is one of the most utterly monotonous. True, during what is termed inactive life there is a regular routine of roll calls, guard mounts, and drills that serve to prevent complete stagnation, but these become devoid of interest or pleasure to the very large majority. Camp life becomes a weariness and a burden in a very short time. The soldier who has tasted of the excitement of a campaign, and the pursuit of a foe, where danger is present all the time, even though he may not like the

severe work of the battle-field, will soon complain of the dullness and routine of the every day duties of a regulation camp.

The Eighty-sixth from the time it left Indianapolis on the previous 7th of September, up until its entry into Murfreesboro, the first days in January, 1863, had known nothing of the monotonous side of the soldier's life. True, it was in camp a few days at Nashville before starting on the Stone's River campaign, but during those few days the time was fully occupied in the preparations that were going on most energetically for entering upon that important movement. The first real and complete experience of camp life that was had by the regiment, and in fact the only one that it had during its entire service, was the six months in camp at Murfreesboro. The time here was, however, well spent, and the fruits of the work done were of incalculable benefit not only to the Eighty-sixth, but to the entire army. It could not have been possible, for any army to have been brought together with the same number of men as were then in the Army of the Cumberland where there was so little knowledge of drill, of guard or picket duty, as then existed in that army.

Beginning with the commanders of regiments and from those down to the privates in the ranks, there were but few who knew anything of these duties. No one realized the situation in this respect more thoroughly than did Major General Rosecrans. Immediately upon the establishment of the camps in and about Murfreesboro, the most stringent orders were issued by the general commanding in regard to daily duties. After breakfast, which was per force an early one, there was the policing of the camp, then guard mount, and after that the formation of the picket details, and going on picket. Being near the enemy the picket details were heavy and frequent. After the guards and pickets were disposed of came the drill call, in the forenoon, for the company. Each company was formed and moved out to the extensive adjacent drill ground under command of the company officers. It was an animating sight to see each company of the several regi-

ments of the brigade to which this regiment was attached, out for the two hours' drill. The regimental commanders were also on the field to see that there was no shirking on the part of either the men or their officers. The novelty soon wore off, however, and the drills had altogether too much method in them to be amusing. Moreover, many of the company officers took great delight in the drill, and by their enthusiasm brought their men to take an interest and a pride in the work. Cold or hot the day, the drills were warm, and persistent.

A rest was had at noon for a soldier's dinner. The afternoons of four days of the week were devoted to regimental drill and two days of the week to brigade drill. In connection with these drills for the purpose of making the officers more efficient, and at the same time of ridding the service of men who had no mental adaptability to the practical work of military tactics, and yet held commissions, General Rosecrans established a military commission before which officers received a forceful invitation to appear. It did not take officers long to realize that they must be prepared to meet this commission and pass the examination, or they would have to retire from the service. Even in this matter, however, human nature was brought out very thoroughly. There were men holding commissions not in the Eighty-sixth alone, who never seemed to realize the honor that properly belonged to the commission in the armies of the United States, when that commission was worthily and intelligently held. This class of men, without pride either for themselves or their commands, or too lazy to study when ordered before the board, ignominiously failed, and the service was soon rid of them. Some there were who had pride in their commissions, prized the position, and worked, though they could not put the principles laid down in the tactics into actual practice. There was one officer who was an absolute failure on the drill ground, but when ordered before the board, passed a most wonderfully satisfactory examination in answering the questions. He had

absolutely committed his tactics to memory, from beginning to end.

Another order was issued to the infantry regiments concerning drills. It was this: A detail of ten men, one from each company of the infantry regiments, were ordered to report to some special battery of artillery, for drill in artillery tactics, and after the first ten had remained for a certain length of time they were returned to their regiments, and another detail of the same number was sent. These artillery details were continued during the time of the Murfreesboro camp, and it proved of immense benefit to the entire army in subsequent campaigns. On more than one battle-field when the numbers on the guns of a battery were too greatly diminished to remain in action, men stepped out of infantry regiments and manned the guns almost as effectively as if they had been originally mustered as artillerymen, and thus by their efficiency in that branch of the service, saved, in many instances, the guns and the day.

Those who got their instructions through General Rosecrans orders for picket duty, and put those instructions into active practice on the outposts during the cold and stormy nights in January, February and March, 1863, have doubtless remembered, and will remember to the day of their death, just exactly how that particular portion of a soldier's duty should be performed. There was possibly sufficient danger surrounding the troops to make them reasonably alert, but in addition to this there was no telling when the "Grand Rounds" would touch the line, and then woe be to the officer who was not fully awake and alive to his duty, and grief to the non-commissioned officer or private who did not respond promptly when the call to "fall-in" was given. Rosecrans, or some member of his staff, was apt to come on the line at any time of the day or night. On such occasions officers and men who were conscientiously trying to perform their duties, even though they might make mistakes, received nothing but kind treatment, and plain straightforward instructions from the General; but the instructions would not be given the second time without being preceded or followed

with a rebuke. The duty of the pickets, and all the minuteness of detail were as completely put into daily and nightly practice as they were afterward on the field of Chickamauga, or during the siege of Chattanooga or on the Atlanta campaign.

Murfreesboro was decidedly and emphatically a camp of instruction. Sunday there was no company, or battalion, or brigade drill, but there was the Sunday morning inspection, the guard mountings in the morning, guard duty and the dress parade in the evening, as on week days. For those who were not on guard duty, Sunday was spent in a general cleaning up, a kind of washing and scrubbing day, and when that was over, there were letters to write to those who had been left at home.

The monotony of this daily routine of camp was occasionally broken by the regiment being ordered out on a foraging expedition that was always much enjoyed. On those foraging expeditions everything that could be eaten by man, horse or mule, was brought in. There was not much, however, excepting corn, or horse or mule feed, that remained on the wagons when they were turned over to headquarters on the return. There was, however, always a great deal more cooking in camp for a day or two after such an expedition than there was immediately preceding it. There was on such occasions an odor of fried chicken, and fresh pork, and yams, and fresh potatoes, and some of the messes could be seen indulging in such delicacies as honey and preserved fruits, which were not furnished on requisition by the Quartermaster or Commissary sergeants. By this time, however, in the war period, officers had learned to heed the advice said to have been given by St. Paul, to "eat what was set before you asking no questions," for certain it was the men for the most part saw to it that their officers were supplied as well as themselves. On these forage expeditions there was not unfrequently a tilt with the rebel cavalry or with a band of guerillas that would furnish enough danger and excitement to fully satisfy for the time being, any who had a special craving for that kind of excitement.

The camp at Murfreesboro was a reasonably healthy

camp and would have been more so had all the officers and men realized from the outset the necessity of cleanliness in person and clothing and quarters. More than fifty per cent. of the sickness at Murfreesboro was caused by disregard of sanitary measures in the early part of the encampment. These methods for the preservation of health had to be taught just as the tactics and guard duty were taught. To the credit of the Eighty-sixth regiment, be it said, it did learn, though some of the companies were longer in grasping the situation than others. Human nature is in evidence in the army, as well as in civil life. Mankind learns, by and by, but often, too often, many lives are lost before the knowledge is gained.

This army at the time of entering Murfreesboro had not been formed into Army Corps, although it was divided into three grand divisions. On January 9, 1863, by virtue of General Order, No. 9, War Department, the troops of the Army of the Cumberland were organized into Army Corps, which were numbered the Fourteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first. Major General George H. Thomas was assigned to the command of the Fourteenth corps, formerly the "Center;" Major General A. McD. McCook was assigned to the Twentieth corps, which had been the "Right Wing;" and Major General Thomas L. Crittenden was assigned to the command of the Twenty-first corps, previously the "Left Wing."

On going into position about Murfreesboro, General Rosecrans placed the Fourteenth corps in the center of the army and fixed its lines and camp across and between the Woodbury, Bradyville, Manchester and Shelbyville turnpikes; the Twentieth corps its left joining the right of the Fourteenth corps at the Shelbyville road and extending in a continuous line across the Salem pike to the right until it had reached Stone's River; Crittenden, with the Twenty-first corps, joined his right upon the left of the Fourteenth corps and extending to the left so as to cover the Liberty and Lebanon turnpikes resting his left at Stone's River. Thus posted, with the right and left resting at the river

above and below the town, and extending in a semi-circle, it was protected from any attack of Bragg's forces whether from the east, south or west.

It should be borne in mind that the time was midwinter, and that the army had to endure during the months of January and February such terrible storms of rain and snow that it was impossible for a campaign of any extent to be made. The roads, too, away from the turnpikes, were impassable, and even the turnpikes over which the supplies had to be brought from Nashville, were torn up and broken to such an extent by army wagons and the artillery, that it was only by the severest effort that light loads of supplies could be brought up. Another fact to be recorded here, is that the base of supplies for General Rosecrans' army was Nashville, and that the only railroad between that city and Murfreesboro had been torn up by Bragg's army on its retreat, the bridges had all been burned, and that, therefore, wagons were the only vehicles whereby the army could be supplied with subsistence, ammunition or clothing. The supplies thus brought for such an army, even only the distance intervening between these two cities, was meager indeed, until later on the general government had caused the railroad to be rebuilt.

It was therefore a matter of necessity under all these circumstances that the army should remain in camp, at least a sufficient length of time to rebuild the road, and to establish at Murfreesboro a depot of supplies from which to draw when an advance should be made. An improved condition of the roads, and sufficient supplies for the men and animals, as well as ammunition, were vital matters to be considered in the decision as to an advance.

Owing therefore to the enforced stay at Murfreesboro, and in order to guard against the contingency of an attack in force by Bragg, General Rosecrans began at once to strengthen his position against any possibility of disaster. He first, as nearly as possible, relieved the army of the care of the sick and wounded by sending them back to Nashville and northward. Those who were too sick, or too severely

wounded, to be moved, were placed in hospitals, which he had established in unoccupied buildings in the town. The work of fortifying his position was also entered upon without delay and with great vigor. The most thorough and complete line of forts were planned and built. Earthworks were thrown up covering almost the entire front of the army, and all were so thoroughly constructed during the occupation of Murfreesboro that it would have been impossible for an army to have taken it by a direct assault. Murfreesboro became under the direction of Rosecrans, and by the work of the army, an impregnable fortress, which served during the remainder of the war as a valuable position.

In the construction of these works the Eighty-sixth had but little to do, save and except in the performance of guard and picket duty for those who performed the labor. The work that was there done, however, was of much value to all the regiments, in that it gave a general idea as to the construction of earthworks, which they afterwards utilized, especially during the siege of Chattanooga and upon the Atlanta campaign. The importance of building the fortifications was made sufficiently apparent to the men by reported or rumored advances of the enemy, and by occasional raids that were being made around Rosecrans' army by Wheeler's and Morgan's Confederate cavalry. Brigades of the Union army were sent out from time to time on reconnoissances, and each time came in contact with portions of Bragg's army which were sufficiently strong to show that there was great confidence in their strength and position. The portion of the country in front of the Twenty-first corps, however, appeared to be free from any Confederate force, except small detachments of cavalry which were met on some of the foraging expeditions.

For more than eight months after the army was formed into corps the Eighty-sixth was in the Twenty-first army corps, the brigade and division remaining unchanged. The corps, division and brigade commanders were the same as before, except that Colonel James P. Fyffe, who commanded the Second brigade, on account of failing health, obtained a

leave of absence. The command of the brigade then devolved upon the senior officer, which was Colonel George F. Dick, of the Eighty-sixth, who retained it until the army was reorganized at Chattanooga during the following November.

Colonel Dick having been assigned to the command of the brigade, Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Dresser, who had been promoted from Major, should have taken charge of the regiment, but at the battle on the 31st of December Lieutenant Colonel, then Major, Dresser, was wounded in both legs, had two ribs fractured and his shoulder dislocated by the fall of his horse. This disability rendered him unfit for active service, when on June 2 he resigned his commission. Captain J. C. Dick, of Company C, who had been promoted to Major, then assumed command of the regiment, and soon thereafter received his commission as Lieutenant Colonel. At the same time Captain Philip Gemmer, of Company E, received a commission as Major, but for some cause was not mustered until the following April.

Surgeon J. S. Elliott having resigned on September 26, Assistant Surgeon Joseph Jones was promoted to the vacancy on November 15. Flavius J. VanVoriss, a private of Company I, a thoroughly educated and well read young physician, was on December 2, commissioned as one of the Assistant Surgeons, the medical staff then being Jones, Walton and VanVoriss.

Adjutant C. P. Rodman on May 29 was promoted to the Captaincy of Company H, and E. D. Thomas, a private in Company E, succeeded to the vacancy, and served as such until the regiment was mustered out.

Kersey Bateman served as Quartermaster until September 2, 1863, when he resigned. Robert Underwood succeeded Bateman as Quartermaster.

The changes in the line officers during the spring, summer and fall of 1863 had nearly been as great proportionately as among the field and staff. Several of the officers had incurred disabilities from the hardships they had undergone and were compelled to resign. In addition to Captain John Seager, of Company G, and Lieutenant William H. Lynn, of

Company K, who had resigned in November and December, there occurred during the first two months of the new year the resignations of Captain Milton Bell, of Company H, First Lieutenant Jacob Palmer, of Company F, and Second Lieutenant Oliver Boord, of Company C. In May Chaplain W. S. Harker, and First Lieutenant Jackson Hickson, of Company D, resigned, the latter on account of wounds received at Stone's River, as did Lieutenant Uriah Thomas, of Company H, in June, First Lieutenant Samuel Douglass, of Company G, and Second Lieutenant William J. Ness, of Company H, in July. These officers all quitted the service honorably and with the regrets of their comrades, both officers and men.

During the earlier months of 1863, especially January and February, the official mortality throughout the army was great. Shoulder straps fell like the leaves of autumn after a hoar frost. General Rosecrans made use of every means to promote efficiency. He was lavish of praise to the meritorious, and utterly ruthless toward the undeserving. By General Orders, No. 30, dated February 24, he dishonorably dismissed fifty-two officers of all grades from Colonel down to Second Lieutenant, for various offenses, such as absence without leave, cowardice in the face of the enemy, drunkenness, disobedience of orders, gross neglect of duty, incompetency and other peccadillos detrimental to military discipline, two of whom were from the Eighty-sixth, Colonel O. S. Hamilton, and First Lieutenant John S. Armitage, of Company B, the former for incompetency, and the latter for abandoning his company in the face of the enemy. The fault for which Colonel Hamilton was publicly disgraced was expiated in the front line at Stone's River, and though his own officers and men could not refuse their admiration for his heroic conduct, yet General Rosecrans was inexorable. In July Captain Nelson R. Smith, of Company G, was cashiered by order of court martial on a charge of drunkenness, while Captain William C. Lambert, of Company I, met a like fate by a similar process, on a charge of cowardice. First Lieutenant John Gilliland, of Company I, was arrested

and tried by court martial, charged with being a deserter from the Fifty-first Illinois regiment.

The story of Lieutenant Gilliland has in it all the elements of somber romance and is of thrilling interest. He was born in the northeastern part of Montgomery county, Indiana, where he grew to manhood with absolutely no education. Though he could neither read nor write, yet he was a magnificent specimen of the physical man, naturally intelligent, industrious and of kindly temper. It so happened that in 1861 business took him to Illinois, and to the town in which the Fifty-first regiment of that State was being organized. Being an intensely loyal man he enlisted. The Fifty-first went at once to the front, and Gilliland saw active service in the first year of the war, proving himself a brave and true soldier. In 1862 he was allowed to come home on a furlough. While home the Eighty-sixth was organizing at LaFayette. Gilliland went up to that city with the boys from his neighborhood, and having some knowledge of drill his services were called into requisition. Not knowing the enormity of the offense of desertion he made the proposition to the members of Company I that if they would elect him First Lieutenant he would enlist with them. Ignorant of the fact that he was still in the service they accepted his proposition. As First Lieutenant of Company I he commanded the respect of his men and the confidence of his superior officers. His ability and bravery were repeatedly demonstrated, and but for his illiteracy would have made an officer of marked distinction. All went well with him until the battle of Stone's River. Just before this memorable engagement Captain Lambert, of the same company, was taken sick quite suddenly and was unable to enter the action. The command of the company, therefore, devolved upon Gilliland and he led the men through the battle with distinguished bravery. Just here Gilliland made a great mistake. After the battle he very foolishly preferred charges of cowardice against Lambert, alleging that he had feigned illness in order to avoid the dangers of shot and shell. If Gilliland had not been living in a glass house himself his action might have been rea-

sonable, but as it was it proved his ruin. Captain Lambert, who was cognizant of Gilliland's military record, promptly retaliated by preferring charges of desertion against his accuser. He was placed in arrest, and tried by court martial at Chattanooga during the latter part of 1863. In the meantime Gilliland was permitted to march in the rear of the regiment nominally under guard. The President of the court was Lieutenant Colonel Brown, of the Sixty-fourth Ohio. The court arraigned "Private John I. Gilliland, Company E, Fifty-first Illinois Volunteers," on two charges, the first of which was desertion, and the second was violation of the 22d Article of War in that he enlisted and accepted a commission in the Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry, he being at the time a deserter from the Fifty-first Illinois Infantry. To the charges and specifications Gilliland pleaded "not guilty." The finding of the court was in both charges and in all the specifications, "guilty." Then followed this awful sentence: "And the court does therefore sentence him, Private John I. Gilliland, Company E, Fifty-first Illinois Volunteers, 'to be shot to death with musketry at such time and place as the Commanding General may direct, two-thirds of the court concurring therein.'" Before the finding of the court martial could be promulgated it must necessarily be transmitted to the War Department for approval or modification. June 4, 1864, more than a year after he had been arrested and eight months after he had been arraigned, the Secretary of War modified the sentence, upon the recommendation of his commanding officer to executive clemency, on account of his good conduct in battle, so as to restore him to duty in Company E, Fifty-first Illinois Volunteers. Finally, the order reached the Eighty-sixth while the army was in Northern Georgia. Gilliland did not wait to hear the modification of the sentence. There being no strict watch over him he experienced little difficulty in escaping from the army that very night. From that time on nothing was heard from him by his comrades-in-arms or by his family for more than a quarter of a century. One summer evening, along about 1890, many years after the war had passed into history,

Tilghman Bailey, of Company I, was standing in front of his farm house, a few miles from Clark's Hill, and watching his cattle feeding in the adjoining fields. As he rested there content with his prosperity, he was approached by an old, decrepit, stooping and travel-stained stranger, who was evidently suffering from consumption. He was poorly clad, but when he spoke, addressing to Bailey some common-place remark, his voice and something in his manner brought up a flood of half-forgotten recollections. Sometime, somewhere he had seen this strange man before. Conversation was continued on timely topics, and suddenly to Bailey as they talked, came the identity of the man, causing him to exclaim involuntarily: "Isn't your name John Gilliland?" The old man's face lighted up at the recognition. Bailey, of course bade him stay and he shared with him the hospitalities of his home. Here the story of the wanderer was told. When he left the regiment he made for the mountains, away from the railroad and from any thoroughfare. Stopping at the house of an old mountaineer he told him his true story. The rustic of the forest and hills gave him shelter and assured him that he should be protected from both armies. And there he remained for twenty-five years. At last, overtaken by ill health and becoming weary of his voluntary exile, and stirred by the recollections of his youth and the memories of kindred and friends, he ventured a visit to his old home, hoping that he would, unmolested, be permitted to die in the land of his birth. The fruition of his hopes were realized, for in less than a year afterward John Gilliland was "honorably discharged" by the Great Commander. Verily, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

Promotions followed these vacancies thus created. In Company A, Second Lieutenant R. A. Williamson was made First Lieutenant in place of George W. Smith killed at Stone's River, and Orderly Sergeant Perry T. Gorham was made Second Lieutenant. Second Lieutenant Jeremiah Haugh succeeded John S. Armitage as First Lieutenant of Company B, and Orderly Sergeant Matthew McInerney was made Second Lieutenant. James Gregory, a private of

Company I, was promoted to the Captaincy of Company C, and Sergeant T. F. Brant was made Second Lieutenant. In Company D, Second Lieutenant H. J. Gass was promoted to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant J. G. DeTurk to Second Lieutenant. Second Lieutenant J. R. Moore was promoted to First Lieutenant in Company E, and private Mahlon J. Haines to Second Lieutenant. In Company F, Second Lieutenant R. W. Coolman was promoted to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Wilson H. Laymon to Second Lieutenant. Sergeant L. V. Ream was first made Second Lieutenant and afterwards Captain of Company G, and Sergeant L. G. Cowdrey, First Lieutenant. Orderly Sergeant J. R. Carnahan was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company K, and advanced to Captain of Company I. Second Lieutenant John M. Yount was promoted to First Lieutenant of Company K. These are substantially all the changes made in the roster of the officers during 1863. Subsequent resignations and promotions will be given in their appropriate place.

It had been months since a good portion of the army had been paid, and General Rosecrans became quite urgent in his appeals to Washington requesting that a paymaster be sent to each brigade, at least one to each division, to remain in the field and attend to preparing the rolls and the payment of troops. The correspondence is spicy. In one of his letters to Secretary Stanton he wrote: "I have no hesitation in saying that it is time the public service ceased to suffer from such whimsical or worse management. There is a screw loose somewhere. My army ought to be paid off while the roads are bad." He estimated that it would require \$1,700,000, and as the money was in Washington he could not see why it could not be used. He brought the paymasters and the money, and the troops were paid while the army lay at Murfreesboro.

Governor Morton, ever watchful of the interests of Indiana soldiers, had devised what is known as the allotment system, by which his men could send their money home in safety. The plan was in all respects similar to bank drafts

except that the men signed the allotment rolls which showed the name of the soldier, the amount, and the person to whom sent, with post office address. The bill giving the plan legal recognition was introduced by Senator Henry S. Lane, but by an oversight it carried with it no appropriation to put it in operation. The Governor, always equal to the occasion, furnished from his military contingent fund the means to defray the expenses. Rev. T. A. Goodwin was appointed Allotment Commissioner from Indiana, and the Eighty-sixth, as well as all other Indiana regiments, availed themselves of this plan to send their money to their families. The system gradually extended to other States until it was generally adopted throughout the army.

A conspicuous feature of the Second brigade was its band. Its music was always inspiring. Morning, noon and night it made the camp reverberate with its lofty, patriotic and soul-stirring strains, and the encore of cheers which followed made the welkin ring. The band had seen service until its instruments needed to be replaced with new. About the first of April a movement was set on foot to raise money for this purpose. Captain Sims circulated a subscription paper through the Eighty-sixth and received a donation of \$66.50, the other regiments of the brigade contributing their share. The new instruments were procured and carried until the band was mustered out.

Shelter tents supplanted the cumbersome Sibleys during April, the order being issued on the 12th. Wall tents were allowed field, staff, quartermaster, hospital and line officers, but shelter tents were issued to the men. This tent is simply a piece of stout cotton cloth about two yards square, with buttons and buttonholes that they could be attached to each other. Two, three and sometimes four men could thus join as bunkmates. The usual number was three, as then the third piece was used in closing one end of the complete tent. These pieces of cloth, buttoned together, were thrown across a pole resting on two forks set in upright position, and the bottoms fastened by pegs to the ground, thus forming a kennel similar in form and size to what print-

ers would call a small cap A. The boys christened them "pup tents," and it was by this name they were generally and popularly known. Each man was required to carry his own tent. There was thus no waiting for the wagon that never came, and the further assurance that each night he could lie down with some protection from either rain or snow or wind. The wagon train was in this way greatly reduced, which is an important consideration in the movement of a large army.

In accordance with the proclamation of the President, Thursday, April 30, was observed in the army as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. At least this was the general orders issued, which General Rosecrans couched in language most reverent and appropriate. The Eighty-sixth being then without a Chaplain, and the only other officer who was a minister being in arrest on a charge of cowardice, no religious service was held in the regiment, and the men were compelled to rely on the more fortunate commands for spiritual instruction and edification.

On February 22, 1862, the War Department had issued an order that there shall be inscribed on the colors of all regiments the names of the battles in which they had borne a meritorious part. In accordance with this order General Rosecrans on February 19, 1863, directed that the name "Stone's River" should be inscribed on the national colors of each regiment that was engaged in the battle in front of Murfreesboro. This was the first time that the colors of the Eighty-sixth were entitled to such distinction. The regiment having lost its colors, by the death of their bearer on the field while in retreat on that fateful 31st of December, a second stand was presented on June 15 by the patriotic citizens of Fountain and Warren counties. They were brought from Indiana by Joseph Poole, of Attica, and in a neat address by him were formally presented. Colonel Dick, in a brief and fitting response, accepted the precious gift. These colors bore the appropriate inscription, and were afterwards carried through the sanguinary battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. At the latter engagement they were

riddled with musketry, receiving no less than eighty-six shots through their folds, an emblematic number. They now rest secure in the State House at Indianapolis.

Desertions from the army had grown to alarming proportions. When caught the deserters were usually given a trial, and a light sentence imposed. They were seldom executed, and even when a court martial imposed a sentence of death the kind hearted President would interpose with a pardon. The most usual sentence was that the deserter should return to the army and serve out all of his original time of enlistment which had not been served, without pay. In the most flagrant cases it was different. An instance of this kind occurred in the Ninth Kentucky. A soldier named Minnick had deserted for the third time. With each recurrence he was caught and returned to the regiment. The last time, he was tried by a court martial and sentenced to be shot. This occasion the President declined to interpose. The execution of Minnick took place on the 16th of June, about a mile north of the encampment of the Eighty-sixth. A detail of one man from each company of the Eighty-sixth was made to do the shooting. The convicted soldier was placed in an ambulance, seated on his coffin, a rough box, and taken to the place of execution, accompanied by the entire Twenty-first corps. When the corps arrived at the chosen place it was formed into a hollow square, with the fourth side left open, to witness the sad affair. It was used on this occasion for an imposing display, and to intimidate and prevent other soldiers from committing a like crime. The scene was one full of awe, never to be forgotten by those who took part. All who witnessed it seemed to feel the solemn presence of death. The coffin was placed in the open part of the square. Minnick took a seat on the rough casket. The Adjutant General in a clear but tremulous voice read the finding of the court martial to the troops. When the Adjutant finished reading, the guards, detailed to do the firing, were ordered forward, and their muskets, which had been loaded by other soldiers, were handed to them. Half of them contained blank cartridges, so that none of them knew whose

shot killed the prisoner. The condemned soldier was blindfolded, and the final order: "Ready—Aim—Fire!" was given and the doomed man fell over dead. The troops then formed company front and marched in review by the coffin to view the body of their late comrade. This was the only execution that the Eighty-sixth was ever called out to witness.

The first grand review in which the Eighty-sixth took part, and the first that it had ever seen, was held early in June while the army lay at Murfreesboro. It was only however a review of the Twenty-first corps. There had been much preparation for this review by all the troops of that corps, and the officers and men of the Eighty-sixth became much enthused over the matter, and all, both officers and men, put forth every effort to fit themselves to pass a creditable inspection, and to be so thoroughly prepared that no mistake should occur when passing in review. The regiment was especially fortunate in having an officer, who by reason of his experience with the Army of the Potomac and from careful study, was thoroughly competent to instruct as to the ceremonies. Colonel Dick after the inspection and review were over, seemed to be very well satisfied with the manner in which the Eighty-sixth had discharged its duty and the manner in which it had deported itself.

As the Spring months wore away there began a clamor from Washington and by politicians at home for an advance of Rosecrans' army. General Halleck, who had been placed in command of all the Union armies, with his headquarters at Washington, also commenced to urge an advance, the objective point to be reached being Chattanooga, which was deemed the key to the central and southern portion of the so called Confederacy. President Lincoln also dispatched General Rosecrans urging him "if consistent under all the circumstances" to push forward. The reason urged for this advance, was to prevent Bragg from sending reinforcements to General Johnston's army in Mississippi, against which General Grant was then moving. To all of these urgent demands, General Rosecrans replied that he would proceed provided they would send him sufficient reinforcements so

that he could move forward, but at the same time have sufficient force to protect his lines over which his supplies must of necessity be brought. The Confederate cavalry greatly outnumbered that of Rosecrans, and cavalry was needed to meet the cavalry of the enemy. He then urged that he be supplied with saddles and bridles wherewith to mount some of his infantry. To all of these requests he received no favorable response. No one outside of the Army of the Cumberland seemed to realize the necessity of the army, that was being urged to push down into the heart of the enemy's country, over mountains and deep rivers, being supplied with sufficient force and properly equipped to meet the enemy on ground of his own choosing.

Finally General Rosecrans on June 8, decided to submit the case to his generals, and he sent out to them the following letter through his Assistant Adjutant General, Colonel C. Goddard, marked "confidential." This letter was sent to Generals Brannan, Crittenden, Davis, Grainger, Johnson, McCook, Mitchell, Negley, Palmer, Reynolds, Rousseau, Sheridan, Stanley, Thomas, Turchin, VanCleve and Wood:

GENERAL:—In view of our present military position, the General commanding desires you to answer, in writing, according to the best of your judgment, the following questions, giving your reasons therefor:

1. From the fullest information in your possession, do you think the enemy in front of us has been so materially weakened by detachments to Johnston or elsewhere, that this army could advance on him at this time, with strong reasonable chances of fighting a great and successful battle?

2. Do you think an advance of our army at present likely to prevent additional reinforcements being sent out against General Grant by the enemy in our front?

3. Do you think an immediate advance of our army advisable?

He desires you to reply to-night.

To this communication everyone of these generals answered in substance that he deemed it unwise under the existing condition of affairs to begin a forward movement, unless the army could be reinforced and supplied in accordance with the requests of General Rosecrans. All stated that from the best information they could gather, General Bragg was not sending away any of his troops and that his army

was intact. Major General Thomas, who to-day is believed to be one of the very best of all of the Union generals, advised very strongly against it. General James A. Garfield, then chief of staff, was the only one who advised an advance. General Rosecrans, however, on the 23d day of June, decided to move. The camps were soon alive with the preparations. Everyone almost, outside of the few who were fully cognizant of the exact situation of affairs, was rejoiced at the prospect of breaking the monotony of camp life for the excitement of a campaign. The Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, and the First and Second divisions of the Twenty-first, were at once put under marching orders, while General VanCleve, commanding the Third division of the Twenty-first Corps, this being the division to which the Eighty-sixth was assigned, received the following order, signed by Brigadier General J. A. Garfield, Chief of Staff, dated June 23, 1863:

BRIGADIER GENERAL H. P. VANCLEVE: On the departure of the army you will assume command of Fortress Rosecrans and the town of Murfreesboro until relieved by Major General Gordon Granger. You will so dispose the troops as to protect the town. You will see that all public property is removed within the fort; that all wagons belonging to the supply and baggage trains are brought inside the fortifications and properly parked near Stone's River. You will also assume command of the hospitals and convalescent camp, and issue such orders for the policing and government of the camp and of the town as the nature of the case may require.

On the same day the foregoing order was issued, General Gordon Granger, with the cavalry and mounted infantry, began the movement, followed on the next day by the entire army with the exception of General VanCleve's division. As soon as the army had moved out, General VanCleve at once disposed his command about the town, in the fortifications and defenses, in the best possible manner to carry out the purport and meaning of his orders.

In this rearrangement of the troops the Eighty-sixth Indiana was moved from the camp that it had occupied during all of the time that it had been in Murfreesboro, and was posted on the opposite side of river toward Nashville, near

to the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. It was a relief to move even that short distance, and at once the men began to arrange for all the comforts that could be had in a camp. Their quiet was, however, very materially disturbed in a short time, for although they were not marched out, they soon learned of the following order that was received by General VanCleve, dated at Beech Grove, June 27, and signed by the Chief of Staff, General J. A. Garfield:

GENERAL: The general commanding directs you to put your command in readiness to move. Send forward two brigades immediately, with a supply train to follow this column, and hold your remaining brigade in readiness to follow as soon as it is relieved by General Granger. The Chief Commissioner and Quartermaster will send orders for making up the train.

The order showed to the men of the Second brigade that they could not expect to remain very long. At once there was a great demand for writing materials, and the mails went out from camp well loaded with letters homeward bound detailing as fully as was known the movements of the army. This information, however, as is well-known to soldiers, was very meager as to exact details, but the imagination and the "grape vine" had large drafts made upon them. The fact was that when two of the brigades of the division moved out, the remaining one would feel very lonely, and was very anxious to be relieved that it might join the advancing columns, although it was known that each day was developing the forces of the enemy and that there was "fighting out in front." The final order to move out was not received by General VanCleve for some four or five days when he received the following order, dated at Tullahoma, July 2, and signed as usual by General Garfield:

BRIGADIER GENERAL H. P. VANCLEVE:—Your dispatch of yesterday is received. The General commanding directs you to move, with your two brigades, upon McMinnville as soon as possible. General Granger has been ordered to relieve you of the command of Murfreesboro. You are authorized to supply yourself with the necessary train from the empty wagons returning to Murfreesboro, if you cannot get your own. Occupy McMinnville, and look out for Morgan. You may be able to capture his camp at Sparta. Put the railroad in repair, so that you may supply your command from here.

The departure of VanCleve's division from Murfreesboro was not long drawn out, for on July 5, General VanCleve reported that his entire division was on the move for McMinnville. McMinnville was a little south of east from Murfreesboro, and was to be for the operations then in progress by the Army of the Cumberland the extreme left of the army. The self-invited guests of this small town then on their way, were not the first that had visited the place. On April 20, General Joseph J. Reynolds, with a portion of his division of the Fourteenth corps, had visited the town with four thousand infantry, and twenty-six hundred cavalry. This party had destroyed at McMinnville two mills, and captured a large amount of supplies that had been gathered there, besides one hundred and eighty prisoners, six hundred horses and mules, and retired to Murfreesboro.

McMinnville was important to the Confederate army as a place for gathering supplies, and it was for the purpose of crippling Bragg in this matter, and to protect the extreme left of General Rosencrans' army that VanCleve's division was sent there.

The march from Murfreesboro was one of the most severe of any of the marches ever taken by the Eighty-sixth. The sun was intensely hot, the roads were dusty, and water was scarce. Finally after reaching McMinnville it proved almost a veritable paradise for the brigade. At the time the troops reached there, July 6th and 7th, the fields were overrun with most delicious blueberries, very much resembling the blackberry, but large and sweet. These berries were in great abundance for several days, and they proved of immense benefit to the men. During the stay at McMinnville peaches of very fine quality were brought in for sale by the citizens, as well an abundance of fresh vegetables. Sick-ness disappeared from the ranks, and the men came into better health than they had had for months. The duty was light, although regular drills were resumed. Soon two of the brigades were moved away, and the Second brigade, under command of Colonel George F. Dick, was left as the sole army occupant of McMinnville.

Thus matters remained with the Eighty-sixth until the receipt of the following order from headquarters of the Third division, dated at Pikeville, Tenn., August 25, 1863, addressed to Colonel George F. Dick, commanding at McMinnville, and signed by Captain E. A. Otis, Assistant Adjutant General:

COLONEL: Your dispatch of the 23rd is received. The General wishes you to render Captain Stanage all the assistance in your power in getting up supplies. He is much gratified at the disposition of your forces, and the manner in which you have conducted affairs in McMinnville.

As soon as you are relieved rejoin the division wherever it may be. I think a force under General Spears is intended as the permanent garrison at McMinnville. Colonel Sullivan, of whom you speak, must be detained until a military court can be convened to try him. We will make no more details from you, but will send an escort from here with each train. Send back by Colonel Wood all convalescents for First and Third brigades.

By this time the Army of the Cumberland had pushed its lines southward, driving General Bragg before it, until it had reached the Tennessee river, and was crossing over and taking up the pursuit south of that stream. On August 30, General Rosecrans, then at Stevenson, Alabama, ordered General VanCleve with his division to close down on him at Stevenson. This was the order that started the entire Third division of the Twenty-first corps on its way to join the main army where it merged into the column that moved down and into the Chickamauga campaign, which will be the subject of the next chapter. The departure from McMinnville September 3, marked the beginning of the Chickamauga campaign.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHICKAMAUGA CAMPAIGN.

General Rosecrans' Moves from Murfreesboro—Bragg is Driven from Tullahoma Over the Mountains and Out of Tennessee—A Most Skillful and Almost Bloodless Movement—The Eighty-sixth Leaves McMinnville—With the Brigade It Makes a Forced March—Down the Sequatchie Valley—Crosses the Tennessee—Rejoins the Division Near Ringgold—A Series of Confederate Blunders—A Narrow Escape for the Union Army—Playing for Position.

Intervening between the battles of Stone's River and Chickamauga in the Department of the Cumberland was what was, and is, known as the Tullahoma campaign. In this campaign the Eighty-sixth Indiana took no part, save and except in guarding the left flank of the army at McMinnville. To get a proper conception of the Chattanooga campaign which includes the battle of Chickamauga, it will be necessary to briefly write of the Tullahoma campaign. As shown in the preceding chapter, General Rosecrans, against his own judgment and that of the Generals of the Army of the Cumberland, decided in obedience to the demands of President Lincoln, and General Halleck, then in command of all of the Union armies, to move out of Murfreesboro and attack General Bragg. This was in June, 1863. General Bragg with his portion of the Confederate army was then occupying a strong position, north of Duck River, in Tennessee. His infantry front extended from Shelbyville to Wartrace. On his extreme right his cavalry rested at McMinnville. His left, with cavalry, was at Spring Hill and Columbia.

Chattanooga was his base, while Tullahoma was his chief depot of supplies. The front of the Confederate army was for the most part well protected with abatis. To add to

the strength of his position protected by earthworks and the abatis, were the natural fortifications provided by the mountain ranges, and by reason of the fact that he held all of the passes through the mountains, which required but a very small portion of his effective force, he was able to concentrate the remainder of his army at any desired point, without materially affecting his main line. The position of General Bragg, as can well be understood, was therefore a remarkably strong one, both by nature and by the work of his army. To advance through this country successfully was no small task, and it is not to be wondered at, that General Rosecrans and his generals hesitated to undertake so arduous and dangerous campaign when it is understood that his army was even smaller than that of his opponent. Had he, Rosecrans, an army in point of numbers large enough to safely and successfully face General Bragg and hold his entire force in place, and then a sufficient force in addition, whereby he could flank the army of the enemy, and thus compel Bragg to abandon his works and either fight in an open field or retreat, the campaign could then have been made with a reasonable degree of assurance. To undertake the campaign as General Rosecrans was compelled to make it, was to enter upon an undertaking with all of the chances for defeat. To the credit of General Rosecrans and the Army of the Cumberland, it can be truthfully said, no other army of the United States ever had to contend against so many odds, and no other army ever wrought such wonders of prowess and success as did this army.

With General Bragg's position so well chosen for defense, General Rosecrans had a right to believe that he would meet with the most stubborn resistance. The Army of the Cumberland moved out from Murfreesboro on June 23, 1863, to enter upon a series of campaigns, which, under the circumstances, proved to be the most wonderful known in the annals of warfare. Only seven miles from Murfreesboro the cavalry of the enemy were encountered, and after driving them through Hoover's Gap, a defile through hills three miles in length, the infantry was met in strong force. Such was the

impetuosity of the Union attack that everything was swept before it.

The plan of General Rosecrans, so auspiciously begun, was to avoid as nearly as possible the heavy intrenchments of General Bragg, and turn his flank, thus forcing him to give battle on open ground, or to abandon that portion of Tennessee altogether and retreat, and once upon the retreat the advantage would be with the Union army. The attack on Hoover's Gap was the first move and the success of the Union army made it possible for General Rosecrans to concentrate his whole army against the enemy's left. It required two days by the rapid movements of General George H. Thomas, aided by the mounted infantry and cavalry, and the concentration of the corps of Generals McCook and Crittenden, to compel General Bragg to abandon his first line of entrenchments. Then through rain and mud General Rosecrans pushed the enemy back toward the Tennessee River. On June 29, General Bragg was at Tullahoma, and the Army of the Cumberland was concentrated only two miles distant, and expected to attack on the following morning. On the morning of June 30, it was learned that Bragg had decided to decline a battle and had again fallen back, abandoning Tullahoma. The further pursuit of the enemy was delayed by swollen streams, the bridges having been destroyed by General Bragg in his retreat. Thus ended one of the shortest campaigns, and one of the greatest up to that time in its results, of any of the campaigns of the war. The close of the Tullahoma campaign left the Army of the Cumberland in complete possession of Middle Tennessee.

General Bragg in his retreat crossed the Cumberland mountains and established his headquarters at Chattanooga. Bragg nearly, or quite, a year before had moved around the Union armies, had crossed Tennessee and Kentucky, and had been again driven back from one line to another yet farther in his rear, time after time, until now with the close of the Tullahoma campaign was seen the final and decisive failure of the Confederate army to hold any of the territory between the Tennessee and Ohio rivers.

Immediately upon the close of the Tullahoma campaign began the preparations for the greatest of all the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland, unaided and alone, the Chattanooga or Chickamauga campaign. The greatest because it was entered upon under what seemed almost insurmountable difficulties, and with more serious obstacles before it than any army of modern days had been called upon to meet and overcome; the greatest because at its conclusion in order to maintain the territory sought to be acquired and which in fact it did acquire, it was forced against great odds, to fight one of the most severe and bloody battles of the war, and then at the close of the battle and of the campaign, it held the gateway to the South and center of the Confederacy. The preparation for the Chickamauga campaign included the repairing of the wagon roads and railroads, the building of bridges over the route by which it had come to Tullahoma to bring forward a sufficient amount of supplies for the maintenance of the army, and ammunition of all kinds to be used in the campaign. Immediately upon the close of the Tullahoma campaign, General Halleck again began to press General Rosecrans to cross the Tennessee river and push the war on the south of that river. He, Halleck, far removed from the field of operations, never once seemed to realize that the railroads had to be repaired, that supplies must be procured, and when notified that in addition to these very essential matters, troops should be forwarded to reinforce his army so that the flanks might be guarded, and that the line of communication with the base of supplies could be protected, he absolutely ignored the requests of General Rosecrans. With General Halleck it was an order to "make bricks without straw," or in other words to make a campaign which necessarily included the fighting of battles without adequate supplies of subsistence, ammunition and men. He was not willing to listen to statements of General Rosecrans, or of the officers of the Army of the Cumberland, in regard to the situation which they, being on the ground, knew beyond all peradventure, and on August 5, 1863, issued

peremptory orders for General Rosecrans to advance, as follows:

“The orders for the advance of your army and that its progress be reported daily, are peremptory. H. W. HALLECK.”

It was an absolute impossibility to move until the middle of August, and at that time General Rosecrans had done all in his power to repair the roads and put his army in condition to move, but in so far as sending him any reinforcements either of cavalry or infantry, not one thing had been done by General Halleck. In the attempt to shield General Halleck in thus forcing the army to move without reinforcements, it has been urged by some that there were no troops that were available and for that reason the request of General Rosecrans could not be granted. But was this true? A brief statement will answer this pretended reason. General Grant at Vicksburg on the 4th of July, only a month previous to General Halleck's peremptory orders, had with 80,000 troops under his command captured or destroyed Pemberton's Confederate army. There was then no armed force in front of General Grant, nothing required that he should hold that immense army at Vicksburg, or in that department, if any of his troops were needed elsewhere. He could easily have spared 30,000 men and the Government could easily have made the Chattanooga campaign an assured success from its beginning, if immediately after the surrender of Vicksburg a sufficient number of those troops had been transferred to General Rosecrans. The truth of this statement was verified two months later when General Grant came to the Army of the Cumberland besieged in Chattanooga and brought with him the Army of the Tennessee under Sherman, and in addition thereto had the Eleventh and Twelfth corps sent to him from the Army of the Potomac.

It is well for the reader to note some difficulties that surrounded General Rosecrans and his army in making a further move to the south, and it should not be forgotten that each one of these difficulties was a positive danger to the Army of the Cumberland. The Army of the Cumberland was now in

a country that had been for months the forage grounds of the Confederate army. There were no supplies of any kind left for the men under General Rosecrans. The forage for the horses and mules had all been consumed by General Bragg's army and it was as yet too early in the season for corn or grain of that year's crop to be ripe enough to use. Both men and animals must be fed if the army advanced; they could not subsist upon the country. How was it to be done? There was but one way, and that was to bring the supplies to the army over the route by which it had come. To bring supplies by the river route to Bridgeport and then furnish the army was impossible, both because of the length of time required, and at that season of the year the stage of the water would not permit the larger boats to pass up the river. The only remaining route was a single line of railway. The actual base of supplies was at Louisville, although there were supplies at Nashville as an intermediate base, but the depot at Nashville depended upon Louisville for its supply. The absolute dependence for rations was therefore upon Louisville.

The distance from Louisville to Nashville is 185 miles, and the distance from Nashville to Chattanooga, the objective point, is 161 miles, being a total distance of 346 miles. The entire line of railway over which rations for the men, and grain for the animals must needs be brought was through a country friendly to the Confederate army. The road crossed many streams spanned by bridges of greater or lesser length, or passed through mountain passes where dangers lurked both by day and night. As a matter of fact almost every mile of the 346 from Louisville to Chattanooga had to be guarded from raids by the Confederate cavalry or by bands of guerrillas that masqueraded during the daylight as inoffensive citizens. Already General Rosecrans had been compelled to leave a large portion of his army along this line of railway to guard against the burning of bridges, or the tearing up of the tracks and destruction of trains in the mountain defiles. It was for the purpose of relieving this

large force that was then guarding the road that General Rosecrans had asked for additional troops.

He had asked for cavalry also, that he might prevent the Confederate cavalry from passing around to his rear and destroying the line of communications. Notwithstanding the fact that all of these conditions that then surrounded, harassed and endangered the Army of the Cumberland, were fully presented to General Halleck, they were absolutely ignored, and even the earnest request for equipments with which to mount 5,000 infantry in order to destroy or prevent the enemy's cavalry from making its raids, were passed by in silence, if not contempt. Every day's advance placed the Union army in greater peril unless the requests were granted.

But aside from the question of a failure of supplies as stated, there was yet a greater danger that was not at all to be forgotten. The Army of the Potomac was lying quiet and Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was in no imminent danger of attack. General Lee and the Confederate War Department was in such position that they could transfer whatever number of troops might be desired to reinforce General Bragg and leave him free to send his entire cavalry force along the line of the railroad to General Rosecrans' rear, and so thoroughly and absolutely destroy the railroad that neither supplies nor reinforcements could come forward to the Army of the Cumberland.

If it was "All quiet on the Potomac," the same conditions prevailed in all of the other departments, and men and guns and supplies and assistance of any or all kinds could be sent to aid General Bragg in the absolute destruction of the army. Subsequent events showed that this was exactly the plan that was adopted by the Southern government.

Under the peremptory orders of August 5, given by General Halleck, there was no course left open to General Rosecrans, and he was compelled with his army to brave all the dangers that surrounded the way. There was only one thing that was left open to the judgment of General Rosecrans, and that was the planning of the campaign. "Chatanooga must be taken," was the order from Washington.

The place was altogether important to both armies, important to the Confederates because it was the key to our advance further South, and if for once it should be securely in our hands it would deprive them of the rich products of Tennessee, on which they had relied for the maintenance of their army. It was important to the general government in that it had been made by nature a remarkably strong position from which to carry on operations toward every direction in the South. To reach Chattanooga the Cumberland range must be crossed and every foot of the ground must be contested if a direct attack was to be made to reach the goal. Stubborn fighting with a continuous loss of men from start to finish could most assuredly be expected, if such a campaign was to be inaugurated. With General Rosecrans' army about equal in point of numbers with that of General Bragg, it was assuming a fearful risk to divide his army and undertake a flank movement. The danger in dividing the army for a flank movement was, that once it was divided for such a system of strategy, then General Bragg with his army intact might fall upon any one portion of the Army of the Cumberland and destroy it before the remaining portions could come to its support, and so in turn destroy each part. This plan of campaign notwithstanding the perilous conditions that surrounded it was the only possible hope for ultimate success. Having determined upon his line of action, on the 16th of August, General Rosecrans commenced the movement across the Cumberland mountains. Two divisions of the Twenty-first corps marching by different routes crossed the mountains into the Sequatchie valley. Two brigades of VanCleve's division of the Twenty-first corps moved to Pikeville, the other brigade, to which the Eighty-sixth Indiana was attached, was yet at McMinnville.

Hazen's brigade of Palmer's division and Wagner's brigade of Wood's division of the Twenty-first corps were sent over Walden's Ridge into the valley of the Tennessee, and Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, together with Lilly's Eighteenth Indiana battery, joined Hazen and Wagner.

While these three brigades were pushing their way over the mountains and into the valley, Minty's Union cavalry were driving before them the remnant of the rebel cavalry that was yet on the west side of the Tennessee river. Having freed the west side of the river from the enemy, Minty and his cavalry created the impression on the minds of the Confederates that Rosecrans was receiving larger reinforcements, as they, Minty's men, rode up and down the river for a distance of thirty miles. These demonstrations also prevented General Bragg from sending troops to ascertain the actual situation of affairs. In the meantime the troops of Hazen, Wagner and Wilder had reached the valley and could be seen by Bragg's army from its position across the river at Chattanooga. Every prominent point and ridge overlooking Chattanooga was filled with tents, unoccupied 'tis true, and at night camp fires were built for miles. At morning bugles sounded reveille from every hill top, and at night tattoo was blown for the imaginary hosts of the Union army overlooking Chattanooga. Lilly's battery was multiplied into many batteries as it appeared from out the woods, and disappeared soon after with its infantry supports to appear again in another place. From the movements of what seemed such large bodies of men General Bragg was entirely deceived as to the intentions of General Rosecrans. Believing that the attack was to come from above and opposite Chattanooga, General Bragg did just what General Rosecrans had wished for, he, Bragg, withdrew the last infantry brigade that was watching the river below Chattanooga, and thus gave General Rosecrans the opportunity to cross the river with his army. The river now being clear, Rosecrans at once began his movement southward, and around Bragg's right to threaten his communications, and thereby force him to abandon his strong position in the mountain country and evacuate Chattanooga.

Let us now briefly examine the topography of the country over and through which the Fourteenth corps under General Thomas, and the Twentieth corps under General McCook, must pass in order to carry out the plans of the cam-

paign. On the east side of the Tennessee river and parallel to it are Sand and Raccoon mountains, with the northern point of Sand mountain abutting on the river opposite Walden's Ridge. East of these two mountain ranges, rising boldly for 2,400 feet above the sea level, is the rocky and precipitous wall of Lookout Mountain, leaving between its perpendicular northern point and the Tennessee river a narrow way cut from the solid rock, leaving between that towering wall of rock and the water's edge barely space wide enough for the railroad trains to find their way around the point of the mountain and into Chattanooga, about two miles distant. Extending southward from the river at this point the Lookout range extends for forty-five miles to what is known as Pigeon mountains. Between these mountains, Lookout and Pigeon, is McLemore's Cove. From McLemore's Cove starts another range of lofty hills and mountains north to east, known as Missionary Ridge. Beyond the east of all these ranges is Chattanooga creek or river, passing through McLemore's Cove and so flowing in a deep and murky stream to the northward, until having united all its branches, it empties itself into the Tennessee about five miles above Chattanooga. Between all of these mountain ranges and General Rosecrans' army flowed the deep waters of the Tennessee river which must be crossed before the flank movements could be begun. At various crossings of this river it was but reasonable to expect to meet some portions of the Confederate army. On August 29, General Rosecrans had pushed an advance column across the river at a point called Caperton's, had captured the rebel pickets, put down his pontoons, and began the work of sending over the army. Crittenden was now concentrating all of his Twenty-first corps, at the Tennessee river, and by September 4, had all of his pontoons in the river at Shell Mound and his troops were passing over, the last to cross being VanCleve's which, with the exception of Dick's brigade, had all crossed by the 7th.

The Union army was then in the following positions: The Twenty-first corps, Crittenden, on the left, advancing by way of Whitesides toward Chattanooga to cross the mountain

ranges near the river. The Fourteenth corps, Thomas, had pushed forward in the center moving southward, and on the morning of September 3 was with his advance over Lookout mountain, twenty-six miles south of Chattanooga. The Twentieth corps, McCook, was on the right, and had moved yet farther south in the vicinity of Alpine and McLemore's Cove, forty-six miles south of Chattanooga. The cavalry was on the extreme right. Never was an army compelled to place itself in so perilous a position as was that into which the Army of the Cumberland was forced from the 9th of September until the morning of the 19th of that month, and as subsequent events showed, had the order of General Bragg to his corps commanders been obeyed, the probabilities are that our Union army would have been utterly destroyed, corps after corps, while in this scattered position.

Having seen the disposition of the troops of General Rosecrans we will now look to the movements of General Bragg and his army. Bragg had found himself being rapidly hemmed in at Chattanooga, with a prospect of having all of his communications cut off. Wilder's mounted brigade with Spencer repeating rifles, and Lilly's Eighteenth Indiana battery, were on the west bank of the Tennessee river opposite Chattanooga, and were then throwing shells into the town. There was nothing left for General Bragg to do but to move out, and fall back southward toward Rome and Lafayette, Georgia, until he could meet the reinforcements he was daily expecting from the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, Buckner's corps from East Tennessee which was then within supporting distance and Johnston's army then on its way to join him and then to fall upon General Rosecrans' scattered army before it could be united and destroy it piece meal. Therefore on the night of September 8, he evacuated Chattanooga. On the afternoon of September 9, Wilder's brigade crossed the river and took possession of Chattanooga. Could it have been possible at this time for General Rosecrans to have united his army at Chattanooga there then would have been closed the most skillfully planned and most daringly executed campaign of the war. In only about three weeks time

General Rosecrans had repeated the Tullahoma campaign though a campaign by far vaster in its scope and results. It was a campaign beset by difficulties and dangers that at the outset seemed to be all but insurmountable, and yet it had been accomplished, with Chattanooga in his possession, and up to that point of time could have been termed almost a bloodless campaign, for it had been accomplished with the loss of only about a hundred men.

Upon retiring from Chattanooga General Bragg, as was afterward learned, sent two of his corps, Polk's and Hill's, to LaFayette by way of Lee & Gordon's Mills. Two other corps, Walker's and Buckner's, were sent by way of Gainesville, near to LaFayette, while his other forces moved by way of Ringgold. Cleburne's division, one of the strongest and best fighting divisions of his army, was thrown forward to try to occupy the gaps in Pigeon mountain. General Bragg established his headquarters at Lee & Gordon's Mills, with Hindman's division.

In order to preserve the record of the Eighty-sixth Indiana, it will be necessary to return to the regiment with its brigade at McMinnville. The monotony of camp life for an army in the field is broken always to a certain extent by the rumors that are set afloat from some indefinable source, in regard to what is or is not to be done by the army. These rumors often have some foundation in fact and serve to give interest and zest to soldier life. Situated as was the regiment and brigade at McMinnville, on the extreme left of the army, it was not possible for anyone, not even the brigade commander, to receive any very reliable information, beyond the fact that important operations of the entire army were contemplated, and such action could be none other than a forward movement which meant a battle in the very near future. Of one thing all had more or less reliable information, and that was that the Second brigade, Third division, Twenty-first corps, would soon be relieved, and would then rejoin its division and corps, but when it would be relieved, or where it would rejoin its division and corps no one knew. This uncertainty and unrest continued through the entire

month of August, and the last day of the month had closed and no orders had been received for the movement.

On September 3, the headquarters of the Third division, Twenty-first corps, were at Jasper, Tennessee, and on that day General VanCleve, by his Adjutant General, Captain E. A. Otis, issued the following special orders, No. 202:

By direction of the General commanding the Twenty-first Army Corps, this command will move to and across the Tennessee river at Shell Mound as soon as the way is open, of which notice will hereafter be given. The troops will be supplied with three days' rations in haversacks, commencing with tomorrow morning. * * * *

Under this order Colonel Dick's brigade moved out from McMinnville to join the division and cross the Tennessee river and bear its part in the Chattanooga-Chickamauga campaign then fairly opened. That afternoon, September 3, at 2 o'clock, the brigade left its comfortable and home-like encampment at McMinnville, marched twelve miles, and bivouacked. The next morning, the 4th, it started early, during the forenoon ascended the Cumberland mountain, and at nightfall encamped on its summit. September 5 the brigade moved out at 6 o'clock, descended the mountain during the day, and at night bivouacked near Dunlap in the Sequatchie valley. September 6 the brigade started at 4 o'clock and marched down the valley all day, and encamped near a big spring. On reaching Jasper, September 7, Colonel Dick received an order from General VanCleve to change his line of march, and instead of going to and crossing the river at Shell Mound, as first ordered, that he should march to and cross the river at Bridgeport. In obedience to this order the route was changed and the brigade passed on through Jasper, crossing Battle Creek and reached Bridgeport and crossed the Tennessee river on the evening of September 7, going into bivouac on the east side of the river about 9 o'clock, at night, having marched during the day twenty-two miles. At 5 o'clock the next morning the brigade again moved out, and marched that day to Whitesides, a distance of fourteen miles.

Of the advance from Whitesides by the Second brigade,

Third division, Twenty-first corps, Colonel George F. Dick, in his report of the battle of Chickamauga, says:

“On September 9, a march of sixteen miles on the Trenton road brought me within ten miles of Chattanooga. On the 10th, I crossed the Lookout Mountain after a considerable delay, occasioned by the difficulty of getting a large supply train which was moving in front of my column, over the road. At the Widow Gillespie's, I halted until my brigade train should come up for the purpose of complying with the order for the reduction of baggage. This caused a delay until 4 p. m., when I again moved forward, reaching Rossville at sunset. Here a courier came in, reporting that about sixty rebel cavalry had attacked General Wood's supply train about two miles ahead. I immediately ordered the Thirteenth Ohio, Fifty-ninth Ohio, and Forty-fourth Indiana regiments, with a section of the Third Wisconsin battery, on the double quick, to drive back the raiders, leaving the Eighty-sixth Indiana as a guard to my own train. After double quicking a little more than two miles, the Fifty-ninth Ohio, being in front, came up to the train, when the enemy withdrew. The road being now clear, I moved my column forward, and at 11 p. m. I came up to General Wood's encampment on Chickamauga creek, where I bivouacked for the night.

At 5 o'clock next morning I was ordered forward to rejoin the division, which order I complied with, arriving at division headquarters, five miles from Ringgold, Georgia, at about 7 a. m., when I reported to Brigadier-General VanCleve. At 9 a. m. I moved with the division in the direction of Ringgold. Marching with the division, I went with it into camp on Dogwood creek, two and a half miles south of Ringgold on the Dalton road.”

The march from the time this brigade left McMinnville until it rejoined the division near Ringgold, as shown by the above itinerary and Colonel Dick's report, was a forced march all the way for eight days. The men of the regiment were in excellent spirits; they had had a rest of two months, during which time they had had an opportunity to procure fruit and fresh vegetables, and the health of the men had been restored, and never in all its history had the regiment been in better condition physically. The road over which they came was dry and dusty, much of the route was through one of the most delightful portions of Tennessee, and the sun was hot during the day, but it was a “forward movement,” and couriers that were met enroute gave most encouraging reports of the advance of the main army. Thus was the weariness of the

march, the heat and the dust, offset by the cheering news, and no complaints of hardships were heard. When the brigade crossed the river at Bridgeport on September 7, it was believed by all that an engagement was imminent and the sound of battle was expected. On the 9th, however, news of the evacuation of Chattanooga was received, and it was then believed by most of the command that a halt would be made at Chattanooga, as it was generally understood that that city was the objective point, and that now being in the hands of General Rosecrans, therefore the campaign would be ended. This delusion was soon dispelled when the orders were received to press on and join the remainder of the command then in pursuit of Bragg's army. The march in pursuit of Bragg was entered upon with hearty good will, and as the Eighty-sixth moved over the railroad around the point of old Lookout and caught sight of the stars and stripes floating over the captured city of Chattanooga a shout went up from the men that was taken up and echoed from Lookout to Missionary Ridge. Catching just a glimpse of the city as the head of the column crossed the creek at the foot of the mountain, the brigade hastened on up Lookout Valley to the southward toward Rossville, the men little dreaming of the terrible ordeal through which they were destined to pass within the following ten days.

Having now united the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the brigade to which it was attached with the division, it is important as a matter of history to be preserved by the regiment and its friends, that the immediate organization of the Twenty-first army corps should here be given. This corps, because of its magnificent record at Chickamauga, has won a place in the hearts of all those who were connected with the Army of the Cumberland. Whether fighting as a complete corps, or taken by detachments and sent to the support of other portions of the army, the officers and men who composed it showed that gallantry and those soldierly qualities that make the American citizen soldier superior to any other soldier of the world. The following roster of the Twenty-first army corps at Chickamauga will doubtless bring to

mind many incidents and scenes which have been covered up in the minds of the comrades by the dust of years that have passed, or been driven from memory, or pushed into the background by the press of business and the struggle to "get on in the world," since the soldier of 1861-1865 has become again the citizen:

TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Major General Thomas L. Crittenden, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier General Thomas J. Wood, Commanding.

First Brigade.

Colonel George P. Buell, Commanding.

One Hundreth Illinois. Thirteenth Michigan.
Fifty-eighth Indiana. Twenty-sixth Ohio.

Eighth Indiana Battery.

Secoud Brigade.

Brigadier General George D. Wagner, Commanding.

Stationed at Chattanooga and not engaged at Chickamauga.

Third Brigade.

Colonel Charles G. Harker, Commanding.

Third Kentucky. Sixty-fifth Ohio.
Sixty-fourth Ohio. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio.

Sixth Ohio Battery.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major General John M. Palmer, Commanding.

First Brigade.

Brigadier General Charles Cruft, Commanding.

Thirty-first Indiana. Second Kentucky.
First Kentucky. Ninetieth Ohio.

First Ohio Light, Battery B.

Secoud Brigade.

Brigadier General William B. Hazen, Commanding.

Ninth Indiana. Forty-first Ohio.
Sixth Kentucky. One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio.

First Ohio Light, Battery F.

Third Brigade.

Colonel William Grose, Commanding.

Eighty-fourth Illinois. Twenty-third Kentucky.
Thirty-sixth Indiana. Twenty-fourth Ohio.

Fourth United States Artillery, Battery H.

Fourth United States Artillery, Battery M.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brigadier General Horatio P. VanCleve, Commanding.

First Brigade.

Brigadier General Samuel Beatty, Commanding.

Seventy-ninth Indiana.	Seventeenth Kentucky.
Ninth Kentucky.	Nineteenth Ohio.
Seventh Indiana Battery.	

Second Brigade.

Colonel George F. Dick, Commanding.

Forty-fourth Indiana.	Thirteenth Ohio.
Eighty-sixth Indiana.	Fifty-ninth Ohio.
Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Battery.	

Third Brigade.

Colonel Sidney M. Barnes, Commanding.

Thirteenth Indiana.	Twenty-first Kentucky.
Eighth Kentucky.	Fifty-first Ohio.
Ninty-ninth Ohio.	Third Wisconsin Battery.

The entire movements of General Bragg after leaving Chattanooga and his designs were shrouded in mystery in so far as General Rosecrans was able to discover. Of course it was all made manifest later on, and the rebel army was found to have been posted as stated in the foregoing portion of this chapter. After the division of General VanCleve was united then was begun the same tactics that had been pursued by the Twenty-first army corps in the valley opposite Chattanooga before Bragg evacuated the place. It was to be a system of strategy for the purpose of deceiving and misleading General Bragg, if possible, as to the situation and condition of the Army of the Cumberland. It was now a matter of vital importance to General Rosecrans that no general engagement should be brought on until his army could be again united. Although the pursuit of the Confederate army was entered upon by the troops of the Twenty-first corps with a most commendable degree of enthusiasm, no one, not even the commanding general, realized the perilous situation in which it was being placed. The true condition of affairs was, however, soon made manifest to General Rosecrans and at least to all of the general officers, whether it was to the rank and file or not.

On September 12, the Twenty-first corps marched from

Ringgold and bivouacked near to and about Lee & Gordon's Mills. On the night of September 9, General Bragg had ordered General Hindman, then at Lee & Gordon's Mills, to march to Davis' cross roads, and there to make a junction with General Cleburne's forces, and both were to attack Negley's division of General Thomas' corps then advancing from Stevens' Gap toward LaFayette, where, it was afterward learned, General Bragg had concentrated his army, and where he was then receiving large reinforcements from Virginia and Mississippi. These orders were not obeyed, but had they been executed promptly, Negley's division, isolated as it was, would have been, in all probability, utterly destroyed. General Hill, who should have had the immediate command of the two divisions that were to have attacked General Negley, reported to General Bragg that the mountain gaps through which he would have to pass were so obstructed with felled timber that he could not get through in less than twenty-four hours. By the time the twenty-four hours had passed, General Baird, commanding the First division of Thomas' corps, had joined General Negley, and thus Negley was placed on nearer an equal footing with the column that was to have made the attack. Again on September 10, General Bragg issued the order to make the attack, sending forward two additional divisions of the Confederate army as reinforcements. Again there was the delay of a day in the execution of General Bragg's orders, and in that time the other two divisions of General Thomas' corps had joined Negley and Baird, and with them General Thomas in person, and the center of our army was secure for the time being. These events now bring the reader to the day on which Crittenden's corps, falling back from Ringgold, had concentrated at Lee & Gordon's Mills. Thomas, with the Fourteenth corps, and McCook, with the Twentieth corps, were from twenty to forty miles away, with mountain ranges and almost impassable roads separating them from Crittenden's corps. The Twenty-first corps, Crittenden's, was then entirely isolated from all support and absolutely powerless to withstand a combined attack from General Bragg's army, if

that officer should determine to concentrate his forces and make the attack. And this was exactly the movement that was then contemplated by General Bragg.

On September 12, General Bragg with his headquarters at LaFayette, Georgia, at 6 p. m., issued the following order to Lieutenant General Polk:

GENERAL:—I enclose you a dispatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed and the others are yours. We can then turn again on the force in the Cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilder so as to cover your right. I shall be delighted to hear of your success.

On that evening, however, after receiving the orders General Polk notified General Bragg that additional troops should be sent to him. He said:

"I am clearly of the opinion that you should send me additional forces, so as to make failure impossible, and great success here would be of incalculable benefit to our cause."

The entire day passed and General Polk awaited for reinforcements, and at the close of the day the entire corps of Crittenden had united. At night, on September 12, General Bragg again writes General Polk:

"Your position seems to be a strong one for defense, but I hope will not be held unless the enemy attacks early. We must force him to fight at the earliest moment, and before his combination can be carried out. * * * * * However, to avoid all danger, I shall put Buckner in motion in the morning and run the risk here. You must not delay attack for his arrival, or another golden opportunity may be lost by the withdrawal of our game. * * * * Action, prompt and decided, is all that can save us."

On the very day that this attack was ordered to be made by General Bragg on Crittenden, September 13, General Crittenden, after placing his corps in position, ordered General VanCleve, with General Beatty's brigade, supported by Colonel Dick's brigade, to make a reconnoissance beyond Lee & Gordon's Mills on the Lafayette road. At the same time Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, with General Cruft's brigade as support, was ordered to reconnoitre to the left through Pea Vine valley. The same day the Fourth United States cavalry reported to General Crittenden for duty, and

he ordered them to reconnoitre the road toward McLemore's Cove.

General VanCleve moved out in obedience to his orders, crossing Chickamauga creek and advancing for three miles toward LaFayette. This reconnoissance developed the fact the enemy was in front in some considerable force, but from General VanCleve's report it is evident that he went back to his position at Lee & Gordon's Mills in blissful ignorance of the exact situation in his front that day. In his report to General Crittenden after the battle of Chickamauga, in detailing his movements for each day from the 4th to the 21st of September, he says:

"On the 13th, by your order, I made a reconnoissance with my division three miles toward LaFayette. We met the rebel cavalry immediately after passing our picket line, and with sharp skirmishing drove them back. Two privates of the Nineteenth Ohio were mortally wounded by a solid shot. Captain Drury, Chief of Artillery, and Lieutenant Clark, Company G, Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers, were seriously wounded. The loss of the enemy is unknown."

At the end of the three miles advance General VanCleve halted and rested his command, giving the men an opportunity to eat a lunch before he started on the return. Not one of the officers or men either of Dick's brigade, or of Beatty's brigade, as they ate theirhardtack that Sunday noon of September 13, 1863, imagined for one instant that only one mile farther on the greater part of Bragg's army were waiting for what they supposed Crittenden's advance to fall into their hands. Had General Polk obeyed the orders of his chief, which were to fall upon Crittenden that morning, he would have caught General VanCleve all unprepared for the discovery of so much force, soon after he, VanCleve, had crossed the Chickamauga, and the two brigades would have been litterly overrun and annihilated. The same condition of affairs confronted Wilder's brigade that day. Had Wilder but pushed forward on his reconnoissance one mile further than where he halted and turned back, he would have struck the solid right wing of Bragg's army. The greater the examination of the history of the battle of Chickamauga one makes, the more it is apparent that Chicka-

mauga was full of blunders, and failures on the part of the Confederate army, and of *escapes* for the Union army. The failure of Hindman and Cleburne to strike Negley, was a blunder on their part, and an escape for 'Thomas' corps. The failure of Polk with his overwhelming force to strike Crittenden on the morning of September 13 with VanCleve's division on the east bank of the Chickamauga, and Wilder's brigade with their breech loading Spencer rifles out of reach on the left, with the cavalry towards McLemore's Cove, and the remainder of the corps all unconscious of its danger, was the greatest blunder and mistake of the Confederates, and the crowning escape not only of Crittenden's corps, but in its final results, as we shall see a little further on, the almost miraculous escape of the Army of the Cumberland as well. General Polk's timidity and the lack of enforcing orders by General Bragg on Sunday, September 13, was the pivot on which absolute defeat and ruin to General Rosecrans turned to an ultimate victory in the holding of Chattanooga.

Bragg after the failure of Polk on Sunday, resolved upon another line of action differing only in the manner of its execution, from the one he had mapped out in his orders to General Polk when he ordered *him* to fall upon Crittenden's corps. His new plan was fully developed in his orders which were issued to his army a few days later. In this new plan he proposed to move down on the east side of the Chickamauga and cross the stream between Chattanooga and Lee & Gordon's Mills, destroy General Crittenden's corps, then to follow up his victory and attack General Thomas and destroy or scatter his command in the mountains, thus leaving General McCook with his corps, utterly powerless, away from supplies, away from all hope of assistance and at the mercy of the Confederate army, with Chattanooga again in his grasp whenever at his leisure he might see fit to take it, and with the way once more open for a triumphant march northward. The plan was an excellent one, and it does seem now in the light of all the facts, as if there was no possible hindrance to its successful accomplishment. By interposing his army between Chattanooga and Crittenden's left,

Bragg would be in no danger of being caught between the Twenty-first corps and the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, which might come up before the Twenty-first was disposed of. But here again came another blunder of General Bragg. He was too slow, and allowed four days to pass before he issued his final orders for the advance of his army. General Rosecrans, in the meantime, had gained information that Bragg was in receipt of a large reinforcement, and that General Longstreet, with his famous corps of the Army of Northern Virginia was enroute also to further strengthen General Bragg. General Rosecrans also had received such information as led him to believe that General Bragg was concentrating towards the Union left. At once he, Rosecrans, undertook to concentrate the Army of the Cumberland on Crittenden's corps. General Rosecrans in his report covering the date of September 12, says:

"Thus it was ascertained that the enemy was concentrating all his forces, both infantry and cavalry, behind Pigeon Mountain, in the vicinity of LaFayette, while the corps of this army were at Gordon's Mills, Bailey's cross-roads, at the foot of Stevens' Gap, and at Alpine, a distance of forty miles from flank to flank, by the nearest practical roads, and fifty-seven miles by the route subsequently taken by the Twentieth army corps. It had already been ascertained that the main body of Johnston's army had joined Bragg, and accumulation of evidence showed that the troops from Virginia had reached Atlanta on the first of the month, and that reinforcements were expected to arrive soon from that quarter. It was now a matter of life and death to effect the concentration of the army."

The plan adopted by General Rosecrans for the concentration of his army was for General McCook with his corps to join General Thomas at McLemore's Cove, then to move General Thomas to the left permitting General McCook to take the place of General Thomas, and then by forced marches to move both of their corps to the rear of and to the left of General Crittenden's corps. Thus in the formation as was then contemplated and as was afterward carried out leaving General Crittenden's corps so that it would become the right wing of the army instead of the left. While these preparations for consolidating the army were in progress, the troops of Crittenden's corps were kept busy in making

reconnoissances, and by moving about were making a show of strength. On the night of September 12, at midnight, General McCook received his order to join General Thomas at McLemore's Cove, and he at once commenced a movement which required him five days to execute, reaching his position with General Thomas on the 17th. Five long, anxious and dangerous days for the small body of the army along Chickamauga creek. Five days in which at any time Bragg might have destroyed Crittenden and have thrown his whole force against Thomas and destroyed him before McCook could get up. As soon as McCook had joined Thomas the movement to the left began and on the night of the 17th these two corps had pushed well on toward Crittenden.

On the night of the 17th, General Bragg issued his orders for the movement of his corps and for the opening of the battle, and it was intended that the movements named in the order should all be made so that Bragg should open the battle by 6 o'clock on the morning of the 18th. The orders as issued by General Bragg, dated at Leet's Tan Yard, September 18, 1863, read as follows :

1. Johnson's column, (Hood's), on crossing at or near Reed's bridge, will turn to the left by the most practicable route, and sweep up the Chickamauga toward Lee & Gordon's Mills.

2. Walker, crossing at Alexander bridge, will unite in this move—and push vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction.

3. Buckner, crossing at Thedford's ford, will join in the movement to the left, and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee & Gordon's Mills.

4. Polk will press his forces to the front of Lee & Gordon's Mills, and if met by too much resistance to cross, will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's ford, or at Thedford's, as may be necessary, and join in the attack wherever the enemy may be.

5. Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the Cove, and by pressing the cavalry in his front, ascertain if the enemy is reinforcing at Lee & Gordon's Mills, in which event he will attack them in flank.

6. Wheeler's cavalry will hold the gaps in Pigeon Mountain and cover our rear and left, and bring up stragglers.

7. All teams, etc., not with troops, shall go toward Ringgold and

Dalton, beyond Taylor's Ridge. All cooking shall be done at the trains. Rations when cooked will be forwarded to the troops.

8. The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness, vigor and persistence.

Between General Bragg and General Crittenden run the deep and muddy waters of the Chickamauga, with banks that were steep, and the crossings, difficult for artillery and ammunition trains, were narrow and poor. To make these crossings the more difficult, each one was guarded by a strong detachment from Wilder's mounted infantry and Minty's cavalry, each detachment being supported or assisted with artillery. This was a force not counted upon by General Hood in his calculation. Beside this his command did not get under way early in the morning, and it was after noon of that day before the advance of the different corps approached their points of crossing, and when these were reached they found a sufficient force to dispute their passage and the crossing was not effected until late in the evening, too late to carry out the plans as laid down in General Bragg's order. Only a part of Bragg's army got across that evening and the Union troops were constantly on the guard.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

The Opening Ball—The Eighty-sixth in at the Beginning—Dick's Brigade in Support of Wilder—Important Points on the Field Described—Position of Rosecrans' Troops—Waiting in Suspense—The Orders Arrive—The Regiment goes in—A Vivid Portrayal of the First Day's Contest—The Lines Reformed for the Second Day—The Bloody Contest Rages With Unabated Fury—The Various Movements of the Regiment, Brigade and Division—The Charges at the Kelly and Poe Fields—The Break in the Lines—Longstreet in the Charge—On Snodgrass Hill and Harker Hill—Steadman's Troops Come Up—Confederates Gain Possession of the LaFayette Road on the Left—Final Repulse of Longstreet at Snodgrass Hill—Withdrawal of Union Troops—Strength of the Armies and Losses at Chickamauga—Estimates of the Battle by Confederate Officers—Indiana at Chickamauga.

On September 18, Dick's brigade lay during the forenoon at Crawfish Springs, two miles west and south, by the wagon road, from Lee & Gordon's Mills. The horses stood hitched to the artillery for any emergency. The troops had just finished their noon meal and were sitting about waiting for the next move, when from the north came the report of artillery announcing the opening of the battle at Alexander's bridge and Reed's bridge. The troops were now fully aroused as they began to thoroughly realize that the battle was opening. For several days it had been expected, but no one realized the severity with which the contest was to rage for the next two days after these opening shots. The brigade did not have long for speculation or conjecture upon the opening of the engagement, before there came an order to Colonel Dick to push forward his brigade as rapidly as possible to the support of General Thomas J. Wood, who was then threatened by General Polk's advance at Lee & Gordon's Mills. There was no delay in getting off after the order was received, and the Eighty-sixth Indiana with the other regiments of the brigade, reached the position on the

left of Wood in time to see the first of the wounded cavalry and mounted infantry coming in from Wilder and Minty's command. Until the sun went down on the afternoon of the 18th of September, the fight was between the cavalry and mounted infantry of Rosecrans, and the head of the columns of Bragg. The day, however, was practically lost to Bragg, in so far as the speedy and successful execution of his plans were concerned.

The soldiers who took part in the battle of Chickamauga and who have not visited Chickamauga since the battle, may have forgotten to a certain extent the roads and locations that were prominent in that battle, and the reader of this sketch who has not been on the battle-field should know of the different positions as they are named as important points in the battle.

The Chattanooga & LaFayette road, spoken of during the battle as the LaFayette road, is a wagon road leading a little east of south from Chattanooga to Rossville, a distance of four miles, where it passes through Missionary Ridge by what is known as Rossville Gap. Near Rossville and a very little to the north, is the boundary line between Tennessee and Georgia. The LaFayette road, after passing through Rossville Gap runs southeast for near two miles, and then runs due south through or near the center of the battle-field to Lee & Gordon's Mills, eight miles and a half from Rossville and twelve and a half miles from Chattanooga, and thirteen miles yet further south of Lee & Gordon's Mills is LaFayette. Along the line of this LaFayette road are for the most part the important positions where the battle raged on September 19th and 20th. As the battle opened our right lay at Lee & Gordon's Mills, and to the east side of the LaFayette road, faced east, and as all of the movements of the battle were to our left, or northward, the points will be named beginning at Lee & Gordon's Mills and going to our left, north toward Chattanooga on this road. First is Viniard's, one mile and a half north of the mill, Brotherton's, a mile and a small fraction north of Viniard's; Poe's, a quarter of a mile north of Brotherton's; Kelly's, three-fourths of a mile

north of Poe's; McDaniel's, four-fifths of a mile north of Kelly's; Cloud's, a half mile north of McDaniel's. With these points borne in mind it will not be difficult to locate in the mind the position to the east or west of the LaFayette road. The Widow Glenn's is almost directly west of Viniard's, about three-quarters of a mile. Dyer's is west of the Brotherton house about a half mile; Snodgrass Hill is northwest of the Kelly field about a mile. North of Snodgrass Hill a half mile is Harker's Hill, a ridge running in a northeasterly direction toward the LaFayette road. On the east side of the LaFayette road is Jay's mill, about two and an eighth miles southeast from McDaniel's; Reed's bridge, two and half miles southeast from McDaniel's; Alexander's bridge, a little south of east of Viniard's two and three-quarter miles; the Brock field east of Brotherton's a mile. Intermediate between the houses named here are the fields and woods belonging to the parties indicated by the names given.

As stated, the forces of Wilder held at bay the advance of General Walker at Alexander's bridge until about dark when Wilder fell back toward the LaFayette road, and halted on the east line of the Viniard farm. Here he posted his troops in the best manner possible to prevent the rebel force from reaching the LaFayette road and cutting off the line between Crittenden and Chattanooga. The enemy, however, advanced in such force as to endanger Wilder's position, when he called upon General Crittenden for assistance. Colonel Dick's brigade being the nearest to Wilder it was ordered forward and directed to form on Wilder's right. This was done by placing the Forty-fourth Indiana and the Fifty-ninth Ohio regiments on the line, while the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio were held in reserve. During the night a very determined effort, as it seemed, was begun to force back our lines and gain the LaFayette road, but the resistance was so hot, and the rebels not being able to ascertain the length or strength of our lines because of the darkness, after some severe firing, relinquished the movement and fell back out of range and thus rested for the night.

Returning now to the movements of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, we find Thomas and McCook had kept quiet during the day of the 18th but as soon as night had come these two corps at once started from Pond Spring to push through with all possible dispatch to reach Crittenden's left and interpose their lines between the right of Bragg's army and the route to Chattanooga. Upon reaching Crawfish Springs, Negley's division was turned to the southeast to Glass' mill to watch the flank and prevent any surprise from that direction, and Thomas with the other three of his divisions pressed on through the darkness northward past the Widow Glenn's, leaving the Lafayette road to his right and finally turning east, striking that road at the Kelly farm. From that point General Brannan's division moved eastward to Jay's mill and at daylight was in line ready for the battle that was soon to open. Before the dawn had fully come General Thomas had his forces all in position on the left of Crittenden, while McCook was at Crawfish Springs ready to fall into line wherever he should be most needed. The 18th of September had passed and with it all prospect for General Bragg to destroy Crittenden's corps. With it had gone the victory that he had seen within his grasp when he issued his orders on the 17th. By his delays and tardiness in moving he had lost all chance to pass around the left of the Union army and interpose between it and Chattanooga. The dawn of the 19th was to be a surprise for General Bragg even greater than he had anticipated giving to General Crittenden. Prior to this time the Army of the Cumberland had shown its prowess in fighting as an advancing and aggressive army. It was now to fight on the defensive, and it was ready to show, and did show, that its courage and staying qualities were even greater than any of its former daring and deeds of valor.

Let us examine the position of the troops of General Rosecrans on the morning of September 19th before the opening of the battle. Crittenden's corps still occupied the left of the line extending from Lee & Gordon's Mills northward. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry and Colonel

Dick's brigade had just before daylight been withdrawn from the east side of the Viniard farm, east of the LaFayette road, and Wilder's brigade was now formed in line of battle on the ridge in the edge of the woods on the west side of the Viniard farm, west of the LaFayette road. This brigade at that time formed the extreme right of the army. Thomas, however, was moving into position on the north, and he soon had his three divisions across the LaFayette road extending in a northeasterly line to Jay's mill, facing southward. At this time there was a gap in our lines between the left of Crittenden and the right of Wilder. McCook's corps, the Twentieth, was at Crawfish Springs, awaiting orders, yet within easy reach of any position that might need his troops. General Steadman with his reserve corps was at Rossville. Fortune and misfortune were with General Rosecrans' army that morning. Fortune, in that our army was altogether, and that General Bragg was resting in the full belief that Rosecrans' forces were yet in the same position that they were on the morning of the 18th, with Crittenden isolated and alone at Lee & Gordon's Mills, and Thomas and Granger many miles distant on the right. All of this was fortunate for the Union army, but it was unfortunate that Rosecrans did not know that the rebel army was that morning well nigh all across on the west side of the Chickamauga. Brannan's division in position near Jay's mill, on the extreme left of our line, met Forest's cavalry about 7:30 a. m., and at once the battle of the 19th opened. One after another of the brigades extending toward the right took up the battle and the rush and roar of the contest extended toward the right from Jay's mill on past Thomas' corps to Crittenden's, while Negley's division at Glass' mill, nearly nine miles away from our left, was engaged with the enemy. But what of Dick's brigade and the Eighty-sixth Indiana?

As before stated this brigade just before daylight had been relieved from duty with Wilder's brigade and moved to the rear a short distance, and toward Lee & Gordon's Mills, into an open field there to prepare breakfast, and to get such

rest as might be possible, until such time as the services of the regiment and brigade might be needed.

The sun had scarcely appeared above the tops of the trees until the opening fire of the battle was heard away on its left. In a short time another shot, sounding as if one army or the other was feeling its way. The distance was too great to hear any sounds of musketry, but the artillery shots soon provoked answering shots, as if both armies were fully set in battle array before the opening gun was fired, for the firing seemed to run along the entire front in a very brief space of time. Now the firing on the left grows stronger, and between the artillery shots one catches the sound of musketry. Stronger and stronger grows the contest, and nearer, too, for there breaks upon the ear one continuous roar of artillery from the left, sweeping onward as the minutes sped, while volley after volley of musketry tells that the two armies have come together in the first charges of the battle.

The contest gathers in strength as on it comes sweeping down on to the lines in front of where Dick's brigade waited, sweeping on to the right until it becomes one commingled roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, dying away in the dull and sullen thunder of Negley's guns on the farthest-most right.

The men of the Eighty-sixth can see none of the lines that are engaged, but from the sound of the battle it is believed by all that the Union army is holding its position against the furious charges that are being made upon it.

A lull for a few moments comes in the deadly contest, and only a few scattering shots are heard along the line. Looking now to the front of the Eighty-sixth Indiana through an opening in the trees, may be seen, crossing a ridge, the marching columns of the enemy as he moves toward the left of our army, massing his forces against the troops of Thomas, preparatory to the terrible work of that Saturday afternoon along the line at Viniard's, at Brotherton's, in the Brock field, and at Poe's, in the desperate struggle to turn the left and get between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. The

lessening of the storm, however, is but brief, for again the sound of the contest begins to gather, and grows rapidly in strength. It came on like the blasts of a tornado, sounding louder and louder, stronger and yet stronger it rages, until it bursts upon the listener in a great rush and roar of terrible sound, before which those who hear and are not a part of it, stand in awe, and, looking each the other in the face, dare not speak.

Over on the right it again broke forth, and with renewed strength rolled on down the lines, growing fiercer and fiercer, and louder and louder, as additional forces were brought into the contest, until it reached the extreme left in a crashing, tumultuous sound, when backward it would sweep to the right, only again to go rolling, and jarring and thundering in its fury as backward and forward it swept, that fearful storm of war. It was as when broad ocean is lashed to fury by the tempest, when great rolling waves come chasing one the other in their mighty rage, until they strike with deafening roar the solid walls of rock on the shore, only to be broken and driven back upon other incoming waves as strong, or stronger than they had been. So came to the ears of those waiting troops, the sound of that mighty tempest of war—volley after volley of musketry rolling in waves of dreadful sound, one upon the other, to which was added the deep sounding of the artillery, like heavy thunders peal through the rushing roar of the tempest, making the ground under foot tremble with the fearful shocks as they came and went, each more terrible than the former. It was evident to those who listened that the enemy with his mighty and superior numbers was making most desperate efforts to overwhelm and break the Union lines.

Through that forenoon—and it seemed almost as though its hours would never pass—the Eighty-sixth and its brigade waited outside that contest, and heard that fearful, that terrible death dealing tornado as it raged in front and all about them, and could see the constantly moving columns of the enemy's infantry with flying flags, and could see battery after battery as they moved before them like a great pano-

rama unfolding in the opening on the ridge to which reference has been made.

Dick's brigade had been sent back, as stated, to rest after a night on duty, but rest there was none. The guns of the infantry stood stacked in line, and the battery of six guns, attached to the brigade, stood just in rear of the troops, with all the horses hitched to guns and caissons ready to move at any instant. Now and then a stray shot or shell would fly over the heads of these men and strike in the ground or burst in the air, to their rear.

The men grew restless, that restlessness that comes to men in that most trying of all times in the life of a soldier, when he hears the battle raging with all the might of the furies about him, when now and then he can catch the sound of the distant shouts that tell all too plainly that the charge is on, and can hear the first shot that begins that rattling, tearing, shrieking sound of the volleys of musketry, and of the shot, and shell and canister of the artillery that drowns in its fury the shouts and cheers of the charging lines, and that tells to the experienced soldier that the charge is met by determined and heroic troops, and that great gaps are being torn in the lines—that men and comrades are being torn and mangled and killed.

In such moments and under such circumstances as these, strong men pale, and the body grows hot and weak, and the heart of the bravest almost ceases to beat; then it is that the hearer realizes to the fullest extent that war is terrible.

The men are hungry, but they cannot eat; they are tired and worn, but they cannot rest, the limbs and feet ache, and they cannot sit down; they lie prone upon the ground, but in that position the sound of the battle is intensified, and they rise up; speak to them if you will, and they answer you as if in a dream; they laugh, but it is a laugh that has no joy in it. The infantry stay close to their gun stacks; the artillerymen, drivers and gunners, stand near to their posts of duty, in a terrible, fearful state of unrest. That body of men who thus stood almost unnerved on that September day were not lacking in true soldierly qualities.

Their bravery had been tested on other fields. They had passed through the ordeal at Donelson, at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Stone's River. There they had met the enemy in the hottest and fiercest of the battle with all the bravery and firmness of the Roman, and again when the time shall come for them under orders to take their place in the charging line, or in position with their comrades to receive the enemy's assault, they will not be found wanting. Thus hour after hour was passed by these waiting troops in a dreadful state of anxiety and suspense. There were no tidings from the front. They only knew that the battle was fearful, terrible. Noontime came and passed, and still the battle raged with undiminished fury, and this brigade still waited orders to move. Another hour beyond midday had passed, and the second was drawing toward its close, when suddenly from out the woods to the front and left of Dick's brigade onto the open field, dashed an officer, his horse urged to its greatest speed toward the expectant troops. The men see him coming, and in an instant a new life has taken possession of them. "There comes orders," are the words that pass from lip to lip along that line. Without commands the lines are reformed behind the gun stacks, ready for the command, "Take arms." The cannoneers stand at their posts ready to mount limber chest and caisson. The drivers "stand to horse," and with hand on rein and toe in stirrup, for details of the drill are forgotten in the feverish anxiety for the command to "mount" and away. How quick, how great the change at the prospect of freedom from the suspense of the day. The eye has lighted up, the arm has again grown strong, and the nerves are once more steady. All is now eagerness for the work that must be before them. Every head is bent forward to catch, if possible, the first news from the front, and to hear the orders that are to be given. All are thoroughly aroused; there will soon be no more suspense. It is to be action for Dick's brigade on until the close of the battle. Nearer and nearer comes the rider. Now could be distinguished his features, and one could see the fearful earnestness that was written on every line of his face. He leaned

forward as he rode, in such haste he was. The horse he rode had caught the spirit of the rider, and horse and rider by their every movement made, told to the experienced soldiers to whom they were hastening that there was to be work for them, that the urgency was great, and that the peril was imminent.

How much there is of life, of the soldier's life in time of war, that cannot be painted on canvas or described in words. It is the inexpressible part, that something in the face, in the eye, in the swaying of the body, the gesture of the hand, and the officer, the soldier, reads in those movements and appearances the very facts, terrible in detail, that are afterwards put into words. No one who has seen the life of the soldier in actual warfare but has just seen such occasions and just such faces. Such was the face, and such the movement of that staff officer that afternoon of September 19, 1863. He had not spoken a word, there had been no uplifting of the hand as he rode across that field, but that indescribable appearance spoke for him. Every soldier as he saw him, read that face and form as though from an open book, yes, and read in all its awful, dreadful meaning that his comrades were in deepest peril, and that help must be borne quickly, or all hope would be gone, and thus reading, every man was ready to do his full duty. Not long delayed were the orders, and as he approaches, this officer is met by Colonel Dick, as anxious to receive the orders as he is to give them. The command comes in quick, sharp words: "The General presents his compliments and directs that you move your brigade at once to the support of General Beatty. Take the road, moving by the flank to the right, double quick. I am to direct you," and then he added so those who stood near heard the words, "Our men are hard pressed." The last sentence was all that was said in words as to the condition of our troops, but it was enough, and those who heard knew they had read aright before he had spoken.

Scarce had the orders been received by Colonel Dick, when the command, "Take—Arms!" was heard along the line, and the artillery bugle sounded for cannoneers and

drivers, "Mount." It scarcely took the time required to tell it for the brigade to get in motion moving out of the field and onto the road. The artillery took the beaten road, the infantry alongside. It was a grand scene as the men moved quickly into place, closing up the column and waiting but a moment for the command to move.

The guns of the infantry are at right shoulder, and all have grown eager for the order, "Forward." The bugle sounds the first note of the command. Now look along that column; the men are leaning forward for the start; the drivers on the artillery teams tighten the rein in the left hand, and, with the whip in the uplifted right arm, rise in their stirrups; and as the last note of the bugle is sounded, the crack of the whips of thirty-six drivers over the backs of as many horses, and the stroke of the spurs, sends that battery of six guns and its caissons rattling and bounding over that road, while the infantry alongside are straining every nerve as they hasten to the relief of the comrades so hard pressed. The spirits of the men grow higher and higher with each moment of the advance. The rattling of the artillery and the hoof beats of the horses add to the excitement of the onward rush, infantry and artillery thus side by side vieing each with the other which shall best do his part. Now, as they come nearer, the storm of the battle seems to grow greater and greater. On and yet on they press, until reaching the designated point, the artillery is turned off to the left on to a ridge, and go into position along its crest, while the lines of the infantry are being formed to the right of the road over which they have just been hurrying. The brigade lines are scarcely formed, and the command to move forward given, when the lines which are in the advance are broken by a terrific charge of the enemy, and are driven back in confusion onto our line—friend and foe so intermingled that a shot cannot be fired without inflicting as much injury on our men as upon the enemy.

The artillery, on the crest of the ridge back of the brigade, have unlimbered and gone into action, and its shells are

now flying overhead into the woods, where the enemy's lines had been. Confusion seems to have taken possession of our lines, and, to add to it, the lines to the right have been broken and the enemy is sweeping past our flank. The order is given to fall back on line with the artillery. Out of the wood, under the fire of the cannon, the men hasten. Now on the crest of that ridge, without works of any kind to shelter them, the troops are again hastily formed, and none too soon. Down the gentle sloop of that ridge, and away to the right and left and front stretches an open field, without tree or shrub to break the force of the balls. In front, and at the edge of the field, two hundred yards away, runs the road parallel with our lines; beyond the road the heavy timber where the Confederate lines are formed, and well protected in their preparations for their charge. Scarce had the lines been formed when the sharp crack of the rifles along our front, and the whistling of the balls over our heads, gave us warning that the advance of the enemy had begun, and in an instant the shouts of the skirmishers are drowned by the shout that goes up from the charging column as it starts down in the woods. The men are ready. The Eighty-sixth Indiana is on the left of the brigade, the Seventh Indiana battery—six guns—is on the right of the regiment; Battery M, Fourth United States artillery, is on its left. The gunners and every man of those two batteries are at their posts of duty, the tightly drawn lines in their faces showing their purpose there to stand for duty or die. To the right of the Seventh Indiana battery was the Forty-fourth Indiana and beyond this to the right is the remainder of the brigade with its battery. Officers pass the familiar command of caution along the line—"Steady, men, steady." The shout of the charging foe comes rapidly on; now they burst out of the woods and onto the road. As if touched by an electric cord, so quick and so in unison was it, the rifles leap to the shoulder along the ridge where wave the stars and stripes. Now the enemy is in plain view along the road covering the entire front; you can see them, as with cap visors drawn well down over their eyes, the gun at the

charge, with short, shrill shout they come, and the colors of Johnson's division of Longstreet's corps can be seen, flushed with victory, confronting us. The men on the ridge recognized the gallantry of their charging foe, and their pride is touched as well. All this is but the work of an instant, when, just as that long line of gray has crossed the road, quick and sharp rings out along the line the command "Ready—Fire!" It seems to come to infantry and artillery at the same instant, and out from the rifles of the men and the mouths of those cannons leap the death-dealing bullet and canister; again and again, with almost lightning rapidity, they pour in their deadly, merciless fire, until along that entire ridge it has become almost one continuous volley, one sheet of flame. Now that corps that had known little of defeat begins to waver; their men had fallen thick and fast about them. Again and yet again the volleys are poured into them, and the artillery on our right and left have not ceased their deadly work. No troops can long withstand such fire; their lines waver, another volley and they are broken and now fall back in confusion. The charge was not long in point of time, but was terrible in its results to the foe.

Along the entire line to the right and left the battle raged with increased fury. We are now on the defensive; and all can judge that the lull in front is only the stillness that forebodes the more terrible storm that is to come. A few logs and rails are hastily gathered together to form a slight breastwork. Soon the scattering shots that began to fall about us, like the first heavy drops of the rain storm, gave warning that the foe was again moving to the attack. Again we are ready, now lying behind our hastily-prepared works. Again is heard the shout as on he comes with more determination than before; but with even greater courage do our men determine to hold their lines. The artillery is double shotted with canister. Again the command, "Fire!" and hotter, fiercer than before the battle rages along our front. Shout is answered with shout, shot by shot tenfold, until again the assailants break before that

terrible death dealing fire and are again forced back. But why repeat further the story of that Saturday afternoon. Again and again were those charges repeated along that line, only to be hurled back—broken than and shattered. It did seem as though our men were more human. The artillerymen worked as never before. Their guns—double shotted—had scarce delivered their charges, when before the gun could complete its recoil, it was caught by strong arms, made doubly strong in that fever heat of battle, was again in position, again double shotted, and again fired into the face of the foe. The arm bared, the veins standing out in great strong lines, the hat or cap gone from the head, the eyes starting almost from the socket, the teeth set, the face beaded with perspiration, balls falling all about them, those men of the Seventh Indiana battery and Battery M seemed to be supernaturally endowed with strength. Their comrades of the infantry vied with them in acts of heroism, and daring, and endurance. They shouted defiance at the foe with every shot; with face and hands begrimed in the smoke and dust and heat of the battle; with comrades falling about them, the survivors thought only of vengeance. All the horses on two of the guns of the Seventh Indiana battery were shot down; another charge is beginning; those two guns might be lost; they must be gotten back. Quick as thought a company of infantry spring to the guns, one hand holding the rifle, the other on the cannon, and with the shot falling thick and fast in and about them, drag the guns over the brow of the ridge and down into the woods, just in the rear of our lines, and hasten back again to take their places in lines, ready to meet the on-coming charge. An artilleryman is shot down; a man from the infantry takes his place and obeys orders as best he can. When the charge began our men were lying down. Then, in the midst of it, so great became the excitement, so intense the anxiety, all fear and prudence vanished, and the men leaped to their feet, and would fire and load, and fire and load, in the wildest frenzy of desperation. They had lost all ideas of danger, or the strength of the assailant. It was this absolute *desperation* of

the men that held our lines. A soldier or officer was wounded ; unless the wound was mortal or caused the fracture of a limb, they had the wound tied or bandaged as best they could, some tearing up their blouses for bandages, and again took their places in the lines beside their more fortunate comrades. Each man felt the terrible weight of responsibility that rested on him personally for the results that shall be achieved that day. It is this disregard of peril in the moment of greatest danger, this decision, this purpose and grand courage that comes only to the American citizen soldier, who voluntarily and with unselfish patriotism stands in defense of principle and country, that make such soldiers as those who fought in those ranks that day. On through the afternoon until nightfall did that furious storm beat against and rage about that line.

If the storm of battle raged hotly around the position occupied by the Eighty-sixth Indiana and Dick's brigade, it was none the less fierce along the whole line. The entire movements of the army were from right to left. This was made necessary on the part of Rosecrans from the fact that General Bragg's plan of battle was to flank the left of the Union army and cut Rosecrans off from Chattanooga, and that he, Bragg, with his entire army on the flank of Rosecrans could drive him with the superior force under his command southward into the rough and mountainous country toward McLemore's Cove, and thus be able to absolutely destroy Rosecrans and his army. During the afternoon of September 19, while the severe battle was raging along the line of Dick's brigade and VanCleve's division, further to the right at the Viniard farm, the battle had been raging with all the might of the "furies."

Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry had sent all their horses to the rear, and during the entire forenoon this command had firmly held its position against the repeated assaults of the foe. The noon hour of the 19th found the brigade at the same position which it had taken at early dawn after the fight of Friday night; they had received repeated charges, but each charging line was driven back leaving the field over

which it had come strewn with the dead and dying. About noon of that day, Davis' division of McCook's corps had come from Crawfish Springs and reported to General Rosecrans at the Widow Glenn's, and were at once ordered eastward to the Viniard farm to aid in making that portion of the line more secure, and was formed in line of battle on Wilder's right. Barnes' brigade, of VanCleve division, was moved to the left from Lee & Gordon's Mills, and went into position on the right of Davis' division. Moving down over the Viniard farm they crossed the LaFayette road, moving eastward. They had scarcely crossed the road when they at once became heavily engaged with the Confederate left. The tide of battle swayed backward and forward over the Viniard farm. At first the Union lines forced the enemy back to the east and into the woods, and the enemy reforming and securing reinforcements in turn drove Union troops back to the west, capturing the Eighth Indiana battery, and pushed our troops westward beyond the LaFayette road until the high ground and the sheltering woods were reached, when the lines were reformed, and a counter charge was made, and the enemy was again driven from the field and the guns of the Eighth Indiana were recaptured. Thus the storm of battle swayed back and forth until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The loss on both sides was fearful. There were sufficient forces of the Confederates in reserve to refill the ranks, and in each charge they brought up their lines in as strong numbers as at first. This was not the case with the Union lines. The three hours of constant fighting, and fighting with desperation by both armies, was telling with fearful effect upon the men of Rosecrans' right. There were no fresh men with which to fill their rapidly decreasing numbers, and each charge that was made or met, found a less number to push the attack or stem the tide of battle. When 4 o'clock came their lines were well nigh exhausted by the fearful physical exertion, as well as in loss of men. At this hour, however, two brigades of Wood's division of the Twenty-first corps, came up on the double quick from Lee & Gordon's Mills, and placing one brigade on the right of Davis' line, and pushing the other

behind the lines it went into action on the left of Wilder's line, and again the battle raged more fiercely. A little later Sheridan came up with his division, and from the south of the Viniard house to and in front of Dick's brigade on to the Brotherton house was one continuous line of battle, men fighting to the death until the sun went down on the bloody field.

The fighting by General Thomas' corps on the extreme left of the Union army, from the opening of the battle in the morning at Jay's mill and extending from there until it reached the Twenty-first corps, was equally severe with that which has been told herein concerning the battle at the Viniard farm and on to Brotherton's. Thomas, with his corps, received from General Bragg the strongest blows that it was possible to give, in the hope that he might break the line and get the left of the Union army turned. But at the close of the day from the left of the Twenty-first corps to Thomas' right but little had been gained by General Bragg, and the Union lines were practically in the position of the opening of the battle. For awhile after nightfall there was comparative quiet, when suddenly from the front of the Brotherton house, in the Reed field, once more the din and rattle and roar of the battle broke forth. This was an attack in the darkness on the part of the enemy to break through our lines at that point, and it was here that the gallant Colonel Baldwin was killed. The fighting for an hour was severe, but the enemy was finally repulsed. This outbreak having ceased quiet once more reigned, and the men wearied and worn with the day's work and excitement, lay down on the ground to get such rest as they might, not knowing at what time the storm might again burst upon them.

It was a night of pinching cold, and with but little sleep from the ill comfort of the situation, the men were illy prepared for the renewed tax that was to be made upon them for the day that would soon dawn. The morning of the 20th came all too soon, but as it was Sunday the men questioned one another as to the probabilities of a battle on that day.

It was not strange, however, that the question was asked. Never in their own homes was their a more quiet Sabbath morning than the Sabbath morning which dawned upon the armies that lay upon the bloody battle-field of Chickamauga. If there had been a faint hope that the army would rest on its arms throughout that bright Sabbath morning and through the hours of the day, it was of short duration, for soon the orders came for a forward movement, and when the orders were given there were no laggards found. Soldiers never obeyed more promptly, nor with more ready spirit than were the orders obeyed that were given on Sunday morning, September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga. The soldiers that moved out that morning, and they who stood in lines that were not to be changed, realized to the fullest extent that when the battle would open that the contest would at least equal the bloody work of the previous day. They knew the foe that confronted them. They had grappled in the deadly struggle on other fields, they had met in the charge and counter charge, and each had learned the courage and stubbornness of the other.

While our portion of the army had rested through Saturday night, this was not true as to other portions of the army. There had been busy work going on during the hours of the night. Rosecrans had been rearranging his lines, and by every means at hand had sought to strengthen the weaker portions, and so adjust other parts that they would be the better able to withstand the fierce assaults that he well knew would certainly be made as soon as General Bragg could put his army in motion on Sunday morning. In the battle of Saturday, with the exception of two brigades, every available man that General Rosecrans had, was engaged. There were only these two brigades, and in addition thereto General Granger's Reserve corps, then back at Rossville, that could by any possibility be brought in, and it was a doubtful proposition as to whether these could be brought up. One of these brigades, the First of the First division of the Twentieth corps, had been left with the trains at Lookout Mountain, near Stevens' Gap. This brigade, on Sunday the

20th, reached Crawfish Springs, but was cut off from its corps and unable to reach the front, and from Crawfish Springs under orders moved to Chattanooga. The other brigade was that of Brigadier General William H. Lytle, First brigade, Third division, Twentieth corps. This brigade had been left at Lee & Gordon's Mills on Saturday, when the portion of the Twenty-first corps that was then there was moved to the left to Viniard's. This brigade had been placed in position to guard the crossing of the Chickamauga, and there remained until Sunday morning, when it was brought forward as far as General Rosecrans' headquarters at the Widow Glenn's. The reserve corps of Granger came up during the afternoon of Sunday. Thus it appears that for the battle in the forenoon on Sunday, Rosecrans had only one fresh brigade that he could put into the battle to reinforce the men who had fought so gallantly during the whole of the day before.

On the other side it is now definitely known that, although General Bragg had greatly outnumbered General Rosecrans on Saturday, yet on Sunday morning had ready to put into the already unequal contest in point of numbers, Hindman's, Breckenridge's and Kershaw's divisions, and Gracie's, Kelley's and Gist's brigades. These reinforcements of fresh troops of Bragg were superior in numbers to more than any corps of General Rosecrans' army. If the Union army had on Saturday waged an unequal warfare, it was much more unequal on Sunday. Not only this, although Lieutenant General Longstreet's troops got into the battle on Saturday afternoon, he himself did not come up until after the fighting had closed on Saturday night, and his presence with his troops of the Army of Northern Virginia gave additional power and effect to that portion of Bragg's army, if it did not also materially add to the confidence of all the remainder of the Confederate forces. Thus having noted the comparative numerical strength of the two armies for the renewal of the struggle on Sunday, September 20, let us take a glance at the position of our lines before the battle again opens.

the Union left and east of it; Breckenridge, Cleburne and Stewart with their commands were on the east and south lines of the Kelly field, and along the east line of the Poe field; Walker with two divisions was supporting Breckenridge, and Cheatham, with five brigades, was in reserve behind Cleburne; General Bushrod Johnson, in line, was east of the Brotherton house with the two divisions of Law and Kershaw immediately in his rear in column of divisions; then on the left of Bushrod Johnson was Hindman and yet on his left was Preston on the east and south of the Viniard farm. A glance at the forces as thus placed in battle array shows the immense superiority of numbers under Bragg's command over those of General Rosecrans, and it is to be further considered as an advantage in favor of Bragg's army that it had the inner arch of the circle, the shorter line, and consequently easier for the handling and disposition of troops. Along almost the entire front of Rosecrans it is seen they had their divisions in columns, while Rosecrans had only a single line.

Sunday at Chickamauga was marked for General Bragg with another blunder by somebody, and furnished another escape or deliverance for the left of the Union army. Bragg had issued his orders for an assault at daylight upon the extreme left of Rosecrans lines, and this assault was to be followed successively from his left to right. Bragg had divided his army into wings, the right and left. General Polk was assigned to the command of the right wing and General Longstreet to the command of the left wing. The orders for the attack at daylight were to General Polk, and under the orders given General Longstreet was to govern his conduct and movements by those of Polk. General Bragg at daybreak took his position near the center of his army and waited expectantly and anxiously for the sound of Polk's guns. Daylight came, but the battle did not begin. An hour passed and yet no sound of battle, another hour and the silence was yet unbroken. The patience of General Bragg was by this time entirely exhausted and he rode in haste to ascertain the cause of the delay, and found to his astonishment that General Polk

was not even on the field, nor had any preparations been made by him for the opening of a battle that had in it so much of moment for the cause of the Confederacy.

General Bragg, in person, then commenced as earnestly and as rapidly as possible to push forward the preparations for the attack which should have been completed by his subordinate before day dawned. While making these preparations he found that the left of the Union army did not extend sufficiently to protect the LaFayette road. Here was his opportunity for which he had watched and waited and fought for from the opening of the battle, and it did seem as if the much coveted possession of that road between Rosecrans and Chattanooga was now within his grasp. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment, and many lives were to go out before the desired road would be secured, all because of the disobedience of orders by General Polk, and the failure to attack at daylight. During Saturday night General Rosecrans had held a council of war with his Generals, and the disposition of the forces was fully agreed upon. Thomas knew full well that of all things it was important that his left should be secure beyond all peradventure. Baird's division, then on the extreme left, had thrown up barricades and constructed such defenses as were possible during the night, but these unsupported on the left would be of little use against a repetition of the fierce assaults of the preceding day. General Thomas in his report says:

"After my return from Department headquarters, about 2 a. m., on the 20th, I received a report from General Baird that the left of his division did not rest on the Reed's bridge road, as I had intended, and that he could not reach it without weakening his line too much. I immediately addressed a note to the General commanding, requesting that General Negley be sent me to take position on Baird's left and rear, and thus secure our left from assault."

General Rosecrans at once notified General Thomas that General Negley would be sent in accordance with the request. At 7 a. m. on that morning, Negley had not reported, and General Thomas sent a staff officer to learn the cause and to hasten him forward. General Negley was prevented from going to the position on the left because of the massing of

the enemy in his front, therefore instead of General Negley, with his division, General John Beatty, with his brigade, was sent, and hurrying with all speed he had just succeeded in getting into position when the assault, under General Bragg's direction, began. Had General Bragg's orders been obeyed, and the attack made at daylight, then our left would have been destroyed, Bragg would have secured the road, and the result of the Chattanooga campaign would doubtless have been different. As it was General John Beatty succeeded in holding the position until later, when additional troops arrived and thus our left escaped destruction and Chattanooga was saved. The attack on our left was as indicated in General Bragg's orders to Polk and Longstreet, the signal for the attack to sweep down and along the entire line of Rosecrans from flank to flank, and so when the assault was made upon Baird's troops on our left the struggle of Saturday was renewed along the whole line. The difference in the opening of the battle on Sunday morning differed from the opening on Saturday only in the fact that it was fiercer at the outset and that it was almost instantaneous along the whole line. On Saturday both armies had been compelled in the opening hours of the battle to feel their way; they were in ignorance of the positions of each other, and both were for the first time on that field going into position, but when they did come together, brigade with brigade, or division with division; they came with the fury of the tornado. On Sunday morning neither army had to hunt for the other. They had been face to face for twenty-four hours, and each knew the force and resistance of the other. So in the opening of the battle on Sunday morning it was at once a tempest, strong and fearful, that broke upon our entire line without any scattering raindrops of warning.

When the right of Bragg's army struck Thomas' left under Baird and Beatty it became at once a struggle between Titans. The charge upon Baird and Beatty was by Breckenridge and Cleburne, and so severe was their punishment and fearful was their loss that they were shattered and driven back, and although they outnumbered and overlapped

our left, they were not able to push in behind our troops and turn them. The first assault along our entire line on Sunday was a failure, but with the strong reserves of Bragg if one line failed and the first charge was repulsed and his troops were driven back, the second line at once took it up and followed repeating the charge; if the second failed, the third line took up the charge, and from right to left Rosecrans' men at the outset not only had their courage put to the severest test, but their physical endurance was to be tried to the utmost. At and about the Kelly field charge after charge was made upon our lines and each time was repulsed.

If one will go to-day and stand upon the Kelly field and will learn the situation as it was on Sunday, September 20, 1863, and as an officer or soldier who has passed through some of the severe battles of the war, he can appreciate the awful and terrible storm of war that raged on the south and east of that field, it will seem impossible to believe that any one could have lived a minute after the assault began. And yet in that Kelly field and along its south and east line that terrible storm of destruction and death had most awful sway from 9 o'clock of the morning until 5:30 o'clock in the evening. From front and flank over that field was sent the leaden and iron hail as fast as men could load and fire, and fire and load. The minnie ball, and the ball and shot of the musket, solid shot and canister, and screaming shell went whistling and screaming over, across and through that small area and men lived and fought and fought through the the long, long day. While the fight was at its strongest at the Kelly field, across the Poe field the battle was raging as strong, and men were falling by the hundreds. The line was closed up again and the survivors, one and all, in the strength and endurance displayed, fought as if they might have received the strength and courage of their fallen comrades into their bodies and souls for the work that was before them, as the young prophet received the mantle of the ascending prophet. If the line wavered, a cheer from those who were

standing firm reassured the wavering, and again the line grew steadfast.

In the midst of this fearful storm to which the Eighty-sixth Indiana had listened for more than an hour, there came the order for it with its brigade to move forward to reinforce the line north of the Poe house and on the west side of the LaFayette road. It was not long until the regiment was within the leaden storm. The order was given for a charge, and down and through the scattered trees the regiment and brigade go to their work. The resistance was stubborn, but impetuous and determined is the charge, comrade cheering comrade as onward they push their way; men are falling but on and on rush the lines, until at last the enemy's lines are broken and we follow in hot pursuit driving them back until a line of reinforcements for the enemy is reached. Again the battle rages about us. With redoubled lines a counter charge is made and and the very earth shakes from the terrible storm of artillery along the entire lines. Shells are shrieking in the air and bursting overhead; great limbs are torn from the trees and fall with the broken shells all about the men engaged.

Until after 10 o'clock the Union troops were preserving their lines intact notwithstanding the terrible assaults that were being made upon them. Longstreet with his famous command had made repeated charges drawing upon his reserves one line after the other as fast as they could be thrown into action. The artillery of both armies were putting forth almost superhuman efforts, those of the Confederate army to demoralize and break or weaken the Union lines before the charging lines should reach Rosecrans' troops, while on the other side the artillery of the Union army were giving their fire with shell, and shrapnel and canister as rapidly as the guns could be loaded and fired, vieing with the infantry in their efforts to repulse the oncoming lines of the enemy. All sense of danger seemed to be lost, and men and officers alike strove to the utmost through the terrible fire and carnage. The men for the most part were without works of any kind to protect them

from the deluge of lead and iron that was being showered upon them. A little after 10 o'clock there came a lull on the right of the Union lines, and General Rosecrans, thinking and believing that Bragg was again pursuing the tactics of Saturday, massing against Rosecrans' left, undertook to change the position of the troops of his right wing in order to reinforce and strengthen his left. He ordered General McCook to send two brigades of General Sheridan's division to General Thomas, with all possible dispatch, and to send also the Third brigade as soon as it could be withdrawn from the line. He also directed General Crittenden to send two brigades of VanCleve to the support of Thomas. The sending of the brigades of Sheridan and VanCleve left no sufficient force to withstand an assault of the enemy if another should be made in force on the Union right. To add to the misfortunes that were about to befall the right and center of the Union lines, General Thomas J. Wood received a peremptory order to "close up on Reynolds and support him." As General Brannan was between Wood and Reynolds, there was no way to obey the order except to withdraw from the line and march to the left in rear of Brannan. Wood obeyed and executed the order as he received it, withdrawing the troops from the line. It was just at the time that Longstreet had gathered his troops for another onslaught upon our right that Wood, in obedience to his orders, had moved out and left a wide gap in the lines. Longstreet's order was given and his hosts came pouring through this gap, striking our lines in front, rear and flank. Rushing through the wide open door in our lines on over the Brotherton field where the fight had raged so hotly on Saturday, then turning to the northwest through and over the Dyer fields, they struck the troops of Sheridan, then on their way to reinforce Thomas at Poe and Kelly fields. The battle was raging in front, rear and flank on our lines in the Poe field. The troops could not stand this very long. The charges made there in the woods and in the field were met by counter charges, and men fought face to face and hand to

hand. All to the right of General Brannan were swept from the field. The noon hour had come and the broken lines of Rosecrans' right, though routed from their positions, were neither whipped nor dismayed. Longstreet's men, flushed with their success, were pressing northward past the Brotherton house and over the Dyer field on toward Snodgrass Hill, and Harker Hill. Men fought as they fell back. Here a noncommissioned officer or private would halt, face about and commence firing, calling on his comrades to rally and reform their lines, and from this one man the lines would build out almost like magic and a new line would be formed. A Captain or Lieutenant would give the commands to men gathered from almost every regiment on that portion of the field until he would have under his command as many men as would ordinarily compose a regiment. Colonel Morton C. Hunter, of the Eighty-second Indiana, had received the shock of the charge after Longstreet came through the lines, had recharged and broke the enemy's lines, but could not stem the oncoming tide. He then fell back fighting until he reached Snodgrass Hill and formed his line and called upon the scattered troops to form on his regiment, and that there they would hold the line. At once the fragments of the regiments that had been caught in the break caused by the moving of Woods' division troops began as quickly as possible to form, and form they did. In this line were men from every Indiana regiment, along with those from other States. It was not long until regiments and brigades were brought to the line first established by Colonel Hunter. The line extended westward over Snodgrass Hill into Dry Valley, and extending to the east of Colonel Hunter for a few rods, when it ran northward and eastward of the Snodgrass Hill and house to what is now called Harker's Hill.

Until 3 o'clock the battle raged and surged about Snodgrass Hill and on to Harker's hill. The troops of Longstreet came up over the country in solid lines, and hurled themselves against these hastily formed lines, and as often as they came were they forced back, broken and shattered. Again and again, and again they came on with the rush of

the storm, and as often did they find themselves defeated and stricken down. After repeated efforts to break these lines, Longstreet, who had brought with him as they boasted, "the Invincibles," found that his troops had exhausted their strength and our lines remained as firm as the hill on which they stood. Despairing of success, General Longstreet sent a staff officer to General Bragg asking for additional troops from his right. To this request General Bragg responded that the troops of his right wing "had been so badly beaten back" that they could render him no service. The men of the Union left were now almost out of ammunition, but they could not and would not relinquish their position. Orders were given that when the last shot was fired then to fix bayonets and use the cold steel.

General Thomas was now in command of the troops on the field. General Rosecrans had started for Chattanooga to look after the location of the lines at that point. If there was need of reinforcements for Longstreet there was also dire need of reinforcements for Thomas as he alone was left to direct and save the Union army. These reinforcements came in an unexpected moment and their coming saved the field to the Union army. General Gordon Granger, on the extreme left, at Rossville gap, had heard the constant roar of the battle throughout the day, and had waited and waited for orders which had not come. He felt that his troops must be needed and without orders from any one he placed himself at the head of his reserve corps and moved out to the sound of the battle's roar. He had with him General Steadman's division and Colonel Dan McCook's brigade. Steadman's division had the advance, and was composed mostly of new troops, but never was a body of men more needed than were these of Steadman. Longstreet, after failing to secure reinforcements, had reformed his lines for another assault. Longstreet then had for his new assault three full divisions and two brigades, that had been with him all day, and taking part in the battle. He also had here Preston's Confederate division, two brigades of which were fresh and were then brought into action for the first time during that day. Just

as Longstreet was making his final preparations for another desperate assault Steadman's troops came up and passing by General Thomas were directed to form on the right of the troops already on Snodgrass Hill. This they did and had just moved into position when Longstreet's charge again began. Steadman's men met the charge with a counter charge so daring and so terrific in its force that it broke Longstreet's left and swept it off the side of the hills and back, and yet further back, broken and scattered, with the dead and wounded covering the ground, and yet pursuing wrenched from Longstreet's forces the hills where he had planted his artillery at Vidito's.

It was a magnificent charge and the "boys" of Steadman's division "won their spurs" in that charge if ever knight of old by gallantry won his spurs. Our lines were now reformed and strengthened as best they could be. The ammunition in the cartridge boxes of the men who had fallen was gathered up and distributed, Steadman's men dividing their ammunition with those who had none. The ammunition trains, by some officer's orders, no one knew whose, had gone on to Chattanooga. The very fact that a superior force was before them and that they had so little ammunition, was sufficient of itself to strike dismay to the hearts of these Union troops on Snodgrass Hill. But not so. The Spartans of old had no more courageous troops than were these men, boys rather, who faced the foe in the closing hours of Sunday, September 20, 1863, holding the line that was to save the Army of the Cumberland, save Chattanooga, and wring from defeat a victory so grand, so magnificent that it shall yet pass into history as even greater than Thermopylæ.

Turning for awhile from the magnificent defense of the Union right in the closing hours of the day, let the reader go once more to the left where the battle had opened in the morning. Remember that in the first charge at the opening of the battle on Sunday morning that Breckenridge's troops were unable to break the Union left. Again reforming the line they moved out for the attack, and notwithstanding the severe re-

pulse they had received, they rushed forward with even more daring than in the first, but here again they were met with direct musketry in the front and were enfiladed by a battery of four guns which poured canister into their ranks, and with the musketry increasing, their men went down like grass before a reaper. It was a fire in which no troops could live, and the remnant recoiled before the fearful storm. Again reforming and strengthening the lines, the shout of the charge was raised and on they came the third time with determined purpose to break the line. Nearer and nearer they come with shout upon shout, their lines at first closed up and unwavering, but the Union troops answered the yells with shouts of defiance, and once more broke forth the rain of lead and iron like a deluge; great breaches were torn in their lines, and officers and men went down before the pitiless storm. The men of Baird crowded behind their log breast-works until there was space for not another man, and they who could not find places loaded the guns and passed them to the men in the front line. It seemed one continuous stream of fire, one unbroken roar and rattle of artillery and musketry.

Thus it raged and stormed as if all the furies were turned loose. This charge, as the other two, failed and the remnant of the lines of Breckenridge fell back into their former position, while the Union line around the Kelly field still held its ground. While these charges of Breckenridge had failed to break our lines, and although their loss in officers and men had been most fearful, yet the charges had covered another purpose that was evidently had in contemplation to be consummated with the breaking of our lines, and that was to sweep around our extreme left and get onto the LaFayette road. So although they failed to break the line immediately in their front, their lines were long enough to sweep far beyond our extreme left, and a part of Helms' and all of Stovall's Confederate brigades fell upon General John Beatty's brigade and doubled him back and swept across the LaFayette road at the McDaniel house. At the McDaniel house and just north of it were the Forty-second and Eighty-

eighth Indiana, and these two regiments withstood the storm till they were absolutely crowded off the field west of the LaFayette road, when the Forty-second Indiana and the left wing of the Eighty-eighth Indiana which were taken by General Negley to McFarland's Gap, while the right wing of the Eighty-eighth Indiana found their way, following the sound of the guns, to Harker's Hill and from there to Snodgrass Hill. Thus after so long a struggle, by dint of superior numbers General Bragg got possession of the LaFayette road, but it availed him naught. His troops were too broken and shattered to follow up the advantage thus gained, and for the remainder of the day lay about the Kelly field and dared not make another charge, and did not venture to move his columns to the left to press a column toward Chattanooga. The prize for which he had fought on the Union left and for which thousands of lives had been given was now "dead sea fruit."

Turning again to Snodgrass Hill may be seen the last desperate and unsuccessful attack of that portion of the Confederate army that was so renowned for its fighting qualities. Longstreet had been beaten back in his first assault on Snodgrass Hill. He had had almost a triumphal march, until he and his troops struck this hill, and there instead of finding a broken and demoralized body of troops he found a wall of human adamant. He determined about 5 p. m. to make another desperate effort to capture or destroy this body of *soldiers*, for they had proved themselves such. It is needless to attempt to describe this last fierce charge. The results are given and the reader can judge by its slaughter, and the experienced soldier will know full well of its terrible and horrible nature. The rebel troops came on in their charge until they had almost reached the summit, but on the sides of that hill and at its foot one brigade that entered upon the charge with 2,003 men, lost 698 killed and wounded. Another brigade out of 852 men, lost 303. Another brigade lost 504, one rebel regiment out of 239 men, lost 169. These figures form only a part of the loss that was sustained. After this charge, it then being after

dark, there was no general charge but the enemy pushed up under cover of darkness near to the brow of the hill.

At 5:30 p. m. the troops in the Kelly field were withdrawn and were ordered to McFarland's Gap, enroute to Chattanooga. Our troops on Snodgrass Hill held their position until after 8 p. m., when the firing having ceased along the entire line, General Thomas withdrew from the field and rejoined the portion of the army that had started for Chattanooga. Thus closed a battle that has not its parallel in modern warfare when the number of men engaged on both sides and the duration of the engagement are considered. We have said that our troops were withdrawn from Snodgrass Hill about 8 p. m. This is true as to all of the troops, excepting the Eighty-eighth Indiana remained at Snodgrass Hill until after daylight on Monday morning, September 21, when they marched to McFarland's Gap, and then to Rossville and joined the left wing of the regiment and their brigade, and went into position on Missionary Ridge, and on Monday night were moved to Chattanooga. Captain W. M. Thompson, of this regiment, says that when the Eighty-eighth Indiana left Snodgrass Hill on Monday morning there was not an armed Confederate in sight on the field.

In the battle of Chickamauga Rosecrans in effective force had almost 55,000 men in all branches of the service. The force which General Bragg had at his command as shown by the best and most reliable Confederate reports was 81,219. The battle was fought on ground of General Bragg's own choosing. In so far as numbers were concerned, if the disparity in numbers counts for aught, it would seem as if Rosecrans was so greatly outnumbered that it would have been absolutely suicidal to have attempted to withstand a force so greatly superior. It should also be taken into consideration that General Bragg had with him the very best fighters of the entire Confederate army. With all of these advantages in favor of General Bragg: first, selection of the field; second, superiority in numbers; third, the flower of the Confederate army; yet with all this for three days, for we should include September 18, General Rosecrans' army withstood the

fiercest assaults that could possibly be made upon troops. From the time the battle opened until its close it was terrific in the extreme. Men on both sides fought with desperation as is shown by the casualties. The losses of the Union army at Chickamauga on September 19th and 20th were 16,179. The loss of the Confederates on the same days was 17,804, a total by the two armies of 33,983. The per cent of loss in many of the divisions was far higher than that of any other battle of modern times. Longstreet's command lost 44 per cent, and the greater portion of their loss was on Sunday afternoon at Snodgrass Hill. Steadman's division in the charges and countercharges at Snodgrass Hill lost 49 per cent, in killed and wounded. Brannan lost 38 per cent, and take the whole of Rosecrans' army in this battle the average loss is almost 33 per cent. General Boynton, the historian for the "Chickamauga National Military Park," has carefully compiled the per centage of losses at Chickamauga, and he reports the loss of Confederates as follows: Bushrod Johnson's division at 44 per cent, Anderson's brigade of Hindman's division at 30 per cent, Bate's brigade of Stewart's division 52 per cent; Preston's division 33 per cent and Gracie's brigade at 35 per cent, and the losses by both of these two last were all in only a little more than an hour's time at Snodgrass Hill. Over on the left Cheatham's division ranged from 35 to 50 per cent in the brigades. The loss in Breckenridge's division was 33 per cent. Cleburne's loss was 43 per cent. No such charges were made during the war of 1861-1865 as were made by the Confederate forces at Chickamauga. The celebrated charges in other battles of the war consisted of but one charge each, but in the battle of Chickamauga they were repeated over and over by the Confederates, not by the same troops each time but by fresh troops brought into them with all of the strength and force of fresh soldiers. If the charges were made with courage and daring, the defense was even more heroic, for it required the highest type of bravery to resist the oncoming charge of such men as made the assaults at Chickamauga. The same troops that made the charges at Chickamauga could not

stand before the charge at Missionary Ridge made by the same troops that successfully met and repulsed the charges at Chickamauga.

Of the fighting qualities of both armies General Hindman of the Confederate army has said:

"I have never known Federal troops to fight so well. It is just to say, also, that I never saw Confederate soldiers fight better."

Of one of the assaults made by the troops of Longstreet, and which was repulsed on Snodgrass Hill, General Ker-shaw said:

"This was one of the heaviest attacks of the war on a single line."

General Bragg says in his report of the battle:

"The conduct of our troops was excellent throughout the entire contest. * * Our loss was in proportion to the prolonged and obstinate struggle. Two-fifths of our gallant troops had fallen, and the number of general and staff officers stricken down will best show how these troops were led."

Again he says:

"Our troops were led with the greatest gallantry and exhibited great coolness, bravery and heroic devotion. In no instance did they fail when called on to rally and *return* the charge. But though invariably driving the enemy with slaughter at the points assailed, they were in turn compelled to yield."

Further he gives as a reason for not pursuing the Army of the Cumberland, the following:

"Any immediate pursuit by our infantry and artillery would have been fruitless, as it was not deemed practicable with our weak and exhausted force to assail the enemy—now more than double our numbers, behind entrenchments. Though we had defeated him and driven him from the field with heavy loss in men, arms and artillery, it had only been done by heavy sacrifices, in repeated, persistent, and most gallant charges."

General Bragg seems to have estimated the fighting qualities of the Army of the Cumberland as its true worth and strength, and it is doubtless this quality which makes him say that the Union army was "more than double our numbers."

General D. H. Hill in his report of the assaults made on the extreme left of the Union line on Sunday morning says:

"The whole corps had failed in its attack; Breckenridge had been compelled to fall back a short distance, and Cleburne still further after a heavy repulse."

General Bushrod A. Johnson in his report refers to the

conduct of General Granger's corps that reinforced Thomas at Snodgrass Hill:

"Our line pressed determinedly forward for some time, keeping up an incessant volley with small arms. But the enemy now evidently received reinforcements of fresh troops, which advanced with a shout that was heard along our lines, and we were driven back to our guns. It was subsequently ascertained from prisoners captured that the reinforcements were a part of General Granger's corps which we fought the rest of the day. Deas' brigade and the part of Manigault's next to it fell back to the foot of the hill. Anderson's fell back to its first position, and *these three brigades*, save two regiments of Manigault's next to Johnson's brigade, *did not again enter the fight.* * * * *The retreat on this hill was precipitate, and called for all the exertions I could command to prevent many of the troops from abandoning it.* The officers, however, joined with every 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 our lines in support of the artillery. *The enemy were not whipped, and the conflict still raged with varying fortune. Repeatedly our men advanced, and were in turn forced to yield a portion of the ground they had gained.*"

The portion here italicised are not italicised by General Johnson, but the words are those of the report. This report of General Johnson, who was one of Longstreet's division commanders, is worthy of consideration, and speaks most strongly of the bravery and fighting qualities of the small band of Union troops that so gallantly held Snodgrass Hill on Sunday afternoon "against all comers." It is related, on what authority it is not known, that as one of Longstreet's Virginia divisions was moving forward it passed through a body of Tennessee troops that had been so severely punished in one of the charges that it had been moved to the rear to gather reinforcements, and Longstreet's men as they passed through shouted, "Rise up, Tennesseans, and see the Virginians go in." They went in, but soon came back repulsed, broken, and fleeing before the terrible storm that met them as they went "in," and as they came flying back the Tennessee men cried, "Rise up, Tennesseans, and *see the Virginians come out.*"

The foregoing quotations are sufficient to show the estimation in which the leading Confederate officers who were at Chickamauga placed upon the battle. The fact that Gen-

eral Bragg, with all of the superior numbers under his command could not, and did not follow the Union army off the field is one of the highest tributes that it has been possible to pay to the gallantry and endurance of the Army of the Cumberland. To those who may visit the battle field of Chickamauga now years after the memorable 19th and 20th of September, 1863, and there fully understanding the situation of the ground, the position of the contending armies, and the actual numbers engaged on each side, the cause for wonder and astonishment is not so much that the Union army left the field in the hands of the Confederates, but the greatest surprise is that any of the Union army survived. General Alexander P. Stewart, who commanded a division of Buckner's corps, on Sunday, and witnessing the terrific charges that were made on the Kelly field, stood with the writer looking over that memorable scene of carnage. The talk was of the tempest of war that had raged on that field thirty-one years before, when the question was asked: General Stewart, when you had the Union troops so nearly surrounded in this field why did you suffer one of them to live to get away to tell of the fight? The General replied: "I have asked that question of myself many times, and I can answer it but one way, that is, the good Lord intended it just as it was." The answer of General Stewart was made with the utmost reverence, for he is a true Christian gentleman. And so after a careful review of the battle of Chickamauga may each one say, in the same spirit in which he spoke it, "The good Lord intended it as it was."

The reports made by General Rosecrans and the Generals of his army all bear abundant testimony to the fact of the wonderful bravery of the men and officers of the Army of the Cumberland at Chickamauga, and it is not necessary that their reports should here be reproduced. The reports of those who were of the other army, or enemies *then*, bear testimony not to be controverted.

What of the troops that held the lines against such great odds, and, in the face of all that pointed to complete disaster and overthrow, WON? Yes, the Army of the Cumberland

won and held all that it was ordered to take—CHATTANOOGA! The battle-field was left for the hands of the enemy. Yes, 'tis true. But it was a battle-field to be held, if it was held, *without a victory being won*. They who claim to have held the field, were so broken and shattered that they could not and dared not pursue. Bragg fought the battle of Chickamauga, *not for Chickamauga*, but his purpose, his plan, and this battle in which he says he lost 18,000 of the best troops of the South was to *regain Chattanooga*. It was to *regain Chattanooga* that Longstreet was brought from the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, the army of Robert E. Lee. It was for the same purpose that Buckner's corps was brought from East Tennessee. It was to wrench the "Key to the South," Chattanooga, from the hand of Rosecrans that all the troops of Johnston joined Bragg's army. Rosecrans fought the battle of Chickamauga *not for Chickamauga*, but to *hold Chattanooga*, and Chattanooga he *held*. Again the question, what of the troops that *won*? From whence came they?

The roster of Rosecrans' army answers the question, and every State represented is worthy of mention. The troops of each one did all that troops could do. Read the list:

STATES.	INFANTRY REG'MENTS	CAVALRY REG'MENTS	MOUNTED INFANTRY	ARTILL'RY BATTER'ES	TOTAL O'G'NI'T'NS
Indiana	26	3	3	8	40
Illinois	28		3	5	36
Kansas	1				1
Kentucky	13	4			17
Michigan	4	2		2	8
Minnesota	1			1	2
Ohio	42	3		10	55
Pennsylvania	3	2		1	6
Tennessee		2			2
Wisconsin	5	1		3	9
Missouri	2			1	3
U. S. Army (Regulars.)	4	1		4	9
Total	129	18	6	35	188

Against these 188 organizations, the Confederates had 259 organizations. Indiana, as appears from the foregoing,

was fully represented in the battle of Chickamauga as she was in all of the battles of the war. It is no disparagement to the troops of the other States from which came the Union army to say that the troops of Indiana did their full share of duty at Chickamauga, and that the gallantry of her sons was not surpassed by that of any other State there represented, regardless of whether the troops were from the North or the South, Union or Confederate. Indiana was the first, with her Seventeenth and Seventy-Second regiments and Eighteenth battery, to oppose the crossing of Bragg's troops over the Chickamauga creek on Friday, September 18. Indiana troops, the Tenth and Seventy-fourth regiments, were the first troops of Rosecrans' army to open the battle on the morning of September 19. In the corps of Granger that met the charge of Bushrod R. Johnson, with a counter charge, and broke his line and hurled them back was the Eighty-fourth Indiana; the last volley fired on Snodgrass Hill was fired by the Ninth Indiana regiment, and the last Union regiment to leave the battle-field was the Eighty-eighth regiment, which marched away on Monday morning, September 20, from Snodgrass Hill. Indiana's "Roll of Honor" was written on the field of Chickamauga, at Reed's Bridge, at Viniard's, at Brotherton's, at Poe's, at Kelly's, at McDaniel's, in the Brock field, at Harker's Hill, on Snodgrass Hill, *everywhere* on Chickamauga, where the battle raged the fiercest, and the storm was most deadly. By Chickamauga's muddy waters, in the glades, under the pines, in the open fields, on the highlands, and around the fire begirt hills, over three thousand of Indiana's sons gave their blood and lives in the defense of *the* Flag and for the preservation of the Republic. Eleven States of the Union and the regular army of the United States were represented in the battle of Chickamauga, and one-fifth of the loss in killed and wounded in that battle were from Indiana's regiments and batteries. The reports on file at the War Department show that during the war of the rebellion, from the opening in April, 1861, to the close of the war in 1865, Indiana lost 24,000 men. If

this be true, as it doubtless is, then Indiana lost at Chickamauga from noon of September 18 to the going down of the sun on Snodgrass Hill, on Sunday, September 20, one-eighth of Indiana's entire loss during the entire war. What a magnificent record this is for the gallantry of the Indiana troops! Their work was well done. They won for Indiana an honorable, a glorious name and place for bravery in the galaxy of States, and the men of Indiana for all time to come may point with pride to the gallantry and bravery of the Indiana troops at Chickamauga.

What of the withdrawal of the Union army from Chickamauga? By the Confederate reports it was said that the army of Rosecrans "was routed," that it went from the field in confusion and utterly demoralized. Look at the facts, and let the reader judge. As shown, the left of Rosecrans' army was in and about the Kelly field on Sunday and until 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The Confederate army had swept around the extreme left and reached the LaFayette road at McDaniel's and held that road so that the Union army when it moved off from the Kelly field moved west to McFarland's Gap. The Confederate forces about the Kelly field did *not* follow them as regiment after regiment marched out.

The last of the Union troops to leave the battle-field of Chickamauga were those at Snodgrass Hill. The storm that had raged about that hill throughout that entire afternoon, had spent its force in the vain attempt to destroy those who had so gallantly and heroically made their lodgement there. The tempest had ceased, the guns were all hushed, when at 8:30 o'clock these troops moved off the hill, down across the fields and to and through McFarland's Gap. What next is seen? When the sun on the morning of the 21st of September rose, there on the hills of Missionary Ridge from McFarland's Gap and Rossville northward were found once more the same men, who under Thomas had held the lines on Sunday afternoon. The same men who had hurled defiance into the faces of the charging columns of Longstreet with his left wing of Bragg army at the going down of the sun, awaited

in line the coming of the same foe when the sun again lighted the eastern horizon in another line within easy reach. The remainder of Rosecrans' army marched into Chattanooga, established its lines, and awaited the coming of the enemy.

Finally Thomas and his undaunted troops came marching in with banners flying and music waking the echoes, and pitched their camp in and about Chattanooga. Once more the Army of the Cumberland was united in the city for which the campaign was begun and ended, and there waited for the attack to be renewed by General Bragg. The attack was never made. The men of the Army of the Cumberland were *never whipped*. They moved off the field of Chickamauga with their ranks unbroken, and in their new lines were ready for the fray. The attack was not again *received* from the army of Bragg, but after two months of seige the same Army of the Cumberland that *received* the attack at Chickamauga, *made* the attack that swept the army of General Bragg in confusion and dismay from Missionary Ridge, and on down beyond Chickamauga's battle scarred field, in November, 1863. It was the same army that opened the battles about Chattanooga, that stormed the heights of Missionary Ridge, broke through the lines and opened the way for the reinforcements brought by Sherman, which had finally been sent to the Army of the Cumberland, so that they might maintain their foothold at the north end of Missionary Ridge, and establish their colors on the Union left on the memorable 25th day of November, 1863. To the glory of Indiana it may said to her sons was the credit given of leading the charge that broke the center on Missionary Ridge. To the Eighty-sixth regiment of Indiana, and to her associate regiment, the Seventy-ninth Indiana, is due the credit of leading in that wonderful charge, a charge which had it been made by the army of any European power would have brought medals of honor to every man of the rank and file, and titles and knighting to every General in command.

Thus has been given the part that this, the Eighty-sixth Indiana, bore in one of the severest battles of modern war-

fare, in many respects *the severest*. The members of the regiment who yet survive may glory in the part they bore on that deadly field. The children of *all* of the members of the regiment, of the members living and of those who are dead, will never have cause for feelings other than of honest pride that they whose names they bear, were with those who fought at Chickamauga. The joy of to-day comes to the survivors in that the war in which they participated has passed, and Peace shall ever reign within this land. He who shall visit Chickamauga in the future may read in enduring bronze and firmest granite the deeds of valor of the men of the North; and the sons of the South, may see the pride and glory of the Nation in that now all cause for strife has passed, and that only deeds of bravery are remembered where once ran the red tide of battle.

The roar of the battle on the field of Chickamauga is hushed and in its stead from the leafy bowers and beside the quiet stream is to rise for all future time the anthem of peace. The men who died on this field did not shed their blood in vain. The cause for which they of the Union army fought was triumphant, and Chickamauga was the beginning of the end of the years of strife.

CHAPTER XVI.

BELEAGUERED IN CHATTANOOGA.

The Objective Point of the Campaign Held—Arrival of the Eighty-sixth from Chickamauga—Entered Upon its Duties to Defend the Town—The Scarcity of Supplies—The Sufferings Endured by the Men—Starvation Staring them in the Face—Provisions Brought Over the Mountains from Bridgeport—Foraging—Consolidation of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps—The Fourth Corps Formed—General Rosecrans Relieved—General Thomas Assumes Command—Arrival of General Grant—The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps—Battle of Wauhatchie—The Army of the Tennessee Arrives—Preparations for the Approaching Battle—Did General Rosecrans Contemplate at Any Time the Evacuation of Chattanooga?

As shown in the preceding chapter, after the battle of Chickamauga, the Army of the Cumberland held the objec-

tive point of the campaign—Chattanooga—and was therefore successful and victorious. The resolute men under General Rosecrans were determined to hold fast to the prize now in their possession. No one questioned the ability of General Rosecrans to hold it against a direct assault by any force of the enemy. Here the troops which had formed the right wing at Chickamauga formed the center and left wing in Chattanooga, and would have been found as firm as their comrades of the left wing were on the memorable "Snodgrass Hill." They proved this later.

The Second brigade of the Third division, Twenty-first army corps, Colonel George F. Dick, of the Eighty-sixth, commanding, reached the immediate neighborhood of Chattanooga from the battle-field of Chickamauga on the 21st of September, and did guard duty that evening. On the 22nd the Eighty-sixth was placed as a reserve for the skirmish line, the line itself being formed by the Fifteenth Indiana, the brigade's position being to the northeast of the hill where Fort Wood was afterward located, and not far from Citico creek. Here the Eighty-sixth constructed a temporary line of breastworks and prepared to support the line in case it was attacked. The regiment was at this juncture under the command of Captain Aaron Frazee, of Company A, Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Dick having been wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. There was more or less skirmishing and some artillery firing as the enemy approached the town. At dusk a portion of the Eighty-sixth was placed upon the line. The men were instructed to keep the closest watch upon the enemy. It was not then known even by those high in command how badly the different organizations had been broken up at Chickamauga by their repeated desperate attempts to win. About 9 o'clock quite a lively fire sprang up on the Eighty-sixth's part of the line, and on the brigade line immediately to its right, on account of a supposed attempt of the enemy to steal up by stealth. The nervous tension was great, and the men did not wait to see a rebel approaching to shoot, but fired. The line held its ground firmly and the firing soon died away. The enemy fired a few return shots,

but there was really no evidence of an attempt to advance. The fact was Bragg, as well as his men, had about all the fighting they cared to enjoy for some time, and were in no hurry to rush upon their old antagonists.

The first detail of the Eighty-sixth placed upon the line as skirmishers remained from dusk on the 22nd until 3 a. m. on the 23rd, a long and very trying vigil. The day had been warm, and the approaching enemy had made the situation one of great danger. The night was frosty, making a change of many degrees from the heat of the day. The men lay upon the ground to escape the enemy's fire and felt the full force of the frosty atmosphere. The chilly ground rapidly conducted the heat from their thinly clad bodies and the frosty air chilled them to the bone. It was a night long to be remembered. Those upon the line were relieved at 3 a. m. and returned to the reserve, but little more comfort was to be found there as no fire was permitted, and the men had but few blankets. At 9 a. m. they returned to the line and had a brisk little brush with the enemy as he pushed his lines cautiously up. The Eighty-sixth maintained its ground and stood the enemy off by a sharp and well directed fire. He returned the fire in a sullen, determined manner, as though out of humor. He did not push up with that vim, that aggressive dashing manner so characteristic when confident of winning. So the contest was kept up by the Eighty-sixth until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 23rd, when it was relieved and marched back inside the intrenched lines which were rapidly assuming formidable shape.

The town is situated in a bend of the Tennessee river which here winds its way through the mountains. Coming from the north until within a mile, the river changes its course and flows nearly west, curving slightly northward as it passes the town. Then the curve increases and it flows a little east of south with a high point—Cameron Hill—between it and the town. It continues this direction for probably two miles and then curves to the southwest for the distance of a half mile and strikes the rocky base of the mighty Lookout, and again changes for another half mile, this time to the north-

west, and then again nearly due north until opposite the town again turns in a northwest direction and divides into two branches to encompass Williams' Island. Opposite Lookout Mountain its curves form Moccasin Point. At the bend east of the town Citico creek empties its waters from the base of Missionary Ridge. At a point nearly due north of the palisades on Lookout, Chattanooga creek empties its waters from the south part of Chattanooga Valley. Nearly a half mile west of the mouth of Citico creek is the head of an island known as Chattanooga island. A little more than a half mile above the mouth of Chattanooga creek is another small island. Starting from a point opposite the lower third of the lower island the main intrenchments followed a line, curving outward slightly, to a point on the bank of the river a little east of the head of Chattanooga island. The Eighty-sixth was assigned a camping place on this line a little north of the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad some three or four hundred yards perhaps from the river, on a slight elevation where the government cemetery was first placed.

Now began the siege of the Army of the Cumberland cooped up in Chattanooga by the Confederate forces under General Bragg. The intrenchments were strengthened day by day, forts were constructed and every preparation made to hold the town. To complete all these required great labor, and with the heavy picket duty, the men were kept constantly engaged. The line of the Union pickets covering the front of the works extended from the mouth of Citico creek on the left to the mouth of Chattanooga creek on the right. Within the main line of intrenchments, high points of ground were fortified. About two hundred yards to the right of the camp of the Eighty-sixth and a little more advanced was constructed a strong fort known in history as Fort Wood, named in honor of Brigadier General T. J. Wood.

Each morning the troops were called before daylight and "stood to arms" in the trenches. On account of some picket firing the troops, on the left at least, were called into the trenches twice during the night of the 24th, and were called

up for the day on the morning of the 25th at 4 o'clock. On the following day the cause of the night's skirmishing was learned. During the day of the 24th the skirmish line to the right had been advanced. When night came on and shielded the enemy from the fire of the Union batteries he advanced in some force and drove the Union troops back upon their old lines. However, on the morning of the 25th, the artillery opened a red-hot fire upon the enemy's outposts. The Union skirmishers were ordered forward and speedily drove him back, and occupied their line of the previous evening, which was ever afterwards maintained. During the 25th there was much heavy cannonading around the lines, accompanied by lively skirmishing. The enemy had not yet settled into lines satisfactory, which very naturally caused some irritation.

All through the first month of the seige the troops were called out frequently during the night into the trenches to be ready to repel the threatened attacks. These calls at night with heavy skirmish duties, fatigue duty, short rations, thinly clad, and illy supplied with blankets for the cold frosty nights, made the service at this time anything but play. The army had stored its winter wearing apparel and blankets, and was therefore poorly prepared to endure bad weather. Rations daily grew more scarce and the mules grew weaker, thousands dying from overwork and starvation. The long trips over the rough mountain roads compelled them to perform extraordinary labors. The army mule should be voted a badge of honor for services rendered.

Day by day the men came to understand the situation and to see with a clearer vision the difficulties of their environment. In front was a superior force of an inveterate enemy commanded by a skillful General. In rear a large river, and beyond were rugged mountains and a stretch of country over which all supplies must be hauled a distance of sixty miles. Could the end be seen? It looked black, though there were few but were confident that in the final round up the Union army would come off victorious.

On the rebel skirmish line at the east side of a small field, across which the Second brigade skirmish line extended, was

a log cabin, in which there was daily posted a rebel sharp-shooter that made good use of his opportunities. A picket detail was his special delight, and many a picket marching out to duty was disabled by his unerring rifle. And a soldier going outside of the intrenchments for any purpose was a fair mark. Next to a picket detail he seemed to delight in having a crack at soldiers going out for wood. But wood was necessary, even if it took blood. At length the timber was all cleared away, much of it having been cut and carried to camp on the boys' backs after night. The sharp-shooter wounded a number of the Eighty-sixth when going out to the skirmish line. To fire at the cabin was useless, and he was left undisturbed. Once or twice a gun from Fort Wood was turned upon the cabin and a few shots would quiet him for a time, but he soon resumed his vocation. On the 30th of September, some members of the Eighty-sixth were on duty on the skirmish line. Two or three of them, tired of sharp-shooting, crept out along the bank of Citico creek to a concealed place and gave him a few shots that annoyed him. He at once stopped shooting and began swearing. For a time now it was a war of words instead of bullets, and it was difficult to decide which side was the more fluent and vicious. The Eighty-sixth boys returned to the reserve and the heathen rebel rested from his labors. They came off the line at 3 a. m., returned to the reserve and tried to sleep. They had just got soundly asleep when a heavy shower came up suddenly, and when they awoke they were in water up to their necks—lying down, of course. This little incident gives one some idea of the trials of a soldier's life. It was useless of course to try to sleep on the ground in such a deluge of rain.

On the night of October 1 it continued to rain, accompanied by a wind storm, blowing down tents and scattering numerous necessary articles in various directions. Many tents blew down a second time. Add this to all other things which the men endured at Chattanooga—hunger, fatigue, dangers and trying vigils—proved to be an exhausting strain upon the whole physical system. Many finally

broke down who seemingly bore it fairly well at the time. Is it to be wondered that the health of so many soldiers was injured while in the service? It is marvelous that so many endured it and still live.

On October 2 a member of Company D was shot through the arm by the cabin sharpshooter as he was going out on skirmish line. It was a severe and painful wound, although not necessarily dangerous. On this day, too, General Rosecrans issued an order to the Army of the Cumberland, of which the following is an extract:

“Army of the Cumberland: You have made a grand and successful campaign; you have driven the rebels from Middle Tennessee. You crossed a great mountain range, placed yourselves on the banks of a broad river, crossed it in the face of a powerful opposing army, and crossed two great mountain ranges at the only practicable passes, some forty miles between extremes. You concentrated in the face of superior numbers; fought the combined armies of Bragg, which you drove from Shelbyville to Tullahoma, of Johnston’s army from Mississippi, and the tried veterans of Longstreet’s corps, and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow with heavy interest. * * * * You have accomplished the great work of the campaign; you hold the key of East Tennessee, of North Georgia, and of the enemy’s mines of coal and nitre.”

This is only an extract but it relates the fact that the Army of the Cumberland in the late contest had much more than Bragg’s army with which to contend. In a letter written by General Halleck dated at Washington, D. C., October 20, 1863, to General Grant, that officer says:

“It is now ascertained that the greater part of the prisoners paroled by you at Vicksburg, and Banks at Port Hudson, were illegally and improperly declared exchanged, and forced into the ranks to swell the rebel numbers at Chickamauga.”

In short, General Grant had made a very serious mistake in paroling Pemberton’s army and the Army of the Cumberland and its great leader had to suffer for Grant’s error.

On October 3, Dr. A. M. Walton, Assistant Surgeon of the Eighty-sixth was sent into Chattanooga from Chickamauga, having been severely wounded in both feet by the accidental discharge of a gun. When our forces fell back from that terrible field, Dr. Walton courageously and nobly

volunteered to remain with the wounded and minister to their wants. Nobly did he fulfill the task he had assigned himself, but alas! he too was soon numbered with the suffering patriots and required the attentions of a brother surgeon.

The siege dragged on. To relate one-half the incidents of camp and skirmish line would be impossible. To say the least the condition of affairs was pressing and very interesting. At length the rebel cavalry, under their great leader, Wheeler, made things lively in the rear. He captured a large supply train in the Sequatchie Valley and almost destroyed it. The enemy patrolled the river bank for miles below Lookout, down to and around "the Suck," a bend of the river around the north end of Raccoon mountain, between that mountain on the south and Walden's Ridge on the north. The best road left open to Rosecrans' trains wound around along the north bank of the river, being cut into the terminal cliffs of Walden's Ridge as they jutted up close to the bank of the river. The enemy's pickets patrolling the river bank acted as sharpshooters at "the Suck" where the trains were forced near them and killed many mules, drivers, and train guards. They maintained constant watch and fire, and rendered the road so dangerous that it had to be abandoned, the trains going over Walden's Ridge further north. This necessitated many more miles of travel, and far more difficult mountain roads to be used, to convey the hard tack and bacon to the famishing soldiers in the beleaguered town. The longer trips and more difficult roads required greater time, when time was an element of much importance. The mules on account of their extraordinary exertion and lack of forage were daily growing more feeble and less able to work. While they were growing weaker and fewer in number, for they died and were killed by the hundreds, their labors were growing greater and more urgent. The bad weather set in and added deep mud to the rough and execrable mountain roads. Daily, rations grew scarcer, until, as the boys jocosely remarked, it was only river water with a very faint suspicion of coffee about it. It looked gloomy indeed—disheartening in the extreme—but General Rosecrans with great courage

fought the elements and the difficulties of his environment with the same fortitude that he contended with the rebel forces, and the iron-hearted Army of the Cumberland was as firm as the palisades of the lofty Lookout, and cheered their commander lustily whenever he rode along the lines. Some times unlooked for misfortunes came. After a heavy fall of rain the enemy up the river sent down rafts at night to break the pontoon bridges at the town. They succeeded in this a number of times until at length a watch was placed on the head of Chattanooga Island, and the river was patrolled. The logs were just what General Rosecrans and his Chief Engineer, General W. F. Smith, wanted to make lumber, with which to build more bridges.

On October 3 one day's rations of hard tack were drawn, and on the night of the 4th the enemy succeeded in breaking the pontoon bridge with a raft of logs which interfered with the much needed supplies. On the 5th details from the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the Fifty-ninth Ohio were made for the skirmish line for the brigade. Captain C. P. Rodman, of the Eighty-sixth, was the officer of the day.

About 10 o'clock a. m. the enemy opened with his artillery all around the lines and made it quite uncomfortable. The reserves of the First and Second brigades received a full share of the enemy's attention. The fire was kept up the entire day. It is a day embalmed in the memory of hundreds, rendered thus memorable by the continued booming of batteries all day long.

On the afternoon of the 7th the Eighty-sixth received orders to be ready to start on foraging duty at a moment's notice. Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Dick, then in command of the regiment, sent word that his command could not go on account of not having any rations. The information was returned that rations would be provided. The following morning at 9 o'clock the Eighty-sixth was ordered to "fall in" and it marched through town and across the river where rations were issued. The guards of the trains were veterans from the ranks of the besieged army. They knew the situation. They did not see anything wrong in famishing men

supplying themselves. The expedition proved to be foraging duty beyond a doubt; for if ever a regiment of Hoosiers had the stomachs to forage it was on coming out of Chattanooga after what appeared to be a three weeks' fast. The purpose of the expedition was to secure corn and corn-fodder as forage for the mules and horses, but it also gave the Eighty-sixth, acting as guards, an excellent opportunity to turn the occasion to good account for themselves. The duties of the trip were many and various, such as loading wagons, catching chickens, ducks and pigs, standing guard and doing picket duty when the place of bivouac was reached at night. On the afternoon of the 9th, having reached a point some thirty or forty miles northeast of Chattanooga about thirty of the wagons were loaded with forage. Besides securing forage for the animals, the boys caught the chickens, geese and turkeys of the mountaineers, killed their hogs, cattle and sheep, went into the houses and ate the biscuits on the table, carried off their bee-hives, and destroyed quite as much in getting what they may have needed as they themselves consumed. Looking back at this time upon this conduct one cannot but pronounce it a brutal destruction and waste. The passions of the soldiers had been aroused to their highest pitch by their suffering while besieged in Chattanooga, and they stopped not to think of the suffering they might inflict on innocent non-combatants. The foraging was continued during a part of the 10th when the train and guards started on their return trip and reached camp between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the 11th.

Arriving in camp, the regiment learned of General Rosecrans' order consolidating the Twentieth and Twenty-first corps into one corps, and designating it the Fourth army corps, to be commanded by Major General Gordon Granger. This order was issued on the 9th of October, and was in compliance with the President Lincoln's order which had been promulgated September 28. The actual change of the troops, however, did not take place until October 20. The organization was to be as follows:

ORGANIZATION OF FOURTH CORPS.

Major General Gordon Granger, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

Major General David S. Stanley, Commanding.

First Brigade.

Brigadier Charles Cruft, Commanding.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier General W. C. Whittaker, Commanding.

Third Brigade.

Colonel William Grose, Commanding.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major General Philip H. Sheridan, Commanding

First Brigade.

Brigadier General J. B. Steadman, Commanding.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier General George D. Wagner, Commanding.

Third Brigade.

Colonel Charles G. Harker, Commanding.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brigadier General Thomas J. Wood, Commanding.

First Brigade.

Brigadier General August Willich, Commanding.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier General William B. Hazen, Commanding.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier General Samuel Beatty, Commanding.

Seventy-ninth Indiana.

Thirteenth Ohio.

Eighty-sixth Indiana.

Nineteenth Ohio.

Ninth Kentucky.

Fifty-ninth Ohio.

Seventeenth Kentucky.

Forty-fourth Indiana.

This brigade, according to "Victor's History of the Rebellion," came to be known as "Beatty's Fighting Brigade."

The Forty-fourth Indiana was, however, soon after this detached to do post duty in Chattanooga. It took no part in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and was never again with the brigade. Doubtless this organization was a stronger one than to have the troops divided up in two corps and so many divisions and brigades. It gave its corps line of battle more cohesion, more solidity and weight, and was therefore safely welded into one compact organization to meet the hard knocks

it was so soon to endure, yet all were loth to see the old corps dispersed, as the mist of the morning, into nothingness. But the men soon forgot their regret for the old in their pride for the new.

The Eighty-sixth was glad indeed to welcome its Colonel back to his legitimate command and was proud to obey his every order with soldierly promptness. The division and brigade commanders were known to be able, soldierly leaders. General Wood had drawn condemnation upon himself by his conduct at Chickamauga, but the error, if error it was, was not on account of his lack of courage or want of ability. General Beatty was brave to a fault and an able brigade commander, but was generally credited with being overhasty in volunteering his brigade for dangerous duties.

Rations were drawn on the 12th what purported to be for three days. On the 13th the men were eating parched corn, so scant was the supply drawn the day before. On the 13th a heavy detail from the Eighty-sixth worked on the entrenchments in a drenching rain during the forenoon which was most disagreeable as it was quite cold. The rain continued during the afternoon and the following night. Again on the 14th parched corn did duty as bread. The rain continued to fall in heavy showers during the night of the 14th and the day of the 15th. With such heavy continued rains what must have been the condition of the mountain roads over which long trains of army wagons continued to pass and re-pass between Bridgeport and Chattonooga in their superhuman efforts to supply an army of 45,000 men with subsistence and the munitions of war? One may imagine, but can a person who never saw roads thus traveled comprehend their condition? One historian, W. O. Blake, author of the "Great American Rebellion," speaking of the desperate condition of the beleagued town and army says: "All supplies for the army at Chattanooga had to be hauled over one line of railroad to Bridgeport, and from there by pack mules to Chattanooga." This statement is liable to create an erroneous impression as it gives one the idea that rations and supplies were conveyed only by pack mules and that no

supplies were hauled over the mountains. Doubtless Rosecrans made use of pack mules as he used every means in his power, but there was scarcely a day when there was not a train on the way going from, or coming to, Chattanooga, with or for supplies. The fact that he used pack mules shows his invincible resolution to hold on to the place to the last. He made a glorious fight and few could have done better. But with all of the exertion made to keep the army supplied, the amount of rations received gradually grew less. So many mules had been killed by the rebel sharpshooters, so many had died of starvation and over-work, and now the roads were cut up so badly it seemed that fate was against the Army of the Cumberland. Appearances indicated that they must, if help did not come soon, yield the town or starve. But they held on.

On the evening of the 19th of October, General Rosecrans received by telegram an order relieving him of the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and transferring it to General Thomas. On the 20th, General Thomas issued General Order, No. 243, assuming command. The following extract formed one paragraph of these orders:

“In assuming the control of this army, so long and so ably commanded by Major General Rosecrans, the undersigned confidently relies upon the hearty co-operation of every officer and soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, to enable him to perform the arduous duties devolved upon him.”

General Grant reached Chattanooga on the 23d and assumed command in person, and to read his “Memoirs” one would think there was no scarcity of rations, feed, or other necessary supplies a few days after his arrival. He says: “In five days from my arrival in Chattanooga the way was open to Bridgeport, and, with aid of steamers and Hooker’s teams, in a week the troops were receiving full rations.” But this statement is not exactly in harmony with the facts. The greatest suffering of the Eighty-sixth on account of scant rations while in Chattanooga occurred from the 20th of October to the 9th of November. A member of the regiment who kept a dairy has this record for the 20th: “The boys are all out of rations and swearing about starving.”

In the record for the 25th it is found that he was on picket and this note is made: "I only had one cracker for dinner." On the 26th he wrote: "We ate our last cracker for dinner. We drew about a tinfu, supposed to be a pint, of flour for a day's rations of bread-stuff. The boys are all grumbling about the scarcity of rations. This is a little the shortest rations we have yet drawn." In the record for the 27th he made this note: "We had to do without any dinner as we could not get anything to eat. The boys are furious about the rations, as most of them have had nothing to eat since breakfast, all day. Toward evening we drew a little beef." After this record was made, somewhat later in the evening, other rations came, and this man's journal says: "We received three crackers and one pound of flour as a ration for two men for one day. We also drew a few grains of coffee." On the 1st of November the regiment was again almost destitute of rations, most of the men doing without any dinner. Late in the evening one-half of a cracker was issued to two men. On November 2 this is the record: "Brother and I ate a half a cracker and a little bacon for breakfast. The boys are grumbling a good deal to-day about rations. We drew a little beef this forenoon and had that for dinner. Late in the evening we drew, what purported to be, one day's rations of hard tack to do us four meals." On November 5: "We drew six small crackers to the man to do one day and a half." These are facts—a correct account of the actual rations drawn, noted at the time, by the members of the Eighty-sixth. Nor is it believed that the Eighty-sixth suffered for the want of rations more than other regiments, of the Army of the Cumberland. The assertion is here made that no regiment within the lines of the beleaguered town at any time during the siege ever received full rations of even three articles of the ration list. Those who bore the hardships, served in the trenches, and were exposed to the dangers of the siege, half-starved, were as determined to hold the place as was General Grant.

Of the conduct of the men much might be said to show how some suffered much more than others. Some were im-

provident, even reckless, in regard to their rations. Some of these improvident soldiers have been known to eat at one meal all the hard tack that was issued to do three days, and depend upon the charity of comrades for the rest of the time. Others naturally abstemious and frugal divided the rations received so as to have a little left when the time expired, only ate so much set apart for a meal. But even the latter class would occasionally exhaust their carefully hoarded supply.

On October 20, the troops which had been changed from one command to another, moved their camps to their respective new commands. Troops were changing and moving in all directions, especially the troops composing the old Twentieth and Twenty-first army corps. Luckily for the Eighty-sixth it did not have to move.

From this time until the battle of Wauhatchie daily there was some skirmish firing, some sharpshooting from the cabin front, and more or less artillery firing, but nothing of a decided or very destructive nature. Occasionally the guns on Lookout would drop a few shells into the town or camps, but more frequently they went screaming on over the river to the north.

During the 27th, batteries on Moccasin Point maintained a brisk fire on Lookout during most of the day, and the rebel gunners replied with spirit. The cannonading was continued even more fiercely on the 28th than on the preceding day. About midnight it again broke out fiercely and aroused the camp. The men turned out to learn where the battle raged. There was no doubt of there being a musketry battle also, for it could be plainly heard. It was a rapid, continuous crackling fire as when lines of battle were engaged. The rebel guns from Lookout boomed with unwonted vigor and rapidity. It was undoubtedly a battle of considerable magnitude and hotly waged. Subsequently it was learned that the rebels had attacked the troops under Hooker, Geary's division of the Twelfth corps, and the Eleventh corps, commanded by Howard. There were really two battles fought on this night, and in both the Union troops were victorious. Longstreet's troops were the attacking forces on the part of the

rebels. It is known in history as the battle of Wauhatchie. The rebels were beaten at all points and Hooker's forces gained some advantage in ground during the battle.

About the 1st of November there was a change made in the manner of sending out pickets. Heretofore it had been by details. Now it was changed to regiments. On the morning of the 5th, at 5 o'clock, the Eighty-sixth went on picket immediately in its front. There was nothing of especial interest transpired on the skirmish line, but there was a great deal of especially active cannonading around the lines. On this day, too, the pontoon bridge was broken so the men were deprived of their much needed rations. The regiment returned to camp from the skirmish line at 5 o'clock a. m. on the 3d. During the night of the 2d the regiment was ordered into the trenches and kept there a long time, an attack being expected. The artillery maintained an occasional fire throughout the night.

About the 6th or 7th it was reported in camp that General Beatty, the brigade commander, had offered to Colonel Dick the position of Provost Marshal of Chattanooga, with the Eighty-sixth as provost guards. Rather a nice place in comparison with field duties; but the Colonel declined with thanks, preferring to keep the regiment in the front where the more arduous and dangerous duties were to be performed. The position was eventually given to the Forty-fourth Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Simeon C. Aldrich commanding. The Forty-fourth was never afterwards with the brigade.

On the 8th the regiment was again on duty on the picket line. The wind blew a stiff breeze and it was quite cold, making it very disagreeable. Rations were brought out to the reserve station and distributed. Many of the boys were so hungry that they ate the whole day's rations for supper. Drew rations on the 9th and received a more liberal allowance than at any time since the siege began. By this time everything within the picket line that could be used for fuel had been consumed, even to the stumps. All were cleaned up to the sentinels on the lines. On the 11th Colonel Dick had men begin to build a barge with which to bring wood

across the river. By the 13th it was completed and put to use. On the 15th the regiment was again on picket and the sentinel posts were within eighty or one hundred yards of the sentinels to the enemy's line, but they were peaceably inclined. Longstreet had now gone to attack General Burnside at Knoxville, and even the privates knew their weakness and had no desire to stir up a hornet's nest prematurely. It would come soon enough. The regiment returned to camp on the morning of the 16th and found that some soulless wretch had stolen its wood. A heavy detail was made from the regiment that day for fatigue duty on Fort Beatty.

Colonel Dick since his return to the regiment had been having dress parade each evening when the weather was suitable. On the 18th there was quite a lively time on the skirmish line for half or three-quarters of an hour. The Union line was advanced. That of course brought on the fray. The enemy seemed very much disinclined to allow it the privilege of advancing, but after a hot bout he appeared reconciled. A number of prisoners were captured from the enemy in the skirmish. Of course there was the daily cannonading and skirmishing, but little attention was paid any more to the ordinary firing. On the 19th the Eighty-sixth was paid off, the men receiving four months' wages.

On the 20th the regiment was ordered into ranks by companies and marched out of camp to fire the loads out of the guns and put them in good order. Orders were received to be ready to move the following morning with two days' cooking rations, exclusive of breakfast, and forty rounds of ammunition in cartridge boxes and sixty rounds in pocket. Such marching orders with an enemy in arms length meant fight. An order was also promulgated consolidating, for the present, regiments that had been greatly decimated in numbers, presumably to give the lines more cohesion and weight in an attack. The Seventy-ninth Indiana and the Eighty-sixth were consolidated under this order. The advance was to be made on the morning of the 21st, Saturday. But it rained the whole night of the 20th, and Sherman was not ready, consequently the proposed movement was postponed. On the

evening of the 21st the Eighty-sixth received orders to be ready for picket at 5:30 the next morning, Sunday.

On the 22d the regiment was on the picket-line promptly at the appointed time. Everything was reasonably quiet until about 9 o'clock a. m., when the batteries in Fort Wood opened fire on Missionary Ridge. Rebel infantry could be seen marching down the crest of the ridge to the north, and it is presumed it was at this column that the fire of Fort Wood was directed. The guns of the enemy did not reply to the fire here, but opened with the guns on the point of Look-out. Both the Federal and Confederate batteries ceased firing about 11:30 a. m. The Eighty-sixth's sentinels were but a short distance from the rebel sentinels. A Sergeant in Company E, together with one or two comrades, went out between the lines and exchanged a paper with a rebel sentinel. When Colonel Dick heard of it he was quite indignant, and reproved the Sergeant and those with him in most emphatic terms.

General T. J. Wood, the division commander, came out to the reserve station of the picket line and took observations of the enemy with his field glass, and made some inquiries of the Colonel relative to indications of a move by the enemy. Rebel officers could be seen watching the firing from Fort Wood with their glasses, coming quite out to their line of sentinels. It seemed evident that things were keyed to the point of an explosion and it might be expected at any moment.

Again orders were received to have two days' cooked rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition, and be ready to move the next morning. About 8 o'clock p. m. the two days' uncooked rations were received at the station. By this time everything was quiet except a working party that was bridging Citico creek a little to the left of the reserve. They were hammering and pounding at a lively rate. Sherman's forces were said now to be up and in position, ready to cross the Tennessee river just below the mouth of South Chickamauga creek.

The night of the 22d was a lovely one, clear and cool,

but it was not a pleasant duty to perform a midnight vigil. During that evening the order for the advance in the morning was countermanded on account of General Sherman not being ready to effect a crossing. The Eighty-sixth was relieved on the morning of the 23d by the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Manderson commanding. The regiment returned at once to camp and breakfasted, expecting to enjoy a day of rest.

The Army of the Cumberland was now on the eve of its release from a long siege of two months at Chattanooga. Concerning the question as to whether General Rosecrans intended at any time before he was relieved from command of the army to abandon the position there has been much controversy. Without desiring to enter this field the authors of this volume believe that General Rosecrans had no such intention, neither had his successor, General Thomas. The men composing this army had caught the spirit of their General, and although the situation was a trying one before the means of subsistence were fully provided and relief came, yet the men slackened not their grip on the prize purchased with the blood of their comrades and their own suffering, nor gave one inch of ground after their position had been taken. Neither officers nor men for a moment ever wavered in their firm resolve to hold the town.

It is therefore believed that General Grant was grievously mistaken when, in speaking of his arrival at Chattanooga to take command, in an article published in the *Century* for November, 1885, and afterwards in his "Memoirs," says: "During the evening most of the general officers called to pay their respects and to talk about the condition of affairs. They pointed out on the map the line, marked with a red or a blue pencil, which Rosecrans had contemplated falling back upon."

On the contrary Brigadier General Henry M. Cist, Assistant General on General Rosecrans' staff, and afterwards holding the same position on the staff of General Thomas, in his "History of the Army of the Cumberland," published in 1882, three years prior to the appearance of General Grant's

Century article, says: "However, not for an instant was the idea entertained of abandoning the town, to say nothing of the extreme hazard of attempting that, in the face of the strong force of the enemy on our front. The Army of the Cumberland had won Chattanooga and there they proposed remaining."

Speaking of this statement of General Grant in an article in the *North American Review* for December, 1885, General Rosecrans says: "No officer of the Army of the Cumberland ever told him that I contemplated falling back." Again he says: "The next thing after getting Chattanooga was to keep it." General Thomas gives support to these statements in the first paragraph of his report of the operations opening the new and shorter supply line by saying: "In pursuance of the plan of General Rosecrans, the execution of which had been deferred until General Hooker's transportation could be got." This statement of General Thomas' shows that instead of Rosecrans' contemplating retreat he was planning to hold the town, planning to have the means to make his resistance effectual. General Rosecrans gives quite fully in his article the plans and preparations by him for supplying the army in the beleaguered town, showing conclusively that he had no thought of evacuating or yielding up the place to the enemy, but on the contrary he meant to hold it to the last. Besides the proofs found in the records which go to show that Rosecrans never intended to give up the place, the contemplation of such an important movement under the then existing circumstances and conditions could not have been kept secret, but would have found its way to the ranks in a thousand ways, and would have been quite freely discussed in the camps. But in this case the reports in camp were all against the evacuation. The sentiment of the rank and file was against it, and so strong that it would have been a difficult matter to have withdrawn the army. They might have taken things in their own hands, as they did a little later under Grant at Missionary Ridge, and held the town even against orders. They had, however, no occasion to discuss this phase of the situation, as it was the

common talk of the camps *everywhere* that Rosecrans had said, and no soldier of the Army of the Cumberland doubted it, that he would fight them to the *last* and hold the town at all hazards.

Much more evidence could be given, but this is sufficient to show that General Rosecrans had at no time entertained the idea for a moment of abandoning Chattanooga, and that he had not lost confidence in the courage or fighting qualities of the army which he commanded, nor had the troops lost confidence in their General. Had General Rosecrans received the support from Washington at Chickamauga that was given to General Grant two months later the battles around Chattanooga would not have had a place in history.

CHAPTER XVII.

' THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

A Great Battle With a Picturesque Setting—An Unlooked for Crisis Precipitates It—Wood Makes a Reconnoissance—Ground Gained, Held, and Fortified—Hooker's Battle on Lookout Mountain—Sherman at the North End of Missionary Ridge—Thomas Ordered to Take First Line of Enemy's Works at Foot of Ridge and Make a Diversion in Favor of Sherman—The Order Promptly Obeyed—The Lines Captured in Hurricane Style—The Unordered Assault on Missionary Ridge—A Privates' Victory—A Battle Fought More Successfully Than Planned, But Not as Planned—A Victory That Astounded Grant in the Manner of its Coming as Much as it Did Bragg in its Results—General Cist's Account—Fullerton's Version—Bragg and Bate's Statements—Captain Reilly's Account of the Assault—Taylor's Brilliant Description of the Battle.

The great strategical importance of Chattanooga made it "the key to the situation" of all the country lying to the southward of it. But the battle was looked forward to with the utmost anxiety, not only for its direct effect on the affairs in its own department, but on account of the fact that on the result of the contest at Chattanooga probably hung the fate of Knoxville and the Army of the Ohio under Burnside. Had Chattanooga and Knoxville been retaken by the rebels, the Union cause must have received a staggering blow, and one

from which it is exceedingly doubtful if the government would have been able to recover. Years have not diminished the importance of this battle in the eyes of the student of history. The battle of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain was one of the decisive battles of the War of the Rebellion.

In the striking features of its peculiarly grand and picturesque setting it probably excels that of any battle-field of the civil war. There are the surrounding mountains in all their beauty and rugged grandeur. There stand Lookout's tall peak overlooking the neighboring mountains and ridges as a guardian watches over his charge. There is Walden's Ridge north of the river, and its continuation, Raccoon Mountain across the river south. On the east is Missionary Ridge, low walling the valley, while in the valley between Lookout and Missionary Ridge lies Chattanooga. The Tennessee river sweeps grandly on in elegant curves through the valley, and on its broad surface is mirrored the beauties of hill and valley, of mountain and plain. These rock-rimmed mountains with their subordinate hills and the valley constitute a mighty amphitheater wonderfully beautiful and grand, from Nature's own hand.

The brilliant and daring charge of General Hooker's troops on Lookout Mountain, was the successful opening of the battle that was to relieve the Union army from the siege of the two preceding months, and open the way to the further South. Sherman's battle at the north end of Missionary Ridge and the assault by the Army of the Cumberland upon the rebel left-center on the Ridge constituted the real battle of Chattanooga. General Grant gave his personal attention to the attack made upon the Ridge and selected his most trusted lieutenants to lead or direct.

During the night of the 22d of November or early in the morning of the 23d some rebel deserters came into the Union lines and reported General Bragg withdrawing, or about to withdraw, from in front of Chattanooga. If this were true it was an unexpected turn of affairs and developed a crisis at once. General Bragg, satisfied now that he could

not starve the Army of the Cumberland to evacuate Chattanooga, might withdraw from its immediate front and detach a sufficient force to completely invest and overwhelm General Burnside at Knoxville. This crisis, to be met promptly, necessitated a change of the plan of the approaching battle and forced an immediate advance on the part of the Union forces. The safety of Knoxville and Burnside's army required that this should be done. To be deceived now as to the purposes and plans of the enemy might be fatal.

General T. J. Wood was General Officer of the Day and at 3:30 a. m. reported to Major Fullerton, Assistant Adjutant General, the incoming of the deserters and their statements, as follows:

MAJOR: I have the honor to forward you the following information obtained from two deserters who came inside the lines of this division after 12 this a. m. These men state the rebel army is retreating. Say the troops which passed over the ridge yesterday were going to Chickamauga Station. They say the rumor in camp was yesterday, that by this evening there would be nothing but their pickets left. Say their wagon trains had been ordered in, (they had been kept to the rear for forage purposes.) They fully corroborate the statement of prisoners received yesterday morning as to their artillery having all left. I send the prisoners to corps provost marshal herewith."

General Grant at once sent the following to General Thomas:

GENERAL: The truth or falsity of the deserters who came in last night, stating that Bragg had fallen back, should be ascertained at once. If he is really falling back, Sherman can commence at once laying his pontoon trains, and we can save a day.

Therefore at 11 o'clock a. m. on the 23d of November, 1863, Major-General Gordon Granger, commanding Fourth corps, received the following from General Thomas' Chief of Staff, Major-General J. J. Reynolds:

The General commanding the department directs that you throw one division of the Fourth corps forward in the direction of Orchard Knob, and hold a second division in supporting distance, to disclose the position of the enemy, if he still remains in the vicinity of his old camp. Howard's and Baird's commands will be ready to co-operate if needed.

Upon receipt of the above General Granger at 12 m. sent to General Wood the following:

Brigadier-General Wood with his division will, as soon as possible,

carry out the foregoing instruction, and will be supported by General Sheridan's division, to be posted along near the line of railroad, its right resting about midway between Moore's road and the Brush Knob in front of Lunette Palmer.

General Sheridan in his report of the part taken by his division in front of Chattanooga on the 23d, says:

"About 12 m. of the 23d, I was notified by Major-General Granger that General Wood would make a reconnoissance to an elevated point on his (Wood's) front, known as Orchard Knob, and I was directed to support him with my division and prevent his right flank being turned by an advance of the enemy on Moore's road and from the direction of Rossville."

The exact words of these orders and Sheridan's report are given in order to show beyond doubt or cavil that Wood's division, of which the Eighty-sixth Indiana was a part, *was* the one division that made the reconnoissance and actually opened the great battle of Chattanooga.

From the above orders of Generals Grant, Thomas and Granger it will be seen that the immediate cause which brought on the battle of Chattanooga at the time it occurred was the report of the rebel deserters, that General Bragg was falling back. These deserters came in through the picket line of the Third division, Fourth corps, and it was right and eminently proper that this division should verify the statements of these deserters, which had been sent to headquarters by its commander. Therefore immediately after dinner on the 23d came the order "Fall in!" "Fall in!" The order, peremptory in tone, was repeated down the line, and was promptly obeyed by the Eighty-sixth. The regiment was speedily formed and marched at once with Colonel George F. Dick at its head outside of the intrenchments. Other regiments soon joined, and ere long Beatty's brigade was duly formed and waited for the other brigades. The formation and alignment of Willich's and Hazen's brigades were soon completed, Willich's on the left and Hazen on the right. Beatty's brigade was formed to the left rear of Willich's command and was formed "in double column *en masse*," so it might readily be deployed and face the front or to the left and thus protect Willich's left flank. The Eighty-

sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana were consolidated for the occasion and formed, as one regiment, the front of Beatty's brigade. Other regiments of the brigade were consolidated in a similar manner. The Eighty-sixth formed the left battalion and was consequently on the extreme left of Wood's division, the force making the reconnoissance, and liable to attack in flank.

For two months the army had been besieged in Chattanooga. The time was now near at hand for raising the siege. General Wood, with his division, was to make a reconnoissance to determine whether or not Bragg's army was present in full force, or develop the fact if, as reported by the deserters, he was stealthily withdrawing. This reconnoissance became really the initiative step of the great battle. As has been shown the honor of the advance lies wholly with Wood's division, and whatever honor attaches to other divisions in this day's engagement it is solely that of supporting the Third division.

The general plan of attack was as follows: A division of Sherman's troops was to be sent to Trenton up Lookout valley, to threaten the enemy's left flank. Under cover of this movement, Sherman's main body of the Fifteenth corps was to march up by Hooker's lines, then in Lookout valley, cross the river at the Brown's ferry bridge, mostly at night, thence into a concealed camp on the north side of the river, opposite South Chickamauga creek. For this movement Sherman was to be further strengthened by Davis' division of Thomas' army. One division was to go to a stream on the north side of the river known as North Chickamauga creek. About one hundred and twenty pontoons were to be taken, under cover of the hills and woods, and launched into the North Chickamauga. These were to be filled with men, and floated out into the Tennessee and down the river until opposite the South Chickamauga, about three miles below, effect a landing on the bank of the enemy's side, and throw up works. The remainder of the command was to cross in the same boats. Bridges were to be thrown across the Tennessee and South Chickamauga, then cross the artillery, and

move at once to seize a foothold on the north end of Missionary Ridge, taking up a line facing the enemy's right flank, near the railroad tunnel. Howard's corps, of Hooker's command, was to be held in reserve on the peninsula between the bridges of Brown's ferry and Chattanooga, in order to act with Sherman or Thomas, as the exigencies of the battle might determine. Subsequently he was directed to cross into the town, and fill the gap between Hooker's proposed position and the main body of the Army of the Cumberland. Hooker, with the remainder of his force, was to hold his position in Lookout valley and threaten the enemy's left. Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, was to co-operate with Sherman. He was to concentrate his troops in Chattanooga valley, on his left flank. As soon as possible he was to form a junction with Sherman.

According to this plan the Army of the Cumberland was to be used merely to make a "demonstration," and was to be an idle spectator in the real work of routing Bragg's army.

This statement of the original plan is supported by General Thomas, the heroic commander of the Army of the Cumberland, who, in his report of the three days' battle around Chattanooga, says:

"The plan of operations was written out substantially as follows: Sherman, with the Fifteenth corps, strengthened with one division from my command, was to effect a crossing of the Tennessee river just below the mouth of the South Chickamauga, on Saturday, November 21, at daylight; his crossing to be protected by artillery planted on the heights on the north bank of the river. After crossing his force, he was to carry the heights of Missionary Ridge from their northern extremity to about the railroad tunnel before the enemy could concentrate a force against him. I was to co-operate with Sherman by concentrating my troops in Chattanooga valley, on my left flank, leaving only the necessary force to defend the fortifications on the right and center, with a movable column of one division in readiness to move whenever ordered. This division was to show itself as threatening as possible on the most practicable line for making an attack up the valley. I was then to effect a junction with Sherman, *making my advance from the left, well toward the north end of Missionary Ridge, and moving as near simultaneously with Sherman as possible.* The junction once formed and the Ridge carried, communications would be at once established between the two armies by roads running on the south bank of the river. Further movements to

depend on those of the enemy. Lookout valley was to be held by Geary's division of the Twelfth corps, and the two brigades of the Fourth corps ordered to co-operate with him; the whole under the command of Major General Hooker."

This seems to be conclusive as to the plan of the battle, but General Thomas in the same report says further:

"It will be perceived from the above report that the original plan of operations was somewhat *modified* to meet and take the best advantage of emergencies, which necessitated *material modifications of that plan*. It is believed, however, that the original plan, had it been carried out, could not possibly have led to more successful results."

General Granger gives, in his report of the battle, substantially the same "original plan" as General Thomas. Brigadier General T. J. Wood in his report says:

"The original plan of operations was briefly this: The force of Major General Sherman was to cross the Tennessee river at the mouth of South Chickamauga creek, ascend the northeastern flank of Missionary Ridge—which here juts against the river—sweep along the Ridge and take the enemy's intrenchments, both at its base and on its crest, in flank and reserve.

Two divisions of the Fourth army corps, General Sheridan's and my own, were to cross Citico creek near its mouth just above Chattanooga, move up the peninsula enclosed between the creek and the Tennessee river, form a junction with the right flank of General Sherman's force, swing to the right and sweep along the lower slope and the base of Missionary Ridge. The remaining force in Chattanooga was to make a *demonstration against the enemy's works directly in front of Chattanooga*, while at the same time looking out for the safety of the town against a counter-attack. The force in Lookout Valley—General Hooker's—was to threaten Lookout Mountain.

It was conceded that a direct front attack of the enemy's works on Missionary Ridge could not be made with a reasonable prospect of success; or if such an attack should be successful, it could only be so at a great and unnecessary cost of life.

The original plan of battle now being impressed on the mind and thoroughly understood, let the reader turn his attention to the different movements and see how well it was carried into execution. It will be seen that the battle was not fought as originally planned.

A little after 2 o'clock p. m. the final preparations were completed, the order "Forward," was given, and the lines moved out. The musketry opened at once, not the musketry of lines of battle firing volleys, but the brisk, rapid

firing of strong skirmish lines earnestly and determinedly at work. The Union skirmishers pressed steadily and resolutely forward as the lines advanced. The line of battle moving quickly forward after the skirmishers, acted as a strong support for them, and the enemy gave ground. But all did not get back, as quite a number of the picket reserve in front of Willich's brigade were captured. After passing the old picket line the line of battle encountered many obstructions in its forward march, but nevertheless it pressed steadily on until Orchard Knob and a low rocky ridge lying to the south of the Knob, were approached. These were the objective points of the reconnoissance which had been fortified, and would have been difficult of capture if they had been fully manned. A dash that Willich's brigade gallantly made, carried Orchard Knob, and a similar onset by Hazen's brigade, made simultaneously with that of Willich, carried the ridge to the south of the Knob. Willich and Hazen having perfected their alignment after capturing the enemy's works on the Knob and the ridge, the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth were deployed into line on the left of Willich's brigade with the left of the two regiments sharply refused. The movement was a complete success. No troops could have done better. General Wood, certainly a very competent judge of military matters and of the evolutions and movements of troops, says of this day's battle:

“Then at the bugle signal, the magnificent array, in exact lines and serried columns, moved forward. It scarcely ever falls to the lot of man to witness so grand a military display. Every circumstance that could heighten the interest of, or impart dramatic effect to, the scene was present. On the ramparts of Fort Wood were gathered officers of high rank, covered with honors gathered on other fields. There were also officers distinguished for scientific attainments and rare administrative ability. Troops in line and column checkered the broad plain of Chattanooga. In front, plainly to be seen, was the enemy so soon to be encountered in deadly conflict. My division seemed to drink in the inspiration of the scene, and when the ‘advance’ was sounded moved forward in the perfect order of a holiday parade. It has been my good fortune to witness on the Champ de Mars and on Longchamps, reviews of all arms of the French service, under the eye of the most remarkable man of the present generation. I once saw a review, followed by a mock battle of the finest troops *El Re Galantuomo*. The pageant was held on

the plains of Milan, the queen city of Lombardy, and the troops in the sham conflict were commanded by two of the most distinguished officers of the Piedmontese service, Cialdini and another, whose name I cannot now recall. In none of these displays did I ever see anything to exceed the soldierly bearing and steadiness of my division, exhibited in the advance of Monday afternoon, the 23d. There was certainly one striking difference in the circumstances of these grand displays. The French and Italian parades were peaceful pageants; ours involved the exigencies of stern war; certainly an immense difference.

I should do injustice to the brave men who then moved forward to the conflict in such perfect order were I to omit to record that *not one* straggler lagged behind to sully the magnificence and perfectness of the grand battle array."

General Granger says of the movement:

"The troops moved into line and position with such regularity and precision as to present the appearance of a formation for review or parade, and the enemy's pickets, but a few hundred feet off, were apparently awaiting a display or military pageant when our skirmish line advanced and opened fire."

Later in the evening General Granger reported the success of the movement to General George H. Thomas, the Department Commander, and explained the position of General Wood's division. In return he was ordered to hold firmly the ground gained and was complimented on the success of the action.

During the evening there was constant skirmishing, and the enemy opened with his batteries from Missionary Ridge, but did not do more than make a great noise, cut some limbs from the trees overhead and render the position uncomfortable and life insecure. As the Eighty-sixth was on the left of the division, and the left was sharply refused, the fire of the enemy's batteries on the ridge enfiladed the regimental line. At dark the men were ordered to lie down with accouterments on and guns at hand. About 11 o'clock p. m. they were called up, furnished spades, shovels, picks, and axes and ordered to fortify the line as speedily as possible. General Howard says General Grant gave the orders to fortify as soon as he saw the movement was a success. General Howard says: "On November 23, 1863, Grant began his attack against Bragg, by a reconnoissance in force. Bragg's men at first thought the operation was one of Grant's re-

views. Quietly smoking a cigar, Grant watched the advance, and did not speak until Bragg's outpost, Orchard Knob, was in our hands, then he said emphatically, "Intrench them, and send up support." The order, however, did not reach Beatty's brigade until about 11 o'clock, sometime after the men had been asleep. The regiment was divided into divisions of two companies each, in order to better facilitate the work of intrenching. Everybody worked with a hearty good will. There were no laggards, and in a little more than two hours' time good heavy timbers were cut down and carried up and a strong barricade built; a trench was dug behind this and the dirt thus procured banked up on the enemy's side of the newly erected barricade, thus completing a strong line of intrenchments. Again the men were permitted "to lie upon their arms" and secure such rest as they could under the circumstances.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 24th the entire division was ordered up. The Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth stood in line, in the ditch, ready for the enemy should he choose to advance. This position, "standing to arms," was maintained until after daylight, which for men thinly clad and who had worked hard for two hours or more late at night with insufficient sleep, was a very trying duty. Picket firing began as soon as it was light enough for the opposing lines to see each other. About 9:30 a. m. the enemy opened a strong fire with his artillery from Missionary Ridge. For an hour the cannonading was very severe. Little or no damage was done to life or limb, but the location was exceedingly uncomfortable. Bridge's battery, on Orchard Knob, consisting of four $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch Rodman guns and two Napoleons, as well as the batteries in Fort Wood and at other points returned the enemy's fire, but with what effect was not known.

During the forenoon the low hung clouds drifted over Lookout Mountain into Chattanooga valley until the mountain could not be distinctly seen, and about 12 m. the rain began to fall. Near the hour of noon the sound of battle was borne across the valley from the heights of Lookout

the plains of Milan, the queen city of Lombardy, and the troops in the sham conflict were commanded by two of the most distinguished officers of the Piedmontese service, Cialdini and another, whose name I cannot now recall. In none of these displays did I ever see anything to exceed the soldierly bearing and steadiness of my division, exhibited in the advance of Monday afternoon, the 23d. There was certainly one striking difference in the circumstances of these grand displays. The French and Italian parades were peaceful pageants; ours involved the exigencies of stern war; certainly an immense difference.

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then suddenly it would burst forth again, a perfect tempest of musketry, accompanied by the boom of cannon. This continued until near midnight, when silence and the mist reigned over all.

After dark the Eighty-sixth, together with the entire division, drew two days' rations of hard-tack, bacon, sugar and coffee.

The night of November 24 was not promising, and it more than fulfilled the unfavorable weather signs. As the night advanced it grew extremely chilly, and the soldiery unprepared for cold weather suffered much. Many were forced to rise at 1 or 2 o'clock, build fires and thaw out their benumbed extremities. On account of the cold it was a night of extreme discomfort and suffering.

It was now the 25th of November, historic day. The Eighty-sixth was up betimes. Colonel Dick at no time allowed it to be napping when duty called for watchfulness. The orders of the previous day, to be ready to move at a moment's notice, were again published.

During the night of November 24, the enemy had withdrawn from Lookout Mountain and from Chattanooga valley, and on the morning of the 25th was massing his entire force on Missionary Ridge. During the night of the 24th Sherman had succeeded in crossing all of his army over the river, had captured the Confederate outposts, and had secured a firm footing at the north end of Missionary Ridge near the railroad tunnel. Early in the morning of the 25th, Sherman opened the battle and the sounds of the conflict were borne to the Army of the Cumberland as it lay awaiting its final orders to move. Throughout the hours of the forenoon the troops of the Fourth and Fourteenth corps listened to the din and roar of Sherman's army as the battle grew stronger and stronger from the addition of new troops to the contest. From where Thomas' troops lay the reinforcements that were being sent by General Bragg against Sherman could be seen as they hurried along the crest of Missionary Ridge to the assistance of their Confederate comrades. As the morning wore on the impatience and anxiety of the Army of

the Cumberland grew stronger and stronger. The Army of the Cumberland could not move, however, until Hooker could bring his troops across the valley and his line could be joined with Thomas' right. The rebels when they moved from Lookout had destroyed the bridges across the creek, and these had to be rebuilt before Hooker could cross. This was done as speedily as possible, and by 3 o'clock of the 25th Hooker was in position. At this time Sherman was holding his position by stubborn fighting, but was unable to make any headway, as the enemy had massed too heavily against him, and the fighting at the north end of the Ridge was most intense. The brave Hardee, with Cleburne, Cheatham and Stevenson's divisions were on the right of the Confederate lines in front of Sherman, and wherever Hardee was, there was sure to be a vigorous defense or a fierce attack. Resolute of purpose, with splendid soldiers, he could be depended on to hold his ground to the last. But Sherman, with the gallant Fifteenth corps, was equal to the emergency, and was holding his ground and fighting stubbornly to hold his position. The battle on the Union left—the rebel right—grew hotter, fiercer, deadlier. The rattle of musketry was unceasing and frightful.

During all the forenoon and on into the afternoon the troops in front of the Army of the Cumberland had kept up an incessant and terrific fire. The enemy's skirmishers, almost equal to a line of battle in strength, had poured out a most frightful volume of musketry, while the batteries along the summit of Missionary Ridge kept up a vigorous cannonading. The casualties in this portion of the Union line were, however, not very great when considered with relation to the amount of firing that was done by the enemy.

General Howard, with the Eleventh corps, now came into line on the left of the Fourth corps, but moved off to the support of Sherman, and Baird's division of the Fourteenth corps moved in and took Howard's place. It did not, however, remain long; it too moved off to the left to the support of Sherman, and the left of the Fourth corps was uncovered. The shifting of so many troops to the left showed

that that point was Grant's objective, and that he desired to carry the north end of the Ridge before he made the attack upon the rebel left with Hooker's forces. All orders show that he desired Sherman to carry the Ridge as far south as the tunnel before the combined attack should be made.

Sherman's battle grew more severe as the afternoon drew on. By 12:45 p. m. it had grown so hot that Sherman dispatched Grant: "Where is Thomas?" Thomas himself replied from Orchard Knob at 1 o'clock p. m. "I am here; my right is closing in from Lookout Mountain toward Missionary Ridge." Now, artillery, cavalry, and infantry could all be seen passing on the crest to support and assist Hardee and engage Sherman's forces. These heavy re-enforcements for Bragg's right indicated that he had divined Grant's plan of battle, of capturing the north end of the Ridge, and sweeping down its crest to the south with troops which were to be supported upon both flanks.

Sherman was meeting severer opposition than had been anticipated, and the time had now come for earnest work on the part of the Union right and center in order to relieve him and hold what had already been acquired. To do this it was necessary to throw forward the center and right so that Bragg would not be able to send forward any further re-enforcements, and if possible force him to withdraw some of his troops from Sherman's front in order to protect his lines on Missionary Ridge. The Fourth corps was selected as the first to make "the demonstration on the enemy's works." By this demonstration it was intended that the Fourth corps should capture the enemy's picket or skirmish line and take and occupy Bragg's line of works at the foot of the Ridge. To that end the orders were issued to the division commanders to move their troops outside their works, reform their lines, and that six guns from Orchard Knob fired in quick succession should be the signal for the attack. By this order it was not intended or expected to pass beyond the first line of the enemy's works, and they were at the foot of the Ridge.

The order was communicated to each of the brigade com-

manders, and they at once put their commands in motion, crossed their works, reformed their lines, and awaited the signal from Orchard Knob. Each brigade was formed in two lines. The Third brigade of Wood's division, of which the Eighty-sixth Indiana was a part, was formed with the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana in the first, or charging line, and the Thirteenth and Fifty-ninth Ohio, the Nineteenth Ohio and the Seventeenth Kentucky in the second line as supports. The Ninth Kentucky held the skirmish line, but some distance to the left of the brigade front.*

While awaiting for the signal for the charge it may be well to look at the situation as it then confronted the front or charging line. The line of works at the foot of the Ridge was known to be very strong and most favorably situated for defense, as a sweeping fire of musketry could cover every foot of ground in its immediate front for several hundred yards. All along the foot of the Ridge there was open ground in which was left no shelter from the fire of the batteries on the Ridge, or from the fire of the infantry in the strong line of intrenchments at its foot. In fact, at the time the order was delivered it looked to be a fair chance for just such a slaughter of the Union troops as was afterwards made of the Confederates at Franklin. Hooker quotes Grant as saying he had nothing to do with the battle of Missionary Ridge, and it does seem, when the events are taken into consideration about to be related, as though he had little to do with the formation, shaping and working out of the crowning event of the day, his work simply being an act of "touching the button" and setting the machinery in motion. The troops worked out a victory in ways altogether different from that which he had expected.

* General Beatty in a letter written to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, February 4, 1876, says: "My brigade was formed as follows: Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana on the right; Thirteenth and Fifty-ninth Ohio in the center, and the Ninth Kentucky on the left; the Nineteenth Ohio and the Seventeenth Kentucky in reserve. The Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana were the first regiments to gain the crest of the Ridge." Colonel Fred Knefler in a letter to the same paper March 20, 1876, says: "Beatty's brigade was formed as follows: The Ninth Kentucky held the skirmish line, but some distance to the left of the brigade front; the first line was composed of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana; the second line, of the Nineteenth Ohio and the Seventeenth Kentucky; the third line, of the Thirteenth Ohio and Fifty-ninth Ohio."

Finally at 3:10 p. m. everything was believed to be properly arranged and in order, every emergency likely to arise carefully provided for. But it is the unexpected that happens in battle as elsewhere. All things being in readiness and expectation standing as tip-toe, boom! boom! boom! went the great guns from the crest of Orchard Knob, and roared and thundered out the signal that all might hear. From where stood the ranks of the Eighty-sixth could be plainly seen the flame and smoke shoot from the mouths of the guns as if they would blow with their mighty breaths of flame the enemy from the Ridge. "One!" spoke an iron throat of Bridges' battery, and with the sound each man grasped his gun with a firm grasp, and stood with contracted muscles and compressed lips. "Two!" "Three!" "Four!" "Five!" "Six!" Hardly had the last gun sent its messenger of death as a herald of the attack when the troops—Willich's—on Orchard Knob leaped up, out and over their works, and started for the enemy. They had not yet cleared their parapet when in trumpet tones Colonels Kneffler and Dick gave the command, "Forward, march!" and the men of the two regiments, the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana, at the same instant sprang forward with a cheer on that charge that ended in the most brilliant victory in the annals of war. And now the battle for the Army of the Cumberland was again begun. Now was the time for action—heroic action. Once fairly in motion the tremor of the muscles was over—was a thing of the past.

The Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana had a narrow strip of open woods through which to pass before coming to the opening in the immediate front of the enemy's works at the foot of the Ridge. Through this strip of standing timber the men pressed forward in as good line as was possible. However, as they drew near the farther side of this woods, which was rather more open, the men formed into a better line, and so the two regiments came out into the open ground in a fairly good line of battle. As they cleared this timber they came into a full and perfect view of the enemy's works at the foot of the Ridge, as well as those on its crest, and

about eight or nine hundred yards distant from the former, the objective point of the attack. The sight of the enemy in his intrenchments seemed to act as an electrifier. The yell was given over and over again as away went the two regiments on the full run for the enemy, determined to have that line of works at all hazards. Whether either Colonel Kneffer or Colonel Dick gave the order to "double-quick," or "charge bayonet," on clearing the woods, no one can say, but it is presumed they did. At any rate the general shout of the line was sufficient to set every man going at his very best pace. As the Union line cleared the standing timber and came out into the open ground the long line of Confederate batteries on the crest of the Ridge opened a terrific fire. There were Dent's, Cobb's, Mebane's, and Slocomb's batteries, and others, vomiting death and destruction upon the valley. The boom of the many guns, the shriek of flying shells, the roar of their explosions, the whirl of the flying fragments were positively appalling. The Union batteries on Orchard Knob, Fort Wood, and other points added their volcanic roar to the unearthly noise of the rebel batteries.

The men who cast their eyes to the front, and then to the right, and then up the valley along the Union line and over the ground where it was advancing, could see in front a battery worked with fiery energy, and on the crest to the right a long line of rebel batteries with drifting clouds of sulphurous smoke above them. Here, there, everywhere the burstings shells and the smoke drifting lazily off could be seen. Some few burst on the ground, others five, ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, and some few perhaps a hundred feet or more in the air above. Some burst far in front, others overhead far to the rear toward the reserve. It was truly a grand and magnificent sight. It was a scene to be witnessed but once in a lifetime, and no one cares to look upon its like again under similar circumstances. There in front rose the great Ridge as a natural barrier, and on its crest the long row of rebel guns. Here below a long thin line of Union "blue-coats," a line of battle to be swallowed up, as it seemed, in the volcanic eruption, rushing grandly and heroically on in the very face of

death, and above the heads of those heroic men the curling smoke from hundreds of exploding shells, which they apparently did not notice more than the drifting down of thistles blown by idle winds of autumn. All this was grand and heroic, but this was not the battle. The two regiments passed resolutely and fearlessly forward—on toward the goal. All along the valley to the right, following the lead of these two superb regiments, the blue line swept steadily and grandly on, no faltering, no hesitation, but ever forward.

Colonel Knefler, in his account of the assault, says “at proper distance the line was halted an instant, firing a thundering volley, and, upon command to charge, rushed forward, defying the hostile fire.” That line halted! When, where, by whom? Not a halt was made, not a check to its progress occurred, not a gun was fired by the charging column of Beatty’s brigade until after the capture of the first line of works at the foot of the Ridge. The two regiments forming the front of this brigade went true to their orders direct for the main line at the foot of the Ridge without halt or hesitation. But a glance at this rapidly shifting panorama of a great and real battle scene was all that one in that rushing battle line had time to take, and hurried on to the capture of the first line of works at the foot of the Ridge, the objective point of the assault. The Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth rushed forward through the fire and shot, and onto and over this line of intrenchments. So strong was this rush upon the enemy that he became panic stricken and abandoned them, and all who escaped capture fled precipitately up the rugged mountain side. The Union cheers of victory and exultation added to his fright and hastened his flight, as he hurried rapidly toward the works on the crest of the Ridge. The men of the Union line arrived at these works almost exhausted in the effort made to reach the line in as short time as possible. Those who reached this line first, most of them, made a brief halt until some others began to arrive, for it must be understood where a line of men start out on a run some will be left, and consequently the line will become more or less disordered at

the finish in an advance of eight hundred or nine hundred yards at the highest rate of speed that each was capable of attaining.

By this time the rebel gunners, and they were veterans, had recovered from the frenzy of their first excitement caused by the sudden discovery of the audacious movement against their first line of intrenchments directly beneath them. The tremor of their muscles had given place to steely steadiness and they settled down to soldierly work, as their fire now clearly proved. They were carefully depressing their guns with perfect range and were accurately delivering with terrific effect a plunging fire of shot and shell which no troops on earth could face and remain quiet and inactive in line. It was but as the twinkling of an eye until the victors at this line of works saw and realized the situation. Even before half their comrades reached the works the leaders of the line saw that no safe lodgment for a line of battle could be made here. No thought of retreat was entertained. It was not so ordered. Every fiery blast of the batteries on the Ridge made their old line of intrenchments at its foot quake and tremble. The command, "Forward!" "Forward!" was given and repeated. The command was received by the two regiments with a shout as if victory was already won. Granger's message, "Take the Ridge if you can!" passed along the bleeding line, but it was already advancing. *Then began the real battle of Chattanooga, the storming and capture of the heights of Missionary Ridge!* At once the privates and officers of the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana, inaugurated a movement that was to result in a grander victory than Grant had ever dreamed of even in his brightest dream of victories. The Army of the Cumberland was to show here its magnificent fighting qualities. Even now its advance, the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana, were ahead of Grant's orders and expectations. In fact neither Generals Grant nor Thomas intended it.

From this point and upward the two regiments, like mountain goats, were advancing up the rugged face of a ridge

four hundred feet high, exposed to a volcanic fire of the enemy intrenched on its summit. In the movement up the Ridge the gallant Colonels Knefler and Dick, quick to see its supreme importance, gave it the impetus of their commands and example and encouraged the brave men every step of the way up the steep acclivity. Instead of a mere "diversion" in favor of Sherman it was to be the culminating and deciding event of this great three days' battle. Wood's division of the Fourth corps opened the battle on the 23d, and now the victorious assault of Wood's and Sheridan's divisions of that corps, with two divisions of the Fourteenth corps—the Army of the Cumberland still—decided the battle in a marvelously wonderful manner greatly to the surprise of General Grant.

This was truly the hurly burly of battle when "fearful scouring doth choke the air with dust and laden it with death." Onward, and yet onward, and upward, and yet higher, pressed that charging line, through the enemy's pitiless fire. The two regiments pressed undauntedly up the ridge. There was no halting, only to breathe and rest, for the climbing was extremely fatiguing. Only the hardiest could proceed steadily on even at a slow pace without halting to rest. As the two regiments advanced the enemy's fire grew hotter, fiercer, deadlier. Shot, shell, shrapnel, and as the disordered line drew nearer the crest, grape and canister were poured into the ranks of those faithful men at an appalling rate. Beatty's brigade, of which these regiments formed the front line, had struck the Ridge at a place where there was a more prominent elevation—Signal Hill—and from where a point projected to the west from the general line of the Ridge. This conformation of the Ridge at the place of ascent of the Eighty-sixth Indiana gave the enemy's artillery to the right and left, as well as the battery on the elevation itself, a better sweep to the approaches to the heights, and a cross-fire upon the assaulting forces now coming up, which opportunity they did not fail to improve. As the two regiments were so far in advance of the lines on the right and left they invited the fire of the whole of the enemy's

line within striking distance. But as this line climbed the Ridge, the infantry on the crest opened a hot and malicious fire of musketry upon the two Indiana regiments. Now the deadly zip, zip, zip, of the minnie balls added their minor but more fearful strain to the heavier notes of the batteries, and the latter apparently redoubled their fierce activity. The men of the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth were now almost exhausted, and were creeping slowly up the Ridge turning to practical account trees, logs, stumps, and rocks as cover, returned the fire in a most valorous and effective manner, constantly encouraged in the advance by the officers of both regiments. Many were killed on both sides. As the two regiments approached nearer the enemy's works the battle grew if possible, fiercer. The mettle of both armies were here to be thoroughly tested. The enemy was stubborn, and tenaciously held his ground—clinging to his works, rallied by officers of high rank who exhorted the men to stand firm and hold their position.

As the assaulting line still crept nearer and nearer the works on the crest, occasionally the "swish" of a ram-rod, fired by some of the more excitable, added another variation to the already tumultuous roar of battle—to the shriek of shot and shell, the rattle of grape and canister and the zip of the minnie ball on the rough and stony mountain side. The two regiments had kept well together as one regiment, and were far in advance of the rest of the line. They were now full nine-tenths of the way up the Ridge on the breast of Signal Hill and laid down there, waited and rested. To push on at this stage appeared suicidal for this mere handful of men, if they had not already got themselves into a veritable death-trap.

The men were out of breath and almost completely exhausted. Only the strongest had been able to keep pace with the colors of the two regiments up the mountain. Some indeed were in advance of the standards, for it was endurance that was required to keep to the front, and in a run of nine hundred yards at top speed, and then climbing a mountain slope four or five hundred yards at an angle of forty-five de-

grees accoutered as an infantry soldier, only the hardiest, sound in limb, heart and lungs can endure to the end. It was no child's play to climb the mountain, but to climb it after a long charge and in the face of a courageous enemy was heroic.

It has already been said that these two regiments, rank, file and field, were responsible for the attack made upon the Ridge itself, and were far in advance of *all* other regiments on the mountain side. This is a fact which cannot be successfully called in question. General Sheridan in his report of what he saw when at the first line of works captured at the foot of the Ridge, says: "Looking to the left I saw a single regiment far over in Wood's line dash up the hill and lay down below the crest. General Hazen's men also commenced the ascent." Now that which General Sheridan calls one regiment was really two regiments, the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana consolidated as a single regiment, and as his words indicate, were far ahead of all other troops in the assault upon the intrenchments on the crest of the Ridge. These regiments were but a handful of men to meet the strong line of Bragg's men behind their intrenchments, but nevertheless they held their ground, clung to the brow of Signal Hill, and with their flags flying defiantly in the breeze. Notwithstanding they were few in numbers yet the enemy did not dare to come out of his intrenchments and attack. The lines at the foot of the Ridge had looked with wonder and surprise at the two regiments toiling toward the summit, until finally they together with their supports were ordered forward to join that small assaulting column which is now immediately under the guns of the enemy almost at the very summit of the Ridge. But all things must have an end, and now the line of regiments completing the division's battle line have almost joined these two regiments that have so gallantly led the van. Looking to the right and down the slope of the Ridge could be seen the long line, scattered somewhat and broken in places by the enemy's fire, pushing and fighting its way up the Ridge,

their regimental standards and the stars and stripes held aloft and floating in the breeze—

“The flags of war like storm birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow.”

As this line of brave “blue-coats,” undaunted, unappalled by what they have witnessed, approached the brow of the Ridge the battle roar increased, and fighting was intensely furious and desperate along the entire line. *This was the Battle of Chattanooga—the Assault of Missionary Ridge!*

But as the whole battle front of the division approached the brow of the Ridge, followed by the supports, Colonels Dick and Knetler gathered their men for another desperate attack, determined to win the victory which they had striven so hard to gain and gave the command, “Fix—bayonets!” They were soon ready and when the order, “Charge—bayonets!” was given, the brave men of these two regiments went forward with a rush. Oh! It was a thrilling sight! Shot and shell were doing their murderous work. Nothing short of annihilation could stop those noble battalions. Higher, and still higher, they crept, until at last, just as the sun was sinking in the west, they reached the summit, and then as the gathered billow thunders and foams along and over the sunken ledges of the sea, they, with one wild shout and burst, swept over those deadly batteries. The Confederates saw and heard the preparation of the two regiments for the final dash and when it came they stood their ground, fighting desperately and hand to hand, but the assault was too grandly ferocious, and they broke and fled down the opposite declivity of the mountain, utterly dismayed and panic stricken. As these two regiments swept over the works and on, they were followed closely by the battle line of Willich’s brigade, and those fighting to the right and left soon had Signal Hill and the Ridge for some distant to the right of it, cleared. Thus was a foot-hold on the mountain gained. Thus was the Ridge and battle won as never battle before was won. The next moment cheer after cheer went up all along the smoking crest, and rolled down the crimson steep, till to the right and left and far be-

low, the air trembled with glad echoes. Missionary Ridge was no General's battle. It was the battle of the soldiers themselves, who went, like an unchained whirlwind, without command, up to the crest, and to what, up to that time, was the most complete victory of the war. "It was a glorious victory."

At 4:30 p. m. Assistant Secretary of War Dana telegraphed Secretary of War Stanton as follows:

Glory to God. The day is decisively ours. Missionary Ridge has just been carried by a magnificent charge of Thomas's troops, and rebels routed.

The point of the Ridge projecting to the west, which was mounted by the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth, was one naturally affording a very strong position for the enemy, easily defended and difficult to climb, and therefore the exploit of these regiments leading the entire battle line is the more notable. On account of its elevation it was used as a signal station by the enemy during his occupancy. It was beyond all fair question the first point of the ridge carried.

To the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana, therefore, belongs the honor of being the first regiments on the Ridge. What member of the Eighty-sixth regiment was the first to go over the enemy's works cannot be told. The honor is not so much in being first as in the brave endeavor. When all were striving so nobly and where everything was in such a turmoil and excitement it is not easy, nay, it is almost impossible to decide positively who has the honor to be the first. It was an honor to have been even the hindmost. Let every member of the Eighty-sixth who scaled the mountain that afternoon share alike in the honor, and "let them all go to glory together." Jefferson McClelland, of Company H, fell within a rod of the enemy's works on the crest of the Ridge—shot dead by a musket ball through the chest when charging on the line while fully manned. He had led all in the upward rush for the last line of works as he had done from the first start at the line at the foot of the Ridge. He paid the penalty of his daring courage with his life. W. W. Barnes received a severe contused wound of the thigh by a grape-

shot or a rock set flying by a plunging shot or shell which was not reported. Sergeant Stephen Cronkite, of Company E, color-bearer, carried the colors bravely and nobly forward until near the summit of the Ridge, when he fell seriously wounded. Then the brave Thomas J. Graves, Sergeant of Company D, seized the flag and mounted the Ridge and gallantly marching to the left led the attack upon the advancing Confederate reinforcements until he, too, was badly wounded. It was here that Sergeant Myron H. Belknap, of Company I, received an ugly gun shot wound through the shoulder. Captain William M. Southard gave up his life when near the crest, and not ten feet away that brave little soldier, Paris H. Peterson, of Company I, breathed his last breath. But the brave deeds of all on that memorable November afternoon cannot be recorded. Colonel Dick reported five enlisted men killed and thirty-eight wounded, one officer killed and two wounded, a total of forty-six. The loss of the Seventy-ninth was twenty-eight enlisted men wounded.

The following is a list of the killed:

Company K.—Captain William M. Southard,

“ E.—Henry C. Cronkhite,

“ “—Milton Gallimore,

“ H.—Jefferson McClelland,

“ I.—Paris H. Peterson.

“ “—Jephtha Custer—6.

The following is a list of the mortally wounded:

Company B.—Frederick Lunenburg,

“ “—Charles Waters,

“ C.—Jacob Cooper, color guard,

“ D.—James Rulson,

“ F.—Eli A. Tipton,

“ “—Oliver Wood,

“ I.—Absalom Huffman—7.

The following is a list of the severely wounded:

Company A.—John Harding,

“ “—James E. Padgett.

“ C.—James H. Brown,

“ “—Uriah Stevenson,

- Company D.—Thomas J. Graves,
 “ E.—Harmon M. Billings,
 “ “—Stephen Cronkhite,
 “ F.—John Kent,
 “ H.—William W. Barnes,
 “ I.—Myron H. Belknap,
 “ “—Jacob D. Bazzle,
 “ K.—B. F. Snyder—12.

The following is a list of the slightly wounded:

Lieutenant Colonel Jacob C. Dick,

- Company A.—Wilson DeMoss,
 “ “—R. W. Stoops,
 “ B.—Lieutenant Jerre Haugh,
 “ C.—James S. Butcher,
 “ D.—Bartley Scanlon,
 “ “—John Solomon,
 “ E.—Samuel Cloyd,
 “ “—Levi A. Cronkhite,
 “ G.—Jeffrey O. Cutts,
 “ “—B. F. Paxton,
 “ “—George W. Tull,
 “ “—Allen Devoll,
 “ H.—William F. Adams,
 “ “—William H. Trulock,
 “ I.—Thomas Decker,
 “ K.—Tilghman A. Howard,
 “ “—James Harrington,
 “ “—Morris Welch,
 “ “—William Sanders,
 “ “—James Williams—21.

The loss of the Eighty-sixth greatly exceeded that of any other regiment of Beatty's brigade, and was nearly double that of the Seventy-ninth, its companion regiment. The only reasonable explanation of the small loss of these two regiments is that they went quickly up the Ridge from the first line of works at its foot and thus gained the cover and protection from the enemy's terrible fire by the steepness of the western slope.

It will thus be seen that the plan of battle, as given in the preceding pages of this chapter, was not carried out as originally intended by General Grant. The order given by General Granger, the commander of the Fourth corps, "Take the Ridge if you can," and sent to Wood and then to Sheridan, was not given until the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth, cheered on by their officers, had climbed almost to the very top of the Ridge, and as Sheridan said "lay down below the crest," and held on by their teeth, nails and eye-lashes. Then and then only was the thought of the possibility of capturing the Ridge by a direct front assault conceived by the general officers. There were the supports and reserve ordered up, and the attack made by the whole line that made the assault upon the first line of works at the foot of the Ridge.

General Grant did not order or expect the assault to be made upon the Ridge at that time, or in the manner in which it was made, but simply an attack upon "the first line of works at the foot of the Ridge as a *diversion in favor of Sherman who was hard pressed.*"

General Wood's report shows that the intended attack upon the Ridge was quite a different thing from the one that was actually made, the one being a flank attack, while the other was a direct front attack upon the enemy's chosen position and fortifications. General Grant says of the troops and the assault: "Without awaiting further orders or stopping to reform, our troops went to the second line of works; over that and on for the crest, thus effectually carrying out my orders of the 18th for the battle, and of the 24th for this charge." General Grant here refers to an order issued while under a mistaken idea of the situation of the armies. In that order it is stated that Thomas will either "carry the rifle-pits and Ridge, or move to the left as the presence of the enemy may require." The order was conditional, and the conditions were not at all what they were thought to be, for in the opening sentence General Grant says: "General Sherman carried Missionary Ridge as far as the tunnel with only slight skirmishing." This *conditional order* for attacking the Ridge was given under the supposition that Sherman's attack had

been successful and would continue to be so, and that in fact there would be little for Thomas' force to do. It is certainly plain that there was *a change in the plan of the battle*. General Grant did not expect a direct assault by the center. The evidence of this is complete and convincing. General Henry M. Cist, on this point says:

Then, when Sherman had been fighting for nearly two days, and had failed to make the headway Grant's plan contemplated, the plan underwent another modification. On the 25th, Grant ordered Thomas to move out his troops from the center, to make another "demonstration" in Sherman's behalf, so he could take the tunnel in accordance with the original plan. Thomas was ordered to take the first line of rifle-pits and hold his command there, while Bragg was expected to draw off part of his troops from Sherman's front and strengthen his line in front of the demonstration. Thomas' orders to his corps and division Generals were given in accordance with Grant's instructions, and as the orders reached the *brigade and regimental* commanders, the movement was only to be a "demonstration." When the troops reached the rebel line, captured it, and then found themselves under the fire from the enemy's lines on the heights above, *without orders*, and even *against orders*, the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland pressed up the face of the Ridge under the deadly musketry fire that greeted them, with cannon in front of them, to the right and left, raking with converging fire, and won for General Grant the battle of Missionary Ridge, driving Bragg away from Sherman's front, and thus enabling him to take the tunnel as ordered. Whenever the victory of Missionary Ridge shall be narrated on history's page, this gallant charge of the brave men of Wood's and Sheridan's divisions, with those of Baird and Johnson on their left and right, will always be a prominent feature of the engagement as told in the coming years, and will be the last to lose its glory and renown.

No wonder that General Grant failed to appreciate this movement at the time, not understanding the troops who had it in charge. When he found these commands ascending the Ridge to capture it, when he ordered a "demonstration" to be made to the foot of the hill and there wait, he turned sharply to General Thomas and asked, "By whose orders are those troops going up the hill?" General Thomas taking in the situation at once, suggested that it was probably by their own. General Grant remarked that "it was all right if it turned out all right," and added, "if not, some one would suffer." But it turned out "all right," and General Grant in his official report compliments the troops for following closely the retreating enemy without further orders.

General Cist relates these things from personal knowledge. As a member of General Thomas' staff he was present on Orchard Knob when the orders were issued, in fact,

they were issued through him, and being present he heard the above quoted remarks of General Grant. General Joseph S. Fullerton, of General Granger's staff, having described the capture of the line of works at the foot of the Ridge, says:

The order of the Commanding General now had been fully and most successfully carried out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamanga. There was a halt of but a few minutes to take breath and to re-form lines: then, with a sudden impulse, and *without orders*, all started up the Ridge. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of supports or of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen, stretching on either side.

As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him say angrily: "Thomas, who ordered those men up the Ridge?" Thomas replied, in his usual slow, quiet manner: "I don't know; I did not." Then, addressing General Gordon Granger, he said, "Did you order them up, Granger?" "No," said Granger: "they started up *without orders*. *When those fellows get started all hell can't stop them.*" General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning, stoically watched the Ridge. He gave no further orders.

As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas, he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said: "Ride at once to Wood, and then to Sheridan, and ask them, if they ordered their men up the Ridge, and tell them, if they can take it to push ahead." As I was mounting, Granger added: "It is hot over there, and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you." As fast as my horse could carry me, I rode first to General Wood, and delivered the message. "I didn't order them up," said Wood: "they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too! Tell Granger, if we are supported we will take and hold the Ridge!"

General O. O. Howard confirms these statements as to Grant's remark to Thomas. He says:

The nearest he came to chiding anybody was when Thomas' soldiers went forward from the base of the Ridge to the bristling crest without orders, when he remarked: "Well, somebody will suffer if they don't stay there." They did stay there and went beyond the captured summit.

Of all the officers on Orchard Knob, General Gordon Granger alone has the honor of ordering, "Take the Ridge if you can." Of course it is understood that the division

commanders accompanied their troops. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War was present on Orchard Knob during the day, and in his report of the assault to Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, says:

The storming of the Ridge by our troops was one of the greatest miracles in military history. No man who climbed the ascent by any of the roads that wind along its front can believe that 18,000 men were moved up its broken and crumbling face unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seems as awful as a visible interposition of God. Neither Grant nor Thomas intended it. Their orders were to carry the rifle-pits along the base of the Ridge and capture their occupants, but when this was accomplished the unaccountable spirit of the troops bore them boldly up those impracticable steeps, over the bristling rifle-pits on the crest and thirty cannon enfilading every gully. The orders to storm appears to have been given simultaneously to Generals Sheridan and Wood, because the men were not held back, dangerous as the attempt appeared to military prudence. Besides, the Generals had caught the inspiration of the men, and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities.

This is clear as to Grant's order at the time of the assault. As to the judgment of the practicability of an assault on Missionary Ridge, Dana had dispatched November 8, 1863:

Reconnoissance of Citico Creek and head of Missionary Ridge made yesterday by Thomas, Smith and Brannan, from the heights opposite on the north of the Tennessee, proved Smith's plan of attack impracticable. The creek and country are wrongly laid down on our maps, and no operation for the seizure of Missionary Ridge can be undertaken with the force which Thomas can now command for the purpose.

General Granger in his report says:

General Sherman was unable to make any progress in moving along the Ridge during the day, as the enemy had massed in his front; therefore, in order to relieve him, I was ordered to make a demonstration upon the works of the enemy directly in my front, at the base of Missionary Ridge.

After describing the capture of the first line at the base of the Ridge, General Granger goes on to say:

My orders had now been fully and successfully carried out, but not enough had been done to satisfy the brave troops who had accomplished so much. Although the batteries on the Ridge, at short range, by direct and enfilading fire, were still pouring down upon them a shower of iron and the musketry from the hillside was thinning their ranks, they dashed over the breastworks, through the rifle-pits, and started up the Ridge. *They started without orders.* * * Eagerly they rushed forward

to a danger which the bravest, marching under orders, might tremble. *Officers caught the enthusiasm of the men*, and the men were in turn cheered by the officers. * * At several points along the line my troops were ascending the hill and gaining positions less exposed to the enemy's artillery fire, though more exposed to the fire of his musketry. Seeing this, I sent my Assistant Adjutant General to inquire, first of General Wood and then of General Sheridan, whether the troops had been ordered up the Ridge by them, and to instruct them to take the Ridge if possible. In reply to this, General Wood told him that the men had started up without orders, and that he could take it if he could be supported.

It will be observed that orders were sent to Wood first. Why was this? Simply because his advance was farther up the Ridge. They had started up first and they kept ahead. According to both Granger and Fullerton the order, "Take the Ridge if you can," was sent first to Wood and then to Sheridan. General Wood, stout-hearted Wood, "the iron-gray veteran," says:

As the day progressed the interest which attracted every eye and absorbed every feeling was that involved in the attempt of General Sherman's command to effect a lodgment on Missionary Ridge near the tunnel. Severer opposition than had been expected was evidently being met with. To lessen the opposition General Sherman was encountering, it was determined that a movement should be made against the rebel center. I was ordered to advance and carry the enemy's intrenchments at the base of Missionary Ridge and *hold them*. * * When the first line of intrenchments was carried, the goal for which we had started was won. Our orders carried us no farther. *We had been instructed to carry the line of intrenchments at the base of the Ridge and there halt*. But the enthusiasm and impetuosity of the troops were such that those who first reached the intrenchments at the base of the Ridge bounded over them, and pressed on up the ascent after the flying enemy. Moreover, the intrenchments were no protection against the enemy's artillery on the Ridge. To remain would be destruction—to return would be both expensive in life and disgraceful. Officers and men all seemed impressed with this truth. In addition, the example of those who commenced to ascend the Ridge so soon as the intrenchments were carried was contagious. Without waiting for an order the vast mass pressed forward in the race for glory, each man anxious to be the first on the summit. The enemy's artillery and musketry could not check the impetuous assault. The troops did not halt to fire. To have done so would have been ruinous. Little was left to the commander of the troops than to cheer on the foremost—to encourage the weaker of limb, and to sustain the very few who seemed to be faint hearted.

To the eternal honor of the troops, it should be recorded that the laggards were, indeed, few in number. The interval which elapsed between the carrying of the intrenchments at the base of the Ridge and the crowning of the summit must have been one of intense and painful anxiety to all who were not participants in the assault. The ascent of Missionary Ridge was indeed an effort to try the strongest limbs and the stoutest hearts. But suspense and anxiety were not of long duration. Upward steadily went the standard of the Union—borne onward by strong arms, upheld by brave hearts—and soon it was seen flying on the crest of Missionary Ridge. Loud indeed were the shouts with which this spectacle was received.

This evidence is conclusive and proves beyond cavil that General Grant did not intend that the assault should be directed against the Ridge itself. Dana in a dispatch to Stanton, sent November 23, 1863, at 8 p. m. says: "Nothing shows decisively whether enemy will fight or fly. Grant thinks latter; other judicious officers think former." On the 24th at 7:30 p. m. in a dispatch Dana says: "If Bragg does not withdraw the remainder of his troops we shall probably have a decisive battle." Sherman was now in position and Grant expected him to fight the battle if Bragg did not withdraw, but with Sherman threatening his line of communications Grant evidently expected the rebel forces to be withdrawn in accordance with the report of the deserters on the 23d. On the 25th, at 7:30 a. m. Dana, who was in constant communication with Grant, even when not present with him in person, dispatched Stanton: "No firing at front. This makes it pretty certain Bragg retreated." At 9 a. m., however, he dispatched again: "Bragg evacuated Lookout Mountain last night and our troops occupy it, but he still holds to his rifle-pits along base Missionary Ridge." Once again before the attack Dana dispatched to Stanton on that memorable November day. At 1 p. m. he wired: "In our front here rebel rifle-pits are fully manned, preventing Thomas gaining the Ridge." These messages show two things: First, that it was confidently believed and expected by Grant, Dana, and others during the 24th, that on the following night Bragg would evacuate his position and works on Missionary Ridge in front of Chattanooga. In the last message it is very plainly hinted that the Ridge was *too strong to be*

gained by an assault, and it cannot be reasonably doubted that both ideas were based upon expressed judgments of Grant. The last one, at least, by a tacit acknowledgement that Bragg's position was *too strong to be assaulted*.

M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster General of the army, in a dispatch to Secretary Stanton says: "General Grant proceeded to the summit, and then only did we know its height," conceding that the difficulties of mounting the Ridge were greater than he and other general officers had supposed, although before the assault was made they were considered to be insurmountable.

The honor of the assault lies clearly with the rank and file who conceived the idea under a storm of iron hail, and to the general officers who first observed what their gallant men would do and encourage them in their brave endeavors by ordering up their supports and reserves. The honor belongs distinctly to the two divisions of the Fourth corps, Generals Wood and Sheridan. The troops of these two divisions led all others in their magnificently conducted assault. Of these two divisions it will be conclusively shown that Wood led Sheridan. Sheridan's remark when at the first line of works at the foot of the Ridge as much as concedes Wood's claim. That remark was: "Looking to the left I saw a single regiment far over in Wood's line dash up the hill and lay down below the crest. General Hazen's men also commenced the ascent." Wagner's brigade, of Sheridan's division, had been recalled and his division lay on the foot of the Ridge, while the advance of Beatty's brigade of Wood's division, the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana, had almost crested the Ridge. Captain Reilley, of the Tenth Kentucky, which was in Baird's division of the Fourteenth corps, certainly an unbiased witness, supports this claim. The claim is further strengthened by the testimony of Confederate officers. They were on the Ridge carefully watching the advance and their own line of defense. Generals Bate and Bragg, who were present until after their lines were broken on the north of Bragg's headquarters, both testify that their lines were first broken in that part held by Pat-

ton Anderson's division, whereas Sheridan, and those who uphold his claim, state that the Confederate lines were first broken south of Bragg's headquarters, a point far to the right—Federal right—of that given by Generals Bate and Bragg. General Bate's division, of Breckenridge's corps, of Bragg's army, occupied the crest of the Ridge some distance north and south of Bragg's headquarters. It would, therefore, be in the line of Bate's duty to have this part of the line under the closest observation. He was reputed to be a courageous, careful, and skillful division commander. From his more favorable position to view the entire field he would be the better able to know exactly where the Confederate line was first broken and the Ridge carried than any Union officer engaged in the assault. Besides General Bragg agreed with the statement of Bate. Sheridan necessarily had his attention engaged and probably very closely confined to his division in directing its attack and upward progress. Sheridan says it was the right of his division that first mounted to the crest of the Ridge, and that it was south of Bragg's headquarters. This is probably true of his division, but Bate, supported by the testimony of Bragg, says the Confederate line was first broken some distance to the north of Bragg's headquarters, in the line of Patton Anderson's division, and this seems to agree exactly with the statements of Wood, Beatty, Reilly and others, and is therefore true. Wood's division was on the left—north—of Sheridan's, but Bate's line was more extended than Sheridan's and overlapped it and covered a part of Wood's front. By this formation Wood's brigades attacked, in their assault, the troops of the two divisions. Wood's right brigades fought Bate's troops, with the possible exception of the left of Willich's brigade front, while Beatty's, the left brigade, fought Patton Anderson's left on Signal Hill, "beyond the depression north of Bragg's headquarters, where a section of artillery of Dent's battery had been firing and was then located." If due notice is taken of General Bate's words it will satisfy any reasonable person that the first break was at the point where the two regiments, the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth In-

diana, mounted the Ridge, and referred to by General Bate. Here are General Bate's own words:

"In a few moments I saw a flag waving at the point in the line of General Anderson's division, beyond the depression in the Ridge, where a section of artillery of Dent's battery had been firing and was now located. I thought it a Confederate flag, but on near approach and more minute inspection I soon detected the United States colors. The line in my front had recoiled a second time, but was rallied and was advancing up the hill in such numbers as to forbid the displacing of any of my command. I was ordered by General Bragg to withdraw a portion of my command and dislodge him if possible; but upon suggesting that I was without reserve, and the danger of withdrawing when so hard pressed on the front, which would necessarily cause a gap in my line, he directed me to take such as could be best spared. I at once took the command under Major Weaver, which had come from the ditches and were aligned across the Crutchfield road, it being disengaged, and moved it at a double-quick some five or six hundred yards to the elevation on the right and rear of where the enemy had formed near his flag. I was unable, notwithstanding the assistance of Major Weaver, to get his command farther, and could only form it on the hill at right angles to my line, protecting my flank, and seek to dislodge him by a well-directed fire or hold him in check until the repulsed brigade in Anderson's line could be rallied and retake their lost ground. Having made this disposition and opened fire, I left Lieutenant Blanchard, of my staff, to report the result and returned to *my line*, which was being dangerously pressed. It was but a few moments until the second and third flags were on the Ridge near the same spot, and the enemy in such numbers as to drive away the command under Major Weaver. This command, upon the advance of the enemy, broke and retired in disorder. The enemy turned our guns upon us and opened a fire of musketry from our right and rear. This advantage gained caused my right to give back.

In seeking to rally the right I did not see the exact time when the flag went up at the left of General Bragg's headquarters, but refer to the reports of Brigadier General Finley."

Finley's reports and the reports of others referred to could not be found, as they are not given in "The Rebellion Records," but presume that they correspond with the reports of Bate and Bragg. General Bragg says:

"About 3:30 p. m. the immense force in the front of our left and center advanced in three lines, preceded by heavy skirmishers. Our batteries opened with fine effect, and much confusion was produced before they reached musket-range. In a short time the roar of musketry became very heavy, and it was soon apparent the enemy had been repulsed in my immediate front. While riding along the crest congrat-

ulating the troops, intelligence reached me that our line was broken on my right, and the enemy had crowned the Ridge. Assistance was promptly despatched to that point under Brigadier General Bate, who had so successfully maintained the ground in my front, and I proceeded to the rear of the broken line to rally our retiring troops and return them to the crest to drive the enemy back. General Bate found the disaster so great that his small force could not repair it.

About this time I learned that our extreme left had also given way, and that my position was almost surrounded. Bate was immediately directed to form a second line in the rear, where, by the efforts of my staff a nucleus of stragglers had been formed upon which to rally. Lieutenant General Hardee, leaving Major General Cleburne in command on the extreme right, moved toward the left when he heard the firing in that direction. He reached the right of Anderson's division just in time to find it had nearly all fallen back, commencing on the left, where the enemy had first crowned the Ridge. By a prompt and judicious movement he threw a portion of Cheatham's division directly across the Ridge facing the enemy, who was moving a strong force immediately on his left flank. * * All to the left, however, except a portion of Bate's division was entirely routed and in rapid flight, nearly all the artillery having been shamefully abandoned by its infantry support. * * *The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column.*"

This is quoted from General Bragg's report of the battle, and is directly to the point as to *where* his line was *first broken*. It corroborates Bate's statement on this point. It also shows why General Wood used sound military sense by not rushing on over the Ridge into the valley in pursuit of the retreating enemy and exposing his left flank to Hardee's attack. It also shows the extreme daring courage of the rank and file in presuming to attack, without orders, a strong battle line intrenched in a position "which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column." All this is submitted as evidence that the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana, led by Colonels Fred Knefler and George F. Dick, first mounted to the volcanic crest of Missionary Ridge on the 25th of November, 1863.

General Willich claimed his brigade was first upon the Ridge, but says the flag of the Eighty-sixth was among the first of the flags upon the crest.

General Turchin, of Baird's division, also claimed that his brigade was first to mount to the crest of the ridge. The

statement of Hugh Leslie, a member of Company A, Fifty-ninth Ohio, of Turchin's brigade, who was in the ranks that day and witnessed the magnificent assault of the two leading regiments of Beatty's brigade controverts his claim. He was not blinded by an ambition that would rob his comrades in arms of their just won honors. Here is his statement made in a letter written to J. A. Barnes and dated at Hillsboro, Ohio, September 12, 1893:

I belonged to the First brigade, Third division, Fourteenth corps. I said then and I say now that the first flag that I saw at the rebel works was an Indiana flag, a bright new flag, and according to the description that I gave you we concluded that it was your flag. * * It was after we had taken the rebel works that we went over to the left to help scatter a rebel line that had formed after they were driven out. We had no officers there to give any commands at that time—the boys fought that battle on their own account. * * If this was your flag I am very glad to testify to the facts for they were brave boys and true, as were all the Indiana boys that I had the honor of knowing. * * I have stated the plain facts and can testify to them all.

This letter was not quite clear as to the exact location of this flag Comrade Leslie had seen first at the rebel works, hence the second one, which is dated at Hillsboro, Ohio, October 4, 1893:

I received your letter of the 24th. * * You want me to make a clear statement of the case which I can do just as well. The flag that I saw was on the immediate right of Turchin's brigade, and I believe now was the flag of the Eighty-sixth Indiana.

Comrade Leslie speaks only of the Eighty-sixth, but, of course, it is understood that the two regiments acted together as one regiment.

Some years afterward in a letter to Lieutenant Colonel Bailey, of the Ninth Kentucky, Colonel Dick writes:

We remained on the Ridge all the next day, our guns stacked just where we entered the works. During the day—the 26th—many staff and General officers came along the Ridge to look over the conquered ground, and I will not thought to be claiming anything above any other regiment, if I state that they halted at my flag, and remarked: "Here is the new flag that went in first." And the place where the rebel line was first broken was an object of interest all day. These things I claim for Beatty's brigade. The facts are very prominent before my mind that our brigade went up in its own front against a big opposition, captured troops in front of the brigade on the left, fought hard along the

Ridge to the north until the battle ended, and saw no troops in our front except the enemy at any time.

General Beatty speaking of the assault says:

The advance of my brigade was the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Colonel Fred Kneller, and the Eighty-sixth Indiana, Colonel George F. Dick. These regiments advanced with spirit and drove the enemy from his rifle-pits and works at the foot of the Ridge.

The fire of the enemy was so hot here, and enfilading us so completely, that Colonel Kneller, commanding the two regiments, was not ordered to halt, and pushed on up the hill. This rendered it necessary to support them with other troops, and, being unable to obtain communication with General Wood, I immediately ordered forward the Thirteenth Ohio, Colonel Jarvis, and the Fifty-ninth Ohio, Major Vanosdol, to their assistance. Most gallantly did these regiments spring to their work, and step by step, exposed to the terrific fire of batteries on the right, left, and front, did they ascend the steep hill.

Hoping to obtain a firm footing on the Ridge, I ordered forward the remaining two regiments of my brigade, Seventeenth Kentucky, Colonel Stout, and the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Charles F. Manderson, to support those already sent forward, and soon after received the order from General Granger to send forward all my troops.

These two regiments advanced in splendid order. By the time they were half way up the Ridge the four regiments in advance had gained the crest and occupied the rebel works, having successfully, at the second attempt, charged the enemy from them and planted their colors on the summit of Missionary Ridge. The colors of four regiments of my brigade, viz: Seventy-ninth Indiana, Eighty-sixth Indiana, Thirteenth Ohio, Fifty-ninth Ohio, were almost simultaneously planted on the enemy's works. At nearly the same time the colors of a regiment of General Willich's brigade were established on the works by its Colonel

General Beatty further says:

In recounting the operations of my command in the advance of the lines on the 23d, and the charging of Missionary Ridge on the 25th, I have to compliment Colonel Fred Kneller, Colonel George F. Dick, Colonel Alexander M. Stout, Colonel Dwight Jarvis, Colonel George H. Cram, Colonel Charles F. Manderson, and Major Robert J. Vadosdol for the discipline and efficiency of their troops, and upon the gallant style with which each vied with others in doing their utmost to secure a victory to our arms. *The advance of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana was strongly resisted by the enemy, but led by their gallant commanders, and supported by the advance of the Thirteenth and Fifty-ninth Ohio regiments in splendid style, succeeded in first planting the national flag on the rebel works on the summit of Missionary Ridge.*

In this last statement General Beatty makes amends to the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth for his former statement

that "the colors of four regiments of my brigade, viz: Seventy-ninth Indiana, Eighty-sixth Indiana, Thirteenth Ohio, Fifty-ninth Ohio, were almost simultaneously planted on the enemy's works." In this last he states that "the *Seventy-ninth* and *Eighty-sixth*," supported by the other regiments, "*first succeeded* in planting the national flag on the rebel works on the summit of Missionary Ridge." This was exactly the situation.

Colonel Knefler's report is as follows:

Nothing occurred Tuesday, the 24th, or Wednesday, the 25th, until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time I was ordered by General Beatty to advance with my command beyond our works and form on the left of the front line of General Willich, to advance and take the rifle-pits of the rebels in our front. The rebels upon our approach abandoned their rifle-pits, which were occupied by our forces. Not having received any order to remain in the rebel works, I ordered my command to advance upon the mountain side in our front. Crossing the open space beyond the works we met a terrific fire, enfilading my command in all directions. The fire of the rebels becoming very severe, and their infantry in front, who were retreating before us, halting occasionally and firing upon us, I perceived that the safety of my command required it to get the protection of the mountain side to be enabled to take shelter among the trees and rocks. I urged a rapid advance, and with the hearty co-operation of the officers of both regiments the whole line was carried forward in the best order possible, on almost inaccessible ground. Here protected by the steepness of the mountain, the men were enabled to make good their foot-hold, and reply to the rebel musketry, which was very galling, and almost surrounding us. We advanced steadily step by step. When near the top my attention was called by Captain Howe to the fact that our advance upon the mountain isolated us from the rest of the line with which we advanced upon the enemy's rifle-pits; there was no support on the right or left, and on looking back perceived our forces occupying the rebel work below; to retrace our steps would have been inevitable destruction to the entire command. The resolve to advance and hold every inch of ground until supported was our only safety. The line advanced firmly, taking advantage of every obstacle, under a most furious fire of artillery and small arms, the enemy rolling lighted shells among my men and throwing rocks upon our heads; but the ground was held and contested with the utmost determination. The rebels did not succeed in forcing us back one step. We remained in our position, our flags and the enemy's almost touching, keeping up a heavy fire, until support came on the right and left, advancing up the mountain. At last orders were given to fix bayonets, and to charge them; once the effort failed, but advancing again succeeded, and gained the

enemy's works, which were covered with dead and wounded, and full of rebels, who made haste to fling away their guns and to get to our rear. As my men swarmed upon the crest the rebels made another stand, commanded, as ascertained, by the rebel General Hardec, but their resistance was very feeble; they were quickly broken, and fled in the greatest confusion. Here a battle-flag was captured; I regret to say it was torn to shreds by the men in their eagerness to secure mementoes. After pursuing the rebels, and the capture of many pieces of artillery and numerous prisoners, the command bivouacked upon the crest of Missionary Ridge. * * I beg leave to call the attention of the general to the following officers whose conduct deserves special mention: Captains Hanna, Jordan, and Howe, Adjutant Ritter, Lieutenants Mount and Burns of the Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers; Captain Sims, Gregory, and Carnahan, Lieutenants McInerny and Laymon, of the Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.

I cannot close this without making my acknowledgments and thanking Colonel George F. Dick, of the Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers, for the *very valuable assistance rendered me* in commanding the two regiments while consolidated during the battle and from the time we left our camps.

The following is Colonel George F. Dick's report:

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following as a report of my regiment in the late engagement near Chattanooga, on the 23d of November:

According to orders received from headquarters, I moved out my regiment, which, according to previous arrangements, had been consolidated with the Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers, Colonel Fred Knoefer commanding. My regiment formed the left wing of the battalion, and we moved in front of Fort Wood, where with the brigade, we formed in double column in mass. We then moved on the enemy and halted when about one mile east of the fort, where we were ordered to deploy in line of battle. We lay in this position till dark, nothing occurring in our front with the exception of picket firing, when we were ordered to move to the right a short distance. We bivouacked until about 11 p. m., when orders were received to dig rifle-pits and construct an abatis in front by felling the dense timber.

The 24th we lay in the same position awaiting further orders.

On the 25th, at 3:30 o'clock, we received orders to move forward, which we did, and halted outside the abatis, and formed in line with and to the left of General Willieh. Orders were given to forward on double-quick and charge the enemy's breastworks at the base of Missionary Ridge. We double-quickened about one mile, driving the enemy before us in confusion, and took possession of his works, during the whole of which time we were under a most deadly fire from his guns on the Ridge. It was here that Major Jacob C. Dick and Lieutenant Jerry

Haugh, commanding Company B, received wounds which disabled them to lead their men farther. The pursuit was continued, and when at the foot of the Ridge we had to face volleys of musketry from the enemy. We charged the hill through this hail, which was poured into our ranks from rifle-pits at the summit of the mountain, which was about 1,200 feet in height, and the ascent at about an angle of 50 degrees. When about two-thirds of the way up, the brave and much loved Captain Southard, Company K, was instantly killed while gallantly leading and cheering his men. When within about fifty feet of the enemy's works our men, being so nearly exhausted, halted behind stumps and trees to rest. Again we started, following the colors, which were nobly borne aloft by the color-bearer Sergeant Stephen Cronkite, Company E. This gallant soldier deserves much honor for his bravery in bearing the unfurled Stars and Stripes up these steep and rocky heights, and in the face of a most bitter fire. When within fifteen feet of the enemy's works he fell wounded and was unable to go farther. They were taken up by Sergeant Thomas J. Graves, Company D, who gallantly carried them over the works and pursued the confused and retreating enemy.

Here might be mentioned that some of the men were in advance of the colors. Private John Clawson, Company C, has the proud honor of being the first man inside the works in our front on the heights of Missionary Ridge. A portion of the regiment continued the pursuit, following the retreating enemy pouring deadly volleys into his confused and scattered ranks. When about a quarter of a mile to the left of the point where we reached the summit, the enemy made a stubborn resistance behind a second line of breastworks. Here Sergeant Thomas J. Graves, who was gallantly waving the colors, fell dangerously wounded. They were taken up by Captain William S. Sims, who almost at the same time captured the Major of the Forty-second Alabama. However, we succeeded in driving the enemy. Another portion of the regiment charged directly over the Ridge, and with others of the brigade captured and brought to the top, by hand, two pieces of artillery. We bivouacked on the Ridge for the night.

On the 26th, we lay on the Ridge awaiting further orders. At 8 p. m. orders were received to return to camp near Chattanooga, which were complied with, arriving here about 10 o'clock.

Of my regiment, I am proud to say, that both officers and men behaved well. Much honor and credit is due them. The officers in particular displayed that courage and bravery that should characterize every true soldier. I might especially mention, as these came under my immediate observation, and without any disparagement to others, the names of Captains Sims, Gemmer, Gregory, and Carnahan, and Lieutenants McInerny and Laymon, as doing much in leading their men to victory.

Of our companions in arms, the Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers,

I can pay them no higher compliment than to say they fought with their usual gallantry and bravery.

The colors on whose folds were inscribed, "Presented to the Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers by the ladies of Boone county,"* received eighty-eight musket shots and two in the staff, one of which severed it.

Herewith I send you a rebel battle-flag, captured while ascending the hill.

While it is out of place, and I feel a delicacy in presuming to dictate as a junior officer, yet I must say that Colonel Fred Kneller, Seventy-ninth Indiana Volunteers, well deserves and richly merits a commission as a brigadier general, for his gallantry displayed in charging and taking Missionary Ridge.

The regiment went into the engagement with two hundred and thirty-six men and nineteen officers. Herewith I send you a list of the casualties.

As has been stated before the loss of the Eighty-sixth in the assault upon the Ridge was greater than that of any other regiment in Beatty's brigade, and nearly double that of its companion regiment, the Seventy-ninth. In fact, according to the records that regiment did not lose a man killed and only twenty-eight wounded, but the mention of this small loss must not be understood as an attempt to detract from that regiment's gallantry. It was occasioned by its less exposed position. The other two brigades of Wood's division lost more heavily than did Beatty's brigade. There were two very plain reasons for this. The brigades were larger—had a greater number of men exposed to the enemy's fire and they were a longer time getting well up the Ridge, and therefore a longer time in securing the protection of its steepness. The loss of Hazen's brigade was the greatest of any brigade engaged in the battle before Chattanooga or on Lookout Mountain. This must in part, at least, be accounted for by the withdrawal of Wagner's brigade—the left brigade of Sheridan's division—after it began the ascent of the Ridge, thus leaving Hazen's right unprotected and exposed, and the enemy on his right unengaged and free to attack him. Yet the official tabulated list of casualties is a little misleading as to the loss of regiments and brigades in the

* For a history of the colors of the Eighty-sixth regiment see Appendix to this volume.

assault proper as it includes the losses of three days' fighting, viz: the loss of the advance and attack upon Orchard Knob, and also the loss by skirmishing on the 23d, 24th and 25th, as well as that of the assault upon the Ridge. The loss of the Eighty-sixth as reported is confined strictly to the killed and wounded of the assault proper. To include all the loss of the Eighty-sixth of the three days' battle it would be fifty, and perhaps more. But as reported the loss was nearly twenty per cent. of the number engaged. This loss in less than one hour's fighting indicates hot work and close quarters where the work could be made effective. But it still remains a marvelous, miraculous affair to all who labored up the Ridge through that volcanic down pour of shot, shell, shrapnel, grape and canister, and musket balls, that many, very many more were not killed and maimed for life whenever they think of the red current of war that swept down the steep declivity, through their ranks and over their heads, literally raking the mountain slope from crest to foot. As Taylor well says, "The story of the battle of Missionary Ridge is struck with immortality." But he says, "Let the leader of the Fourth corps bear it company." Shall it not rather in justice be said, let the leaders, the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana, bear it company, as they were the first to conceive and first to put in execution the thought of trying to capture the Ridge—the real originators of that memorable assault. Let history be just even though it be towards the men in the ranks and humble subalterns.

As material results, and as revealing how thoroughly the enemy was beaten and demoralized by the successful assault on Missionary Ridge, Captain T. G. Baylor, Chief of Ordinance of the Department of the Cumberland, gives the following summary of the captures of ordinance and ordinance stores: Field guns and howitzers, 40; field carriages, 38; caissons, 26; battery wagons and forges, 5; rounds of artillery ammunition, 2,236; stands of small arms, 6,175, besides infantry accouterments without end. General Brannan,

Chief of Artillery, Army of the Cumberland, in his report gives the following credits:

By General Davis' division, at Chickamauga Station . . .	24-pounders	2
By General Geary's division on Lookout Mountain . . .	field pieces	2
By General Osterhaus' division on Missionary Ridge . . .	field pieces	1
By General Wood's division on Missionary Ridge . . .	field pieces	12
By General Sheridan's division on Missionary Ridge . . .	field pieces	6
By General Johnson's division at Graysville	field pieces	4
By General Baird's division on Missionary Ridge	field pieces	1
Claimed by Generals Baird and Wood Missionary Ridge	field pieces	6
Claimed by Generals Wood and Sheridan Missionary Ridge	field pieces	6

It will be seen from this report that Wood's division is far ahead in the number of captured cannon turned into the proper authorities. Of Wood's capture, Beatty's brigade lays claim to eight guns, two of which were brought in by the Eighty-sixth Indiana. Besides this, Wood's division captured seven regimental colors, 2,050 stands of arms, and over 2,000 prisoners. Among the prisoners were officers of all grades, Captain W. S. Sims, of the Eighty-sixth, capturing on top of the Ridge, Major W. F. Fergus, of the Forty-second Alabama. As to how this was done Colonel Dick, in a letter afterward, says: "The advance troops of our brigade turned quickly to the left, with my flag in front in command of Captain Sims. They soon came against a redoubt manned by the Forty-second Alabama, the commander of which saw our flag coming, and told his men to lie still and they would sally out and capture it when it came near. Sims told his men that they must take that rebel flag. The commander of the Alabama regiment called to his men to leap over the works after him, but they arose and leaped out on the other side, leaving their commander to fall into our hands; and he did fall, hurting his face on the rocks, at Sims' feet, who literally got on top of him and held him down. He took supper with us that night and told us all that I have described above." Bragg's loss was about 3,100 in killed and wounded, and nearly 7,000 prisoners. Of the latter 239 were commissioned officers.

The casualties reported in the Union army, in the series of struggles which ended in the victory at Missionary Ridge,

were 753 killed, 4,722 wounded, and 349 missing, making an aggregate of 5,824. Of this total the Army of the Tennessee lost 1,695, and the Army of the Cumberland 4,129, of which the Fourth corps lost 2,527, the Eleventh corps 330, the Twelfth corps 341, and the Fourteenth corps 931.

The heroic conduct of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana on Missionary Ridge was witnessed by Captain Reilly, of the Tenth Kentucky. He penned a vivid account of what he saw for the *Louisville Journal*, which appeared in that paper directly after the battle. It will be remembered that the Tenth Kentucky was in Baird's division, and therefore he was not interested in the Seventy-ninth or Eighty-sixth. His statements may therefore be accepted as unbiased. The following is Captain's Reilly's letter:

“The summit of Missionary Ridge is one thousand feet above the Tennessee river and towers aloft in grandeur, a fitting monument to commemorate the great victory achieved by our national arms on the memorable 25th of November. On that day the Star Spangled Banner could be discerned slowly scaling the steep and rugged ascent, riveting the gaze of thousands of anxious spectators in the line of battle below. It seemed that the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana had failed to receive orders to halt when it was given to the line of battle. Onward they moved as it were into the jaws of death. The terrible suspense of their brave comrades was only equaled by the great Napoleon when he stood on the summit of a ridge at Waterloo gazing between hope and despair at the last grand charge of his Old Guard until they were lost sight of in the clouds of smoke of the enemy's cannon. Step by step they ascended until within fifty yards of the bristling bayonets of the rebel rifles when they received the order to lie down. The rebels opened on them and volley after volley was poured into their ranks, midst the wild and enthusiastic shouts of the rebels, and defiant waving of the Stars and Bars—said to have been done by Bragg in person. Springing to their feet with the energy of desperation the glorious Eighty-sixth Indiana leads the grand charge to victory or death, followed by the Seventy-

ninth Indiana, and onward they pushed their columns through a shower of bullets that rattled like hail and were lost to view in the smoke of battle. A death stillness pervaded the line of battle below for a few moments, when the anxious inquiry passed along the lines, 'Is our flag still there?' It seemed like hoping against hope to expect that the two regiments had met any other fate than instant annihilation; every minute seemed a month for half an hour, at the end of which time the smoke had disappeared and our glorious flag greeted the anxious spectators, floating in triumph over the rebel works. It was the war-worn banner of the immortal Eighty-sixth Indiana which was held until re-inforcements came and secured the position gained by the most daring and terrible charge that history ever recorded. The flag of the Eighty-sixth Indiana that sealed this victory received in its folds eighty-six shots, emblematic of the regiment it so gallantly led through the ranks of death to a crowning victory. The staff was broken by a ball, but it still waves over one of the most gallant regiments that ever entered the field of battle. The answer on that memorable night to ten thousand inquiries infused a new spirit in the army as it responded along the line, 'Yes, our flag is still there.' Forty thousand spectators who witnessed the brilliant scene and asked the question while held in fearful suspense, will ask it as often as returning memory brings to mind the grand charge of the two gallant regiments on Missionary Ridge. Who will commemorate this great achievement and the thrilling incidents associated with it, in poetry? The subject is eminently worthy of our best poets and could be embodied in a National anthem that would inspire all patriotic hearts with renewed devotion to the glorious flag of our country."

Captain Reilly has one error in his account. He says the flag of the Eighty-sixth received eighty-six balls in its folds. There were eighty-eight bullet holes in the flag itself, one struck the spear-head above the flag and a grape-shot cut the staff off below the flag, making in all ninety balls that struck the flag and staff.

Perhaps the finest general description of the assault by the Fourth corps on Missionary Ridge was written by B. F. Taylor, the poet. He makes the mistake of crediting General Grant with conceiving the idea of the assault upon the Ridge. Dr. L. B. Brockett, in his work, "Camp, Battlefield, and Hospital," says, introducing Taylor's description: "The bold and rapid movement, by which, while marshaled, as the enemy supposed, for dress-parade, the Army of the Cumberland swept across the plain and captured Orchard Knob; that succession of fierce and persistent struggles in which Sherman wrestled for the capture of Tunnel Hill, and by which he drew to that point so large a portion of Bragg's troops; and last and most glorious of all that fiery ascent of Missionary Ridge, in which that noble Fourth corps marched and climbed for a long hour through a furnace of flame, and after struggling up an ascent so steep that to climb it unopposed would take the stoutest energies, swept their enemies from its summit, and over all the broad vista disclosed from its summit, saw only a flying and utterly routed foe. Many writers have attempted to describe, and with varying success, this brilliant feat of arms, but none have succeeded so admirably as Mr. B. F. Taylor, of the *Chicago Journal*, himself an eye-witness of it. We give a portion of his description which is as truthful as it is glowing. Mr. Taylor writes:

"The brief November afternoon was half gone; it was yet thundering on the left; along the center all was still. At that very hour a fierce assault was made upon the enemy's left near Rossville four miles down toward the old field of Chickamauga. They carried the Ridge; Missionary Ridge seems everywhere—they strewed its summit with rebel dead; they *held* it. And thus the tips of the Federal army's widespread wings flapped grandly. But had not swooped; the gray quarry yet perched upon Missionary Ridge; the rebel army was terribly battered at the edges, but there full in our front it grimly waited, biding out its time. If the horns of the rebel crescent could not be doubled crushingly together, in a shapeless mass, possibly it might be sundered at

its center, and tumbled in fragments over the other side of Missionary Ridge. Sherman was halted upon the left; Hooker was hard in Chattanooga valley; the Fourth corps, that rounded out our center, grew impatient of restraint; the day was waning; but little time remained to complete the commanding General's grand design; Gordon Granger's hour had come; his work was full before him.

“And what a work that was to make a weak man falter and a brave man think! One and a half miles to traverse, with narrow fringes of woods, rough valleys, sweeps of open field, rocky acclivities, to the base of the Ridge, and no foot in all the breadth withdrawn from rebel sight; no foot that could not be played upon by rebel cannon, like a piano keys, under Thalberg's stormy fingers. The base attained, what then? A heavy rebel work. That work carried, and what then? A hill, struggling up out of the valley, four hundred feet, rained on by bullets, swept by shot and shell; another line of works, and then, up like a Gothic roof rough with rocks, a wreck with fallen trees, four hundred more; another ring of fire and iron, and then the crest, and then the enemy.

“To dream of such a journey would be madness; to devise it a thing incredible; to do it a deed impossible. * * The story of the battle of Missionary Ridge is struck with immortality already; let the leader of the Fourth corps bear it company.

“That the center yet lies along its silent line is still true; in five minutes it will be the wildest fiction. Let us take that little breath of grace for just one glance at the surroundings, since we shall have neither heart nor eyes for it again. Did ever battle have so vast a cloud of witnesses? The hive shaped hills have swarmed. Clustered like bees, blackening the housetops, lining the fortifications, over yonder *across* the theater, in the seats with the Catilines, *everywhere*, are a hundred thousand beholders. Their souls are in their eyes. Not a murmur can you hear. It is the most solemn congregation that ever stood up in the presence of the God of battles. I think of Bunker Hill as I stand here; of the thousands

who witnessed the immortal struggle; and fancy there is a parallel. I think, too, that the chair of every man of them will stand vacant against the wall to-morrow, and that around the fireside they must give thanks without him if they can.

“Generals Grant, Thomas, and Granger conferred, an order was given, and in an instant the Knob was cleared like a ship’s deck for action. At twenty minutes of four, Granger stood upon the parapet; the bugle swung idle at the bugler’s side, the warbling fife and the grumbling drum unheard—there was to be *louder* talk—six guns, at intervals of two seconds, the signal to advance. Strong and steady his voice rang out: ‘Number one, fire! Number two, fire! Number three, fire!’ it seemed to me the tolling of the clock of destiny—and when at ‘Number six, fire!’ the roar throbbed out with a flash, you should have seen the dead line that had been lying behind the works all day, all night, all day again, come to resurrection in the twinkling of an eye—leap like a blade from its scabbard, and sweep with a two mile stroke toward the Ridge.

“From divisions to brigades, from brigades to regiments, the orders ran. A minute, and the skirmishers deploy; a minute, and the first great drops begin to patter along the line; a minute, and the musketry is in full play, like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire; men go down, here and there, before your eyes; the wind lifts the smoke and drifts it away over the top of the Ridge; every thing is too distinct; it is fairly *palpable*; you can touch it with your hand. The divisions of Wood and Sheridan are wading breast deep in the valley of death.

“I never can tell you what it was like. They pushed out leaving nothing behind them. There was no reservation in that battle. On moves the line of the skirmishers, like a heavy frown, and after it, at quick time, the splendid columns. At right of us, and left of us, and front of us, you can see the bayonets glitter in the sun. * *

“And so through the fringe of woods went the line. Now, out into the open ground they burst at the double-quick. Shall I call it a Sabbath day’s journey, or a long one

and a half mile? To me, that watched, it seemed as eternity, and yet they made it in thirty minutes. The tempest that now broke upon their heads was terrible. The enemy's fire burst out of the rifle-pits from base to summit of Missionary Ridge; five rebel batteries of Parrots and Napoleons opened along the crest. Grape and canister and shot and shell sowed the ground with rugged iron, and garnished it with the wounded and the dead. But steady and strong, our columns move on.

"By heavens! It was a splendid sight to see.
For one who had no friend, no brother there."

But to all loyal hearts, alas! and thank God, those men were friend and brother, both in one.

* * * * * * * * *

"And all the while our lines were moving on; they had burned through the woods and swept over the rough and rolling ground like a prairie fire. Never halting, never faltering, they charged up to the first rifle-pits with a cheer, forked out the rebels with their bayonets, and lay there panting for breath. If the thunder of guns had been terrible it was now growing sublime; it was like the footfall of God on the ledges of cloud. Our forts and batteries still thrust out their mighty arms across the valley; the rebel guns that lined the arc of the crest full in our front, opened like a fan of Lucifer and converged their fire down upon Baird, and Wood, and Sheridan. It was rifles and musketry; it was grape and canister, it was shell and shrapnel. Missionary Ridge was volcanic; a thousand torrents of red poured over its brink and rushed together to its base. And our men were there halting for breath! And still the sublime diapason rolls on, echoes that that never waked before, roared out from height to height, and called from the far ranges of Walden's Ridge to Lookout. As for Missionary Ridge, it had jarred to such music before; it was the "sounding board" of Chickamauga; it was *behind* us then; it frowns and flashes in our faces to-day; the old Army of the Cumberland was there; it breasted the storm till the storm was spent, and left the ground it held; the old Army of the Cumberland is here! It shall roll up the Ridge

like a surge to its summit, and sweep triumphant down the other side. Believe me, that memory and hope may have made the heart of many a blue-coat beat like a drum. 'Beat,' did I say? The feverish heat of *battle* beats on; fifty-eight guns a minute, by the watch, is the rate of its terrible throbbing. That hill, if you climb it, will appal you. Furrowed like a summer-fallow, bullets as if an oak had shed them; trees clipped and shorn, leaf and limb, as with the knife of some heroic gardener pruning back for richer fruit. How you attain the summit weary and breathless, I wait to hear; how *they* went up in the teeth of the storm no man can tell.

* * * * * *

“But our gallant legions are out in the storm; they have carried the works at the base of the Ridge; they have fallen like leaves in winter weather. Blow, dumb bugles! Sound the recall! ‘Take the rifle-pits,’ was the order; and it is as empty of rebels as the tomb of the prophets. Shall they turn their backs to the blast? Shall they sit down under the eves of the dripping iron? Or shall they climb to the cloud of death above them, and pluck out its lightning as they would straws from a sheaf of wheat? But the order was not given. And now the arc of fire on the crest grows fiercer and longer. The reconnoissance of Monday had failed to develop the heavy metal of the enemy. The dull fringe of the hill kindles with the flash of great guns. I count the fleeces of white smoke that dot the Ridge, as battery after battery opens upon our line, until from the ends of the growing arc they sweep down upon it in mighty Xs of fire. I count till that devil’s girdle numbers thirteen batteries, and my heart cries out, ‘Great God, when shall the end be?’ There is a poem I learned in childhood, and so did you: it is Campbell’s ‘Hohenlinden.’ One line I never knew the meaning of until I read it written along that hill! It has lighted up the whole poem for me with the glow of battle forever:

And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

“At this moment, General Granger’s aides are dashing out with an order; they radiate over the field, to the left, right, and front; ‘Take the Ridge if you can’—‘Take the

Ridge if you can"—and so it went along the line. *But the advance had already set forth without it.* Stout-hearted Wood, the iron-gray veteran, is rallying on his men.

“And now you have one of the most startling episodes of the war; I cannot remember it in words; dictionaries are beggarly things. But I *may* tell you they did not storm that mountain as you think. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works to the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer, and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on the left and right; it is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all! Under tree trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living, facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the Ridge. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a dream; between the second and last lines of rebel works is the torrid zone of the battle; the hill sways up like a wall before them at an angle of forty-five degrees, but our brave mountaineers are climbing steadily on—up—upward still! You may think it strange, but I would not have recalled them if I could. They would have lifted you, as they did me, in full view of the heroic grandeur; they seemed to be spurning the dull earth under their feet, and going up to do Homeric battle with the greater gods.

What colors were first upon the mountain battlement I dare not try to say; bright honor itself may be proud to bear—nay, proud to follow the hindmost. Foot by foot they had fought up the steep, slippery with much blood; let them go to glory together. But this I can declare: the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana, of Wood's division, fairly ran over the rifle-pits, and left their whole line in the rear, and their breathless color bearers led the way. A minute and they were all there, fluttering along the Ridge from left to right. The rebel hordes rolled off to the north, rolled off to the east, like the clouds of a worn out storm.

“These three days’ work brought Tennessee to resurrection; set the flag, that fairest blossom in all the flowery world, to blooming in its native soil once more.

“It made that fleeting November afternoon imperishable. Than the assault upon Missionary Ridge, I know of nothing more gallant in the annals of the war. Let it rank foremost with the storming of Fort Scharnitz and Alma, that covered the French arms with undying fame.

* * * * *

Let the struggle be known as the battle of Missionary Ridge, and when, in calmer days, men make pilgrimage, and women smile again among the mountains of the Cumberland, they will need no guide. Rust will have eaten the guns; the graves of the heroes will have subsided like waves; weary of their troubling, the soldier and his leader will have lain down together; but there embossed upon the globe, Missionary Ridge will stand its fitting monument forever.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON TO KNOXVILLE.

After the Battle the Rescue—Through Mud and Through Stream—Over Hill and Down Dale—The Fourth Corps Marched to Succor the Army of the Ohio and the Gallant Burnside—An Attenuated Diet—Parched Corn and Government Bacon—An Exciting Though Amusing Incident—The Arrival at Knoxville—A “Sick Flour” Experience.

Immediately after the successful assault on Missionary Ridge, the Fourth corps, commanded by Major General Gordon Granger, was ordered by General Grant to march at once to the relief of General A. E. Burnside and the Army of the Ohio, besieged at Knoxville by Lieutenant General James B. Longstreet, then the Confederate’s most skillful and daring battle chief. Lee had called Longstreet his “old war horse,” as Longstreet himself records. After a rainy night, on the morning of the 28th of November the

bugles of the Fourth corps sounded the reveille at 4 o'clock. The regiment formed by companies, answered roll-call, prepared and ate breakfast, and was ready for the march. The orders were to march at 6 a. m., but it continued to rain and the order to move was not given until 2 p. m. The Eighty-sixth was soon ready. The regiment was ordered into line and stacked arms, after which the men lounged about the old camp and discussed the probable course of the march. The time it would require to reach Knoxville, the general route, and the thousand and one questions which soldiers are always discussing when time and opportunity for discussion are given. However, about 4:30 the order was given to "Forward march," and the regiment moved on to Knoxville and the relief of Burnside.

Although late in starting, it was not raining. The roads were heavily laden with rations, tents, and all the paraphernalia. The roads were execrable and the march was a forced march. It was a forced march to reach and relieve the besieged city. The evening the command was given to march after dark. The Eighty-sixth had the pleasure of sharing the march with the other regiments detailed for picket duty. The march is what might be called a "Homer's march" then it was one of the "Homer's marches." The evening was pleasant but became quite cold and all were thoroughly chilled.

Sunday morning, November 1st, 1862, at 4 o'clock, and after a hard day's tiresome dragging the march about daylight, but with so many halts. About 10 o'clock the march was resumed and we crossed the South Chickamauga River and continued down, when it was quicker

edly forward. The roads were muddy, but mud was not to be considered. Nothing was to be thought of only to attain the highest rate of speed possible and maintain it. The regiment went splashing along through the mud like so many blind horses, wading streams knee-deep and deeper, stopping for no obstacle, halting for no rest it pressed forward until the sweat ran from every pore, notwithstanding the night was cold. This rate of speed was maintained until 9 o'clock, when the command arrived at Harrison, twelve miles from Chattanooga, and bivouacked there. The men were wet to their trunks by pluvial rains, and their feet were raw from holes and wading streams. Their bodies were drenched with perspiration from the march, and they needed no guide to find the graves of the heroes who had fallen from the cold as soon as the halt was made. Their hands were nearly frozen before fires were kindled to warm them and dry their clothing. But finally the bivouac was made and the coffee boiled. After supper was eaten the bivouac fires, and parched themselves so before retiring in order to escape the effects of the rains.

CHAPTER

ON TO KENTUCKY.

After the Battle the Rescue—Through Mud—Down Dale—The Fourth Corps Marches—The Gallant Burnside—An Attenuated Column—An Exciting Though Amusing A "Sick Flour" Experience.

Immediately after the success at the Battle of Chattanooga, on the Ridge, the Fourth corps, commanded by General Gordon Granger, was ordered by General Sherman to march once to the relief of General Burnside's Army of the Ohio, besieged at Fort Mifflin. General James B. Longstreet, though a skillful and daring battle chief, was not a "soldier's soldier," as his "old war horse," as Longstreet called him, was not. On a rainy night, on the morning of the 22d, the boys had the pluck to gather

in and bring to camp some provender found by the wayside. It was needed as they journeyed on their pilgrimage.

On the following morning, December 1, it was expected to resume the march early, but having to cross the Hiwassee river on a boat, Wood's division, at least Beatty's brigade, was delayed. The boys remained about the bivouac fires whiling away the time by parching corn. The command at this camp drew that which purported to be three days' rations of hard bread, sugar and coffee, but the allowance was very scant. The rest given by this waiting would have been most gratefully accepted had the men not known that they would have to pay for it with the most painful and weary leg service. The command crossed the Hiwassee on a boat called the "Paint Rock" between 6 and 9 o'clock p. m., and got to camp at 9:30, bivouacking a mile from the river in a thicket of brush.

On the morning of December 2, the command resumed its line of march at daylight, and pressed forward as rapidly as the condition of the roads would permit. The roads were heavy and the marching extremely slavish. The men became greatly exhausted, many falling behind. A half hour halt at noon for dinner refreshed the men and the column pushed ahead, passing through Decatur, the county-seat of Meigs county, and bivouacked, having marched seventeen miles. The men were aware of the object of the march and the little murmuring indulged was not proportionate to the hardships endured.

Reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock the following morning. The "thin clear notes" of the last bugle sounded to waken the weary soldiery had not ceased their echoing when the flames of fires began to leap, flicker, and play and throw backward from them the gloom of night. Fires speedily sprang up, and the moving torches carried to kindle other more distant fires revealed the muffled forms of the more drowsy comrades, the stacked arms, the cooking utensils, and the many wild, strange scenes which are common to the bivouac of a campaigning force. A bivouac is bizarre at best, but that of a command on a forced march is of the rudest

and most grotesque form. Such was this morning's bivouac. Many of the boys weary and sleepy as only soldiers can get, after hurling some fierce denunciation at the "blasted bugler," slept again after reveille. But they had as little time for sleeping as others had for noting the beauty, and the picturesqueness of their surroundings. The morning meal was to be prepared and eaten; cooking utensils were to be packed for marching; blankets were to be rolled up; in short, all those things which are so necessary to the soldier when in camp and so cumbersome to him in ranks, were to be arranged that they might least feel the burden. These things emphasized themselves on this march as it was not one where "the column dragged its slow length along," but a rushing one to succor and to save comrades in extremest peril. The command was led by the grandest of all raiders, the gallant and matchless Sherman, who marched with unapproachable celerity, and struck, with unerring aim, blows that went home to the heart of the Confederacy. Therefore, it was necessary to start in the morning of every day's march in the best possible trim. But the command was soon ready, and just at sun-rise the Eighty-sixth filed out from its bivouac on to the road. The column set forward at once, halting only for brief rests every three or four miles until 1:30 p. m. when, upon reaching Pond Spring, "thirty minutes for dinner" was announced. The meal consisted of the conventional hard tack, of which the supply was almost exhausted, bacon and coffee. At 2 o'clock the tramp was resumed at the same rapid gait as before. On that afternoon's march the men were informed by the officers that they would not draw any more rations until they reached Knoxville—not very encouraging information to a hungry set of men. About this time the command turned from its easterly line of march and bore off nearly due south, crossing a low mountainous ridge into a fine open valley. Covering three or four miles after crossing the ridge it came to a nice little town called Sweetwater, situated in the valley which is known by the same name. Wood's division passed beyond the town one mile and bivouacked on a slight elevation of ground in an

open field with a higher wooded hill to the southeast and three hundred yards distant. The regiment and most of the brigade stacked arms in line with this rise of ground, and its line of battle facing southeast.

With the alacrity which the necessity of fleeting opportunity imposes on the slothful and inspires in the more energetic, the men quickly had a snug pile of rails and were busily engaged in preparing to make themselves as comfortable for the night as a limited "commissary department" would permit. It was at this Sweetwater camp that a thrilling and exciting incident occurred which all who were with the regiment on that march will remember. The principal actors were W. W. Barnes and John D. Packer, of Company H. The announcement that no more rations would be issued until Knoxville was reached induced these two soldiers' to sally out of camp on an independent foraging expedition before the picket line was established.

Packer was an original character, the like of which is seldom seen actively engaged in the exercise of all of his fully developed powers in the respectable walks of civil life. In person he was tall and well proportioned. He was young, active and apparently tireless, generally good humored but sometimes irritable, venting his ill-humor on his comrades. A natural straggler and forager when on the march, he refused to be confined to the ranks, always looking for and scenting plunder. He would pillage on the left flank in the morning and bestow his plunder upon his comrades at the noon-halt with unrivaled prodigality. He would renew his ravages in the afternoon on the right flank despoiling larders, sacking smoke-houses, and devastating barn-yards and poultry roosts, bribing messmates to carry the spoils to camp by the prospect of a feast, but guarding and hoarding the loot when it once reached the bivouac with a miser's care and crabbedness, for he had a soldier's stomach and appetite. He had fairly earned his various titles of "pot-hound," "jay-hawker," "poacher," and "bummer." As a vigorous universal "in gatherer of provender" he would have taken rank with General Dan Macauley's famous "pirooter" in his

palmyest days. A lark in the morning, a hawk at noon, and an owl at night. He could double discount skunk, weasel, and fox combined in catching chickens. He would filch from the dignified country gentleman, or his old decrepit African "mamma" with equal indifference. In the very wantonness of this "pirooting" spirit, he would stealthily abstract the choicest viands from the table of the most beautiful and refined lady, who, out of the goodness of her heart and in the most gracious manner, had bestowed upon him enough of excellent food to satisfy hunger for days all of which he would receive with the greatest humility and even servility, or he would rob the half naked, poorly fed pick-aninny of its coarsest corn-dodger and its greasiest "sop" with a nonchalance of manner and buffoonery of action which both astonished the beholder and forced him to laugh, in spite of his better nature, at the ridiculous conduct. Such was his indifference that it was often a question whether it arose from a heart devoid of sympathy or from a lack of intelligence.

In a very few minutes after reaching the place of bivouac they were ready. Barnes took nothing but a large butcher knife and Packer his gun and a few cartridges in his pocket. Not thinking of the hard march they had made, but anticipating the nice piece of fresh Tennessee pork they would bring back to camp, they sallied forth in high hopes. Glancing up at the sun to calculate the time at their disposal they sped away at a rapid pace. Barnes with his quick, strong, sweeping stride in the lead, followed by Packer with his gun on his shoulder and with a quick, jerking step and his hat cocked over his eyes. "You may go ahead now, pardner, but I'm chief of this expedition, all the same, and don't you forget," and so he swaggered on. They had passed out into a lane that ran along the right of the regiment as it lay in bivouac, and were rapidly nearing the woods on the hillside, when a shot was heard, and some one remarked: "Why, the boys soon found a hog." Barnes, too, at this time remarked to Packer, "We'll have to hurry up, John, some one is ahead of us," and they pressed forward with still greater alacrity.

Somebody *was* ahead of them, sure enough, but they were not hunting hogs. The boys were now drawing quite near the woods and were somewhat startled to hear the challenge thundered close to them in rather more than ordinary military sternness, "Halt, you blank Yankee blank of blank," and with the word two mounted rebel cavalymen rode down the hill, out of the woods, almost upon the boys, and opened a brisk fire upon them from their revolvers and carbines. It looked like certain death for both of the blue-coats right in the face of the whole division. Pop, pop, went their revolvers, szip, szip, came the balls. Barnes had no gun and consequently at that distance had no means of either attack or defense, and, of course limbered to the rear at once at a more rapid pace than he had gone forward. Pop, pop, went the carbines. He came down the lane as he had gone out in the advance of the column of two. Pop, pop, went the carbines, szip, szip, came the balls. The boys came flying down the lane. Pop, pop, went the carbines, szip, szip, came the the balls in close proximity to their ears, and tired legs could not carry them half fast enough. The balls hissed spitefully and unpleasantly near the boys as they came rushing down the lane. Packer kept Barnes close company for perhaps half the distance to the bivouac, then taking shelter in a fence corner returned the bushwhackers' fire. Not knowing but that these daring fellows were the skirmishers or scouts of a strong cavalry force near at hand, Colonel Dick ordered the regiment to stand to arms, and at the same time ordered a company to be thrown forward and deployed as skirmishers. The company at once opened fire on the valorous enemy to develop his strength. But it proved to be just two adventurous spirits who saw their chance to have a crack at a "Yank." The skirmishers pressing rapidly forward succeeded in killing one of their horses, and as a trophy, brought in the saddle; but the men made good their escape by doubling on the remaining horse.

The two would-be foragers came safely to the bivouac. It was really a close call for both of them, yet it served as matter for quite a good deal of good humored raillery among

the comrades for some days. Soon the report came back from the skirmish line that no enemy was in sight and the regiment again broke ranks and proceeded with the preparations for the night's bivouac. The menu was exceedingly scant. There was no savory smell of fresh pork, only a very small supply of hard tack, parched corn, and coffee.

Reveille was sounded next morning, the 4th, at the usual hour, 4 o'clock, and the Eighty-sixth filed out upon the road in the advance of the brigade at sunrise. The column started out on the road to Loudon. Details of foragers were made from all the regiments to secure supplies of provisions. The Eighty-sixth's foragers having to travel over the same ground passed over by the foragers of the two brigades in advance had but little success in getting supplies without traveling great distances on the flank, which at the rate of speed the column was moving they could not easily do. This placed them at a great disadvantage and the men were consequently extremely scarce of anything to eat. Still the foragers, detailed and independent, came not to camp entirely empty handed. A noon halt was made for dinner and the march then continued. The brigade bivouacked between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Eighty-sixth being detailed for picket.

Notwithstanding the boys had been notified that they would not receive any more rations until they reached Knoxville, on the morning of the 5th an issue was made to the command. The allowance was very scant and required more care and time to divide and distribute than if the supply had been more plentiful. About 7 o'clock a. m. the march was resumed. Arriving at the Little Tennessee river there was delay on account of the bridge being broken. The command remained here until about noon and got dinner before crossing the river. The crossing was made at Morgantown. The column was rushed forward as though it was going all the way that afternoon—almost on the run with very few rests. The command was strung out upon the road and badly scattered. This pace was maintained for hours. The men who got behind their commands knew it was impossible to catch

up and therefore took things easy. Many of them began foraging, raking in without mercy everything edible. The command bivouacked about 10 o'clock p. m. The men who had kept their places in the ranks were almost completely exhausted. Leg weary and footsore many threw themselves down to sleep without awaiting to prepare their usual cup of coffee. It was a desperate push and the men would have been more than human if they had uttered no protest against the unexampled exertions they had been required to make on this occasion. It fell with particular force upon the Eighty-sixth on account of its vigil while on picket the previous night. The distance marched that day was eighteen miles.

On the following morning reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock and the regiment breakfasted almost entirely on forage provisions, save good old government coffee. Its place could not be supplied by any article which could be foraged, though the men were compelled to use it sparingly on account of its scarcity. The command resumed the route step about daylight and speedily covered three miles and arrived at Maryville, the county seat of Blount county. Here the command rested for a short time. A part of Sherman's troops, of the Army of the Tennessee, were here also. After leaving Maryville the regiment proceeded at a rapid pace and reeled off about five miles without a halt. Passing through a small place called Springfield it reached a stream known as Little river. Here the men were informed that they would remain an hour or two and possibly all night.

During the afternoon flour was issued to the regiment—about a tablespoonful and a half to the man. But to encourage the men they were informed that both flour and meat would be issued some time during the night. About sundown a few potatoes were issued, and so far as they went, were very acceptable. The day had been fine and was quite comfortable and agreeable in that respect, but as the men could not live on fine weather it did not satisfy or compensate them for their lack of rations. The command was getting farther and farther from its base of supplies, and consequently

the difficulty of supplying it with rations greatly increased. The single line of railroad to Chattanooga was barely sufficient to supply the troops there and along the line. Now, if the Army of the Ohio and the Fourth corps had to be supplied from there and depend upon one or two small boats to convey the supplies up the river to Knoxville with what their small wagon train could haul over such villainous roads, the outlook for the winter was not particularly bright. Consequently the troops must, under the circumstances and conditions, often be destitute, or live off the country. The latter alternative was far from encouraging, as the rebel army had already pretty effectually collected the surplus for its subsistence. This rendered the situation more alarming than it otherwise would have been. The command bivouacked here on the night of the 6th.

On the morning of the 7th reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock, and the orders were to march at 7 a. m., but the Eighty-sixth with the Third brigade did not start until 8:30. They marched about a mile and came to the place of crossing Little river, and were delayed for some time. The place of crossing was at Rockford, a small village ten miles from Knoxville. When the brigade was across the stream the column marched at a rapid rate, at least, wherever the roads would permit a show of speed, but as the roads were muddy and the country broken and hilly, great speed was out of the question. Dragging through the mud up and down hill was very tiresome, and as many were destitute of bread, and no halts were called which would enable them to bake, they became weak and exhausted. The halts were few and brief, and there was a very tired and an extremely hungry command when the Third brigade of Wood's division bivouacked on the evening of the 6th of December—about sundown in the edge of a strip of timber not far from the Holston river, two miles south of the city of Knoxville. The goal was reached. The prize was won. The city was saved and the imperiled army succored. Gen. Longstreet on hearing of the advance of the forces of Sherman assaulted Burnside's works—Fort Sanders—attempting to overpower him before the rescuing

column could get within striking distance. The assault was made just at daybreak on the morning of the 29th of November, and was of the most determined and desperate character, but was handsomely repulsed. Longstreet lingered a few days about the city's works and drew away on the 4th of December, retiring toward Virginia.

The steady tramp of Sherman's column was inexorable as fate, and Longstreet, cool and daring as he was, knew it was *worse* than useless to face and contend with both Sherman and Burnside. He gave up the struggle, but for the Fourth corps it was only fairly begun. It was true the forced march for the rescue was over. Success had crowned the effort after much suffering. But now Sherman was to return to his own department, while Wood's and Sheridan's divisions, of the Fourth corps, were to remain in the Department of the Ohio, and render Burnside's success secure from future attacks. The late perilous situation of his army had been too great for those in authority to be willing to again expose it to the risks of such a siege. Therefore, two divisions of the Fourth corps were left as reinforcements for the Army of the Ohio upon the request of General Burnside.

The Fourth corps was to remain in East Tennessee—in the Department of the Ohio, and endure the hardships of that isolated command. And most of the rank and file always contended that Wood's division suffered more than the Army of the Ohio; that being only detached troops they did not have the favors extended to them from the commissary department which the troops of the department received. Be that as it may, it is certain that all suffered great hardships and endured the most severe privations. Perhaps the suffering of the troops in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64 was the most severe of any general body of troops of the Union army during the war, not even excepting the siege of Chattanooga. But the men had no thought of these great trials in store for them on their arrival at the bivouac on the bank of Holston river opposite Knoxville.

At this camp opposite Knoxville, the Eighty-sixth made its first batch of flapjacks out of that abominable stuff known

in East Tennessee as "sick flour." It would be futile to attempt to describe the sensations one experiences from eating it. Ipecacuanha, or lobelia, is not more sickening. The suffering one endures from it is of the depressing and nauseating character with various extras thrown in. The regiment had a good supply of rails and only lacked in rations to be reasonably comfortable when the first supply of this flour was procured. The men were delighted and expected to live well so long as the flour lasted. All were soon busily engaged baking flapjacks, and there was not a great deal of ceremony wasted until they were disposed of, for the time being at least, but it did not prove to be the final disposition. Soon the fun began, if fun it may be called. First the saliva began to flow, then the stomach began to have its misgivings, then rebellion and tumult became evident and the poor weakened stomach insisted on throwing off the vile mixture. It was soon very evident that these stomachs did not propose to be imposed upon in any such a manner. Their function was to digest food and this was no food, but a poison. In fact, many of the boys imagined that some rebel fiend had actually attempted to poison them by poisoning the flour, and concluded that in his efforts to poison a whole army he had mixed the poison with so much flour that it was so divided up until each one only got enough to sicken and disquiet him instead of enough to kill as was intended. But it certainly would have been laughable to a person not interested to have watched one who had eaten heartily of these flapjacks. First, he would be a little uneasy and restless. If sitting by the fire he would change his position frequently, probably get up and stand by the fire, turning a few times this way or that as if he were undecided as to the position he wished to assume for comfort. But the decision was soon made. He would battle against fate and strive at first to control the internal commotion and put the rebellion down. That was what he had enlisted for. But the tenacious, stringy saliva would soon begin to flow in unmistakable ropes from the unwilling mouth. The sufferer would turn deathly pale, take a few quick steps away from the camp-

fire—a sudden upheaval from the stomach, a volcanic eruption, minus the fire, and the climax was reached. It was a topsy-turvy, side splitting effort made to empty the stomach, and it was usually quite effectual. It was to the hungry soldiery a calamity. They were lankier than hounds and there lay their flapjacks on the ground with no other provisions in sight except this same “sick flour.”

There were a few men with cast iron stomachs who did not at first get sick, and these guyed, in a most unmerciful manner, those who complained of this sickening stuff. These cast iron fellows accused the sick ones of making gluttons of themselves, averring that their sickness was not on account of the bad qualities of the flour but owing solely to their excessive indulgence, and it was therefore merely a just punishment which they richly deserved. However, sooner or later even these cast iron fellows had to succumb to its overpowering qualities and acknowledge the potency of its debilitating influence. Sometimes it did not vomit, but sickened, and caused an obstinate and debilitating diarrhoea that had a strong tendency to assume the form of dysentery. It produced the severe headache which usually accompanies indigestion and also the general malaise. Of course as one might suppose the symptoms of an acute attack of indigestion were present and even exaggerated. But the men were not long in learning the nature of their ailment. Yet when they came to know its nature very well, as an old and familiar acquaintance, a thing indigenous to this locality, while they remained in this department they were often compelled to use it, notwithstanding they knew at the time they were ingesting pain and sickness, and perhaps untold misery. It is probable that this “sick flour” was responsible for the loss of more than one life to the Union cause. Frequently, however, it was Hobson’s choice, that or nothing, and sickness although painful and extremely annoying was preferable to starvation. So the men ate to live, although they were sick unto death always after eating it. This was a case equal to eating the first army blanket at Camp Tippecanoe. “Sick flour” was not only an unsubstantial diet, but a most

distressing one. There was no way of testing the flour but by eating it. It was indeed a sore and heavy trial to weary, hungry men.

CHAPTER XIX.

KNOXVILLE AND BEYOND.

Blain's Cross Roads—House Mountain—Lye Hominy—Parched Corn—A Bleak
December—Gaunt Hunger, Rags and Ice Winter Go Hand and Hand—Christ-
mas Thoughts—That Cold New Years—A Mail From Home—Strawberry
Plains—To Dandridge and Back—A Second Valley Forge.

The Eighty-sixth remained in camp near Knoxville until the 16th of December, performing the various duties incident to camp-life. The supply of rations continued extremely meager. Meat principally consisted of mutton, but occasionally the boys had a little poor beef. For bread-stuff sometimes they had a little meal, and it was very little, and occasionally they had the "sick flour." The price of all kinds of provisions was very high. A very dark and poor quality of sorghum molasses was readily sold at 25 cents a pint or \$2 per gallon. There was no grumbling at prices when anything to eat could be purchased. The men were frequently out of bread, and then they would forage corn, and parched and ate it to appease hunger. In fact, parched corn was about one-half of the Eighty-sixth's living during the entire winter. On the 14th appearances indicated that the regiment would remain at this camp for some time, and the men, therefore, set about to make themselves more comfortable. Huts sprang up everywhere, covered with shelter tents. From a brick kiln near by bricks were procured to construct chimneys, and the camp of the Eighty-sixth at once swarmed with carriers of brick, mixers of mortar, and brick-layers. The walls and the chimneys grew apace and it soon looked like a city springing up as if by magic. Although it was

hard work, yet all exerted themselves as faithfully as beavers. The work was continued on the 15th. Hard work and scant rations did not harmonize well together. It was on this day that Captain C. P. Rodman made glad the hearts of Company H by buying a dressed hog of an old Tennessee farmer who was taking it to the city for sale, paying at the rate of 12 cents per pound. The work on the shanties was pushed forward with great vigor. The toilers were weary and their labors were almost completed when orders were received for the command to march immediately. The afternoon was at least half gone. The regiment was soon ready, fell into line, stacked arms and waited further orders. About sun-down word was received that it would remain in its present camp over night. This gave the men one night in their log-houses with brick chimneys which they had labored so hard to build. It seemed the fate of the private soldiers that if they undertook any improvements for their own comforts, just about the time they neared completion and the men almost exhausted with their toil, the orders would come to march.

On the following morning, the 16th, reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock. The regiment was up promptly, breakfasted and packed up ready for the tramp. Before marching the men drew ammunition to complete sixty rounds. The Eighty-sixth filed out at 6 o'clock a. m. and took its course toward the Holston. The command was delayed at the river waiting for other troops to cross. After crossing it marched through the city, turning east on its streets, and proceeded up along the general course of the Holston river. The march was steadily maintained, few stops for rest being made. After noon a halt for dinner was called, but the tramp was soon resumed and at a rapid pace. Rumors in ranks were current of fighting at the front farther up the country than the day's march. These rumors were various and conflicting, so little dependence could be placed in them. The Third brigade bivouacked about sun-down on a hill somewhere near half-way between Strawberry Plains and House Mountain. The day's march was a hard one, covering, as General Wood said, about twenty-one and a half miles, and this, too, over very muddy

and heavy roads. The camp was in the timber, consequently fuel was plenty and the boys soon had good fires. This camp was sometimes denominated Camp on Flat Creek, and sometimes Camp near Blain's Cross Roads, or near House Mountain. It was two or three miles from the mountain, and about two miles from the Cross Roads.

At this camp the regiment remained until the 14th of the following January. Life here was one continual round of duty and struggle for subsistence, and in procuring fuel to make fires to keep from freezing. The first night here the men slept without tents and a terrific rainstorm drenched everybody from head to foot. It turned cold and all were nearly frozen before morning. Thus the changes and vicissitudes of inclement weather were added to the suffering from hunger, testing the fortitude of the most resolute. At this camp was one of their hardest times for rations of the regiment's entire term of service. Directly after its arrival the rations were exhausted and the men had nothing but parched corn, and not enough of that at times. Lye hominy was made by boiling the corn and the ashes together in a camp-kettle. After the supply of hominy failed, the men had more "sick flour." Then a mixture of flour and meal, a half-pound to the man as a daily ration, presumably mixed by the commissary with the hope that the meal would prevent the flour from making them sick. Gradually rations grew more scarce and the men had in a great measure to depend upon themselves. Many of the regiment, almost every mess, went to the Holston river, obtained boats, crossed the stream with ice running dangerously thick, and went miles beyond, procured corn and carried it on their backs, re-crossed, and returned to camp that they and their comrades should not suffer the pangs of starvation. Sometimes a little meat could be foraged, but it was rare. The beef issued was of the poorest conceivable quality. General Jacob D. Cox in his history of the Atlanta Campaign, speaking of the destitution of the army in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64, says: "The country was stripped bare, and during the month of January the cattle that were turned over to

the troops for beef were so poor they could hardly stand up. It is literally true that it was the custom of the commissaries to drive the cattle over a little ditch in the field where they were corralled, and those only were killed which could not get over, their weakness proving that it would not do to keep them longer, whilst the others might last for future use. Indian corn was ground up, cob and all, for bread. Bran and shorts were diligently hunted and used for the same purpose. The country was scoured for subsistence stores." This statement would show the destitution of the army to have been extreme, but the actual condition was even worse than this portrayal would indicate. Of the beef cattle of the division many were killed that were so poor that they had to be lifted up to be knocked down. Strange and improbable as this statement may seem to those unaccustomed to army life, yet it is a fact, and one not hard to explain. These cattle had to be driven on foot with the army and as the country was almost stripped of all kinds of forage for the horses and mules, the cattle ate only that which they could pick by grazing and browsing, and in the cold and storm of an extremely inclement winter, one can easily comprehend how poor and weak they would become. The butchers always killed the poorest, as they were no longer able to move and keep pace with the column in case the command had to march. The stronger ones were saved, as General Cox says, for future use. They would probably be sufficiently strong to move with the troops if not hurried. The poorest would get down and were unable by their own strength to get up. After they had lain there any length of time it would be necessary, for obvious reasons, to move them before butchering. Consequently the butchers would help them up, move them off to a more desirable place, knock them down and dress them. How would the fastidious palate of to-day like such beef? The meat was so poor and gluey that had a piece of it been thrown against a brick-wall or a beech tree it certainly would have adhered to it. But mark now the destitution of the men. Often would soldiers gladly pay one dollar a piece for the head of such a beef.

Sometimes they would get the head and the melt for one dollar, but usually only the head. The head would be cleaned, the eyes taken out and then the whole head boiled in a camp-kettle, and the bones picked clean of every fibre of meat. Thus did the Eighty-sixth subsist, suffer and endure, almost without a murmur, during this dreadful winter. Sometimes indeed the men did not have even the poor beef's head to pick, or corn to parch. Once while the men were out of meat the Holston river ran so high and full of ice that none ventured to cross its angry flood, and corn could not be procured on their own side of the river. Once or twice while here at this camp the regiment drew some musty, worm-eaten hard tack that was almost as villainous as the bread made from the "sick flour." The risk of losing the bread was too great to attempt to pick the worms out of it until broken in the coffee. The worms that were freed from the cracker by the softening effect of the hot coffee would swim on the top. They were scooped out with spoons and then blindly gulped down.

With scarcity of rations there was another trouble almost equally serious during the cold weather; namely, the lack of clothing. Many a poor boy could be seen with his pantaloons worn out at the knees, and no under-garments, his blouse in rags, his gray army shirt in tatters, socks with neither heels nor toes, and shoes almost gone. In such weather to which the men were exposed and thus wretchedly clad the suffering was great. Many slept on the ground with only their ponchos to protect them from its dampness and cold, while for covering they had but a single woollen blanket. It is extremely doubtful if the suffering of the patriotic army of Washington at Valley Forge could have exceeded the sufferings of the Fourth army corps during the winter spent in East Tennessee! Those desperate trials made things look gloomy. It either looked like the government at Washington was poverty stricken or was criminally negligent. Yet the men bore up, knowing that the cold weather could not last long. Nor did they then as now so fully appreciate the tremendous responsibilities resting upon President Lincoln and his cabinet in

their efforts to crush the great rebellion, nor the almost insurmountable difficulties that had to be met and overcome on every side to get supplies, and, at the same time, lay up stores at the base and sub-base for the ensuing campaign, the latter being almost equally necessary to that of subsistence during the winter. But parched corn seldom failed entirely, although it frequently ran low, and it generally required herculean exertions to procure corn after the little army had remained here two weeks, and had used the corn in the immediate vicinity. Picket duty was particularly heavy here, so that the men rarely had more than two days' rest off the line at a time. Between picketing, foraging, and procuring fuel they were kept quite busy. No doubt there would have been much more discontent and grumbling among the troops, if there had been more idleness. But the *morale* of the Fourth army corps was almost perfect, as was proven on all occasions during the winter and during the campaign the following summer with Sherman to Atlanta.

About 2 o'clock p. m., December 24, the Eighty-sixth received orders to be ready for picket at 3 o'clock. By 4 o'clock the men of the regiment were on duty on the picket line. Such was their promptness under the most discouraging and trying circumstances. Colonel Dick, the very soul of promptness himself, never tolerated any dilly-dallying when the time came for the performance of duty, and the regiment had learned to act without a second command. No difference what difficulties confronted it, its every duty was performed with promptness and alacrity suited to the occasion. But once arrived at the picket-station the men had to supply themselves with fuel at the station and at the outposts, as the extreme cold made fires an imperative necessity. The chilly winds of that "bleak December day" went to the marrow through their rags. Labor, poorly clad, cold and hunger, with the vigils of guard duty, made the situation an extremely trying one. This Christmas eve brought no gayeties for the men of the Eighty-sixth. How many poor fellows on this occasion longed for the pleasures at home, the greeting and smiles of loved ones, the tender caresses of

parents, of brothers and sisters, the kind good nights, each face beaming with the anticipated joys of the morrow's glad surprises for the dear one gathered round the hearth-stone of the far away but ever dear Northern home, where at their mother's knee long ago they learned the lessons of love and duty, as she plied the nimble needle and made "old clothes look maist as weal's the new," to give to each other tokens of pure affection on the annual return of this day. But alas! the cruel breath of war blew over the land and separation from home, kindred, and friends became a duty not to be shirked—a call not to be denied, however bitter the anguish of the separation. The former joys of the day's annual return were not now to be enjoyed, and the thoughts of those bygone days and their happiness, brought only pain and distress. The brave sentinel, as he paces his lonely beat, may think of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the Prince of Peace, of His goodness and mercy, but this does not wholly assuage his grief at the cruel disappointments he is made to feel just at this time, when his hard life seems to be crushing every particle of joyousness out of his nature. But the true soldier, after thinking over these things, the thought comes to him: it is for country, for home and kindred, that I am battling. What infinite good may be reaped from the harvest of the seed of self-abnegation sown by the fearless hand of a true man, and dashing a tear from his young, clear, manly eye he straightens himself up and looks the conqueror that he is. He has conquered self—a prime element to a perfect soldier. He now paces his beat with the steadiness of tread and the martial air of a veteran of years of training. He has put all else behind him but the cause he has espoused. He has in this solitary manner renewed and reaffirmed his covenant in his innermost soul to stand by and support his comrades, uphold the "colors," and reaffirmed his allegiance to the cause of country, duty and the right. The sacrificial offering is now complete. None may know the sacrifices of a soldier's life who have not abode for a time upon the tented field, and been exposed to the extremes of winter's cold and summer's heat, and met the desperate foe upon the ensan-

gained plain where the embattled hosts have striven in charge and counter-charge. Nor is it supposed, that now with so many years intervening, that one in a thousand of the veterans of '62 and '65 can fully recall all the terrible vicissitudes of those break, chilly days of that cheerless December time. Much has been forgotten of the anguish suffered from the pinching cold, the pangs of semi-starvation and of exhausting labors to procure fuel and food. It is only when a number of "the boys" congregate and hold communion in the spirit of old times that suggestion plays its full part, that an approach in imagination to the reality of those dreadful times can be made. This was one of the darkest periods of the regiment's service—about the holidays—at the close of 1863 and the incoming of 1864. The gloom that hung over the regiment immediately after the battle of Stone's River, where it was almost annihilated, may only be allowed to have been greater than that at the camp at Blain's Cross Roads. But the men bore up better at the latter place. They seemed to be actuated by the motive

"As Christ died to make men holy
Let us die to make men free."

This may not have been the sentiment of every private soldier and officer of the Eighty-sixth, but it was what they were virtually offering to do by serving in the army at that time. Many claimed that they only fought to maintain the country's unity and the constitution as it was, but President Lincoln has said, with that prescience for which he was so remarkable: "This country cannot endure part slave and part free." It was for the freedom of the slaves they fought, thus making possible the unity of the country—all free. It is doubtful if such thoughts entered the minds of many of the rank and file of the Eighty-sixth on Christmas morning, 1863, when first aroused from their slumbers. The conditions and circumstances of their environment claimed most of their thoughts rather than the wider field relative to the general purposes and causes of the war. That environment was not a joyous one. No glad shouting of merry children, no cheerful greetings and the wishing for each other "A

Merry Christmas." The spiritual barometer was too low for this. But the stern command of officers broke the slumbers, for they had slept soundly even if it was Christmas morning. Their commands were: "Prepare to go on outpost," and, "Prepare to go on the line immediately." This was the Christmas greetings. And in the gray of the cold bleak morning the Eighty-sixth went on the line and gazed upon the rugged heights of House Mountain as the darkness disappeared. The Christmas dinner of 1863, for the most part in the Eighty-sixth, consisted of a small piece of corn bread made of unsifted meal, mixed with water and a very little salt, and baked or fried in the irrepresive army frying-pan, and a small bit of third or fourth grade army bacon. It is hardly necessary to say that it was not a banquet or a feast. Turkey, cranberry-sauce, or scalloped oysters could not be indulged in.

The regiment was relieved about 4 o'clock, by the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Manderson, and at once marched back to camp. But the labors for the day were not ended. The Colonel had determined to move the place of camping and the only suitable place found was almost an impenetrable thicket of brush. It was at no time an inviting place for a camp, but at this time just coming off of picket, the boys regarded this change as a particular hardship. Camp was finally arranged and tents put up. Tired and worn out with guard vigils and labor, all felt the need of rest and sleep. The meager suppers of corn bread and bacon were soon dispatched and immediately after tattoo the camp of the Eighty-sixth was silent as a city of the dead. The flicker of the camp-fires alone redeemed it from the gloom of night. But alas! for weary mortality. Some picket firing occurred and the regiment was ordered into line of battle, and stood there in the cold for two long hours. Tired, sleepy, and half frozen those two hours seemed an eternity. There being no other indications of an attack the men were at length permitted to break ranks and lie down. This was Christmas for the Eighty-sixth.

Never will it be forgotten by the members of the Eighty-

sixth so long as life and memory shall last. After being permitted to retire to rest the men slept undisturbed for some time when one of the tents of Company H caught fire. This aroused the inmates who at once raised an alarm which awakened others of the company and regiment. The spirit of Christmas, of fun and frolic, took hold of all for a short time, and the camp of the Eighty-sixth became a perfect bedlam beyond all description. Cat-calls, yells and camp slang made it an uproarious time for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes when nature again asserted herself and all returned to bed to secure the much needed rest.

The men were again out of rations and drew for bread-stuff on the 26th a miserable lot of flour. It was alive with worms, and it is quite safe to say that the picking of worms out of that flour was the business of at least one man in each mess of the entire regiment until all were tired. The flour proved to be not only wormy but "sick" and was an abomination to any half civilized stomach. The filthy pools of stagnant, green-scummed and rank water of Kentucky, in which decaying mules festered and rotted in the sunshine, were not more trying to the stomach than this despicable, maggoty, "sick flour," loaded with other nauseating and poisonous qualities, which every soldier well knew were quite sufficient to make him a fit subject for the hospital.

After foregoing the pleasure of a mail for nearly a month the Eighty-sixth received a large one on the 29th of December. Many hearts were made glad by the perusal of missives from the dear ones at home. When it was announced that the mail had arrived the entire regiment took on a new life. How welcome was a letter from home to the soldier, and how sad he felt when those at home neglected to write. The differences on the countenances of those who received and those who did not were particularly noted on the arrival of this mail, so long had it been since one had been received. The features of the one lit up with pleasure, as he perused the epistle in his hand—doubtless the letter of some dear wife or mother, or may be sweetheart—and as he read it, a smile of joy illumined his weather-beaten face. This was

happiness. It was an oasis on the desert of his rough life of danger and suffering. With the other the opposite effect was observed; as soon as the word "none" had passed the lip of the regimental postmaster the look of anxiety faded away, and an appearance of extreme sorrow could be seen plainly stamped on his features, while a feeling of envy at his more fortunate comrades was plainly apparent. This was unhappiness. The song of hope that had illumined his heart when he inquired if there was any letter for him had died away, and a feeling of loneliness and regret of the neglect of those at home took possession of him. Happy were they who had homes and loved ones to hear from!

Next to the scarcity of rations the hardships incident to being poorly clad during the extreme cold weather were most severely felt. It was often so cold that when attempting to write letters or make entries in diaries the ink would freeze on the pens. It would often be necessary to heat the pen and write as rapidly as possible until it cooled off. Another plan was to sit near the camp-fire, which was usually a veritable log-heap, and roast one's-self while writing, placing the ink bottle in the hot ashes. The men would sit up late at night roasting themselves around the fires—roasting one side while the other was almost frozen. A few brief hours' exposure to cold in civil life is sometimes thought to be quite a hardship, but when it comes to suffering from morning until night, and from night until morning, day in and day out, week in and week out, the suffering is real and almost unendurable, and one returns to the child's philosophy and wonders "where all the cold comes from." Lying down at night somewhat warmed, at least partially thawed out, by the great fires in front of his tent, the soldier would sleep soundly for a time. At length the fire would burn low and the cold would begin to assert. Then he would awaken with benumbed and aching toes, stirring up the fire he would "thaw out" his pedal appendages and return to his couch of leaves, straw or the cold ground, curl up "spoon" fashion with his bunkmate for another brief nap. Thus did the soldiers sleep and rest. This is not the history of sieges or

gory fields of glory, or even important military movements, but it was the actual life of the Eighty-sixth while at Blain's Cross Roads.

General Cox in his history of the Atlanta Campaign, speaking of the incoming year 1864, says: "The new year opened with a furious gale and icy storm, which came as a cyclone from the northwest, reducing the temperature suddenly below zero. The half-naked soldiers hovered around their camp-fires, some without coats, some without pantaloons, some with tattered blankets tied like petticoats about their waists." This is a fair statement so far as it goes as to the ill condition of the clothing of the troops, but it is in part misleading. The account is only half told. The soldiers could not "hover around the camp-fires" until the camp-fires were built. Wood had to be chopped and carried up, and the chopper and carriers, although half-naked, could not hover about the fire. Provisions had to be secured and the foragers could not "hover about the fire," nor the lone picket far away from the fire on the bare bleak hillside with his faithful Enfield ever in hand—he most of all suffered in this terrific blizzard. The like was never before known in Tennessee. It was indeed a pitiable time for the men in ranks. New Year's day, 1864, is yet known all over the Northwest as "the cold New Years."

As early as December 14, Dr. W. W. Blair, Medical Director of the Third division, Fourth corps, made a personal inspection of the men in this command. He reported to General Wood that he found them exceedingly destitute of clothing. He said that the entire outfit of many soldiers consisted of a blouse, worn as a shirt, a pair of pants well worn, a pair of shoes, and in some instances not even those, an oil or woolen blanket, and a hat or cap. As one of the results of this exposure, he found the men attacked with rheumatism, with diarrhœa, and with fever of a typhoid character. General Wood thereupon addressed a communication to General Granger, commanding the Fourth corps, enclosing Surgeon Blair's report, who referred it to the commanding general of the department with his approval endorsed.

General Wood in the course of his communication said: "It is very evident from Surgeon Blair's report that, if the command be left much longer in its present exposed, unprotected, and unprovided condition, the ordinary military commanders will be relieved soon of further care of very many of the men, as they will have been placed by Generals Rheumatism, Diarrhœa, Pneumonia, and Typhoid Fever beyond the reach of further human care. The Second and Third divisions have not been supplied with clothing since the march from Middle Tennessee in August last. After fighting a great battle, we were hurried off to the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Knoxville. We came cheerfully and with alacrity, not only as a matter of duty, but as a work of love. But the siege having been raised, and it being apparent that further active operations in this field for some time to come are impossible, we ask now that immediate and effective measures be taken to supply our wants." General Wood went on to say that the men were not only destitute of clothing, but men and officers were suffering for want of sufficient protection in tents. He thought the only effectual remedy was to be permitted to return to Chattanooga where the officers and men had left their baggage and shelter. But the appeals of Generals Wood and Granger were in vain, and the two divisions of the Fourth corps remained in East Tennessee during the entire winter. Deplorable as was the condition of the command in the middle of December it became lamentably wretched as the days wore on.

On January 13, orders were received that the command would march on the following morning at 7 o'clock. The work of preparation commenced at once. The corn bread had to be baked that the men might have bread while on the march. In this way they came to more fully appreciate the hard tack which was at first so bitterly denounced. It required no baking or preparation when other duties required their attention, but like the true soldier in ranks it was always ready at a moment's notice. The "general call" was sounded by the brigade bugler about 6:30 a. m. on the morning of the 14th, and the Third brigade filed out upon the

road to Strawberry Plains at 7 o'clock. It crossed the Holston river at the Plains and proceeded in a southeasterly direction. The weather was warmer than the first few days of the month and the roads had thawed out and were exceedingly muddy, consequently all who were on foot were very much fatigued before the night's bivouac was reached. The command covered fourteen or fifteen miles, notwithstanding the very bad condition of the roads and the delay caused in crossing the river. On the morning of the 15th there was but little to eat in the camp of the Eighty-sixth, except nuttun and parched corn. These articles with a little coffee made the meal for about one-half of the regiment. Many had less, and a few fortunate foragers, perhaps had more. The column resumed the march about 7 o'clock, the Eighty-sixth having the advance of the brigade. After covering eight miles with one brief halt for a rest, the brigade arrived within about a mile of the town of Dandridge and bivouacked in the woods along side the road. The advance guards had driven the enemy out of the town. Dandridge is the county-seat of Jefferson county, located on the French Broad river, thirty-two miles east of Knoxville. Before the breaking out of the war it contained about 1,500 inhabitants.

Foragers were detailed and sent out immediately to procure provisions, as the regiment was almost destitute. The foragers brought in fresh pork, chickens, geese, ducks, corn and whatever would sustain life. The products of the country were not plentiful and some venturesome expeditions were made, especially as it was known that the enemy was hovering near. On the 16th many of the boys had sallied forth in every direction to replenish their stores, when cannonading opened in the direction of camp which brought them in at a lively speed. The progress they made did the command full credit, as it was then known as "Wood's Greyhounds." Musketry became quite lively, and the men fully expected to be ordered out upon the battle line. Just after noon the regiment was ordered into line and held in readiness for attack or defense at a moment's notice. The fighting continued throughout the afternoon and far into the night, but the

Eighty-sixth was not needed. Late in the evening a small supply of clothing was issued to the most needy.

On the morning of the 17th the regiment was ordered into line of battle very early and held thus for some time as a precautionary measure, but as there were no indications of an advance by the enemy the men were permitted at length to break ranks and get breakfast. Early in the forenoon the regiment received orders for picket duty, but in a short time this was varied to orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Everything was packed in short time. The men remained at the bivouac, lounged about the camp-fires and discussed the situation of affairs here and the probability of a battle being fought at this time. No attack was made until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when cannonading and musketry fire both opened up in a brisk manner. The men momentarily expected to be called upon to go and repel the attack, but no call came until about dusk. The regiment marched out about a quarter of a mile from camp and there held in readiness for two hours, waiting the development of the enemy's plan of operations. It then marched back to its bivouac. Orders were given to march. The men sat round the camp-fires chatting, a few falling asleep in a half-reclining posture against stumps, trees, or piles of wood. Others threw themselves upon the ground and slept soundly, while many did not shut their eyes. About 3 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the men were ordered to "fall in." The regiment took arms at once and marched slowly out in the direction of Strawberry Plains. The night was cold, the ground was frozen, and in many places the road was icy. Here on the icy road the men would slip and slide and sometimes fall heavily to the ground, struggle to their feet and tramp on. Soon after starting the men were compelled to wade a stream of water half-leg deep with the water at the freezing point. This did not add to their comfort or good humor, but there was no time then to build bridges and the Irishman's pontoons were always at hand. But the column pressed on. No stop was made until after daylight, when a brief halt was called and the command breakfasted. It was

a scant meal for most of the rank and file of the Eighty-sixth. Some had corn bread and beef, some had corn bread and mutton, some had bread and chicken, and others had chicken without bread, some had bread but no meat, and still others had only a little parched corn. The spirits of the men were not the best, yet they were not despondent and they kept up well, considering the situation. The rest, the meal, and daylight reanimated the command somewhat, and the march was resumed in better humor than when the halt was ordered. The men were now relieved of the frozen, icy condition of the road, but the mud and water occasioned by the thawing was about as bad as the slippery condition of the road when frozen. It soon began to rain which down pour continued nearly all day. The men, therefore, only escaped from one evil of the road to find themselves confronted by another quite as bad, if not worse. The mud grew deeper and deeper, and every step taken was in mud up to shoe-mouth. It was utterly useless to try to go round it, or avoid it in any way. Therefore the men went "like dumb driven cattle" straight forward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, for the mud was everywhere. The day's march was a desperate one, considering the condition of the roads. The command reached Strawberry Plains a little after dark, having covered during the day's march, as estimated, about twenty-six miles, and that, too, over the very worst of roads. Having reached their bivouac, the men had to carry rails a long distance—a good half mile—procure water, build fires and get supper before resting for the night. It is doubtful if even those who participated in this march can at this late day fully comprehend their extreme fatigue and weariness, and the soreness of their muscles, when they had cooled off after the march was over. The frugal meal dispatched, the men made down their beds for the night. It had again turned cold, and it was quite windy and disagreeable and threatened a storm. They turned in early "to sleep, perchance to dream" of home and its comforts and its happiness.

CHAPTER XX.

EAST TENNESSEE.

The Bivouac in the Snow—Back to Maryville—A Laughable Incident—General Willich in Temporary Command of the Division—Again on the Move—Smoky Hollow—At Knoxville—On to Morristown—Back to New Market—Again at Morristown—Strawberry Plains—Off to Rutledge—The Clinch Mountains—A Scouting Expedition—Bound for Chattanooga—The Campaign Ended—At McDonald Station.

The morning of the 19th dawned, but it was a rude awakening for the soldier, tired in every limb and muscle, stiff in every joint and lank as a fox-hound after a long chase. The men had slept soundly, and not a gun or bugle note disturbed their repose. It was a January morning long to be remembered by the Eighty-sixth. There lay the command on open ground and covered with snow five or six inches deep! The words of Margaret J. Preston came vividly to mind:

“Halt—the march is over,
Day is almost gone;
Loose the cumbersome knapsack,
Drop the heavy gun,
Chilled and wet and weary,
Wander to and fro,
Seeking wood to kindle
Fires amidst the snow.
“Round the bright blaze gather,
Heed not sleet or cold;
Ye are Spartan soldiers,
Stout and brave and bold.”

The various bunks lay around over the ground like so many logs rolled together and buried in the snow. No sign of life revealed itself for some time. First one, and then another, would gently lift the blanket covering his head and stretch his neck out like a turtle from under his shell, take a brief observation of the appearance of things,

utter some exclamation of surprise, and quickly withdraw his astonished countenance from sight. Carefully tucking the blanket around his head, to keep the snow from tumbling about his ears, he meditates. But there was work to be done. More rails had to be procured for fuel, and it was a particularly unpleasant task for weary soldiers to turn out into the snow and trudge a half mile or more. But difficulties never vanish by trying to evade them. They must be met and overcome. Finally all were up and at work. Here, too, was an occasion where work was a benefit to the laborer in and of itself, not that he particularly needed the exercise for the sake of exercise, but the work was highly beneficial both for the physical well-being of the soldier and for the *morale* of the command. At the first look to the half-rested, half-starved, poorly clad, sore-legged soldier it was a gloomy morning indeed—a disheartening prospect that well-nigh overmastered him. Under such depressing conditions and circumstances the renewal of work is the great panacea—the one great safeguard, the surest cure, and so it proved with the Eighty-sixth. When the effort was made to meet the difficulties, great as they appeared to be at first, it was soon seen that they were not insurmountable, and as the blood began to flow more freely from exertions put forth, the spiritual barometer began to indicate fair weather, figuratively speaking, and the gloom began to disappear. The morning meal over, the next task was to dry the blankets, put tents and haversacks in order to be ready to march. Although the tents were not pitched they were used for a covering. Blankets held the more moisture and were the first to receive attention. Fires were built and the blankets stretched upright on the muskets as near them as possible. By the time the men were ordered to “fall in,” which was between 11 and 12 o’clock, they had their blankets and tents pretty well dried. The regiment crossed the Holston river after some delay, and marched about four miles from the river toward Knoxville and bivouacked. The afternoon was cold and windy, being very disagreeable, and the indications betokened a stormy and unpleasant night. The men, therefore,

busied themselves in making preparations for the night. Sheds, bowers, lean-tos, and, in fact, all kinds of temporary makeshifts for protection from the piercing wind and the coming night's cold, were erected. A little flour and meal in lieu of bread, and a very scant rations of coffee, sugar, and salt were issued at this place. A mail in the evening gladdened the hearts of many.

On the following day, January 20, the weather moderated and was quite pleasant as the day advanced. The troops lay round the bivouac all day until about one hour before sun-set, when the "general call" was sounded by the brigade bugler. The command was soon marching "route-step" in the direction of Knoxville. The roads were muddy and the marching heavy and slavish which made the progress slow. The command covered four or five miles and bivouacked about 8 o'clock in a thick woods alongside of the road. Rails were procured for fuel and supper prepared. It was both late and light of necessity. On the following morning, the 21st, reveille was sounded at 5 o'clock and the men were soon busily engaged in baking "flapjacks" or corn bread for the day's rations. These constituted a very poor substitute for hard tack when on the march. The command marched out a little after sunrise in the direction of Knoxville, passed through the city, crossed the Holston river, and went about two miles beyond and bivouacked. On the 22d, the regiment remained in bivouac. General John G. Foster, at this time in command of the Department of the Ohio, passed the camp on the 22d, doubtlessly, looking out a location for the brigade and division. Some teams were sent foraging during the day, and in the evening orders were received to be ready to march at 8 o'clock the next morning. It was also "grapevined" through camp that the enemy was advancing and was within four or five miles. It was not believed.

Saturday, January 23, the bugles sounded reveille at 6 o'clock. Soon all was bustle and hurry. The march was resumed at the hour appointed. The command covered about two miles and was halted. A small supply of cloth-

ing was here issued to the Eighty-sixth. Many were in great need, and were very glad to get it, as all had been more or less destitute ever since being cooped up in Chattanooga by Bragg. The needy were now only partially supplied. Many were greatly disappointed in not receiving the much needed articles. The march was resumed as soon as the clothing was distributed. However, the march was not at a rapid rate and the regiment was frequently halted for rests. When Little river was reached the command was delayed for some time as it had to cross in single file.

A laughable accident occurred here. The command crossed just above a mill-dam on two hewed logs, the ends of which were chained together in the middle of the stream, while the other ends were safely anchored to the banks. Of course the force of the current carried the ends of the logs in the stream down with it so there was an angle formed in the middle of the stream where the water was quite deep, the logs lying almost at right angles with one another. Consequently the distance to be traveled in crossing was increased and the progress delayed. Besides the logs lay in the water and every step taken gave them more or less motion and rendered them not a perfectly sure and stable footing to one inclined to be timid. The majority of the Eighty-sixth were becoming impatient at the long delay and hurried across as rapidly as possible when their turns came—most of them at a brisk trot. When Company H's turn came all were in a hurry but one man, Leander W. Friend, known the regiment over as "China," on account of his being so fat and "chuffy." As a natural consequence of his superabundance of adipose tissue he was as clumsy as a bear. When his turn came, and he was among the first, he passed along very slowly and deliberately, notwithstanding the calls of comrades to hurry. His best pace was decidedly slow and he was afraid of tumbling into the water and being drowned. Just behind him was a comrade of the exact opposite physical make. John Worden was one of the quickest, most active, nervous men in all the regiment. Whatever he did, he did with all his might and with lightning like

rapidity. "China" waddled along like a fat pig, Worden dancing along behind him on nettles, as it were, at his delay, until they reached the angle made by the logs in the middle of the stream. Here Worden's impatience would brook no further delay without an extra effort on his part, so he made a spring to get ahead of "China" as he turned from one log to the other. But the second log being somewhat broader than the first one gave "China" more confidence and he quickened his pace and reached the point of Worden's landing a second too soon for the latter who only succeeded in striking his more bulky and weighty comrade and bounding back into the water. He went down like a shot up to his neck. With knapsack, haversack, gun and cartridge-box he was pretty heavily handicapped for a struggle in the water, but caught hold of the log quick as a flash and thus saved himself until the clumsy "China" very deliberately stooped over and pulled his agile comrade out of his ludicrous predicament amid the shouts of laughter of all those who witnessed it.

The Eighty-sixth proceeded about two miles beyond the river, and bivouacked for the night on the side of a hill near one of its old camping places as it marched up to Knoxville from Chattanooga. The bivouac was located near a grist mill and the traffic between the boys and the miller was quick brisk for a time. Many had carried a supply of corn all day, others most of the day, in fact, wherever and whenever it could be foraged a supply was laid in, and now the supply on hand was traded for meal. Orders were received in the evening that the command would march at 7:30 the following morning.

On the morning of the 24th the column resumed the march at the appointed hour. The pace was moderate, with frequent rests, until about 10 o'clock a. m., when the out-skirts of Maryville were reached. Here it halted, closed up in mass, and General Willich, then temporarily in command of the division, made a short speech in his broken English. He said that the Third division, Fourth army corps, was here alone, and that it would be compelled to depend upon itself.

He further said that there should not be any foraging or scouting, except when ordered. Free and independent excursions for any purpose must not be thought of for fear of capture by the enemy's cavalry that was continually scouring the country and picking off prowlers who ventured away from their commands. His blunt, out-spoken manner, and the peculiar way he had of putting things created much merriment and he was greeted with shouts and laughter. This speech of the General's greatly amused everybody, and put the rank and file in great good humor. His kind words endeared him to the men, and then he had shown himself so considerate of them in his manner directing and conducting the march that all were fully convinced that he would do the very best he could for them on all occasions.

The brigades were assigned their positions by General Willich, and the regiments took their respective positions according to the order of the day's march. Immediately after dinner the Eighty-sixth began work upon quarters to make themselves comfortable. All were busy and more or less successful, so in a comparatively short time the men were comfortably cantoned. Most of the bunks of the regiment built shanties and covered them with their shelter tents, and constructed fire-places of clay and rock with "stick and mud" chimneys. This work, however, created extra keen appetites, and as rations were decidedly short many imagined that it was absolutely necessary that they disregard one of General Willich's positive commands. Cattle, hogs, chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, corn-pone, corn and potatoes did not come amiss, but there was not a great amount of any these productions in the country. Corn was the most plentiful, and with this the men generally supplied themselves. This was grated into meal and made into bread without sifting. The forms of making bread were numerous. Hoe-cake baked on a board before the fire, grid-dle cake, ash cake, dodger, and corn-pone, were all attempted to give variety to the bill-of-fare, and according to the conveniences of the culinary department. Occasionally the men would draw a ration of beef "dried on hoof" from the com-

missary department, but this was rare. Sometimes a pie could be bought. The price for an ordinary Tennessee pie at this time was thirty cents.

The regiment's military functions consisted of picket duty, which was quite heavy, and details for foraging. When not on duty the men employed their time, at first, in fixing up and improving the camp, cutting down and leveling up the floors of their shanties, ditching them and making their temporary homes more comfortable. They made stools, bunks, tables, and many other little conveniences, so at the end of a couple of weeks they were quite comfortably situated. After the camp was established, a ball ground was laid off, and daily, when the weather was favorable, those not on duty took exercise by playing a few games of "town ball." Later on, while here, a violin was procured, and, when the evenings were fine, dancing was engaged in. Of course, it was a veritable "stag dance." However, it was entered into with great gusto and thoroughly enjoyed. Notwithstanding all this, the health of the regiment remained reasonably good. Of course some of the weaker ones broke down during this time, and others felt the effects of the winter's hardships later.

About the last of January the other regiments of the brigade went on a scout, and it fell on the Eighty-sixth to do the picketing for the entire brigade. This made extra duty which kept the men quite busy for some days. But the picketing was not particularly disagreeable here, excepting in bad weather. Yet this duty is always unpleasant in inclement weather. About the 4th of February, the non-veterans of the Thirteenth Ohio, and those of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, came to the Eighty-sixth to remain with it for duty while those who re-enlisted went home on their veteran furloughs. Those of the Thirteenth had some hard cases among them, and occasionally made trouble for the company officers in which they were placed.

Along about this time, too, the rumors of the enemy's advance, of cavalry fighting at Seveirville and to the south of Maryville, about the Chilhowee mountains, began to make the

rounds of the camp, and the reports were constantly changing from the report of light skirmishing to that of severe fighting, and from that again back to unimportant skirmishing. On the 7th of February a cavalry guard conducted a small squad of rebel prisoners by the camp of the Eighty-sixth in the direction of Knoxville, which confirmed, to a certain extent, the report of some skirmishing, at least. About this time, too, orders were given which were a little more strict concerning absence from camp and for a closer watch by the pickets. On the 10th orders seemed to point to an expected attack. The cavalry videttes, out perhaps five miles, were fired upon, and a camp rumor grew in proportion, the "grapevine" worked the more rapidly. On the 12th the regiment received the stores which they had packed and sent back early in the fall. With these goods were the overcoats of almost every private in the regiment. While near Blain's Cross Roads the men sorely needed their overcoats, but their wants did not furnish transportation. As badly as the men needed clothing, provisions were equally as great a necessity, and the wagon trains had not been able to half supply the demand.

On February 13, a number of disheartened Confederates came in and gave themselves up, saying they had enough of war and fighting, and wished to abandon the cause of the Confederacy. They were taken care of and sent to Knoxville to take the oath. Generals Wood and Willich were both now at home on leaves of absence, and the command of the division devolved on General Beatty, and that of the brigade on Colonel Dick. It had been raining quite hard and had made the roads very muddy, when on the night of the 15th of February the men were aroused by the officers and told to rise immediately, as orders had been received to march at once. They arose promptly, struck tents, and packed up. This was about 11 o'clock at night. At 2 o'clock a. m. on the 16th, the regiment filed out upon the road toward Knoxville, in mud shoe-mouth deep. The marching was slavish and the progress slow. Little river was not crossed until afternoon. Pushing ahead rapidly for some time good speed was made.

The command was then halted to allow the wagon train to take the advance. Once more the men plunged into the mud and water and forged ahead as rapidly as possible, but it was slow work. However, the command did not halt for bivouacs until within about three-fourths of a mile of the pontoon bridge crossing the river at Knoxville. The camping place was reached about 11 o'clock at night. The regiment bivouacked in a ravine that ran down to the Holston river. The night was cold, only a few limbs could be found, although in the woods. This was one of the most uncomfortable bivouacs which the regiment had yet occupied. The location was not so bad, so much as the inclement weather rendered it disagreeable. On the following morning the men arose promptly at reveille, which was sounded at daybreak. It was disagreeably cold and the wind whirled in gusts in every direction, and yet there was no possible chance to escape from its terrors unless the men left the camp and took their chances of freezing. The men were hungry, cold, and smoked almost blind, and the place in remembrance of their misery was denominated "Smoky Hollow." It might have been very properly called "Cold-Windy-Starvation-Hollow," to commemorate the trinity of the sufferings which the men endured. The regiment remained here from about 11 o'clock on the night of the 16th and until about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th of February. There was not a decent looking pair of eyes in the entire regiment when it marched out. Had there been a requisition made for a regiment of mourners the Eighty-sixth should have furnished the detail. It could have filled the bill to perfection.

The command crossed the river, passed through the city and about one mile beyond and west of the town, bivouacking on the site of an old camp of a part of the Ninth army corps. Here it lounged in bivouac for several days without any special duty to perform. On the 20th the regiment was ordered out for general inspection by Major Comstock, General Grant's Inspector General. On the 22d it drew two months' pay which came very acceptable. On this day, too, most of the men of the regiment went to work on their own

motion to build quarters. They worked hard the 22d and 23d, and most of them had just finished and moved into very comfortable huts on the evening of the 23d, when orders were received for fatigue duty which was soon changed to march in the morning. On the morning of the 24th the regiment resumed its wanderings. Passing through the city and along up the Holston it made good time and halted for the night about one hour before sunset. Remained at this bivouac two days and a half and marched up to Strawberry Plains, crossed the river and bivouacked within a quarter of a mile of the ferry, having crossed the river in boats.

The next day, February 28, at 12 o'clock noon, the regiment started for New Market, east on the railroad. After marching about two miles it halted for a rest. Here the Eighty-sixth first saw the new Department Commander, recently the Commander of the Army of the United States, Major General John M. Schofield. Arriving at New Market and passing through town about a quarter of a mile the Third brigade bivouacked, and received orders to be ready to resume the march at 5 o'clock the following morning.

The march was resumed promptly at the hour appointed, but the marching was not so pleasant on account of a heavy fall of rain during the night. About 10 o'clock when halted alongside the road for a rest, General Schofield and staff came riding down the road. The brigade arrived at Morristown about 4 o'clock and the Eighty-sixth had the good fortune to occupy some very good "shanties" built by troops belonging to the division of the rebel General Johnson, which was learned by inscriptions on the walls. The command had covered eighteen miles over muddy roads, and the men were tired; they considered themselves fortunate to get to shelter in the rebel huts even at the risk of accumulating a supply of "graybacks." A soaking rain fell during the night, drenching everything that was not under roof. Reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock and the regiment was up and ready for any emergency. The rain continued to fall most of the time during the forenoon and the Eighty-sixth remained housed. Rations of hard tack, poor beef, sugar

and coffee were drawn. In the evening of March 1, orders were received that reveille would be sounded at 4 o'clock. Strict orders were given against straggling or scouting independently. The regiment was astir at reveille and at 5 a. m. filed out upon the road and took the back track to New Market. The march was pretty steadily maintained with occasional rests, however, and arrived at camp near New Market at 3 o'clock p. m. Here strict orders were received to remain in camp, as the command was liable to march at any time during the night. The rank and file knew nothing of the cause of these moves—this marching and counter-marching, but it kept them alert. The regiment remained at New Market until the 12th, a scarcity of rations existing most of the time, many of the boys spending their extra cash in town for something to eat. It was at this camp that Captain James Gregory, of Company C, sent in his resignation on account of ill health. George Storms, of Company I, and John M. Cast, who had been to Indiana on recruiting service, returned to the regiment while in camp at New Market. While at New Market the regiment had but little duty to perform. It had light details for picket, and prepare for inspection on Sunday.

On Friday, March 11, orders were received to march on the following morning at 8 o'clock. The bugles sounded reveille at 4 o'clock. The men breakfasted and were ready in good time, although the march was resumed at 6:30 a. m. instead of 8 o'clock. Passing through New Market the command took the road to Morristown again. The march was continued until 2 o'clock p. m., when the regiment bivouacked in a thick brushy woods near Panther Springs, four miles west of Morristown. Orders to march at 5 o'clock the next morning. Reveille at 4 o'clock, and the regiment was at once awake and busy preparing for the march. But there was no rush, and the command lay round the bivouac fires until sunrise, marched out for Morristown and arrived there between 8 and 9 o'clock. The Eighty-sixth was again so fortunate as to be camped in the rebel "shanties." The regiment was ordered on picket, and went out about 10

o'clock a. m. At 2 o'clock p. m. five companies were relieved and ordered to return to camp. There were rumors of fighting, and strict orders were given forbidding the men to leave camp under any circumstances. The fire of the skirmishers could be plainly heard during the afternoon and evening. The weather was raw and cold, a strong wind was blowing the entire day, making it very disagreeable, and the rebel "shanties" were a great convenience. This was on the 14th of March. It was on this day that Lieutenant Yount, of Company K, sent in his resignation. In the morning of the 17th, orders were received to march at 5:30 a. m.. Vacated the huts and marched through town to the southeast a half-mile and camped. There the regiment was called upon to furnish a heavy detail for picket. On the morning of the 18th orders to march again. The picket detail was in charge of Captain William S. Sims, of Company F. When the detail reached camp the regiment had already set out upon the march, and did not succeed in rejoining its command until Mossy Creek was reached. No halt, however, was made, the command pressing on to New Market, where it arrived at noon. This was a tremendous rush for burdened troops—eighteen miles for the command in six hours, and about twenty miles for the picket detail under Captain Sims in the same length of time. This was perhaps the most rapid marching for the time and distance the regiment ever made. And there was nothing known to the rank and file which seemed to indicate that there was the least need of such forced marching. In fact, as the regiment remained here the rest of the day was pretty good evidence that no such an effort was at all necessary.

On the morning of the 19th the bugles sounded reveille at 4 o'clock. At 5:30 the march was resumed. Passed through New Market to the west, taking the road to Strawberry Plains. The pace this morning was moderate and frequent rests were made. Crossed the river at the Plains about noon, and proceeded about three-quarters of a mile farther and bivouacked. Here the men had another half day to rest and recuperate, and have a good time discussing their probable destination. The next morning they were not dis-

turbed, and the men of the Eighty-sixth slept quietly until daybreak and breakfasted at their leisure on hard tack, bacon and coffee. The "general call" was sounded about 9 o'clock, and marched about noon, that is two brigades, Hazen's and Beatty's, passing the old camp at Flat Creek, leaving House mountain to the left and then behind, going up the valley toward Rutledge, the county-seat of Grainger county. Having covered eight or nine miles, the command bivouacked this time in an open field. On the 21st reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock. With skirmishers in front and flankers on either side of the line of march the two brigades proceeded up the valley. Clinch mountains were on the left and the Holston river on the right. The pace was not rapid, but sufficiently well maintained to make fair progress. The command reached Rutledge about the hour of noon. The luck of the Eighty-sixth did not desert it, and the regiment was sent on picket. All reliefs not on the line were called up at 4 o'clock, and after a hasty breakfast the regiment stood to arms until daylight, and was then permitted to break ranks. The regiment was relieved about 11 o'clock, and marched at once to its camp-ground. This was on the 22d of March, and during the forenoon quite a snow fell. The command only remained here until the 24th, when it marched back down the valley opposite a gap in Clinch mountain known as Powder Spring Gap.

From there on the 26th the Eighty-sixth went on a scouting expedition over the mountain. Marching over hills and through hollows the regiment at length reached the foot of the mountain and began the ascent. It was toilsome marching, winding around over the mountainous roads, still ever creeping higher, higher, as the gap is comparatively but a slight notch out of the great ridge. However, there was some compensation for this laborious marching, for as the men went up the mountain they could look back far over a magnificent stretch of country. Away to the east and south-east lay a country sufficiently broken to show the ridge and small valleys, presenting a beautiful landscape. It was a grand and inspiring view. Going down the mountain on the

opposite side a like stretch of country was to be seen to the north and northwest, the eye almost reaching to Cumberland Gap. After crossing the mountain a lively pace was struck up the valley almost parallel with ridge. Bivouacked a little before dark in an open field. Strong pickets were put out as the country was reported to be infested with "bushwhackers." No attack was made on any of the pickets, although some of the sentinels seemed to think there were prowlers around camp during the night. The march was resumed on the morning of the 27th up the valley, following a road which ran near the foot of Clinch mountain, but which at length left the mountain and bore off to the north. A "bushwhacker" was captured before noon by a detachment of Union cavalry. As he attempted to shoot one of the cavalry officers, after having been taken a prisoner, he was promptly shot down and left lying in the road. The climate of the valley, especially in this immediate locality, was supposed to be very unhealthy for single blue-coats, or even small squads absent from their command, therefore the ducks, geese, chickens, pigs and lambs were safe. A halt was called at noon. After a brief rest the regiment started on its return trip. The march was made in the same rapid manner as that of the forenoon, and it bivouacked on the same ground of the previous night. When the regiment started on its return a company was sent up on the mountain to patrol it for bushwhackers. The company captured three suspicious characters supposed to belong to that class. Mountain "rangers" skulking away from the blue-coats were looked upon as dangerous, particularly in this region where it was known so many found hiding places. The regiment reached its place of camping about 4:30. A few squads ventured out a short distance from camp on independent foraging excursions and gathered in small quantities of corn pone and such other articles as were easily collected, but no extensive trips were attempted as they evidently would have been attended with great danger. When almost ready to resume the tramp down the valley Company E was detailed to go over on the mountain, deploy and scour the mountain from

this point to the gap. The march was resumed at a moderate rate in order not to get too far in advance of the company on the mountain whose progress was necessarily slow. Occasionally some one would loosen a huge boulder and it would come thundering down the mountain side with the force of many cannon balls crushing everything before it. Company E rejoined the regiment on the mountain in the gap. Marching steadily the regiment reached its camp safely at noon on the 28th. Remained here some days watching for the enemy in force, and for "bushwhackers" in particular, but with no great success.

On the 3d of April Hazen's Second brigade came in from a two or three days' scout. On the evening of the 5th orders were received to march at 6 o'clock the following morning. The scouting and watching had been done to clear as thoroughly as possible East Tennessee of the enemy, and now the veterans were to join Sherman and Thomas, leaving a few regiments of veteran infantry and cavalry and the hundred days' men to look after and protect the country in the rear, while the division was to go to the front to try conclusions with wily Joe Johnston's army. Johnston was perhaps the wariest and most skillful and able of all the Confederacy's generals. He was, too, when occasion demanded a daring fighter, a really capable battle-chief.

On the morning of the 6th of April, the regiment marched at 6 o'clock and bivouacked at night near Strawberry Plains. The next day the command covered about twenty miles, passing through Knoxville and some distance beyond on the road to Loudon. At this bivouac a heavy rain fell, and the command lay by for a half-day. Then pressing on it passed through Concord and Lenoir's and reached the river opposite Loudon about 8 o'clock a. m. on the 10th. As the command could not cross it marched back about a half mile and bivouacked until the following morning when between 9 and 10 o'clock it crossed on a boat, the "Kingston," and remained in camp here until the 12th. On morning of the 13th the tramp was resumed at 5 o'clock. Passed through Philadelphia and marching moderately

reached the town of Sweetwater about noon, and bivouacked for the night one mile beyond the town. On the morning of the 14th the bugles sounding reveille for the various brigades and regiments awoke the echoes of the hill and dale at 4 o'clock, "murdering sleep," and the men arose promptly, "bayoneted" their coffee and prepared a soldier's meal with a soldier's alacrity. But the hurry was entirely unnecessary as the Eighty-sixth being in the rear did not march until 9 o'clock. That day the regiment passed through Mouse Creek Station and arrived within one mile of Athens and camped in a pine grove. On the 15th reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock. Some one writing of the late war and speaking of reveille calls it "the morning's repetend" and speaks of its "repetitional notes." It would seem to be true to the tired soldier, and when sleepy to the last degree after a long and wearisome march were seldom more aggravated than when awakened, it seemed immediately after closing their eyes in sleep, by these "repetitional notes" of the bugle so often sounded under the same circumstances, always to awaken them, to disturb their slumbers if they were asleep, to call them to renewed labors of toilsome marching, was it any wonder that tired humanity sometimes swore at the bugler and wished him in Halifax. On the 15th the march was resumed at 5:30 a. m. Passing through Athens the command took the road to Charleston. After passing through Riceville, Calhoun was reached at 1 o'clock, crossed the Hiwassee river on pontoons and arrived at Charleston before it was late, near which place the regiment turned in for the night. On the 16th the regiment was on the march at 5:30 a. m. going toward Cleveland, but the gait was moderate with frequent rests. The Eighty-sixth reached Cleveland at 2 o'clock. At the outskirts of the town the regiment was ordered to "fix bayonets." It was thrown into columns of divisions and marched through in fine style with colors flying and keeping step to the music of the Union. The command covered eighteen or nineteen miles on this day. On the following morning the men slept undisturbed. The morning's "repetend" had failed to repeat

and the "repetitional notes" themselves seemed to be sleeping, at last. It was refreshing, indeed, once more to sleep undisturbed. The regiment was now in camp near McDonald Station, between Chattanooga and Cleveland.

And now the Eighty-sixth's campaign to Knoxville and East Tennessee for the relief of the Army of the Ohio was ended. It had returned to the vicinity of Chattanooga and rejoined the forces of the old Army of the Cumberland, after a long, dark winter of hardships, hunger, and suffering, such as had never been experienced in its own department, not even while beleaguered in Chattanooga.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

General Howard in Command of the Fourth Corps—The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps Consolidated and Designated the Twentieth—Sherman's Preparation for the Atlanta Campaign—The Importance of the Grand Movement—Tunnel Hill—Rocky Face Ridge—Dalton—The Battle of Resacca.

On the 10th of April General Gordon Granger had been relieved of the command of the Fourth army corps, and had been succeeded by General O. O. Howard. At the same time the Eleventh corps, which up to that time had been commanded by General Howard, was consolidated with the Twelfth corps, and the designation changed to that of the Twentieth, with General Joseph Hooker in command. The Army of the Cumberland was now composed of the Fourth, Fourteenth, and Twentieth corps. While at McDonald Station making preparations for the Atlanta campaign some changes were made in the commanders of the Fourth corps divisions. General D. S. Stanley was placed in command of the First division, General John Newton of the Second, while General T. J. Wood retained the command of the Third. No changes were made in the brigade commanders of the Third division, of which the Eighty-sixth formed a part.

General W. T. Sherman, who had succeeded General Grant in the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, had concentrated an army of nearly a hundred thousand men in the vicinity of Chattanooga, having for his chief objectives, the destruction of the Confederate army under General Joseph E. Johnston, then at Dalton, in northern Georgia, and the capture of the city of Atlanta. General Sherman's forces were composed as follows: Army of the Cumberland, General George H. Thomas in command, with 60,773 men; Army of the Tennessee, General J. B. McPherson in command, with 24,465 men; Army of the Ohio, with General J. M. Schofield in command, with 13,559 men; making a grand aggregate of troops of 98,797, and of guns, 254. General Johnston's army was composed of about 55,000 men. It was arranged in three corps, commanded respectively by Generals W. J. Hardee, J. B. Hood, and Leonidas Polk.

In importance of grand movements, continued skirmishing and close every day fighting from constant contact with the enemy, in numbers of momentous battles fought, and in practical lessons in the great school of war for both officers and privates, the Atlanta Campaign was incomparably the greatest of the campaigns in which the Eighty-sixth participated. Nor is it in any sense intended to speak disparagingly of its former campaigns and battles, as the regiment was engaged in three of the greatest battles of the war, namely, Stone's River, Chickamauga, and the battle of Chattanooga. But as the Atlanta Campaign was its most remarkable campaign, so the regimental experience partook of its thrilling nature. It is not putting it too strongly to say that it was the greatest campaign of the war. It is true the forces of Grant and Lee in the East greatly outnumbered those of Johnston and Sherman in the West, but they were not handled with the same masterful skill as were the western forces. Nor did Grant's successes of '64 have the same determining effect upon the close of the war as did those of Sherman. Johnston's masterly retreat, covering every point of his route so completely as he fell back, is universally recognized as a remarkable feat in all the world's history of military

affairs, having few parallels in the history of retreats, and probably there has been none more skillfully conducted. A competent military critic who took an active part in the campaign says of it: "General Johnston, however, as he abandoned his entrenched positions, conducted his retreat, in my judgment, in a prudent and consummate manner, both in strategy and tactics. All positions chosen for making a stand were selected with the utmost sagacity and skill, and his defenses were thrown up and strengthened with the exercise of marvelous ingenuity and judgment. * * In fact, it was the cleanest and best conducted retreat, as was remarked by every one, which we had seen or read of."

That General Sherman, acting on the offensive which put him at a great disadvantage, was able to overcome Johnston's force, skillfully as it was handled, the difficulties of a mountainous country, a long line of communications, strongly fortified positions on ground easily defensive—naturally almost impregnable—all this, too, in the short space of four months, must ever place him head and shoulders above all of his contemporaries as a master of the science and art of war.

To have taken lessons of war in this grand school under two such masters as General Johnston and General Sherman, assisted by Hardee, Hood, Polk, and Pat Cleburne, on the one side, and by Thomas, McPherson, Hooker, Logan, and Schofield on the other, is no small honor, and the Eighty-sixth was in it from start to finish, and with credit to itself and the State of Indiana.

As stated at the close of the previous chapter, Wood's division arrived at the camp near McDonald Station on Saturday, April 16. On Sunday the men were permitted to rest undisturbed, except they were required to appear in line for inspection. Lieutenant Kibler, the Brigade Inspector, perfunctorily passed up and down the lines and the men were soon dismissed. On the 19th the regiment marched a short distance to a new camp ground, which was found to be a wild woods with a dense growth of underbrush. The ground was soon cleared and the tents erected. Again came the

details for fatigue and picket duty at regular times, and after a few days, drill—recruit, company and battalion. The buglers were again busy sounding the calls for reveille, sick, picket, fatigue, meals, retreat, tattoo and taps, so that the time of the men was pretty well occupied. Still the duties were not exhausting and the men received a sufficient supply of good rations, so with few exceptions they were in excellent health. There were, however, a number in the regiment who were so completely worn out and broken down by the winter's hardships that they had to be sent to the hospital, some of whom died shortly after leaving the regiment. No doubt they were literally frozen and starved to death, although not dying immediately on experiencing these hardships. Besides the above mentioned duties the men were ordered to engage at target practice. This led them to think that they were likely to have some shooting to do in the near future which would mean something, and they entered upon the performance of the new duty with great zeal.

On the 29th of April the Fourth army corps was reviewed by the new Corps Commander, Major General O. O. Howard—the Havelock of the army. He complimented his command highly and the men returned to camp in fine spirits. Dress parade was held almost every evening, and the army was being put in the best possible condition for the coming campaign. On the 1st of May at dress parade a general order was read to the regiment, informing the men that the army would move soon and directing that all extra baggage should be packed and sent to Bridgeport. On the 3d the sick who were unable to march were sent to the rear. The *impedimenta* were reduced to a minimum and orders were received to march at 12 o'clock.

The command marched out in a southwesterly direction, covering about seven miles, and bivouacking in a fine pine grove. On the 4th it filed out upon the road at 6 a. m., reveille having been sounded at 4 o'clock. The roads were dry and dusty. The gait was moderate and frequent halts were made, probably for the purpose of reconnoitering lest the enemy should lie in concealment. The army was now

approaching the outposts of a large force of the enemy and it was necessary that every precaution should be taken. The Tennessee and Georgia state line was crossed about 9 o'clock. Continuing the march until 1 p. m. the division bivouacked near Catoosa Springs, and to complete the programme as on former occasions, the Eighty-sixth went on picket. The line of sentinels was soon established. The enemy's pickets were in plain view. It was soon to be known as a skirmish line, one, too, which with the movable column, was to last for months as it advanced further and further into the heart of the Confederacy.

General Jacob D. Cox, in his history of the campaign, speaking of the movements of the army and the concentration of troops upon Dalton, or rather upon Rocky Face Ridge, says: "On the 4th of May, Schofield, marching out of East Tennessee by way of Cleveland and the old Federal Road, had crossed the Georgia line and reached Red Clay, passing by a part of the Fourth corps, which immediately took up its march and moved to Catoosa Springs, while the rest of the Army of the Cumberland advanced to the immediate neighborhood of Ringgold, and the Army of the Tennessee came close up on their right at Lee & Gordon's Mills. Sherman himself, was at the center with Thomas, and the whole army was well in hand, the extreme distance from McPherson to Schofield being about sixteen miles, in a line nearly at right angles to the road from Chattanooga to Dalton, Thomas, whose force was nearly equal to Johnston's, being somewhat advanced beyond the wings." The Fourth corps was on the left of the Army of the Cumberland and next to the Army of the Ohio, which was on the extreme left of the infantry line of Sherman's grand army.

On the morning of the 5th of May the Eighty-sixth was on duty on the picket line near Catoosa Springs, Georgia. Those members of the regiment who were on the line as sentinels at the time when the picket relief came, witnessed the opening of the campaign on the part of the Fourth corps. The advance of the picket or skirmish line was the first step. Hazen's brigade line was first advanced. A few shots were

fired, but a slight resistance was offered, the enemy falling back quickly on the approach of the line of blue-coats. The Eighty-sixth was relieved by the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Colonel Fred Knefler. The men of the Seventy-ninth were no sooner distributed upon the line than they, too, were ordered forward. The advance was handsomely made, with only a show of disputing the way, from the enemy's skirmishers. Immediately after the advance of the skirmishers the detail returned from the line of the reserve station and the regiment marched back to camp. The regiment remained here the rest of the day and the next day. Many of the boys visited the Springs and drank of the water without asking leave, and looked through the hotel now deserted.

Reveille was sounded promptly by the buglers of the Third brigade at 3:30 on the morning of the 7th of May. The two years' field service at the front had taught the men that these orders meant business. There were no laggards that morning in the Eighty-sixth. The regiment marched out at 6 a. m., the hour's delay being occasioned by another division having the advance. The progress made was slow on account of the proximity of the enemy.

The season's entertainments were now opened. General Sherman had invited the boys to "a game of punch" with "bayonet trimmings" and "flash" accompaniments, and they could not well refuse so polite and cordial an invitation from such an urbane, courteous gentleman. The festival was now to begin—the ball was opened, at least the musicians were tuning their instruments to furnish the music. But it was the festival of death, the harvest of carnage, on the field of battle. The crackling fire of the skirmishers as they pressed forward upon the enemy could be plainly heard directly after the Eighty-sixth left camp, and grew in volume as it advanced. It became quite warm work as the forces pressed steadily forward, and as they approached Tunnel Hill it grew hotter and hotter, threatening a battle. The lines were formed ready for the contest. Here and there were seen a few great red drops splattered on the dry leaves of the forest. They were like the few scattering raindrops

that precede the fast approaching thunder storm of a summer afternoon. But this was to be a thunder storm of a different character—a storm that was to be as terrific as the fiercest of the elemental storms, and it was to continue four long months, a storm whose raindrops were blood, whose hailstones were minie balls, shot shell and shrapnel, whose lightnings were flashes from the cannon's throat, whose thunders were the roar of batteries contending for the mastery; yet, into this fierce, pelting, destroying storm of human ingenuity, the Eighty-sixth resolutely pushed with bated breath.

As Tunnel Hill was approached, Union batteries opened upon the enemy from various points, and the skirmishers pressed courageously on and soon cleared the town and mounted the hill through which the railroad tunnel is made, and which gives the name both to the hill and the little town situated at the foot of its western slope. The hill itself is a low mountainous ridge extending nearly due north and south, and lying about one and a half miles to the west of a companion ridge which, however, is much higher and is known as Rocky Face Ridge. The low valley between these ridges was mostly wooded to the north, but opened by farms more to the south. The western slope of Rocky Face was heavily wooded throughout its length. The valley is almost unbroken by hills. Tunnel Hill is low in comparison with Rocky Face Ridge, which mounts to the height of eighteen hundred feet above sea level, and is crested with precipitous faces of quartz rock, making it insurmountable except where a few narrow clefts of the rock can be found. It was, however, practically impregnable. This ridge is broken by a deep gorge for the passage of Mill creek. Two miles and a half south of the tunnel is Tunnel Hill. The mountain south of the gorge still maintains its broken nature and rocky faces, and is called by the various names of Rocky Face Ridge, Buzzard Roost mountain, Chattooga and Chattogata mountains. Mill creek rises by two branches, one in Snake Creek Gap between Horn mountain and Buzzard Roost mountain, and the other to the west of Horn mountain. These branches

unite at a point in the valley nearly west of Dug Gap, four miles south of Mill Creek Gap, thence running nearly due north until it reaches the gap and winds its devious course through the gap and among the hills until it reaches the Cooyehullee, a tributary of the Connasauga. The ends of these mountains, jutting upon this stream and forming the gorge, were known as Buzzard Roost, and the gap itself was commonly known as Buzzard Roost Gap. The mountain to the north of the gap is more rugged and broken than that to the south. The rocky palisades are higher and more difficult to scale. The mountain south of Mill Creek Gap is broken by two slight passes known as Ray's or Mill Gap, and Dug Gap, Ray's Gap being directly west of Dalton. But they were securely guarded. Upon Rocky Face Ridge, north and south of the gap, were posted the forces of Johnston's army. His line of intrenchments only extended about two miles on the crest of the ridge north of the gap, then turned due east, and crossed Crow Creek Valley, and thus securely protected his right flank. Any force which General Sherman should detach to turn Johnston's right flank in this position would have to make a wide detour to round the north end of the mountain. It would be entirely separate, from the balance of the army, out of supporting distance, and would find itself confronting an almost impregnable line of breastworks. Thus Dalton was held securely on the north and west; for the ridge was a veritable rocky fortress, impregnable in front, and made apparently so on the flanks. It did look as though there was little hope of success when opposed by such barriers and such forces directed by such consummate skill, but General Sherman was alert to every movement.

The skirmishers having captured Tunnel Hill and pressed on across the valley to the foot of Rocky Face Ridge the columns of the Fourth corps mounted the hill. The Third brigade passed to the left, and the Eighty-sixth bivouacked in a dense thicket on the crest in full view of the rocky fortress across the valley. In front, and a little to the right, a rebel signal station on the crest of Rocky Face was

busily engaged in sending orders or reports. The artillery to the right sent over a few rounds of shot and shell by way of introduction, and to get an exact idea of the distance from crest to crest. Troops continued to arrive and take their respective positions to right and left, showing that it was indeed a grand movement—a movement in force which evidently meant hot work for all.

As night approached, the magnitude of the assembled hosts might be more nearly comprehended. Upon the rocky fortress were the mighty battalions of the enemy. But Sherman's army had come to stay, the summer, at least. It was a night never to be forgotten. The camp-fires were blazing for miles to right and to left, here for the blue, there for the gray. Along the crest of Tunnel Hill, on the hill-tops, in the valley, up the mountain side, everywhere, save beyond the enemy's lines, the blue-coats swarmed, and everywhere their camp-fires flamed and leaped up as with joy in the clear cool air of the May evening. But high over all might be seen the great fires of the rebel host on the opposing mountain's top, perhaps two thousand feet high. There the fires flamed up and threw a lurid glare around, almost dispelling the deepening shades of night. And there, too, around these fires loomed up against the dark sky beyond the long lank forms of the Southern soldiers as if only giants trod the distant mountain's crest.

The Union army alone numbered nearly one hundred thousand men and such a multitude is of itself a grand and memorable sight. But here in addition to the vast multitudes were the grand wagon trains that brought the provisions and the munitions of war; innumerable ambulances to carry away the sick and the wounded, and there were great parks of artillery, the bull-dogs of war, ready to tear and destroy. Everywhere could be heard the neighing steed, the blare of trumpet, the soul stirring drum, and the ear piercing fife. In short, "here was all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war," added to the grand natural scenery of the place. The countless camp-fires gave the strong contrast of light to the deepening shades of night

and made it inconceivably grand and striking. It was a sight to compare with the grandest in nature in strong impressiveness. A falling avalanche, a storm at sea, a full flowing Niagara, might awaken kindred emotions to those which many experienced on beholding these vast armies swarming over hill, valley, and mountain, in the wild wood and on open plain, in the light of their camp-fires ready for the grapple which was to decide a nation's life or a nation's destruction.

In their mountain fastness, fortified and protected by all the arts known to the military scientist, and directed and led by their most astute commander, the enemy awaited the attack. General Johnston was noted for his skill and caution. A veritable Fabius, he never sacrificed a man or a position save in the direst necessity. He made no rash attacks, but sought to tempt and lure his adversary to make the advances and to attack his well chosen positions. Courageous and watchful, he was always ready to strike a counter-blow. This was the situation on the night of the 7th of May, 1864, when the two mighty armies lay, one upon Tunnel Hill, and the other upon Rocky Face Ridge.

On the morning of the 8th of May reveille was sounded at 3:30. The regiment was soon astir in its leafy covert, and breakfasted at an early hour on a soldier's fare, after which everything was speedily made ready for the performance of any duty. The day was Sunday, but the tireless leader's orders were to press the enemy at all points, presumably with the hope that by chance a weak point in his seemingly impregnable position might be found. At 9 o'clock a. m. the Eighty-sixth with the Third brigade, Third division, Fourth corps, filed out from its bivouac in the thicket. Reaching open ground, Colonel Dick gave the command, "Double column on the center by divisions at half distance—march." The command was executed at once. Thus formed the regiment closed up on the front line of battle to support it. These movements, together with those of other troops, were performed in full view of the enemy on the crest of the ridge, on the top of which they seemed to swarm like bees. But

little time was given those in the ranks for taking observations, as the regiment pressed forward, keeping well up in the line of battle. The line of battle itself keeping close up to a strong skirmish line that pressed resolutely forward. The skirmishers were apparently in bad humor and sent spiteful messengers from line to line. The rebel line was watchful and allowed no chance to escape without annoying the blue-coats by its fire. The line of battle was pushed ahead and the Eighty-sixth, under the watchful eye of Colonel Dick, kept well up to its support in every move. The advance was very slow, but was continued, the line shifting back and forth, a strong effort being made to maintain a correct alignment which was extremely difficult. Thus the day rattled on and on. About 3 o'clock having worked its way well upon the side of the mountain, the line of battle made a dash for the enemy. A hot fire was opened at once. The Eighty-sixth was ordered to lie down. This had been repeated a number of times during the day, but this proved to be hotter than those gone before. The batteries in the rear kept up almost a continuous fire upon the ridge and more especially upon the gap, so the din of battle roared the whole day through. Cox, in speaking of this day's contest, says: "At the center, Wood's division of the Fourth, Davis' of the Fourteenth and Butterfield's of the Twentieth corps, pushed back the enemy into the mouth of the gap." As the evening drew on, the fire of the contending skirmish lines slackened somewhat and the wearied soldiers reversed their bayonets, turning them upon their coffee in tin cups, procured water and prepared a soldier's meal, and slept for the night.

On the morning of the 9th, after a hasty morning meal, the Eighty-sixth was ordered about 6 o'clock to relieve the regiment on the front line. It was ordered to advance immediately upon taking the position held by the regiment on the line. The Eighty-sixth went forward steadily as could be done over the rocky mountain slope, maintaining its battle-line fairly well until within a rod or so of the skirmishers on the line, where being exposed to a hot fire it was ordered

to lie down. The enemy's skirmishers showed themselves to be excellent marksmen. The accuracy of their aim rendered it absolutely necessary to move with extreme caution. Sometimes the enemy would loosen a huge boulder from the mountain's side near the top and give it a start when it would come thundering down with force enough to crush an elephant. But the men were on the alert and careful to make way for them and allow them an unobstructed descent. Although the men graciously gave the boulders the right-of-way, they were none the less anxious to give their senders something else. Occasionally a fatally wounded man would utter a fearfully startling cry and sink to the ground, a victim on the altar of his country. Cox in his account of this day, says: "During Monday, the 9th, Thomas and Schofield pressed Johnston's front at all points. The divisions of Hooker's, Palmer's, and Howard's corps in front of Buzzard Roost were engaged, and whilst there was no combined and determined assault of the Confederate lines in form, the attack was kept up with well supported skirmish lines, and Sherman's purpose of keeping his opponent fully occupied was well carried out." This is a fair, although brief statement of the fighting of the Army of the Cumberland on the 9th. But to make as great impression on the enemy as possible, a massing of forces in front of the gap was ordered in the afternoon. About 4 o'clock the Eighty-sixth with the Third brigade was ordered to move by the right flank down upon the gap, or rather to close down upon the forces in its immediate front. The movement was executed in a very deliberate manner, exposing the brigade to a galling fire from the enemy's sharpshooters on the crest of the ridge. There was, however, no flinching and the men stood in ranks, or closed up the line, fronted, lying down when ordered, as deliberately as when in camp, maintaining their positions in ranks that they might be ready at any instant to repel an assault. Thus the brigade made its way slowly to the left front of the gap, the movements, indicating an intention of assaulting the gap, and the enemy seemed to be of this opinion. Here the fire of the enemy grew hotter and he

seemed to be determined to kill all of the Yankees in sight. The Eighty-sixth was exposed and lost a number wounded. With Hoosier stubbornness it held its position without returning a shot, until near sundown when the regiment received orders to return to its former position. After supper the Eighty-sixth received orders to go on the skirmish line. In a short time the regiment reached the reserve station and the men were promptly placed upon the line. The line was a strong one and a brisk fire was kept up. During the night the firing was not so brisk, yet it was sufficiently so to keep the respective lines of skirmishers apprised of the presence of the other. When daylight came again the firing quickened and a sharp outlook was necessary. The rocks and trees were fairly hugged, as the enemy's skirmishers had such perfect range that it was unsafe to show one's head. James Sipes, of Company A, had his cheek severely grained by a musket ball, tearing the skin sufficiently to make it extremely painful. This enraged Sipes and he swore vengeance on the whole "grayback" tribe. He allowed no chance of a shot to escape him and doubtless made the fellows up the mountain lie low for he was furious. The reserve station was but little better than the skirmish line, as the bullets rattled on trees and rocks around the station continually, and it seemed a miracle that so many escaped destruction. Just after dark the Eighty-sixth was relieved from the skirmish line by the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Colonel Fred Knefler in command. Colonel Dick promptly led the regiment to its position with the brigade near the foot of the ridge where it bivouacked for the night.

On the morning of the 11th, the fire of the enemy was very annoying and exasperating, being animated, well maintained and accurate. A little after 8 o'clock the command retired somewhat to the left rear and was less exposed. The skirmish lines, however, continued a lively fire throughout the day, there being a number wounded. During the afternoon the division received orders to retire to Tunnel Hill immediately after dark. Sherman was preparing to place

his army in front of Resaca where McPherson had already preceded him. At the appointed hour Wood's division took position on Tunnel Hill and bivouacked there, feeling safe, as it was a good mile from the nearest enemy.

On the morning of the 12th the regiment was up by daylight. During the early morning the men had nothing to do but to look at the Twenty-third army corps as it marched to the right, the Fourth corps having preceded it to join McPherson before Resaca. Wood's division remained in bivouac on Tunnel Hill until 1 o'clock, when it was marched to the left into the valley to the support of Newton's division of the Fourth corps. The Eighty-sixth occupied a position quite near the front line for some time, but at length the whole division was again moved, this time to the left rear of Newton's position. Here it was ordered to entrench, which was done by piling up rails and digging a trench, throwing the dirt to the front of the barricade. Wood's division thus intrenched occupied the extreme left of the infantry line at Rocky Face Ridge. But still to Wood's left the cavalry of the two armies was doing some sharp fighting and an attack was expected, as Wheeler outnumbered the Union cavalry, and showed an ugly front. But it was not all fair sailing for the enemy. He had all the fighting he cared for, as his leader had been out-generaled at all points. By the night of the 12th Johnston was glad to let go of Dalton and his stronghold on Rocky Face Ridge and Buzzard Roost (Mill Creek) Gap. He therefore abandoned all of his fortifications and his impregnable position to save his line of communication and retreat, and retired hastily to Resaca to face Sherman there. The Fourth corps was after him early on the morning of the 13th, the cavalry pressing on at full speed, followed by the infantry. The corps rounded the north end of Rocky Face Ridge and passed near the mountain down Crow Valley and crossed the enemy's line of intrenchments, which were very strong, and soon came to a general camp. Near this camp were seen eighteen or twenty posts and as many graves. They were said to have been used to which deserters were tied to be shot. Twenty men were said to have

been executed here at one time by the order of General Braxton Bragg during the winter or spring. In the camp itself were many "stocks" used for punishing more trifling offenses. These were the first of the instruments of punishment the Eighty-sixth had ever seen, and many had no idea for what purposes they were intended to be used. General Willich said to a crowd that was examining the "stocks," "Phoys, you don't know what ees the greatest bunishment to these poor devils. Dey can't scratch when de lice bites 'em." This was received with a shout of laughter and the General rode on. As the regiment left the camp it bore off to the left and turned down Crow Valley proper and marched straight for Dalton, where Wood's division arrived about noon.

There was every evidence of haste on the part of the absconding enemy. Many had thrown away their knapsacks and all extra baggage in their hurry to flee from their pursuers. The command proceeded at a good round pace about five miles farther and halted for supper. Shortly after sundown it resumed its line of march, but at a much slower speed than before. The enemy's cavalry were now in front and showing a bold front, fighting over every inch of ground and obstructing the roads. Still General Howard forced his column forward several miles to the neighborhood of Tilton, six or seven miles distant from Resaca. Here the rebel cavalry made a determined stand, and reinforced by some infantry under the command of General John C. Brown, showed a disposition to bring on an engagement. This was about 9 o'clock at night. The country, as well as the force of the enemy, being unknown to General Howard, he deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before attempting to force his way farther. Therefore, the command slept on its arms, but the enemy had enough to do to defend his own ground. The command was promptly astir at daybreak, but did not march until about 9 o'clock. After marching four or five miles the command was halted, the officers probably reconnoitering in the meantime. At length, the rest of the division was in position and the Third brigade was massed and held in reserve ready to go wherever needed. The com-

mand was now before the enemy's works at Resaca, where he again stood at bay as though it was "the last ditch."

Sherman's army was once more concentrated upon the enemy, and this time he was less favorably situated, although here he was quite strongly posted. The general alignment of the Union forces, moving to the attack of Johnston in his intrenchments around Resaca, was completed about noon on the 14th. The fighting was almost continuous and at times the ground was fiercely contested. Johnston evidently felt very sore that he had been so easily maneuvered out of Dalton and the impregnable position in its front, and wished to inflict a crippling blow at this point if possible, and was fighting with courage and determination to win the lost ground.

McPherson was on the right, then Thomas with Palmer's Fourteenth and Hooker's corps, in the order named, from the right, then came Schofield with the Twenty-third corps, with Howard's Fourth corps about one mile north of Schofield's left flank. Cox, in his history of the campaign giving the account of this day's doings, says: "Newton's and Wood's divisions of the Fourth corps marched to their support—Cox's division. The enemy fell back and established a new line several hundred yards further in the rear. Wood formed upon Cox's left, and Stanley's division was in *echelon* still beyond Wood's flank." Victor, in his voluminous history of the Southern Rebellion, speaking of the Fourth corps, says: "The Fourth corps, under command of Major General Howard, the 'one-armed veteran,' as he is styled in the corps, played a very conspicuous part in the tragedy of war enacted on the 14th. All the corps, with the exception of Beatty's fighting brigade, for which room could not be found—as the circle was gradually compressed as it advanced—was engaged and covered itself with glory. Wood's division was ordered into position on the right of General Stanley, just before noon, and was soon hotly engaged with Hazen and Willich's brigades driving the enemy. For some time a destructive infantry and artillery fire was kept up, and soon his main line advanced in great strength upon the

enemy which fled, at his approach, to his rifle-pits. The energetic Wood soon dislodged him and compelled him to seek shelter under cover of their breastworks, from which he was driven later in the day."

The battle had been waged the whole day with great vigor. The red tide of war had ebbed and flowed from point around the lines as the struggle raged on. Sometimes the Confederates were successful, but usually the strong current of blue-coats overwhelmed the chivalry of the Southland and swept everything clean before them. The resolute Northmen were not to be denied their demands as they crowded forward and enforced them with ball and bayonet. Far into the night might be heard the occasional outburst of sharp rattling musketry, as the hope of advantage induced one or the other side to strike out expecting to secure some strong foothold, and thus strengthen their side and increase their chance of ultimate success. Although the fighting was stubborn, and inch by inch over every foot of ground wrested from the enemy by the Union forces there seemed to be a decided balance in their favor. The troops were in correspondingly good spirits, notwithstanding their onerous duties and great dangers. Cheers, good and strong, frequently went the rounds of the Union lines and testified to the enemy of the perfect *morale* of Sherman's forces.

On the morning of the 15th the desultory picket firing of the skirmish-line began to quicken between 5 and 6 o'clock. This continued to increase in volume and fierceness throughout the morning, but nothing more than a determined skirmish battle occurred until near the hour of 10 a. m. The brunt of the battle was expected to fall upon the extreme left of the Union forces, and so it proved. Hooker here confronted the impetuous Hood, who knew only to fight and who was a fair match for "fighting Joe" for down-right desperate fighting qualities. The attack of Butterfield's division of Hooker's corps, on Stevenson's division of Hood's corps, was successful, but not completely so. Stevenson was driven back and lost a battery that had been run forward into a commanding position, but was so exposed that Hooker's men were

not able to take possession of it, the guns remaining between the battle lines until night. But this attack of Hooker's showed Johnston the exposed condition of his right, and Hood received orders to retake the lost ground. In the mean time Sherman had withdrawn two divisions of Schofield's corps from the line in the center, and ordered them to take position on Hooker's left, thus extending his left and so overlap Johnston's right. Johnston had also ordered Polk to attack McPherson. Polk moved to the onset, and was beaten before Hood's forces arrived, whereupon Johnston countermanded the order to Hood, but this command failed to reach Stewart, who was to make the attack, but was received by Stevenson who was to act as his support. Consequently, Stewart charging upon Hooker's forces without proper support was roughly handled and driven back with heavy loss. This attack of Stewart's was made about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time Beatty's brigade was ordered under arms and momentarily expected to be ordered into the battle on the left, but was not needed. Beaten at all points, with great loss, the enemy was disheartened and began to feel that he was overmatched. On the left he had been driven pell-mell into his works and an advantageous position secured by Hooker, while on the right McPherson had been equally successful, and had gained a position on the extreme right near the Oostanaula river, from which point his artillery commanded very effectually the railroad and wagon bridges over the river. Besides Sherman had crossed Sweeny's division of the Sixteenth corps at Turner's or Lay's Ferry, while Garrard's cavalry threatened Johnston's line of communications at Calhoun, further south. Johnston at once determined to evacuate. Accordingly on the night of the 15th he retired south of the river to a point near Calhoun, on the railroad. He effectually destroyed both bridges, however, before leaving the river, and thus delayed Sherman's crossing. He left a lot of supplies and a four gun battery in the intrenchments which he was unable to move.

On the morning of the 16th Sherman's forces were early in pursuit and pressed on into the town of Resaca at an

early hour. The battle-field around Resaca bore evidence of the great struggle that had taken place. Thicketts of brush, even great saplings, were literally mown down by the storm of musket balls, shot, shell, grape and canister. The Union loss was heavy, but so was the enemy's. He had been badly beaten at all points, and had been compelled to give up another strong position and abandon supplies which he so much needed. This was very discouraging to Johnston's forces, while it greatly encouraged the Union troops. The Third brigade moved up near the town and bivouacked to await the building of a bridge or the putting down of pontoons to cross the river. Quite a large quantity of corn meal was captured and the Eighty-sixth got its full share, and therefore feasted on corn cakes for dinner, having a better relish for them than during the preceding winter in East Tennessee. Immediately after noon troops began crossing the river on a pontoon bridge just below the burned railroad bridge, the Fourth corps leading the advance, the Fourteenth corps crossing immediately after the Fourth. It was slow work and Hooker was ordered to march out upon the Newtown road and cross the Oostanaula in the southward bend of the river near the junction of the Connasauga and Coosawattee. Schofield was to cross the Connasauga at Fite's Ferry or Echota, then cross the Coosawattee at McClure's. McPherson crossed his command at Lay's or Turner's Ferry, where Sweeny had crossed to turn Johnston's flank. Thus once more the whole army was abreast ready to meet the enemy.

The attack upon Resaca was simply a continuation of the attack upon Dalton and Rocky Face Ridge, and had taught the Confederate officers a dear lesson in the art of war; for while Jeff Davis, Beauregard, and a few others of the Southern leaders and the Southern press were continually flattering the troops of the South and disparaging those of the North, and sneering at the ability of the Union commanders, General Johnston more justly estimated the soldierly qualities of the rank and file, and judged more correctly of the transcendent ability of their matchless leader, General Sherman. He had been furnished much new evidence on which

to base his judgment. He, therefore, left no stone unturned that would ward off a blow or obstruct his opponent's pathway and delay his progress. He well knew that it was to be a battle to the death, and that with Sherman's matchless generalship and fertility of resources, sustained by the indomitable firmness and fortitude of the soldiers of the Northwest, he was a foeman worthy of the steel of the choicest legions of any nation's forces directed by their best military genius. He knew, too, that Sherman and his lieutenants would push every advantage gained to the last, leaving him no hope of escape, except by the most ceaseless vigilance and untiring and persistent effort. Therefore, Johnston built works, fortifying, at every defensible point, and invited the attack of the Union forces, for while acknowledging Sherman's ability and skill, he also regarded him as "audacious and enterprising." Thus it was that Sherman came to be confronted by breastworks upon almost every mile of his route to Atlanta. Only in this way was it possible for Johnston to place his command upon a footing of equality with Sherman's incomparable legions as they marched triumphantly and resistlessly onward into the very heart of the Confederacy. Never, no not even at Vicksburg, had the enemy been so staggered and beaten. If constantly assaulted in works of the strength which his troops built, the equalization of the two armies would soon be brought about when the advantage would be wholly upon Johnston's side; for while his friends and supplies were all round him and ever at hand to aid and assist him, Sherman was surrounded by enemies ready to injure and betray him, and his friends and supplies were far away. It required long and tedious transportation to bring them to hand ready for use. But Johnston made the most of his opportunities, and though maneuvered out of the impregnable position at Dalton, beaten and out-flanked at Resaca, and forced to leave the place, he only gave the ground he was compelled to yield and hold on to Calhoun as though he meant to give battle to retain its possession.

CHAPTER XXII.

RESACA TO PICKETT'S MILLS.

Across the Oostanaula—Calhoun—Adairsville—Oothcaloga Valley—Kingston—Cassville—A Three Days' Rest—Across the Etowah—Where the Different Commands Crossed—A Wild Wilderness—Burnt Hickory—New Hope Church—The Battle of Pickett's Mills—The Eighty-sixth's Part in this Engagement—Colonel Dick Wounded—The Regiment's Loss.

Wood's division having crossed the Oostanaula river on the afternoon of the 16th, pressed on in pursuit of the enemy, and having covered three or four miles was halted and pickets detailed. But the progress was slow as the army was now divided, and it was not deemed prudent to get too far from support. The skirmishers in front could be plainly heard as they took up their duties when their line came upon that of the enemy. It was sharp and determined, Johnston no doubt holding this place to gain time. It is now well known that Johnston decided to make a stand in the lower part of the Oothcaloga Valley near Calhoun, but upon looking over the ground carefully and more fully considering all points, he decided the valley too wide in which for him to give battle, and determined to retire farther up the valley where he was informed by his engineers that a line quite defensive might be found a mile or two north of the town of Adairsville. A strong rear guard was left in the vicinity of Calhoun to make a show of giving battle, and thus delay the advance of Sherman's forces, and thereby give more time for fortifying and preparing for the expected contest farther south.

On the morning of the 17th of May, the Eighty-sixth drew rations. Having filled their haversacks full of hard tack, bacon, sugar, coffee and salt, the men were ready

for duty. The regiment resumed the advance. Wood's division took the railroad as its line of march, with Hazen's brigade in front, while Newton's division was on a wagon road to the left or east of the railroad. The progress was slow on account of the resistance of the enemy. Still Hazen pushed ahead with his characteristic energy. The skirmishing was lively, although great caution had to be used. About 9 a. m. the Eighty-sixth passed through Calhoun, a town of perhaps 350 or 400 inhabitants, and the county seat of Gordon county. Here Hazen had had a sharp fight with the rear guard of the enemy, he having built a strong barricade and maintained a bold front for some time, but he pressed him so hotly he gave ground, retiring, however, in good order. As the Third brigade advanced the skirmishing in front and on the flanks continued at a brisk rate, showing the enemy to be in force in its front as well as Newton's on the left, and McPherson's on the right. About 2 o'clock Wood and Hazen had pushed the column on the railroad so energetically forward that the division trains, following on the wagon road almost parallel with the railroad, were abreast of Newton's division skirmishers, which were mistaken for that of the enemy and were fired into. This caused considerable excitement and some confusion and delay. But Hazen pressed on and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon came up against a strong line of the enemy well posted, which manifested a disposition to give battle. The skirmishers had a hot time of it. The shells flew thick and fast over and about the Eighty-sixth as it advanced, but it moved steadily and quietly forward and took the position assigned. The furious galloping of staff-officers, aides and orderlies, here and there, betokened the rapid transit of orders, and the intended speedy concentration of troops for the purpose of giving the enemy battle should he be so disposed, as his present attitude indicated.

It seems strange that so many errors are made in writing the history of this campaign, by those, too, who were active participators in its momentous movements and battles. General Cox, in speaking of the advance on the 17th, says:

“Sherman was now with Newton’s division in advance, and had a narrow escape from shots of the enemy’s artillery as he was reconnoitering, the group about him having attracted their fire.” The statement in regard to the incident of General Sherman’s being exposed to the enemy’s fire is no doubt true, but it is misleading as one would infer from it that Newton had the advance of the corps, and he alone was exposed to the enemy’s fire, whereas throughout almost the entire day Wood’s division on the railroad was leading that of Newton on a parallel wagon road in pursuit of the enemy, and was constantly skirmishing with him. But even General Sherman, in his “Memoirs,” lends credibility to the statement of Newton’s being in advance by the following statement of the same incident: “On the 17th toward evening, the head of Thomas’ column, Newton’s division, encountered the rear-guard of Johnston’s army near Adairsville. I was near the head of the column at that time, trying to get a view of the position of the enemy from an elevation in an open field. My party attracted the fire of a battery; a shell passed through the group of staff-officers and burst just beyond which scattered us promptly.” Notwithstanding the seeming contradiction of General Cox and General Sherman, General O. O. Howard, himself then commanding the Fourth army corps, and an officer who usually knew the order of marching of his men, their order and lines in or out of battle, in his report, says: “The enemy’s custom is when retreating, to form his rear-guard of cavalry, with a battery or section of artillery, sometimes strengthened by infantry. During this day’s march the resistance was unusually great. He formed three lines, some half or three-quarters of a mile apart, and barricaded with rails, seeking the cover of the woods with open fields in his front. As soon as we succeeded in driving the first line it passed to the rear of the third, and in some new and favorable position made another line. However as we moved in two columns, we were enabled to make considerable progress. The resistance increased as we approached Adairsville. General Newton continued to deploy regiments as skirmishers until he had a

large brigade engaged. General Wood *abreast of him also skirmished heavily*. About 4 p. m. it was found we had come upon the enemy's infantry in considerable force. Preparations were made immediately to assault and carry the position, if possible; but it required time to bring up the troops and get them in readiness. General Thomas not deeming it best, on account of the nearness of night to make a formal attack, the movement already set on foot was postponed. Yet a real engagement was going on, since both parties continued to re-enforce their skirmish lines until they were tantamount to a line of battle. The enemy opened upon our column with artillery, to which our batteries replied with spirit. During the night the enemy withdrew."

Every indication on the evening of the 17th appeared to point to the offering of battle by General Johnston on that evening or the following day. Therefore, Sherman ordered McPherson, who was somewhat extended on the right, to close upon Thomas and prepare to give battle, should the enemy stand his ground. Sherman was very anxious, at this stage of the campaign, to bring on a general engagement in this comparatively open country, before Johnston should reach the mountains of Allatoona and the rough and broken country along the Etowah river. Johnston contemplated giving battle, seeking to secure a good position with his flanks protected by high and broken ground, so that Sherman's numbers would be of little advantage, and then stand his ground, give battle and cripple Sherman until their forces would be equalized. But "finding that the breadth of the Oothcaloga Valley exceeded so much the front of his army, properly formed for battle that he could obtain no advantage of ground, ordered the troops to march for Cassville." So the expected battle between these two grand armies was, at least, postponed, although the following day and for two or three days, Sherman expected Johnston to make a decided stand.

On the morning of the 18th the Eighty-sixth led the column of Wood's division, marching as before on the railroad. Colonel Dick kept the regiment well up to the skirmishers as

they advanced. Starting at 6 o'clock a. m. Adairsville was soon reached, as Johnston once more had deemed it prudent to withdraw. At Adairsville the command was halted. There seemed to be a hurrying forward of troops, and frequent consultations of corps and army commanders, which indicated very important movements on hand and a probable engagement. Generals Logan, McPherson, Thomas, Howard, and Sherman were all at Adairsville some time during the day to talk over the situation. It turned out afterward the cause of all this consultation and worry arose from the doubt existing in the minds of these Generals as to the route taken by General Johnston with his main force. Therefore, great caution was necessary not to fall into a trap which might be laid by the wily foeman. Reports from the advanced guards, consultations, and the various means of information used by generals of armies to learn the exact situation of the enemy, were made, while the Fourth corps lay here waiting for McPherson to pass his command through to other roads on the right, having been called in from the roads upon which they were marching when a battle seemed imminent. These roads, too, carried him farther away from the rest of the command. Hooker, too, with the Twentieth corps, had been concentrated here in the vicinity of Adairsville. He now passed to the left and took the direct road to Cassville. The Fourth corps followed the line of the railroads, marching on a wagon road just east of the railroad, this road leading to Kingston. The Eighty-sixth resumed the march about 2 o'clock p. m. Great caution was now deemed necessary in the advance. The regiment kept close to the skirmishers as they continued to move. Near sundown the enemy's rear guard was struck, well posted and in force. A lively skirmish at once ensued. The skirmishing, before going into bivouac, seemed a regular evening entertainment—a sun-set festivity which could not be dispensed with. The Eighty-sixth bivouacked on a high hill close to the skirmish line. From this high hill a good view of the surrounding country could be secured for some miles. Wood was now within about three miles of Kingston. Hooker was on his immediate left, with Schofield

still to the left of Hooker, McPherson with the Army of the Tennessee being to the right, all being ready for battle.

Many historians record the capture of Kingston as taking place on the 18th of the month by the Fourth corps, but this is evidently a mistake. The Eighty-sixth was in advance of Wood's division, which division was on the direct road from Adairsville to Kingston, and skirmished with the enemy in the evening of the 18th, bivouacking as before stated, in the face of the enemy two or three miles to the north of Kingston, a thing wholly improbable if any part of the corps had secured possession of the town. On the morning of the 19th the column resumed its onward march about 6 o'clock, feeling its way until it became evident that the enemy had continued his retreat farther south. However, there was some skirmishing as the town of Kingston was reached. As the advance guard drove the enemy the command marched forward at a more lively pace, and the Eighty-sixth reached Kingston, the point of junction of the Rome railroad with the main line from Chattanooga to Atlanta, about noon. The day was exceedingly hot and the troops felt the effects of the great heat and their rapid marching. However, just east of the town they were given a good rest and permitted to get dinner. Wood's division remained here until about 2 o'clock p. m. By this time General Sherman had completed his plans, given his orders, and had the various columns in motion on their proper routes to concentrate upon Johnston's position. It was understood that the Southern forces were concentrated at Cassville, five miles to the east of Kingston, and there awaited to give battle, having reached "the last ditch" again. Howard and Wood were equal to any in energy and push. Passing to the left, to the southeast of Kingston perhaps a mile, the command struck the enemy's skirmishers. But they were no raw recruits and they struck back quite effectively. They were borne back by weight of numbers. They maintained their ground with great stubbornness, only yielding when forced to do so. Beatty's brigade, and in fact the whole army, was at once formed in the order of battle and moved forward as if to the attack. The Eighty-sixth

closed down upon the skirmish line, and it in turn pressed the enemy vigorously, driving him back inch by inch. Now the battle between very strong skirmish lines began in dead earnest. The enemy was in bad humor and spiteful; the Union boys were exultant and determined, and so the battle raged. Just as dark came, a determined push was made and the enemy crowded back some distance. The enemy fell back with such stubbornness that it seemed certain a night battle would be fought. The Eighty-sixth, close to the skirmish line and fully exposed to the enemy's fire, was ordered to lie down, and the order was most cheerfully obeyed. The battle was fiercely contested for some time after dark, but at length the fire slackened and then died out. The main line was not permitted to rest. Without any supper the men were ordered to intrench. They were soon busily engaged, and ere the morning's dawn lit up the east they had a substantial line of breastworks. But it was at a great cost—loss of sleep and great exertion after a day's marching and the the nerve strain incident to battle.

A rebel authority speaking of this day's fighting, calls the first contest of the day, the "Battle of Kingston," and the second one, the "Battle of Cassville." He says of the first skirmishing: Heavy skirmishing between Howard's Federal and Hardee's Confederate troops on the southeast side of town, Kingston, in the morning. The Confederates retired toward Cassville; but before noon a sharp fight occurred near an old mill by the railroad, about a couple of miles east of Kingston, during which was considerable artillery firing on the part of the Federals." Of the battle in the evening, known as the "Battle of Cassville," the same writer says: "Heavy cannonading from the opposing batteries, and obstinate fighting between the lines of the two armies." General Sherman says: "Thomas' head of column which had followed the country roads along side of the railroad, was about four miles east of Kingston, towards Cassville, when, about noon I got a message from him that he had found the enemy, drawn up in line of battle, on some extensive open ground about half way between Kingston and Cassville, and

that appearances indicated a willingness and a preparation for battle. Hurriedly sending orders to McPherson to resume the march, to hasten forward by roads leading to the south of Kingston, so as to leave for Thomas' troops and trains the use of the main road, and to come up on his right, I rode forward rapidly over some rough gravel hills, and about six miles from Kingston found Thomas, with his troops deployed; but he reported that the enemy had fallen back in *echelon* of divisions, steadily and in superb order into Cassville."

Johnston had now been beaten back some forty or fifty miles, and it was having a bad effect on the *morale* of his troops, and he determined to make a stand. He had done this several times, but strong reasons had forced him each time to give it up and fall back. But now he intended making a stand just south of Cassville where his troops took a strong position which he says, "That I remember as the best that I saw occupied during the war." But once again he was doomed to disappointment, for owing to objections urged by both Hood and Polk to making a decisive stand at this point, Johnston once more decided to withdraw. Consequently when it was expected that he would give battle on the morning of the 20th, he was not to be found. He had "hopped the twig" and "gone glimmering to the "misty mountain top." The Eighty-sixth was relieved from the front line early on the morning of the 20th, but as the enemy had again retreated, it made but little difference. On this day the Nineteenth Ohio rejoined the brigade, having been on detached duty guarding trains since leaving McDonald Station.

A part of the Twenty-third corps pushed on after the retreating enemy and drove the rear guard out of Cartersville. He continued his retreat, crossing the Etowah river and burned the railroad and wagon road bridges. Johnston had taken up a strong position with his center at Allatoona Pass. The mountains to the left and right of the Pass rendered his position a very strong one, easily defended and almost impossible to attack successfully in front. Prepara-

tions were immediately begun for a movement to the right flank to turn the position now occupied by Johnston's forces. On the 21st and 22d the Union forces rested from their labors. But the excessive heat prevented them from recuperating as much as they would have done under more favorable circumstances. On the 22d the divisions' commissaries issued three days' rations to the troops, while they received twenty days' rations from the General Commissary of the Army. Preparations were completed on this day for the next move.

Many rumors, reports, and "grapevine telegrams" were going the rounds of the bivouac of the troops in regard to the next move the army was to make. It was well-known that it would be arduous duty whatever it was. Johnston's army was the chief object of attention, and it now held an impregnable position across the Etowah river. It was impossible to cross in his immediate front and attack with success, consequently a flank movement was the only hope, and had to be made to secure a foot-hold on the far side of the river. Sherman says: "I made orders on the 20th to get ready for the march to begin on the 23d. The Army of the Cumberland was ordered to march for Dallas by Euharlee and Stilesboro; Davis' division then in Rome by Van Wert; the Army of the Ohio to keep on the left of Thomas, by a place called Burnt Hickory; and the Army of the Tennessee to march for a position a little to the south, so as to be on the right of the general army, when grouped about Dallas." These orders were issued on the 22d, but they were not followed out strictly as subsequent events proved. On the 23d General Beatty was compelled to relinquish the command of the brigade on account of serious illness, when the command was devolved upon Colonel Fred Knefler, of the Seventy-ninth Indiana.

In the meantime the soldiers were taking their ease, resting up, repairing clothing and haversacks, bathing in the streams and getting themselves in the best possible shape for the coming struggle, which all felt sure was close at hand. On the 23d the army was in motion. The Eighty-

sixth was ready, but had to wait for orders. The Twentieth corps passed its bivouac going to the right. Wood's division moved out about 1 o'clock p. m., marching to the southwest and crossed the Etowah river at Gillem's bridge, together with the entire Fourth corps. The Fourteenth corps, except the Second division which crossed at Rome, crossed at Island Ford, a few miles down the river, while the Twentieth corps crossed at Milam's bridge, a few miles above, on pontoons, the bridge having been burned. The Twenty-third corps crossed at the same place, following Hooker's corps. The Army of the Tennessee crossed at Wooley's bridge below the Fourteenth corps.

The army was now in a country almost a wilderness wild, with but few roads, and those mere wagon ways cut through the forest. There was doubtless some uncertainty in regard to the route, as the command halted frequently and waited long. The march was continued after night, and Wood's division lay for some hours in the road near its place of bivouac. It was so late at night the command quietly lay down without preparing supper, even though the men were very hungry. General Sherman says: "The several columns followed generally the valley of the Euharlee, a tributary coming into the Etowah from the south, and gradually crossed over a ridge of mountains, parts of which had once been worked over for gold, and were consequently full of paths and unused wagon roads or tracks." The roads, many of them were in fact, mere paths, unused, in a wilderness of woods, and it became quite bewildering probably to follow the intended route.

On the morning of the 24th the march was resumed about 9 o'clock. The pace was at first slow, but was gradually accelerated. At noon the command came to a still more broken section of country, probably the mountains referred to by General Sherman, with rougher, poorer roads and more tangled and wilder woods, a veritable wilderness. After a short halt for dinner about 1 o'clock, the march was continued at a slow pace until near sundown. It threatened rain, and the night was far from promising, and the men were

soon busily engaged preparing their evening meal and shelter from the threatening storm.

On the morning of the 25th, after a night of rain, the men lay around their bivouac until about 10 o'clock, when they again resumed the march into the enemy's country. The march was slow and halting. It seems that from Burnt Hickory the Fourth and Fourteenth corps made a detour to the right, having to feel their way over unused country roads and mining tracks and trails. It was the intention that they should strike the VanWert and Dallas road some distance out from the latter place. But Hooker's coming in contact with the enemy, unexpectedly changed this part of the plan; for whenever Hooker got a chance to strike the enemy he struck right out straight from the shoulder and followed it up as he did on this occasion, as will be seen later. The country through which the corps passed must have been the wildest of the wild country in Paulding county, Georgia. Only at long distances was the merest semblance of a house seen. The tracks followed as roads wound around in and out of gulleys, over and around rocky hills, and through thickets as dense as the thickets of Chickamauga. The command probably had not covered a great many miles from the previous night's bivouac, when it was halted and lay in the road waiting. It lay here until 3 o'clock p. m. It then resumed the march through tangled woods and over a perfect labyrinth of winding paths and trails and meandering streams.

When passing one of the few cabins of this wilderness one of the Eighty-sixth boys claims to have heard the following from the woman residing there: She said the "Yankees" couldn't fool her, she knew Sherman was "flanking" again. Upon being pressed to tell how she knew what Sherman was doing, she said they "couldn't fool her," she knew he was "flanking" because she had seen "his flanking machines" go by just a few minutes before, referring to a battery of artillery that had just passed the cabin. The fact of the matter was, that the whole great army was just at this time converted into a "great flanking machine," and this ignorant Georgia woman was not far wrong in her statement

that she saw Sherman's "flanking machines" go by. She doubtless saw a very essential part of it, and one, too, that was to do some very effective work at an early day.

While still in this dense forest and about 6 o'clock in the evening, musketry firing was heard on the left front some distance ahead. Hooker had run on to the enemy—Hood's corps—and at once attacked him with his usual impetuosity. He fought on this occasion as if it was necessary to beat the whole rebel army at once before other corps could come up and aid him and win part of the glory. The enemy was evidently in force and on the alert. The sharp rattle of musketry was sufficient evidence of a hard battle being fought. The command moved forward with more rapidity. About 8 o'clock it began raining, and the thunders of heaven, joined to those of battle, made the wilderness and hills roar again and again. The rain made the roads slippery, and up-hill and down-hill, marching was very tiresome and slow. Howard had orders to reinforce Hooker, and his corps pressed on, stopping at no obstacle, through the darkness over horrible roads, drenched to the bone by the deluge of water. Cox says: "The night was utterly black in its darkness and storm." About 10 o'clock, wading a stream knee deep, the regiment came to the point where the real battle began, and soon after to the immediate neighborhood of Hooker's corps. He had continued his attack after nightfall and had fought the enemy valiantly, but he was too strongly entrenched to be successfully assaulted. Hooker had driven him some distance, but had lost heavily and had failed to drive him from his fortified position at New Hope Church, the key to the point attacked. As the regiment passed along the road over the battle-field the wounded lay in the woods alongside the road on the damp ground. Their pale faces could be seen by the light of the fires that had been built by camp-followers, giving the men a glimpse of the after scenes of battle which are even more heartrending than those of the battle itself which are usually witnessed under great excitement and pass almost instantly from view.

Wood's division wound its way slowly along the tortuous

road among the wounded to its position to the left of Newton's division, which had arrived early in the evening, and formed on Hooker's left. Wood's division, however, did not form a line that night with Newton and Hooker, but bivouacked to the left of the former, somewhat refused. Worn out with their long and laborious march and want of sleep, the men were almost used up and speedily sank, supperless, upon the damp earth to rest and sleep until morning. The bivouac was reached about 11 o'clock. A gloomy night with the prospect of a red day on the morrow, and for many days. Of this night a rebel author says: "The night, which came on, was very dark, with heavy rains; and there was much confusion in both armies, as they were endeavoring to assume position, facing each other, among the thickly-wooded hills, and each industriously working, though in darkness, to strengthen its ground against any sudden assault by its enemy." General Sherman says, of his night's rest and preparations for the next day: "I slept on the ground without cover, alongside of a log, got a little sleep, resolved at daylight to renew the battle, and to make a lodgment on the Dallas and Allatoona road if possible, but the morning revealed a strong line of intrenchments facing us, with a heavy force of infantry and guns. The battle was renewed and without success." When a general of a great army undergoes such hardships, it can be imagined what the life of a private soldier was only by those who have participated in such a tremendous campaign as this.

The Eighty-sixth was up early and ready for business, for Colonel Dick never permitted it to be behind. The men lay, however, quietly at their bivouac until 8 or 9 o'clock. They were then ordered under arms and moved out close to the skirmish line. The lines were formed as though a general attack was to be made upon the enemy's position. The skirmishing was sharp all along the line, and the spiteful hiss of the musket balls was extremely annoying. The musketry fire at times assumed the magnitude of a battle, rolling as a great wave of sound from one end of the line to the other, and back again, as this, or that part of the line

renewed the struggle. About noon there was a general advance of the line of the Fourth corps and the musketry fire grew quite severe, and was steadily maintained for some time. The enemy's batteries, too, opened a hot fire, but owing to the density of the timber and the heavy growth of underbrush they were unable to deliver a very effective fire, although it was sufficiently accurate to make it very annoying. This move of the Fourth corps served the double purpose of completing the alignment of the forces and of developing pretty accurately the position of the enemy, enabling the officers to locate his line and the position of his batteries. Late in the evening Wood's division withdrew from its advanced position, drew three days' rations to do four, and bivouacked for the night. These were "days of danger and nights of waking," as frequently the picket firing was sharp and of such volume as to betoken an attack, which caused the division to be called into line and held in readiness until the firing subsided.

Save one or two wakings caused by the booming of exploding shells near, from the rebel batteries, the Eighty-sixth slept soundly on the night of the 26th, and it was well. Good rest is conducive to steadiness of nerve and the Eighty-sixth, and all of Wood's division, needed all of its fortitude on the 27th, as will be seen further on.

A rebel author writing of this day's doings, the 27th, around the lines, says: "A determined attack by the Federals, under cover of a furious artillery fire, upon Clayton's and Baker's brigades of Stewart's division, behind breastworks they had thrown up on the battle-field of May 25. The Federals were repulsed with considerable loss. The fire of solid shot, shell, grape and cannister, from the Federal battery of Parrott guns continued all the morning and from 4 p. m. till nearly dark with terrific effect. The Confederate works were riddled and their loss was severe. They finally practically silenced the battery by sharpshooters detailed for that purpose by General Baker." This author admits the severe treatment of the enemy in the neighborhood of New Hope Church. Yet he manages to weave in his admission two or

three false statements which make the whole very misleading. First, he speaks of the rebels as being behind works which they had "built on the battle-field of New Hope Church," as though they had not had works to fight behind on the 25th. "They succeeded in silencing the battery, and the Federals were repulsed with considerable loss," says this writer. Now, the fact is, it was only a strong demonstration, made to attract attention and deceive the Confederates from the real purpose of the Federals which was to be an attack far to the Federal left and was intended to be a decisive blow.

On the 27th the Eighty-sixth was astir by the time it was light, and was soon ready for the duties of the day. About 9 a. m. Colonel Dick gave the order "Fall in." The men were in line in an instant. Then came the order, "Take arms," "Shoulder arms." Moving by the left flank the regiment passed to the rear of the Twenty-third army corps. After the column was uncovered to the left of the Army of the Ohio, and was liable to be attacked, it proceeded very slowly and cautiously. The front was covered by a strong line of flankers. After passing well to the left of the Twenty-third corps, once or twice the command "fronted" and advanced in battle array, the flankers acting as skirmishers, but finding the enemy in front in force and well intrenched it would withdraw and continue its march to the left. As the object was to turn the enemy's right flank the command was to work its way to the extreme right of the enemy, then attack with vigor. The attack was to be made by Wood's division of the Fourth corps, and was to be supported by Johnson's division of the Fourteenth corps, on the left, and by McLean's brigade of the Second division of the Twenty-third corps, on the right. It will readily be seen that the object of Newton's and Stanley's attack in the vicinity of New Hope Church was a mere demonstration to attract attention to their front, and create the impression that an assault was contemplated in that locality and thus prevent a concentration of large masses of troops against Wood's and Johnson's divisions, which were detached from the main army

and were in danger of being repulsed and overwhelmed before assistance could reach them. This tedious process was continued until 6 o'clock in the evening, when a point was reached where it was thought the line overlapped that of the enemy, and where the attack was to be made. A rebel cavalry picket was captured here, and this perhaps led Generals Howard and Wood to suppose there was nothing in their immediate front but cavalry. But if so they were sadly mistaken as subsequent events will fully show. As soon after the capture of the rebel cavalryman as an alignment of the troops could be completed, the assault was ordered. Hazen's Second brigade led the charge, then Willich's or Gibson's First brigade, then Beatty's Third brigade.

The Eighty-sixth was placed upon the extreme right of the division, and was not in the assaulting column proper. But it was advanced close up to the enemy's intrenchments—a narrow open field intervening between its position and the enemy's works—in the edge of a woods in plain view of the batteries of the enemy. He had full and fair play and it is needless to say that he did not idle any time away, but kept his guns in a perfect blaze. The Eighty-sixth was thus exposed to a most terrific fire of artillery during the whole time the battle raged on the left. As the Eighty-sixth threatened the enemy's line and his batteries, by its proximity, it drew his fire which should otherwise been turned against the storming column. Thus it shielded and protected the troops that made the assault and saved them from destruction, as they would literally have been cut to pieces. As it was they were quite severely handled. The rattle of musketry was terrific, but the troops with dauntless courage fought their way to within a few feet of the breastworks, and came well-nigh being victorious, and probably would have won, had not timely reinforcements come to the aid of the sorely pressed defenders. The lines of attack were subjected to a terrific cross-fire of musketry and suffered heavily. Beaten back they rallied and renewed the assault time and again, but it was futile. The enemy was too well intrenched. Pat Cleburne, the most daring fighter of Johnston's army

was there with the flower of the South, and they fought as brave men fight.

While the battle raged on the left, the Eighty-sixth lay under a sharp musketry fire, and the most terrific cannonading which the regiment ever experienced, and that, too, without lifting a hand in self-defense. A number of batteries concentrated their fire upon the regiment. Shells shrieked and burst all around, solid shot tore the limbs from trees overhead, which fell with a crash threatening to crush the men, and added to the horrid din, grape-shot and canister rattled like hail about and whipped the underbrush and shrubs like a hurricane, but the Eighty-sixth never flinched. The men had stood the fire about as long without doing anything as Hoosier patience cared to do. The cries and groans of the wounded added to the unpleasant features of the terrible situation. In the midst of a particularly fierce blast of the enemy's batteries the word ran along the line of the regiment that Colonel Dick had been killed. This was very disheartening to the boys for he was greatly loved and trusted as a commander. Fortunately this proved to be a mistake, but he was very badly wounded, and had to be carried from the field, severely and dangerously wounded by an exploding shell, his life probably being saved by his saber, which broke the force of the stroke of the flying fragment. His steel saber-scabbard was shattered by the terrible blow. Still the battle raged and it was still undecided, and had General Johnson, with his division, done his full duty, success might have crowned the efforts.

Far into the night it was continued between the lines of battle. But at length the order was given to withdraw from the immediate front of the enemy's work. General Willich's, or Gibson's, brigade bugler sounded the "recall." This was the signal for the enemy to attack in return, and he swarmed over the works and made a fierce onset, expecting to create a panic and stampede the entire command, but not so. Howard, Wood, Hazen, Beatty, Gibson were all upon the ground and were men of unflinching courage and nerve, and soon had their troops well in hand. The enemy, however, suc-

ceeded in capturing some wounded and a number of men who had taken refuge in a ravine immediately in front of Cleburne's works. Wood soon had his division in good shape, and was ready to give the enemy a warm reception if he attempted to push out beyond the immediate front of his works whose protecting cover would not be so easily reached. In Cox's account of this battle he says: "When the preparations were completed, and the troops had rested a few minutes, the order to advance to the attack was given. Hazen led boldly forward, and the enemy's skirmishers were quickly driven within the works, which he promptly assaulted. His left seemed still to outflank the position and it pushed forward confident of success. The movement of Johnston's division still farther to the left brought it near to Pickett's Mill, on a tributary of Pumpkin Vine creek, and the leading brigade—Scribner's—receiving a fire in flank from across the stream, halted and faced in that direction. Through some mistake McLean's movement on the right did not result as expected, and Wood's column was assailed with a furious cross-fire of artillery and musketry in front and on both flanks. Wood was forced to retire, which he did deliberately, and halted upon a ridge a little in rear and on the right; Johnson connected with him, continuing the line, with the left curving backward and making a strong refused flank in the direction of the mill and the creek. * * This affair was a costly one, for Howard reported a total loss of about fifteen hundred. The ground gained was nevertheless very valuable, for it enabled the whole left wing to swing forward so far as to cover and conceal the extension of Sherman's line toward the Ackworth road, and protect the Alatoona road upon which his cavalry were operating. * * Had Johnson noticed that he was first attacked in flank by cavalry only, and pushed Scribner's brigade straight on in support of Hazen, whilst he took care of the horsemen and another brigade of his division, the determined attack of the Fourth corps men would probably have been successful. The ground, however, was a dense wood broken into ravines, where nothing could be seen, and where embarrassments were scarcely

less than in a night attack. *Under the circumstances the wonder is, not that the attack failed, it is rather that Howard was able to withdraw in order, carrying off his wounded; and that he did so proves the magnificent steadiness and courage of his officers and men.*" So writes General Jacob D. Cox, one among the bravest and best division commanders in all Sherman's grand army, and it is no mean compliment to the troops of Wood's division.

While the Eighty-sixth was not in the assault proper, perhaps no regiment in the entire division was situated in so trying a position. For it is a well known fact to all experienced soldiers that to hold troops under a withering and destructive fire, without a return of the fire or any action whatever on their part, is of all the duties of a soldier the most trying and difficult, and is at all times the severest test of the steadiness and nerve of soldiers. That the Eighty-sixth maintained its ground in this exposed position without a quiver is sufficient to stamp it, in rank and file, as one composed of unflinching soldiers. Much depended upon its holding this ground, for had it given way the enemy could have turned Wood's right flank and probably cut off both Wood and Johnson from the rest of the army, and either capture or destroy them before reinforcements could have reached them through the tangled woods.

One rebel account of this battle characterizes it as "a bloody struggle between Cleburne's division and Sherman's left, the Fourth corps." Another and more extended account is as follows: "Late in the afternoon of the 27th, a bloody struggle ensued between Cleburne's division of Hardee's corps, aided by a portion of Wheeler's dismounted cavalry, and the Fourth army corps of Federals, under command of General Howard, in columns six lines deep, near Pickett's Mill and the road leading from Burnt Hickory. The latter assailed the Confederates with great courage, and pressed forward with fortitude under fire, which will ever be remembered with admiration by those who met them. The two lines were at one time within twenty paces of each other; but, at length, the Federals were compelled to give way

before the terrific storm of bullets; and fled for refuge to a ravine near by. About 10 o'clock that night, ascertaining that many of the Federal troops were in the ravine before them, the Confederates charged and drove them out, taking some 232 prisoners. The scene of the struggle was in a dense woods, with thick undergrowth, broken by hills and ravines, where nothing could be observed at a distance, and where neither side could see what was going on, except at the immediate point of conflict. The acknowledged loss of the Federals in this combat was about 1,500 men."

General Johnston records the following touching incident of the fight: "When the United States troops paused in their advance, within fifteen paces of the Texan front rank, one of their color-bearers planted his colors eight or ten feet in front of his regiment, and was instantly shot dead; a soldier sprang forward to his place, and fell also, as he grasped the color-staff; a second and a third followed successively, and each received death as speedily as his predecessors; a fourth, however, seized and bore back the object of soldierly devotion."

These rebel accounts err in this: They state that the battle was between Cleburne's division, assisted by a portion of Wheeler's cavalry and the Fourth corps. Now, the fact was, the battle on the part of the Union troops was fought wholly by Wood's division of the Fourth corps, except a few volleys fired by some regiments of Scribner's brigade of Johnson's division of the Fourteenth corps, there being but these two divisions of Union troops on the battle-field. Had Johnson pushed Scribner on and supported Hazen's left, as pointed out by Cox, there would have been a fair chance of success for the gallant boys of Wood's division that fought so nobly. Johnson was severely condemned at the time for not doing his duty. Still it was a critical position, and one which with strange ground to travel over was liable to deceive the most careful, and it was a position, too, which if one was taken in flank by a sufficient force, would render disastrous defeat certain. Therefore, there is some excuse for General Johnson's failure to perform the full measure of

his duty promptly as he might have done under other circumstances.

This battle was a notable one, and is known as the battle of Pickett's Mills, being fought near a mill of that name, on a branch of Pumpkin Vine creek. It is sometimes called the battle of Burnt Hickory, or Pumpkin Vine Creek. The battle-field is in Paulding county, Georgia, about eight miles from Ackworth on the Western and Atlantic Railway, nearly due west from Kenesaw mountain, and distant about ten miles from the latter point.

About twenty of the Eighty-sixth were seriously wounded in this engagement, though none proved mortal. Besides the loss in numbers, the regiment felt most keenly the absence of Colonel George F. Dick. The men needed now his careful attention and long experience to keep the regiment in its then excellent condition. The Third brigade lost 301 officers and men, and the Third division lost 1,457. Of all the hard fighting during this long and eventful campaign, perhaps no division of the whole army lost so many men in so short a time as did Wood's division on this occasion—the 27th of May, 1864—with the possible exception of Newton's Second division of the Fourth army corps on the 27th of June, in the grand assault upon Kenesaw mountain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PICKETT'S MILLS TO KENESAW.

The Eighty-sixth on the Skirmish Line—Constant Fighting—Rainy and Hot Weather—A Perfect Hell Hole—Pine Mountain—Lost Mountain—Kenesaw Mountain—General Polk Killed on Pine Mountain—Captain L. V. Ream Wounded—Luke Cronkhite Fatally Wounded—The Assault on June 27—A Frightful Loss of Life—Kenesaw Mountain Abandoned by the Enemy—A Forward Movement.

Wood's division remained in this position until the 6th of June, varying it slightly by changes in the lines. Constant skirmishing was kept up the whole time. On the night of

the battle of Pickett's Mills, May 27, a heavy detail for the skirmish line was made from the Eighty-sixth, under command of Lieutenant D. H. Olive, of Company H. On account of the darkness of the night and the denseness of the woods, the line was most difficult to establish, especially as the enemy was in close proximity. A member of Company H was posted fifty yards in front of the skirmish line proper. The enemy sallied out to the left and drove in the line in his front. He then moved to his left, and had not the lone skirmisher beat a hasty retreat he would have been captured. The withdrawal of Wood's division had misled the enemy. He supposed that the Union troops had been completely routed and that they would be an easy prey for capture, but he was met with a firm resistance and soon retired behind his fortified lines.

The two divisions, Wood's and Johnson's, had now thrown up temporary breastworks for their defense and felt comparatively secure, although separated by some distance from the main army. The skirmish line, however, had no such protection, and was constantly under fire and on a great nervous strain throughout the night. During the 28th an alignment of the troops was completed and works ordered to be built. This was done, and the detached left was placed in connection with the rest of the army, and the extension of the battle line toward the railroad was permanently secured. The lines of the intrenchments were generally pushed well up to those of the enemy, so that the skirmishers could not be thrown very far forward of the works, in many places not being more than a rod or so in advance of the main line of breastworks. The proximity of the lines caused a continual fire to be kept up between the skirmish lines and enforced a pretty general observance of orders to remain near the works. Sometimes, in fact, an occasional fire was kept up from the two lines of works without intervening lines of skirmishers. On the evening of the 28th a hot fire was maintained for sometime by the batteries with Beatty's brigade, Colonel Fred Knefler in command, and the skirmish fire grew in violence and spitefulness. Its vigor was owing to a des-

perate charge made by the enemy upon the right wing of the army—the brunt of the battle falling upon Logan's command, of McPherson's army of the Tennessee. The skirmishing all round the long skirmish line of the whole army was brisk and intensely earnest as if it were only a prelude to a more desperate struggle, and this was kept up until after night-fall, in fact, more or less all night. The enemy had been beaten on the right and roughly handled, and no doubt feared a counter charge, and sought, by showing a bold front, to ward off any assault at this time.

Early on the morning of the 29th, the report ran along the brigade line of battle that three companies of the Nineteenth Ohio had been captured by the enemy during the night, and that the enemy was expected to show an aggressive spirit and probably make an assault. The first part of the report, in regard to the capture, proved to be false, but the enemy certainly did show a very active animosity throughout the day. His skirmishers were industrious, and actively maintained an incessant fire during the forenoon. In the afternoon his batteries took up the gauge of battle and right valiantly maintained their cause for some hours by raining shot and shell upon the Union lines, the good breastworks alone saving the men from destruction. Toward evening the enemy's belligerent aggressiveness assumed a serious character. A line of attack was started for the Union works. The storming lines pressed gallantly forward, but met with many obstacles in their pathway. The skirmish line made a heroic resistance, while the artillery delivered such a terrific and destructive fire upon them that they failed to reach the range of the fire of the line of battle, at least, in the Eighty-sixth's front. About 11 o'clock at night the enemy made another attempt and the whole skirmish line of the Union forces was ablaze; batteries on both sides opened up and the roar of battle was deafening. It was all of the noise and magnificent display of a terrific night battle without its more dreadful realities, for the enemy finding Union men everywhere ready and willing to receive him, he speedily withdrew. These constant alarms and frequent attacks necessitated almost con-

stant vigils on the part of the Union troops, and was very wearing and exhausting on them. Perhaps at Dallas, New Hope, and Pickett's Mills, there was more spirited fighting than at any place defended by Johnston on this great and memorable campaign, and there was no point where there was not much determined fighting, from Rocky Face Ridge to Atlanta, where the two opposing armies came in contact; and the Eighty-sixth was nearly all the time on the front line here, "jammed" up against the fighting center of Joe Johnston's army.

The 30th was but a repetition of the 29th—constant skirmishing with advances by the rebel lines. About dark the Eighty-sixth was ordered into line and stacked arms. The men were then permitted to break ranks and rest at will, but were ordered to remain near their guns. Evidently the officers expected a repetition of the programme on the part of the enemy of the two previous nights. On the slightest indication of a move by the enemy the firing became brisk, so that there was an almost continual rattle of musketry until 12 o'clock at night. After a hasty breakfast, on the morning of May 31, the regiment was ordered into line. Moving promptly it advanced some distance in front of its former position. The alignment was completed quickly, when the men were ordered to fortify with all possible dispatch. The work was scarcely begun, when the enemy threw a strong line forward to reconnoiter. The firing at once became furious all round the lines. The enemy made several vigorous and determined charges in front and to the right. At different points on the line the enemy came well up to the main line of breastworks before he was repulsed and driven back. On the line of the Third brigade the Seventeenth Kentucky was at this time doing skirmish duty, and there were no better skirmishers in all Sherman's army. Here the Seventeenth was in its element, and it maintained the contest with greatly superior numbers with Spartan courage, and finally compelled the enemy to retire. Still he was determined and fought with courage for every possible advantage, and would only yield inch by inch when forced

to do so. In the afternoon of the 31st, three pieces of artillery were dragged through the thick woods and placed in position on the brigade line and opened fire upon the enemy. From this time forward it was quite evident that the enemy would take as well as give.

In the afternoon of June 1, the Eighty-sixth received orders to arrange camp in regular order. This, the boys knew, was folly, and many of them expressed their opinion in regard to the order quite freely. Sherman was working to the left as rapidly as possible to reach the railroad, which was so necessary to assure him, at all times, a sufficient quantity of all needed supplies, and all felt it to be nonsense to fix up camp in regulation order. On this day Hooker's corps withdrew from its line of intrenchments, being relieved by McPherson, and moved to the left of the army. The usual skirmishing was indulged in throughout the day. The next day, June 2, was hot, and showery in the afternoon, the rain falling in torrents. Heavy cannonading was heard to the left, indicating the progress of the left wing as it neared the goal of the present struggle, Allatoona Pass and the railroad north of Ackworth. In the evening of the 2d, the Eighty-sixth was sent out upon the skirmish line. The usual brisk fire was maintained. The regiment was relieved by the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Manderson in charge, about 6 o'clock p. m., June 3. Three-quarter rations of hard tack, sugar and coffee, and one-quarter rations of pickled pork were issued to the men after they reached camp.

On Saturday morning, June 4, the command moved early, going to the right some distance and relieving General Jeff C. Davis' division of the Fourteenth corps. The intrenchments occupied by the Eighty-sixth here were within about two hundred yards of the enemy's outer works, and there were only about two rods of open timber in front, the rest of the distance being an open field. The enemy was in the edge of the woods on the farther side of the opening. This gave him almost a clear sweep, and the position was a critical one. The enemy already had the range perfectly, and whenever a man showed his head above the works a minie

ball hissed spitefully and dangerously near. In the afternoon the enemy opened upon the Eighty-sixth's position with artillery, and as it was at short range, he made the shot and shell crash in the timber overhead in an awful manner, and finished up by sweeping the deck with a rattling charge of grape-shot that tore the underbrush to the rear of the works like a cyclone. Scarcely had this fire ceased when a line of attack was started for the works, a little to the right of the position of the Eighty-sixth. With the rebel yell echoing from wood to wood and reverberating from hill to hill, on it came, but it was soon met with such a blaze of fire from the Union breastworks that the line quickly retreated, and sought the shelter of its works. The enemy's loss doubtless was light, as he stood fire so short a time. The Eighty-sixth, however, was alert and was not to be caught napping. At dark the regiment was ordered to strengthen its works. The entire regiment worked until midnight, making its parapet shot proof, and then the men retired for sleep and rest. When daylight dawned, many expected the enemy to be gone, but the sharp "ping" of the minie ball warned the men not to be reckless. However, about 7 o'clock the enemy fell back quietly, the main force doubtless having withdrawn during the night, leaving only a strong skirmish line to cover the movement. It was not to be supposed that he had gone far. A number of the Eighty-sixth visited the enemy's lines of intrenchments and found them very strong. Here on this line for about eleven days had been some of the severest attacks during this eventful campaign, particularly those made by Hooker on the 25th and Wood on the 27th. General Sherman speaking of these battles says: "This point, 'New Hope,' was the accidental intersection of the road leading from Allatoona to Dallas with that from Van Wert to Marietta, and from the bloody fighting there for the next week was called by the soldiers 'Hell Hole';" and this is about as good a description in brief as can be given of it. It was hot enough for almost anything, both in the way of fighting and the weather. Thus another decisive step in the campaign

had been taken. The progress had been steady and considering obstacles, rapid. The enemy had as yet been unable to stay Sherman's onward march. Here at New Hope and Dallas he had caused the most trouble and delay, but now he had been compelled to take another backward step, and the Union army, as a matter of course, was rejoicing and ready to go forward.

The Eighty-sixth with the Third brigade remained in their position behind their intrenchments until about sunrise on the 6th of June, when they marched out toward the railroad in which direction the whole army was gradually moving. The day was excessively hot and the air sultry and oppressive. The command covered five or six miles, and bivouacked in the edge of a woods about 2 o'clock p. m. The fire of the skirmish lines could be heard sometime before the place of bivouac was reached. It continued steadily, but it was by no means brisk.

At this bivouac a phase of camp-life was presented which surprised many not a little. It was a new experience, but one which was speedily comprehended. Fresh beef had been issued to the troops and notwithstanding the active interference of the butchers and others to protect it, scarcely was there a piece given out to the members of the Eighty-sixth that was not almost covered with "fly blows." Many of the boys swore roundly at this state of affairs, but it could not be helped. The meat was thoroughly scraped, washed, and hustled into a camp-kettle, covered with water, and quickly placed on a fire to cook. Even cooked beef had to be carefully watched and protected.

The Eighty-sixth remained at its bivouac of the 6th until the 10th. The front line was skirmishing continually with the enemy in a mild sort of way, as though it was done just to keep in practice. On the 8th the army was reinforced by two divisions of the Seventeenth corps commanded by General Frank P. Blair. From the 5th to the 9th of June General Sherman was getting his forces well over toward the Western and Atlantic railroad, changing base from Kingston to Allatoona. In this movement the Twenty-third

corps, General Schofield commanding, which was on the extreme left, stood fast while the rest of the army passed to his rear and formed on his left. McPherson reached the railroad in advance of Ackworth on the 7th. Schofield had now become the extreme right of the army, McPherson the left, and Thomas with the Army of the Cumberland, the center. The Fourth corps being the center of Thomas' army was also the center of Sherman's. On the 9th Sherman gave orders to move forward and feel for the enemy and get into position, being again ready for more active work. The weather had been rainy since the 5th, in fact, there had been more or less rain ever since the attack upon the enemy's position at New Hope Church began, but now it fell in still greater quantities. The Eighty-sixth moved about a half mile on the 10th, and about one mile on the 11th. Thus gradually working its way to the left to its position in the general alignment of the whole great army. On the 12th there was a tremendous fall of rain, especially in the afternoon it came down in torrents. On this day the Eighty-sixth did not move. There was lively skirmishing all day. Some members of the Eighty-sixth visited the Fifth Indiana battery, and from the position of the battery viewed the enemy's works on Pine mountain and the works extending to the right. The enemy's position was a strong one, and was well fortified, and he evinced a disposition to defend them to the last extremity. There was heavy cannonading in the evening all around the lines, the rebel batteries returning the fire of the Union batteries with much spirit, making altogether a magnificent display. During the 12th and 13th the Eighty-sixth was almost destitute of rations, which was anything but pleasant. The rain descended almost continually, which swelled the streams and rendered transportation by means of army wagons almost impossible, as well as delaying the intended movement of the troops. There was, however, continual skirmishing of a mild character, warming up at times when the batteries would try conclusions. This took place on the evening of the 13th. Commencing on the extreme left with McPherson it passed to the

right; the batteries and skirmishers were quite busy for some time, but it was sharpest and longest maintained on the left where McPherson was advancing on Brush mountain. Sherman now had his forces well up to the enemy's position and was in fighting distance, near enough to strike out from the shoulder and take his enemy between the eyes, which might be said to be located upon Kenesaw and Pine mountains, from which point Sherman's every move could be observed.

Johnston's new position was by nature a very strong one, and it was skilfully and magnificently intrenched. His main line extended from Brush mountain on his right to Lost mountain on the left. The key to this position was the double peaked mountain, Kenesaw, standing to the rear of the fortified line, now occupied and looming up high over all the surrounding mountains and country, rendering it a veritable Gibraltar. In advance of Johnston's main line stood the now historic Pine Top, or Pine mountain. This commanding eminence was connected with the main line by strong intrenchments, but did not constitute any portion of them, and was not intended or expected to be held as a permanent position. Johnston's line from Brush mountain to Lost mountain was perhaps ten miles in length. Lost mountain was a little south of west of Brush mountain. Pine Top was nearly due west of Brush mountain, while Kenesaw was nearly due south of the latter. The four formed almost a diamond in shape, while Kenesaw, Pine Top and Lost mountain stood so as to form a triangle, the base, from Kenesaw to Lost mountain, being the largest. The main line of intrenchments being about mid-way between Pine Top and Kenesaw. This was a grand position, skilfully taken, and held with a masterly hand, and the enemy had been strongly reinforced and was confident. These things greatly improved the *morale* of Johnston's army.

The Army of the Cumberland was in the center. Its corps was distributed from left to right as follows: Palmer's Fourteenth corps, Howard's Fourth corps, and Hooker's Twentieth corps. On the 14th Sherman directed that the

enemy should be pushed sharply at all points, without a direct assault upon his works, unless under the most favorable circumstances. But the lines closed down upon the enemy, tightening their grip, and Union skirmishers gave him battle everywhere. Thomas steadily pressed the right of the Fourteenth corps, and the left of the Fourth corps against the lines of intrenchment in the re-entrant angle between Pine Top and the enemy's main line, resulting in quite a battle. About noon the bugle at brigade headquarters sounded the "general call," and almost in an instant the Eighty-sixth was in line ready for battle. It moved to the left about a half or three-quarters of a mile, placing it in position on the left front of Pine Top, and its duty was to support Willich's brigade, now commanded by Colonel William H. Gibson. This brigade gallantly passed the enemy at all points in its front. The skirmish line was reinforced until it was about equal to a line of battle, and its fire was fiercely maintained until the hills and valleys once again echoed to the music, and the dense woods were wrapped in its stifling smoke.

About 6 o'clock a number of Union batteries opened a hot fire upon the enemy, General Sherman himself directing the Fifth Indiana battery to open on a group of officers seen on the crest of Pine Top, observing the movements of the Union troops.* The Fifth was true as steel and efficiently served and soon dispersed the group. It proved to be General Johnston, General Hardee, and General Leonidas Polk. The latter was killed by an unexploded shell, and his loss was keenly felt by the enemy, as he was greatly loved by the whole people of the South.

The Eighty-sixth kept well up to the First brigade. It finally bivouacked about 7 o'clock and the boys ate their supper of hard tack, salt pork, and coffee, amid the thunderous roar of batteries and the finer, keener, crackling fire of the skirmish line. It had been a busy and trying afternoon and the prospect was for many, many more busy afternoons, and

* Authorities differ as to whether it was Sherman or Thomas who gave this direction. Lossing says it was Thomas; others say it was Sherman.

whole days and weeks to follow, and the prospect was fulfilled to the letter. Every man slept soundly on the rocky bed.

On the morning of the 15th, the bugles sounded reveille at daybreak. The skirmishers had been busy the whole night through and had no doubt annoyed the enemy greatly by their incessant fire, while the Union troops had rested well, which rendered them fresh and active. Expectation was on tip-toe. All forenoon the cannon boomed and growled sullenly at the enemy on the left. The Fourth corps did not advance until between 1 and 2 o'clock, Wood's division supporting Stanley's, and ready to take its place upon the line if opportunity offered. The lines of battle advanced some distance and came upon the intrenchments of the enemy. Here the battle opened in earnest and the Union forces pressing steadily on, captured one or two lines of works and secured possession of Pine mountain, and drove the enemy back into his main line of works, extending from Brush mountain to Lost mountain, the line being perhaps a mile in advance of Kenesaw mountain. The battle raged all along the line from left to right—from Brush mountain north and east of the railroad to Lost mountain on the Union right. The enemy was beaten at all points. General M. F. Force, on the left, captured the Fortieth Alabama, about 320 strong. The Fourth corps took many prisoners in squads of five to thirty. Many of the prisoners professed to be tired of fighting, and of the war, and stated that many more still in the ranks were of the same state of mind. The enemy was kept closely engaged by the skirmishers even, when no line of attack was moving against him. Decided advantage had been gained by the Union forces during the day, and the men were encouraged accordingly. Schofield, on the extreme right, had gained a foot-hold beyond Allatoona creek near Lost mountain, but he had perhaps done the least fighting of any army corps during the day. Hooker had fought the enemy immediately on the right of the Fourth corps with his usual impetuosity, gaining possession of advantageous ground. The battle on the extreme left, fought by McPher-

son's men, is known as the Battle of Noonday's Creek, that of the Fourth corps as the Battle of Pine Mountain, and that of Hooker's corps as the Battle of Gilgal (or Golgotha) Church.

The Eighty-sixth bivouacked about 7:30 p. m. on the southeastern slope of Pine mountain. The minie balls whizzed at a lively rate in front and a little to the left, and it looked for a time very much as though there might yet be a night battle thrown in to make up good measure for the day's duty. As it was the Eighty-sixth ate its supper to the rattle of musketry and the roar of batteries, to the "ping" of the minie ball, and the shriek of shot and shell. The men were tired and were glad to sink anywhere.

There was no general movement by the Fourth corps on the 16th, and the Eighty-sixth remained in bivouac on the slope of Pine Top. A number of the regiment went up to the top of the mountain where the enemy's evacuated works were, to take a look at the surrounding country. Far and near the eye ranged over the wondrous country, made still more wonderful by the gigantic labors of man now contending in a Titanic struggle for its mastery. From the summit of the mountain there could be seen a thickly wooded rolling country—a veritable panorama of hill and vale, of open field and shaded wood, divided by deeply running streams. To the left front of Wood's division lie the trim peaks of the mighty Kenesaw mountain, around whose base grim-visaged war was destined to rage in his wildest and most violent moods for days and weeks. Rugged, wood fringed, seamed by chasm and broken by rocky battlements, nature's own fortresses, it loomed up eighteen hundred feet above sea level. It is about three miles from Pine Top to Kenesaw mountain. Slightly in advance of, and somewhat farther to the right than Kenesaw, to the left, is the solitary peak of Lost mountain. Standing solitary and alone it loomed up over the surrounding wooded hills, a watchtower for Johnston's extreme left. Here on the part of the Union forces, General Schofield with the Twenty-third corps, kept watch and ward. The strong earthworks can be traced in their course from

right to left on the high ground which forms the water-shed between Mud creek and Allatona creek on the right, and Mud creek and Noyes' creek and Noonday creek on the left, Allatona creek and Noonday being tributaries of the Etowah river, while the waters of Mud creek and Noyes' creek find their way to the Chattahoochee river, south of Kenesaw mountain. These streams play an important part in the great game of war to be played here. They have determined the location of Johnston's line of intrenchment.

The gallant Fifth Indiana battery shelled the enemy at a furious rate, and delivered its shots with great accuracy. At the feet of the visitors, upon the chips, rocks, and stumps, is the blood of one of the martyrs of the Southern cause. Here fell two days before Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, formerly Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Louisiana. He was killed by an unexploded shell from one of the guns of this same Fifth Indiana battery. General Johnston and General Hardee narrowly escaped destruction from the same shell. A thin veil of light blue smoke rose from the skirmish line, enabling one to trace it for miles through wood as well as open field, and the rattle of musketry, mingled with the heavy detonations of the artillery, indicated that the struggle was still on.

There was no general attack or advance by the Union forces on the 16th. Toward evening, however, a number of Union batteries became engaged with those of the enemy in a fierce artillery duel. The shrieking of shot and the bursting of shell added to the roar of the guns, and made a veritable pandemonium that was painful to the ear. This contest began about 5 o'clock p. m. and was maintained for an unusual length of time.

General Schofield, with the Twenty-third corps, had gained a very decided advantage in position on the right during the 16th, which enabled him to enfilade a portion of the enemy's main line of intrenchments. This rendered Johnston's left untenable. But with his accustomed foresight that General had provided for this very emergency by constructing for his left another line of intrenchments, just

east of Mud creek. This line of works joined the old line at a point on a line between Pine Top and the west end of Kenesaw, not far from east of the head of Mud creek. To this line Johnston's left withdrew during the night of the 16th.

General Sherman says: "On the 17th and 18th the rain again fell in torrents, making army movements impossible, but we devoted the time to strengthening our positions, more especially to the left and center, with a view gradually to draw from the left to add to the right; and we had to hold our lines on the left extremely strong, to guard against a sally from Kenesaw against our depot at Big Shanty." General Sherman is here probably writing from memory, without referring to his notes, as this statement does not agree with other writers who were on the ground and made notes of every day's contests. General Cox describes in his "History of the Atlanta Campaign" at some length the movements of the army, and the fighting. A rebel author says: "Part of Howard's corps, under cover of a heavy cannonade, charged the Confederate outer rifle pits, and after a close fight succeeded in holding these and forcing the Confederates back to their main line. During the night the Confederates made two unsuccessful efforts to recapture the lost position." This was on June 17. This Confederate's statement agrees very closely with the facts. The contest was stubborn, but the enemy was repulsed. During the entire day the Eighty-sixth was on the skirmish line. The little valley of the upper part of Mud creek resounded from morning until night with a sharp musketry fire. The firing was brisk, but probably not very destructive, as the enemy was well protected by rifle pits. Shortly after dark the Eighty-sixth was relieved, when it at once returned to the brigade and took its position in the front line, in rear of the intrenchments some little distance. Soon after the regiment had reached its bivouac the enemy charged upon Gibson's brigade immediately upon the left. The Third brigade expected and was ready to go to the assistance of its comrades of the First brigade, but it was not needed. The gallant First was equal

to the occasion, and repelled the enemy, held all points, took a firmer grip, and drove him back into his works and did it without assistance. The Fourth corps was in it from early morn until dewey eye, and in it every day. The attack was renewed later at night, but with no better success than the former one. The battle raged during the fore part of the night of the 17th, but the Fourth corps' position, defended by as sturdy a band of soldiers as ever shouldered a musket, was impregnable.

It rained in torrents during the after part of the night of the 17th and during the morning of the 18th, swelling the streams until they ran as only mountain streams can run. Immediately after reveille the Eighty sixth was moved out to the front line of intrenchments and took position ready for battle. The regiment breakfasted at the trenches. Notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain and the swollen condition of the streams, there was hard fighting around the lines of the Fourth corps between skirmish lines almost equal to lines of battle. The Fourth corps pressed the enemy at all points on its front, and especially on the front of Newton's and Wood's divisions. Cox says: "Howard threw forward Wood's and Newton's divisions, whose strongly supported line of skirmishers were able by a rush to carry the line of works in their front, capturing about fifty prisoners. Several counter charges were made in the hope of regaining the line, but were repulsed." A rebel author says of the same contest: "Wood's and Newton's divisions of Howard's corps then made a strong forward movement and, after an obstinate struggle, by the aid of artillery fire, succeeded in capturing and holding a portion of the outer works of the Confederate line." This was a hot and malicious contest and tried the mettle of the men of both sides that were engaged. The advance threw the Eighty sixth considerably forward of its former position. As soon as the alignment was completed the men intrenched themselves at once.

After this forward movement on the part of the Union forces the enemy's advanced lines were withdrawn, but he held on to his main line of works; but he was evidently pre-

paring to retire. Hooker and Schofield were swinging round and closing in on the enemy's position. There was considerable shifting of the line back and forth as it was found the alignment was not satisfactory. Skirmishing and fighting continued with brief intervals of rest. The Eighty-sixth moved to the left some distance, but did not remain there long, moving to the right somewhat farther than before, and taking an exposed position on the left bank of a stream, probably an unimportant tributary of Mud creek, but now it ran full and strong. The Eighty-sixth relieved troops here that had already intrenched themselves in this position. It was an uncomfortable position. The waters of the little stream came up almost to the works on the right flank of the regiment. A rod or so in the rear of the line of works the ground was low and water was plentiful, in short the men were water and mud bound, yet this was no protection. The shells were dropping here and there, in fact, all around in a murderous manner. It looked like the Eighty-sixth was pickled and was now about to be put to soak. Some of the incidents of the day were ludicrous in the extreme, or would have been if the great danger had not given things a more serious cast. A comrade was hungry and thought something for the inner man would be beneficial to a man in his situation. The more he thought about the matter the sharper grew his appetite. His longings for hard tack and old government Java overcame his caution and made him brave, and during a moment when the enemy's fire slackened he prepared his coffee, procured water, righted up a fire in the rear of the works, and placed his coffee-pot on to boil. Unfortunate move, luckless moment, he had scarcely succeeded in getting his coffee-pot adjusted on the rails, when a shot came screaming and tipped the rails and upset the pot in the fire and frightened the hungry soldier back to the works where he remained while his coffee roasted and the spout was melted off his coffee-pot. Never did a soldier lose a strong and healthy appetite more suddenly. Twelve pound shells as a diet did not suit his stomach. Another comrade, somewhat cooler-headed under

most circumstances, concluded he, too, would have something to eat, and accordingly proceeded, as his comrade had, to prepare and place his coffee upon the fire, watching it, ready to remove, as soon as it was sufficiently boiled. He, too, was greatly discomfited. The aroma of the coffee was beginning to be distilled, when there came a mighty shriek, and there was a scattering of rails, coals, and ashes. The soldier! where was he? Two feet deep in water in the stream that ran at the right rear of the regiment. He was demoralized and was only just pulling himself together in the water, when another terrific scream and the plunging of a shell into the water immediately in his front, fairly immersed him with a mighty upheaval of the water. He had snatched his coffee-pot from the fire before the shell had struck it, and it was his boast as long as he lived that he saved his coffee and drank it. Still the shot and shell rained on the men. During this time a shell had burst just in the rear of the works in a hogshead in which rations had been brought to the place, wounding severely in the hand Captain L. V. Ream, of Company G, and Thomas Decker, of Company I. Ream lost three fingers. About 4 o'clock p. m. the regiment began the construction of flank covers, similar in construction to its parapet, to protect the men from the flank artillery fire of the enemy. When these were just completed the regiment was ordered to move by the left flank and relieve the Seventeenth Kentucky. This latter position was still muddier than the one which it had just left. It was without exaggeration a veritable mud-hole, and there was nowhere a place where one could lie down without almost being buried in the mud. All soon began to make preparations for the night, to gather brush, rails, or poles to keep themselves out of the mud, and thus the Eighty-sixth slept and rested on the night of the 18th of June, after an arduous day's duty. The rebels designated the fighting of the 18th as the Battle of Kenesaw mountain of the 18th of June.

The weather had been very bad, very wet and changing frequently and suddenly. It cannot be described better than the Irish picket's description to his sweetheart:

“ This southern climate’s quare Biddy
A quare and beastly thing,
Wid winter absint all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And may ye never fear
I’d dhraw comparisons—but then
It’s awful warrum here.”

The weather throughout most of June was beastly in the extreme. With this extreme heat and with every creek, swamp, and lagoon full of water, and the decaying vegetable matter washed into swamps and ponds, it is a wonder that the Union forces did not all die in a heap. Rations were issued to the Eighty-sixth in the mud on the night of the 18th, but were not distributed to the men until the following morning.

The Eighty-sixth, almost to a man, was pretty thoroughly saturated with water and bedaubed with Georgia soil in the shape of a brick-red mud, when daylight on the morning of the 19th revealed the situation. The command moved out after the enemy about 8:30 a. m. The enemy was now established in his last line, of which Kenesaw mountain was the key. The line extended over the crest of the twin peaks of the mountain, and then somewhat refused, running nearly due south from the western slope of the mountain. He had, however, strong outposts thrown well in front to baffle Sherman’s approach, until he was more securely intrenched. The country, with the enemy’s perfect knowledge of it, favored him, and great caution had to be exercised. The Eighty-sixth, supporting the front line, closed up well on to it, and followed as it advanced. Progress was slow, however, and the regiment halted about 10:30 and lay until 2:30 p. m., the rain pouring down in torrents. At the latter hour the line resumed the advance, the batteries opening a terrific fire upon the enemy. The regiment closed up on the advanced line again, and the minie balls sang their familiar songs about the ears of the men in a most spiteful way. However, but little attention was paid to his fire, but the Union forces pressed him with strong lines of skirmishers. The enemy made a stubborn resistance, but was steadily

forced back, until night came on and made farther progress impossible. The Eighty-sixth bivouacked about 7 o'clock in the evening, and received orders to have reveille at 3 o'clock the next morning, and to move at 4 o'clock. The battle between the skirmish lines still continued to rage after nightfall. The regiment's bivouac on the night of the 19th was south of west of the west end of Kenesaw mountain. Reveille was sounded at the appointed time. The rapidity of the firing increased as day dawned.

The early morning was clear, but soon a bank of clouds drifted above the horizon and threatened rain. The skirmishing was quite active all forenoon, indicating a pressure that could not last very long without causing a break of some kind. Just before noon the Eighty-sixth was ordered to put up tents, it being stated that it would probably remain here throughout the day. Yet the men had scarcely finished their pickled pork, hard tack and coffee for dinner, when they received orders to be ready to move at 1 o'clock.

Wood's division had orders to relieve a part of Hooker's corps. It moved to the right about one mile and the Eighty-sixth was halted in a small field which had been used as a slaughter pen. Here the enemy caught sight of it and opened with their batteries. He soon secured almost perfect range. The shells and solid shot ploughed up the earth and flung the dirt wildly about, sprinkling everybody liberally. The offal of the cattle was lying plenteously around, almost covering the ground, but the proximity of those screaming shells indicated that life depended upon one getting close to the ground. In an instant everybody went to the earth. A sergeant of Company H, no doubt, mistaking a beef paunch for a boulder or nigger-head, sought shelter behind it from the enemy's fire, to the great amusement of the boys. Everybody found it necessary to seek shelter, and a darkey who was with the regiment, hid behind a stump. He was peeping out when a musket ball struck him on the side of the head and made a painful wound. He was up in a second and went galloping around the opening shaking his head like a mad bull, until some of the boys pulled him down

behind shelter, made an examination and assured him that he was not dangerously wounded. He was severely hurt, but he was seen no more.

From this place the Eighty-sixth moved a little farther to the right and relieved a portion of General Geary's line of Hooker's corps. It was now once more on the front line of intrenchments, facing the foe. Daily rains still occurred and the streams ran full, and the waters were muddy and mud was plentiful everywhere. Being on the front line, the Eighty-sixth now had to furnish skirmishers. The fighting had been sharp at points around the lines during the day, while the skirmishing was brisk everywhere.

A heavy detail from the Eighty-sixth was on the skirmish line the whole night of the 20th, and consequently the regiment was not astir early on the morning of the 21st when not compelled to do so by orders. All who were in that detail can testify to the exhausting character of the extreme vigilance and activity required of the skirmishers that night. Besides the duties required, it rained the whole night. General Sherman wrote to General Halleck, Chief of Staff at Washington, on the 21st: "This is the nineteenth day of rain and the prospect for fair weather is as far off as ever. The roads are impassable; the fields and woods become quagmires after a few wagons have crossed over. Yet we are at work all the time." There was no hour, day or night, when all parts of the grand army was at rest. Leaving out of consideration the skirmishers who slept neither day nor night, there were brigades, regiments, or strong detachments that were at work preparing roads, building bridges, or taking and fortifying advanced positions. During the forenoon of the 21st Newton's Second division of the Fourth corps passed to the rear of Wood's Third division and took position on the line to Wood's right.

The skirmishing was lively during the entire forenoon between the Eighty-sixth skirmishers and the enemy. Luke Cronkite, of Company E, was quite severely wounded in the wrist while on the skirmish line that morning. It was a severe and extremely painful wound, and few, if any, ex-

pected it to prove fatal. But in a few weeks word came to the regiment that he died at Louisville on the 9th of August. The skirmishing grew in proportions. Resolute courage was exhibited everywhere upon the line by both sides, and fighting grew fiercer as the day advanced.

Just after noon the firing all along the line increased in intensity, and as the volume of musketry increased the thunders of batteries joined the music of the minor keys. This fierce and unchanging music of battle rang and roared its fiercest and loudest notes for an hour, drowning the puny fire of the skirmish line in sound, but it could not interrupt the "zip" of the musket balls that came just as freely as before. One had to be careful about exposing a head above the head-log of the parapet.

About 3 o'clock p. m. on the 21st, the Eighty-sixth was suddenly ordered to "fall in with gun and cartridge-box." The order was promptly obeyed, and in one minute's time the regiment stood in line behind the intrenchments, ready for defensive or offensive duty. It proved to be the latter. Speedily the order came to "Forward, march," and over the works it went and started for the enemy. Having advanced some distance it came to a rail fence, where the men were ordered to supply themselves with rails with which to make a barricade. After securing a supply of rails it was again ordered forward. To maintain anything like a respectable line of battle was simply impossible, but the command went ahead like a cyclone, rails whirling in the air, and occasionally a soldier would trip and come tumbling to the ground, gun and rail falling around him to his utter confusion, or thumping an unfortunate comrade, in his downfall. Having advanced some six or seven hundred yards in front of its former position, the regiment was halted and ordered to intrench. The first thing, however, was to get the regiment into line. The men loaded with rails, their guns were not easily brought into a perfect alignment, and the Lieutenant Colonel, then in command, almost lost his patience. It was necessary for the regiment to execute a partial right wheel to perfect the alignment. The Lieutenant Colonel could not

make himself heard sufficiently to secure the attention of the whole regiment. So after fruitless efforts to secure attention, and failing, he became angry and blurted out, "Come round here, left wing, and let the right go to h—ll." The left came round and the right soon found its position, the alignment was completed and the work began. The skirmishers in front were having a hot time and the enemy was liable to come swarming out of his works and attack at any moment. All, therefore, worked like beavers. The entire Fourth corps was engaged in this dash and drove the enemy out of a strong line of rifle-pits, and came close upon his main line of intrenchments. During the advance the enemy had kept up a savage fire, but a strong skirmish line in front had kept him well engaged. Trees were felled, and these with the rails soon made a respectable shelter for the musketry fire. A trench was dug just back of the barricade of logs, and a strong embankment of earth was made in its front by throwing the dirt from the trench over the barricade. While J. A. Barnes and Richard Galbreath were at work side-by side, a ball struck a heavy "thud" and Galbreath gave a startling scream. The rebel ball had struck his cartridge-box, passed through both the upper and lower chambers of the tin magazine, welded one of his own balls firmly to it and passed out, wounding him severely in the groin. The wound was serious but not dangerous. He was carried to the rear at once, and the work went on as though nothing had happened. Richard Elder, of Company H, was hurt accidentally. Everything was excitement equal to the hurly burly of battle, and hard work for all of the regiment. Each one had a different experience, and few had time to note anything except that which happened in his immediate presence. One man, exhausted by his great exertion, spread his poncho upon the ground and threw himself down to rest. After lying there a few minutes he turned over suddenly and then got up still more suddenly. The reason for his sudden rising was a sharp sting in his right thigh. Springing quickly to his feet he procured a stick and began a search in the leaves that had blown on his poncho for the intruder. He

soon found him in the shape of a small, brownish gray scorpion, three or four inches in length. He was quite indignant, and showed fight whenever disturbed, but was quickly dispatched and the ground well looked over for others of his kind. The sting was quite painful for a time, but there were no other bad results from it and it was soon forgotten. Everybody had worked hard and was thoroughly tired, yet the success made the men jubilant and rousing cheer after cheer went round the Union lines. The right had now swung round until it faced almost due east, and was considerably south of its mighty citadel, the twin crest of Kenesaw mountain.

This move was briefly described by a rebel author in this way: "General Howard's corps, strong massed, made a rush through the forest and carried a hill about 700 yards in advance of the position gained the evening before. His main line was moved up about 500 yards, fortifying the position in the midst of a terrible artillery fire between the opposing batteries, and seizing an intrenched line abandoned by the Confederates. Hooker's troops, who were next to Howard's, assaulted, and, by flank movement, covered by artillery fire, occupied a prominent hill, about 500 yards in front of his old line, and then connected his left with Howard's right." Schofield likewise was pushing his forces forward on the extreme right, and giving the enemy great annoyance in the neighborhood of the Kulp farm, on the banks of Olley's creek.

By this move General Sherman was enabled to come much nearer the enemy on the right, and it also greatly shortened his line, allowing him to extend the lines to the right, and thus compelled Johnston to thin out his lines to keep pace with Sherman's extension toward the Chattahoochee river. He dared not, while in this position, allow Sherman to secure a crossing of that river or to get upon the railroad in his rear. To permit either would have been a serious, if not a fatal mistake.

On the morning of the 22d the Eighty-sixth received orders to strengthen its breastworks by making a stronger

parapet. Therefore, there was more fatigue duty to perform until the parapet was shot-proof. The skirmishing was quite animated throughout the day. On this day, the 22d, Hooker's and Schofield's corps fought the battle of Kulp House on the right, defeating the enemy in his attacks, and inflicting a heavy loss upon the attacking columns. Thus the days before Kenesaw wore away with continual skirmishing around the lines, with an occasional attack on exposed points, and daily duels between opposing batteries.

On the morning of the 23d the enemy was decidedly aggressive on the Third brigade front and kept up a hot fire from his skirmish line. The Fifty-ninth Ohio, which was on the skirmish line, lost one man, killed, early in the morning. It was relieved by the Seventy-ninth Indiana, which was ordered to advance. The advance of the Seventy-ninth was resisted with great bravery and spirit, but that regiment pressed on undauntedly, and the battle waged hotter and hotter. The enemy was forced to fall back, but he did so fighting desperately, and almost at the muzzles of the guns of the Seventy-ninth, before he would yield the much coveted ground. Before the advance of the regiment began the brigade was ordered into the intrenchments to protect the troops from the fire. A perfect hail-storm of minie balls swept the parapet from one end of the regiment to the other. The batteries opened a sharp and well directed fire on the enemy just as the Seventy-ninth made its attack upon the skirmishers. The Seventy-ninth lost two killed and fifteen wounded. During the afternoon there was brisk firing with heavy artillery firing on the right.

Rebel authorities describe "a vigorous attack made upon Hardee's corps' position southwest of Kenesaw mountain" on the 24th by Stanley's and Newton's divisions of the Fourth corps, covered by a terrible artillery fire. In fact there were daily contests of sufficient magnitude that in the early part of the war they would have been heralded all over the North as great battles, and the Eighty-sixth, being in the front line of intrenchments, felt the effect of every angry wave that ran along the lines and started up the fire of

excited skirmish lines. However, about this time on the line of the Third brigade, Third division, Fourth corps, there began negotiations between skirmishers for a truce and the musketry fire somewhat slackened. The boys of "the blue and the gray" were taking the war on their part in their own hands.

There was nothing of note occurred on the 25th. A hot fire was kept up by the skirmishers of the First brigade, of Wood's division, some distance to the left. Willich's old regiment, the Thirty-second Indiana, was made up principally of Germans, and it had secured a very decided advantage over the enemy in position when the line of intrenchments was located. The Germans were determined to maintain that advantage to the uttermost. This greatly enraged the enemy. When meeting between the lines for social and commercial purposes with the friendly enemies on the line of the Third brigade, when asked what the trouble was just to the left, the invariable Confederate answer was: "Oh! the d--n dutch haven't any sense." It amused the Union boys, although through policy they assented to their opinions to keep on good terms and continue the truce now well established. But at heart the Union boys gloried in the grit of the Thirty-second, and more than once cheered them to the echo when an unusual fine display was made. In fact, although most of the credit was given to the Thirty-second, it belonged to the regiments of the brigade one and all; for they all kept up the fusilade whenever upon the line.

In the forenoon of the 25th the enemy's batteries on the mountain opened a terrific fire on the Union batteries and trains, in the valley below. It was renewed again in the evening and the roar of batteries on mountain and plain was terrible indeed. Sherman alone had over one hundred guns blazing away at the mountain. These with the rebel artillery, one can easily imagine made an artillery battle of no small proportions.

At this time the corps of the Army of the Cumberland were on the line from left to right as follows: Fourth, Fourteenth, and Twentieth. On Sunday, June 26, was a quiet

day for Kenesaw—a Sabbath day, a day of rest to recuperate and refresh for the morrow's trial.

About 8 o'clock on Monday, June 27, the Eighty-sixth with the rest of Wood's division, received orders to "Fall in with gun and cartridge-box, canteen and haversack." All knew what these orders meant. The ordeal of the battle was to be met. Some part of the army was to seek the enemy on his own chosen ground, intrenched as he was. Either Wood's division was to assault the enemy, or it was to support the assaulting column. The latter proved to be the case. The command moved to the right some distance, coming well up to the left of Stanley's position. The assault was to be made by Newton's division, of the Fourth corps, and Jeff C. Davis' division, of the Fourteenth corps. The front of Stanley's position had been chosen as the point from which the charge should be made. Newton's lines were to assault on the left and Davis' farther to the right. Wood's division was Newton's support on the left. The Eighty-sixth was in the front line of the supporting forces, and occupied the works vacated by troops of Newton's division. The Eighty-sixth was ready at a moment's notice to go forward and in turn assault the enemy's almost impregnable position if even there was a show of success of the columns already designated for that purpose.

Just to the rear of the left of the regiment, in the second line of works, was the Eleventh Indiana battery, consisting of six guns, four being 20-pound Parrott guns, and two 24-pound brass pieces. The regiment had not been long in this position when the battery opened a terrible fire on the enemy's intrenchments, or as it proved to be, rather upon the Eighty-sixth. The ammunition furnished the battery was worse than worthless in the present situation. Its shells exploded almost as soon as they cleared the mouths of the guns in their flight. Thus the fragments of the shells were thrown in and around the Eighty-sixth in a perfect hail-storm of destruction. After one or two rounds had been fired and a number of the regiment had been wounded, a protest was sent to the battery against continuing the fire.

A change was made in the ammunition and the fire resumed. This was no better and the shells burst within a few rods of the muzzles of the guns of the battery. This made the Eighty-sixth hot, and the men threatened to face about and charge the battery in order to silence it, and thus save themselves. The regiment had, on arriving at this position, stacked arms, and was awaiting further orders when the battery opened fire. The bursting shells had knocked down stacks of guns, and hurled them about the heads of men at a furious rate. Captain Carnahan, of Company I, ordered Sergeant Cosby to move to the head of his company while the Captain attended to some matter at another point. They had scarcely changed position and Sergeant Cosby taken his place at the head of the company, when another volley was fired by the battery, and a shell exploding to the rear of Company I, knocked a stack of guns over, breaking several and severely wounding the Sergeant. He was at once taken to the rear. The regiment, now more angry than ever, sent a peremptory order for the battery to cease firing. It was promptly obeyed this time, and it probably saved trouble between the battery and regiment.

The assault was now on in all its fury. The Eighty-sixth took arms and stood ready at a moment's notice to go forward into the sulphurous pit. Perhaps few assaults during the entire war were more terribly destructive, considering the front exposed to the enemy's fire; few were more determinedly maintained and more resolutely met and repulsed than this one. General Newton, immediately upon the right, with General Jeff C. Davis, a few hundred yards farther away, and General Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, far away on the right, while McPherson's Army of the Tennessee, represented by the gallant Fifteenth corps, led by the brave Logan, made the assault upon Kenesaw mountain. The divisions in the various assaulting columns were all splendid fighters, and all went forward with the steadiness and courage that characterize the disciplined soldier. Newton's division, of the Fourth corps, perhaps made the most desperate and persevering effort to scale the enemy's works

of all the lines of assault. But all to no purpose. The rebel works were practically impregnable, and just now were veritable volcanoes at the various points assaulted, vomiting forth fire and smoke and raining leaden hail in the face of the Union boys. Hundreds of pieces of artillery roared around the lines until the mountain and plain shook with the dreadful detonations. But Johnston held his rocky fortress securely.

Although the Union arms had failed to carry the position of the enemy, the Confederates were forced to give the assaulting column the credit of exhibiting the most intrepid courage. General Johnston himself says in his history: "*At several points the characteristic fortitude of the Northwestern soldiers held them under a close and destructive fire long after reasonable hope of success was gone.*" General Sherman says "About a mile to the right, just below the Dallas road Thomas's assaulting column reached the parapet, where Brigadier-General Daniel McCook, my old law partner, was desperately wounded, from the effects of which he afterward died." All did nobly, but the Fourth corps excelled. In proof of this the loss of the Fourth corps in killed during the month of June was nearly double that of the Fourteenth corps, although the latter greatly exceeded it in numbers. This is not said for the purpose of detracting from any, for all showed heroic courage and fortitude.

"The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were bravest of all."

This battle is said to have presented a grand and "imposing panorama" to those on Kenesaw mountain, who could see all the movements until the contestants were enveloped in the battle's smoke. General French, the Confederate commander on the mountain, gives a lengthy description of it, from which the following is quoted: "We sat there, perhaps, an hour, enjoying a bird's eye view of one of the most magnificent sights ever allotted to men—to look down upon an hundred and fifty thousand men arrayed in the strife of battle, on the plain below. As the infantry closed in the blue smoke of the musket marked out our line for

les, while over it, rose in cumuli-like clouds the white smoke of the artillery. Through the rifts of smoke, or, as it was wafted aside by the wind, we could see the assault made on Cheatham, and there the struggle was hard, and there it lasted longest. So many guns were trained on those by our side, and so incessant was the roar of cannon and the sharp explosion of shells, that naught else could be heard. * * The battle in its entirety, became a pageantry on a grand scale, and barren of results, because the attacking columns were too small in numbers, considering the character of the troops they knew they would encounter."

The army of the Tennessee fared no better, so far as success was concerned, than the Army of the Cumberland, and at noon the battle was over. The Eighty-sixth returned at once to its position in the trenches. There was a lull after the storm, and there was comparatively light skirmishing around the lines during the afternoon and evening. On the next day, the 28th, the boys of the Eighty-sixth and the Confederates formed a "Board of Trade" on a small scale for the purpose of disposing of surplus coffee on the one hand and tobacco upon the other. An offer to "dicker" coffee for tobacco always caught the "Johnnies" and put them in good humor, if there were no officers around. On the other hand tobacco was in brisk demand in the Union ranks. When there was an official about they would signal not to come, but soon as he was gone, traffic would be resumed. They seemed to be in excellent humor over their great success in repelling the assault the previous day. They were quite willing to talk of the campaign, expressing themselves freely in regard to the probable success of it on the Union part, and allowed they had enough for another killing yet in ranks."

At one of these meetings an interesting discussion arose between Wat Baker, of Company H, and a Confederate. snugly ensconced behind two logs hid from view of the rebel line, the discussion began. Baker was an oddity, over six feet in height, of a nervous disposition, jerky in manner and emphatic in speech. The discussion, as related by Baker afterwards, ranged over the whole subject of contention

between the North and the South—slavery pro and con was argued, secession and coercion, and the probable success of the Northern armies finally. For nearly two hours these men chatted and argued every phase of the contest which suggested itself to their minds. Baker, on his return to the line, shook his head in a most comical manner and declared he had almost converted one “Reb” into a “Yank;” that he had convinced him of the utter folly of further fighting on the part of the South. He admitted all was hopeless and declared he intended to abandon the army and the cause upon the first opportunity to desert. Baker, with the fervency of speech of a Methodist revivalist, urged that “now was the accepted time.” To this the “Johnnie” demurred, and pointed out that it would be impossible for him to escape on this occasion. Such an attempt would only result in his certain destruction on account of the nearness of their skirmish line, which was instructed to shoot down anyone attempting to escape to the Union lines. He must therefore wait, and he would reach the desired end sooner or later. He no doubt fulfilled his promise as they came over by tens and fifties when opportunity favored.

From this time until the 3d of July the men did little but skirmish duty, get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and stand to arms in the the trenches until daylight. On the morning of June 30 at 2 o'clock, the Eighty-sixth was aroused and ordered into the trenches on account of heavy firing on the right. But as everything soon became quiet, were permitted to lie down, but only to be called up again at 3 o'clock to stand to arms until daylight. These last days of June were excessively hot. The roads were rapidly drying up and the passage of troops and wagon trains could be calculated with much more certainty. This excessively hot weather would certainly have almost prostrated the Union army if it had not been for the delightfully cool nights which gave one some hours of the sweetest and most refreshing sleep that ever fell to the lot of man to enjoy. But like everything else in this world it had its drawbacks—there was scarcely enough of it. The short nights did not fully com-

pensate for the long and fiery ordeal of the day. Still the health of the Union army was fairly good. The weak had been weeded out by former years of service so that there were few in the ranks at this time that were not thoroughly seasoned to army life. General Sherman now had as fine a veteran army as ever trod the North American continent.

In the evening of the 1st of July, the Eighty-sixth received orders to move, but the order was countermanded. General Sherman was not quite ready and the enemy forestalled his intended strategic move by evacuation before he could be ready. It is now known that he intended to swing free from his base and move against General Johnston's communications. But the Southern Fabius was not to be caught napping. He saw surely enough his great danger, hemmed in as he was with a deep and rapid river at his back, and knew well the matchless skill of his opponent, and the courage and discipline of his grand army. Sherman was daily expecting the evacuation, and worked away to be ready, if possible, to catch the enemy in the move. But Johnston's preparations were completed first. On the morning of the 2d of July, the troops were instructed to get into the trench, and when the skirmish line began firing to shout with all their power of voice as though they were starting on a charge, to assault his works. The Eighty-sixth did its best in the shouting business. But the men did not see Kenesaw mountain crumble or the head-logs of their breastworks roll down. Kenesaw was not Jericho, nor was Sherman a Joshua. The walls of Kenesaw were not cast down by the blowing of trumpets or ram's horns.

Just after dark on the 2d, the Eighty-sixth received orders to strike tents. Down came the tents, but quietly. Everything was soon in readiness to move and the Eighty-sixth filed out, marching for its new position. This was a general movement and change of position of nearly the whole army, and if the enemy should become cognizant of it and make a direct attack while the change was in progress the Union forces would be taken at a great disadvantage. Therefore, everything had to be done with the extremest caution.

The march was made at a snail's pace, and in profound silence. The Eighty-sixth reached its new position about midnight, and as the men were up again at daybreak they did not secure much sleep or rest. The morning meal of hard tack, pickled pork and coffee, was soon served. Again had the Confederate Fabius been forced to evacuate, and this time a very strong position held by an increased force nearer his base. Kenesaw mountain was, indeed, a veritable Gibraltar, but it was now in Sherman's possession, and "the boys in blue" and "the soul of John Brown" went marching on. Every man in the Union ranks was greatly elated. To be forced to leave such a position and such intrenchments must have told every Southern soldier how weak and utterly hopeless was the slave-drivers' cause when pitted against the free and powerful North. They must "have read His righteous sentence" in this evidence of their weakness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KENESAW TO PEACH TREE CREEK.

The Fourth of July—How it Was Celebrated—Smyrna Camp Ground—McRae's Station—McRae's Mill—Chattahoochee River—Pace's Ferry—Powers' Ferry—Across the Chattahoochee—Down the River—Over to Buck Head—The Battle of Peach Tree Creek.

The Eighty-sixth, with its brigade and division, moved out after the enemy about 8 o'clock, July 3. Passing to the right it passed its old camp and works and crossed over to the enemy's entrenchments. They were exceedingly strong and could be held easily by determined men against vastly superior numbers. The timber between the enemy's line of works and the Union line was literally cut to pieces by the shot, shell, grape, canister and musket balls, attesting the desperate character of the contest that had been waged here. On the Third brigade line, where a truce had been entered

thing was in prime order for a forward movement, and the men generally were eager to press on. At 2:15 p. m. the regiment and brigade filed out for a forward move, but the march was a short one. In an advance of less than two miles the command ran plump up against the enemy behind a strong line of intrenchments near Smyrna Camp Ground. As the enemy's position was approached the skirmishers of both sides seemed determined to bring on an engagement by the most rapid and continued firing, and there was some hot fighting on various parts of the line, but no general engagement resulted, nor was any direct assault made except on the extreme right where Dodge's corps carried some rifle-pits of the enemy. Wood's division, and especially Beatty's brigade, drew up close to the fortified position of the enemy. However, the alignment was completed and a good strong line of intrenchments constructed. It now seems probable that had all parts of the army been equally prompt in closing in on the enemy and getting in to a good position for an attack, the enemy might have been assaulted successfully at this point; and certainly to have broken his lines here and caused a panic would have ruined Johnston's entire army and rendered it wholly incapable of making a stand at Atlanta. But as it was the command waited, drew a ration of whisky and continued the celebration of the Fourth of July. The spirits enlivened camp somewhat, if tipsy men can be said ever to enliven anything. Songs were sung and a hilarious good time experienced by those who indulged in the flowing bowl. One commissioned officer of Company H, heated by the commissary spirits, grew eloquent and courageous, mounted a stump and proceeded to deliver a patriotic and fiery oration, regardless of the enemy's spiteful humor and the sharp fire he maintained. This gallant and patriotic speech was cheered by the boys to the echo, which drew from the enemy a perfect storm of musketry as though he thought a charge was on and a death-struggle at hand, and so the glorious Fourth of July, 1864, passed for the Eighty-sixth.

All had sobered up by the morning of the 5th—those

who had immoderately indulged—and many no doubt felt the depression very keenly which follows such excesses. But there was work to be done, and action was a better stimulant than any intoxicant. The enemy had again evacuated, and soon orders came to forward and to push the enemy at all points with all possible vigor.

The Eighty-sixth was on the move by 7 o'clock a. m. and was soon close upon the heels of the enemy's rear-guard. Johnston's army was now more closely hemmed in. His works here, as everywhere on the campaign, were of the most formidable kind. The privates of the Confederate army were becoming more disheartened day by day, and the fall of their late Gibraltar was to them a severe blow. The brigade skirmishers pushed ahead with great courage and energy and brought in many prisoners. Some of these certainly were not averse to being captured, but there were others that fought valiantly. The Third brigade had the advance of the division and corps, and the Eighty-sixth had the advance of the column, the Fifty-ninth being on the skirmish line. The Eighty-sixth kept well up to the skirmishers to support in case it should be necessary. The advance was necessarily slow with constant fighting, but the men were busy the whole day through. The command followed the road on the left of the railroad and soon passed Smyrna Station.

After passing Smyrna a short distance the road bore off nearly due east toward the river. The Fifty-ninth gallantly pressed on after the enemy, the fighting increasing gradually in intensity. The Eighty-sixth still kept closed upon the Fifty-ninth. After passing McIvor's and winding around the base of McRae's Hill to the east, the fighting grew still more furious. On by Vining's Station and the wagon road, turning sharply toward the east and the river, revealed the situation of the enemy in front. The Chatahooche river was being approached. The troops in front were effecting a crossing and this accounted for the enemy's determined resistance. His rear-guard had been reinforced and the Fifty-ninth was given a red-hot reception. The

road on which the command was advancing was a direct one to Atlanta, and crossed the Chattahoochee river at Pace's Ferry where Johnston's extreme right crossed.

On the narrow neck of land between McRae's Hill and Vining's Station on one side, and the river on the other, the enemy made a determined stand, but General Wood's orders were to advance and give him battle. The advance was slow, as the enemy was in a desperate straight and fought like demons. However, step by step, the river and ferry were approached. The time had come for still more decisive action. The lines were formed and a dash was made with a hurrah and every point was carried. The enemy broke and fled precipitately across the pontoon bridge, which he had at the ferry, but not all succeeded in crossing, and quite a number were captured on the bank of the river. The pursuit was so hot that the enemy was not permitted to take up his pontoons. To save himself he cut its mooring on the west bank of the river, when it swung down stream, where it remained a bone of contention for the skirmish line. The enemy held the east bank at the river, and a withering fire was kept up the rest of the day across the river in the neighborhood of the pontoon boats. Having hustled the enemy across the river in front, the command was comparatively at ease. General Thomas and other Generals came by, viewing the situation and learning the location of the lines.

This was another triumph for General Sherman and his army. The campaign had not been a walk-over, but triumph had followed triumph for the Union soldiers from first to last at every point. They were consequently very jubilant and the enemy correspondingly discouraged. Cheers, good hearty cheers, would go ringing, time after time, around the Union long battle line that summer afternoon, to inform the enemy how happy the boys were over their long and successful campaign. In two months of hard marching, skillful maneuvering, and constant skirmishing and fighting, Sherman had beaten him back a hundred miles over mountain and plain, through valleys and over rivers—across a stretch of country the most defensible at every turn. "Old glory"

floated to the breeze all along the long battle-line here in the heart of Georgia, and it had come to stay, backed as it was by as determined a host of free men as ever espoused a cause or upheld a banner.

The Eighty-sixth, with the rest of Wood's division, slept undisturbed the night of the 5th, for the booming of cannon broke not the slumbers of the men. The Chattahoochee river lay between them and the foe, and they felt perfectly secure. The firing at the ferry was maintained during the night and flashed up at daylight the next morning into quite a rattle of musketry, and at times the batteries made hill and dale quake with the mighty roar of their guns as they joined the fusilade of the infantry. Orders were given to the Eighty-sixth to remain at the bivouac, as it was thought probable that the command would move sometime during the day. There was no duty to perform, and therefore the men wrote letters home and lounged about and discussed the situation. On the right, in front of Baird's division of the Fourteenth army corps, and, in fact, in front of the rest of the army, the enemy had a line of exceedingly strong fortifications on the west or north bank of the river, and had only fallen back into these works and not across the river as they had been forced to do in Wood's immediate front.

In the evening of the 6th a heavy detail was made from the Eighty-sixth for skirmish duty along the bank of the river and at the ferry. The detail was under the command of Captain James R. Carnahan, of Company I, and relieved the reserve station promptly at sundown according to orders, and the out-standing skirmishers at dark. The men had been on the line but a short time until a conversation arose between the lines on opposite sides of the river. This conversation was maintained for some time and took quite a wide range of subjects for discussion. All firing soon stopped in the vicinity of the ferry, as everyone wanted to hear what was said on both sides. The conversation was principally carried on by Orderly Sergeant J. M. Cast, of Company H, on one side, and by Captain Walker, Ninth Mississippi, of Pat Cleburne's division, Hardee's corps, on the other,

although others on both sides took a part. Many questions were asked and answered on both sides in the best of humor. After quite a good deal of good humored bantering about the campaign and their enforced retreat, the question was asked: "How far are you going to retreat before you get to the last ditch?" The answer came back promptly: "We have the pontoons already on which to cross the Gulf," and more in that strain. Finally the political issues of the day in the Northern States were broached. The Captain seemed quite willing to talk, and to the question of his Presidential preferences, for Lincoln or McClellan, he gave a ready answer. He said McClellan was a good man, the friend of the South, and would suit the Southern people in general admirably. He intimated that peace could soon be established between the North and South if McClellan were elected President by the Northern States. This is not stated as a fact, but given as the expressed opinion of Captain Walker, of the Ninth Mississippi, at Pace's Ferry on the Chattahoochee river the night of the 6th of July, 1864. However, he was very politely informed by the Sergeant that his choice did not stand a ghost of a chance for election in the North, and that he would be doomed to disappointment if he were building any hopes on the election of McClellan to the presidency. He was informed that the North would stand nobly by Lincoln and Johnson. Gradually the conversation ended and comparative quiet reigned during the rest of the night.

Just after noon the whole regiment came out to the reserve station and a large detail was placed upon the line, extending it some distance to the right. The skirmishing was lively, and the enemy no doubt expected an attack. The Union artillery maintained a strong fire for quite awhile during the afternoon. The brigade struck tents and moved about one mile to the right, closing up and strengthening the battle-line in front of the enemy's intrenched line on the right bank of the river.

Immediately after dark a number of Union batteries opened fire on the enemy just across the river at Pace's

Ferry. It was one of the hottest and most terrific cannonadings heard during the entire campaign, and the Eighty-sixth was lying under it all, the firing being almost directly over the reserve station. The boom of the guns, the shriek of the shells, the roar of their explosions and the crashing of the falling timber on the farther side of the river rendered it terrible indeed. This perfect tornado of shot and shell rained upon the trembling enemy for a good long hour. It was no doubt intended by this fierce cannonade to create the the impression that a crossing at Pace's Ferry would be forced, or, at least, would be attempted, while perhaps a crossing would be prepared for at another point.

The Eighty-sixth was relieved from the skirmish line about 9 o'clock p. m., the 7th, and marched at once to its old place of bivouac. The following morning, the 8th, it joined the brigade some distance to the right and somewhat more advanced toward the enemy's intrenched position. In the afternoon the regiment worked hard, fortifying the regimental line, continuing the work until late in the evening, and completing the brigade's line of intrenchments, which were quite strong. On the morning of the 9th the regiment stood to arms at daylight, according to orders, to be in readiness in case the enemy should attempt to make a *sortie*. The enemy not appearing the regiment was soon permitted to break ranks. The men then breakfasted on the usual fare of hard tack, salt pork, and black coffee, and went about the duties of the day, and attending to personal matters. The Third brigade had no very special duty to perform, as there was no strong force of the enemy in its immediate front. Therefore, the men visited comrades in the various commands near the Eighty-sixth, washed and mended clothing, cleaned their guns and accouterments to be ready for anything whenever a call was made upon them. Although they did not consider themselves in front of the enemy, an occasional "stray" ball would bring down a man. Some of the Eighty-sixth boys while taking observations for themselves, some distance in front of the regiment's position, found a member of the Nineteenth Ohio, who had been brought down

by one of these strays, being quite severely wounded in the leg. He was carried to his regiment and left in the care of his comrades. Such incidents were of daily and almost hourly occurrence somewhere on the long battle-line.

In the afternoon of the 9th a number of comrades went back about one mile and climbed the hill known as McRae's Hill, and took a view of the surrounding country. The hill lies to the west of the railroad, which curves around its base, between it and the river. From the summit of this hill was had a splendid view of the country far and near. In the immediate front lay the Union forces behind their intrenchments, drawn well up to those of the enemy. "Men of the North and West" were there watching and waiting, ready at a moment's notice to pounce upon Johnston's army at the least favorable opportunity that gave them any hope of success. A step farther on was the red bank of the rebel breastworks, which could be seen drawn from the river just above Howell's Ferry, a mile up stream from the railroad bridge, across the country in front of the railroad crossing of the river to Turner's Ferry, some three miles distant from Bolton, at the railroad.

The salient of this line of works was a little east of the railroad and was probably a little over two miles distant. On the extreme left of Johnston's line, his works ran close up to Nickajack creek and nearly parallel with its east bank. The line was admirably chosen, splendidly fortified, and could easily be defended. It was a line hard to approach. This was a veritable bulwark in Sherman's pathway for an onward march. Just behind the position of the Confederate army wound the river in its course to the gulf. Full from the many heavy rains it ran turbulently between the hills and over its rocky bed. But the vision lingers not here on the turbulent water course, but darts its way onward to the objective point of the campaign, the Gate City of Georgia, the fair Atlanta. There the white houses and the glittering church spires gleaming in the sunlight could be plainly seen at a distance of eight miles. There were the heavy red embankments of earthen forts and their connecting intrench-

ments and fortifications, whose counter-scarps are protected from approach by abatis here and *chevaux-de-frise* there, gave warning that the great prize is not to be easily or lightly won. Brave Southerners will defend it as long as a single hope of success remains to them. This fair city is as the apple of their eye. It is the home of beauty and refinement, where the Southern sentiment is cherished as life itself, and the brave never fight so valorously as under the eye of beauty. Then the city's manufactories produce that which is as the life-blood and sustenance of the Confederacy. The vision wanders away eastward to the grayish blue cone of Stone mountain, which can be plainly seen some eighteen or twenty miles to the southeast. The eye falls back over wooded hills and farm openings of the country lying northeast and north of the city of Atlanta, and drained by the now historic Peach Tree creek, whose waters were yet to be dyed with the patriotic blood of thousands of the boys in blue. Bringing the line of vision back along near Buckhead and crossing the river at Pace's Ferry, that locality is scanned. Thence northward, the vision wanders on the east bank of the river and down again to the ferry; thence northward on the west bank of the river, the hills and valleys of Rottenwood creek, on over Soap creek, by Powers' Ferry and on toward Phillips' Ferry and Roswell. It was a clear bright day and it was a splendid landscape, a glorious panorama of nature's varied works, of rivulet, river, mountain and plain.

When McRae's Hill came into the possession of the Union forces, there on its side near its top was found the body of a man suspended by a rope from the limb of a tree. He had evidently been dead some days. No one seemed to know anything about him. Whether a suspected Union man who suffered the vengeance of his neighbors, a spy of our army executed, or some hot-headed fire-eater driven to desperation on account of Sherman's continued success and approach to his home, and who took this plan of "shuffling off the mortal coil," none could learn. At any rate the rebels had not concerned themselves enough about him to cut him down and bury him, and the Union forces had not treated

him any better, for now four days after the capture of the hill, he was left dangling in the air. From papers found on his person it was learned that his name was D. B. Duncan. Whether he ever received burial or not, cannot be said. He was left as he was found, hanging by the neck on McRae's Hill.

In the evening of the 9th, Union batteries again opened on the enemy's position and for sometime maintained a strong artillery fire. This was done, no doubt, with the intention of feeling the enemy. Cox says: "From this hill near Vining's Station, Sherman was able to see, on the 9th 'a good deal of flutter in the enemy's camps,' and movement of troops to the eastward, which might mean either a concentration to attack the force already over the river, or preparations for taking a new position." General Schofield had crossed Cox's division on the 8th at the mouth of Soap creek, at Phillips' Ferry, and Johnston at once saw that his position at Bolton was no longer of importance.

On the morning of the 10th word came early that the enemy "had folded his tents and quietly stole away," and again the boisterous cheers of the rugged Northmen went ringing round the long intrenched lines for the success that had so signally crowned their efforts directed by the matchless Sherman. Another stage of the campaign was completed and the army was yet in almost perfect shape and condition. The regiment was inspected by companies, received orders to march, and filed out from its camp about 9 o'clock a. m. It marched to the north, back over McRae's Hill and on. The day was exceedingly hot and oppressive and the progress of the column was slow. About 3 o'clock p. m. it began to rain and came down in torrents. The road soon became slippery and the marching slavish. The men were thoroughly soaked, but they continued to press on until about 6 o'clock, and bivouacked not far from the Chattahoochee river.

Wood's division lay here at this bivouac ground during the 11th and until about noon of the 12th, when it marched out down the river for some distance and crossed on a pon-

toon bridge at Powers' Ferry. The division proceeded about one mile farther, bearing off to the right, and bivouacked. It had covered five miles from the previous night's bivouac.

On the morning of the 13th the Eighty-sixth drew three days' rations of hard tack, sugar, coffee, pickled pork, and a ration of that abomination known as "mixed vegetables." A little corn meal was issued for a change. About 8 o'clock a. m. orders were received to be ready to move. At 9 o'clock the command started and marched to the right front of its former position about one mile, and here halted and got dinner. After dinner the regiment was ordered to lay off camp in regular order, which was soon done and the pup tents put up. After this was completed the camp was fortified by building a line of intrenchments along the color-line of the regiment, connecting with those to the left. The works were made good and strong along the brow of the hill on which the brigade's alignment was made. On the 14th a heavy detail was made from the Eighty-sixth for picket or skirmish line. There was no enemy to be seen in front, but as there was more or less firing on other parts of the line it seemed probable that he was near. The men did not, however, relax their vigilant watch.

By the 15th enough timber had been cut down in front to enable the men to get a glimpse of Atlanta. Rumors innumerable went the rounds of camp. The "grapevine telegraph" brought much news of the movements and intended movements of troops of the various armies. One of these in circulation this day was that a strong reconnoissance was to be made soon, probably the next day, and that the Eighty-sixth would be in it. These rumors often had some foundation in fact, but were frequently distorted and greatly changed from the actual moves intended. There was much discussion among the rank and file as to Sherman's probable course in the advance upon the city. The Eighty-sixth, or the members of it with many others of the grand army, constituted for a day or two, a kind of Congress or House of Commons, to discuss campaign topics, as they were suggested hour by hour by the "grapevine telegraph." The news from other

portions of the army was quite limited, and the rumors served to occupy the thoughts in lieu of the genuine article of news.

Here in the neighborhood of this camp there were not many farm openings, consequently there was not much foraging. Pickled pork had been substituted early in the campaign for the old rusty bacon on account of it being so much more easily kept. The hot sun of June, July, and August, in this climate, would have almost melted the bacon into a greasy spot and left the men without meat. Notwithstanding the extreme scarcity of forage, occasionally a raid would be made and something secured. Apples were the most plentiful, and they were by no means abundant, in fact, they were about the only accessible foragable article that could be secured at this camp. A few of these were brought to the camp of the Eighty-sixth by a few hardy, resolute foragers.

At this camp on the hill, on the afternoon of the 16th of July, every heart in the Eighty-sixth was made glad and greatly to rejoice by the return of Colonel George F. Dick, who had been absent since receiving his wound on the memorable night of the 27th of May at the battle-field of Pickett's Mills. He was looking quite well. His wound was healed, but it was still very tender and caused him much pain for some time after this when on horseback. However, ever after his return he was always at the head of the regiment throughout the remainder of the campaign and the regiment's service. In the evening of the 16th the Eighty-sixth received orders to be ready to march at 4 o'clock the following morning.

On the morning of the 17th the bugles sounding reveille awoke the echoes at 3 o'clock. Some one has said that at reveille the bugle said:

Oh, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning.

No doubt the weary soldiers often felt like not getting up after an arduous day's duty performed with but a few brief hours of rest and sleep, but in the Eighty-sixth there

were few laggards that morning. The regiment was speedily formed, and faced to the right and marched down the hill toward the river. The brigade was all soon in column and proceeded down the river. It was at first supposed by the rank and file that a reconnoissance was being made, but it proved to be something more. It soon became known that Wood's division was to force its way down along the banks of the Chattahoochee river and drive back any force of the enemy it might find from Pace's Ferry, and hold its ground until a pontoon bridge could be laid and troops crossed at that point. After proceeding some distance the division was ordered to halt and "load without noise—without the rattle of ram-rods." This was a warning to keep quiet on account of the proximity of the enemy. Continuing the march very quietly, the Third brigade in advance, the vicinity of the ferry was soon reached. Here everything was made ready as quietly as possible. The lines were formed, and then a dash out from the ferry was made for the enemy who were guarding the crossing. For a few minutes the sharp rattle of musketry might have betokened a battle, but the enemy soon hied himself away to greener fields and pastures new. He got away with his old time agility, when taken at a disadvantage. It is not meant to insinuate that the Southern soldiers are cowards; far from it; never did braver men look foemen in the face, but when they did go they went with the fleetness of deers. This surprise was complete. The bluff back from the river a short distance on which the enemy was, had concealed Wood's division entirely from him, while Palmer's men on the opposite side of the river were in plain view and could illy conceal their exultation at the manner it had been conducted, and how the wary veterans of Johnston's army had been caught napping. General Wood congratulated the Third brigade on its splendid success, and praised it highly for the handsome manner in which it had performed its difficult task. After the enemy was driven back some distance, he returned to the attack with renewed vigor as though he had been strongly reinforced, and doubtless had been. But Wood's skirmishers maintained their position. The front line

of battle built a strong line of intrenchments as a bridge-head, and therefore was ready for an attack if the enemy chose to make one.

The pontoniers were at work as soon as they saw Wood's division would probably hold its ground and the enemy was well out of the way. In one hour and eight minutes after the work was begun, the bridge began to swing to and fro, swayed by the cadenced tread of armed men marching in column. It was the head of the column of General Jeff. C. Davis' division of the Fourteenth corps. This bridge building was quick work. Johnson's division, of the Fourteenth corps, followed Davis'. Wood's division was relieved about 4 o'clock, when it marched leisurely back to its old camping ground up the river, to take its proper place upon the line in the advance to be made.

All the heads of columns of Sherman's grand army had now accomplished the difficult task of crossing the river in the face of the enemy and was once again ready to give Johnston battle on his own ground. The former maneuvering, skirmishing, and battles, as fine as the one had been, and as fierce and desperate as the others were in character, they were in a sense preliminary and introductory to the struggles and maneuvering to take place south of the Chat-tahoochee and around the city of Atlanta for its possession. Every foot of ground was to be stubbornly contested from the time the skirmish lines became engaged after the Union forces crossed the river until the capture of Jonesboro, south of the city. Around Atlanta, indeed many notable contests took place where the dauntless courage of the Southern soldiers shed new luster upon the red-cross banner, but the iron-hearted men of the North and West ever met them with unflinching firmness and courage, and day by day gained ground and fought them foot by foot into their impregnable fortifications. True, sometimes advantages rested first here, and then there, but the successes of the hardy, unshrinking Northmen greatly predominated over those of their chivalric antagonists, both in number and decisiveness. When Wood's

division returned to its old camp on the evening of the 17th, the men knew their stay there would be short.

On the morning of the 18th of July the regimental bugle of the Eighty-sixth sang its "waking notes" with those of the rest of the brigade at 3 o'clock a. m., and the men turned out promptly. The Eighty-sixth struck tents and packed everything ready for the onward march. At 9 o'clock it was ordered into line and stacked arms. At 10 o'clock the command moved out on the road for Atlanta that leads through Buckhead. The column's progress was slow. No doubt the utmost caution was necessary. The skirmishing was sufficient to show that the enemy was alert and watching every move. About 11 o'clock the command halted for dinner. The march was continued in the afternoon in the same deliberate manner, and the enemy still showed himself occasionally, firing and then retreating. The command bivouacked about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon near Buckhead, a cross road, some four or five miles south of east of Pace's Ferry, due north of the city of Atlanta, and distant from the city limits about five miles. Here the front line threw up a strong line of intrenchments. The command slept soundly, feeling secure and confident in its ability to hold its part of the line against any force. On the following morning, the 19th, the bugles of the Third brigade broke the stillness at 3:30 a. m. In a few minutes the camp of the Eighty-sixth was in motion, preparing the morning meal and shaping up things for a busy day. The brigade moved out about 5:30 and advanced to the skirmish line, probably a half mile or a little more in front of its camping place. Here the Fifty-ninth Ohio was deployed upon the line as skirmishers and the Eighty-sixth was to act as its support. As soon as the lines were properly formed the order to press forward was given and every man stepped promptly onward. The enemy was in plain view, but with a few shots he withdrew gradually falling back as the Fifty-ninth advanced. The Eighty-sixth kept well up in good supporting distance of the Fifty-ninth. The enemy retired for about one mile, with but little show of resistance. Coming to an opening along a small

creek he showed a disposition of making a stand. Division commanders had been warned to be ready to give battle any moment; for it was now known that the Confederate army had changed commanders, that the able and careful Johnston had been relieved, and the fiery Hood given the command with the hope that his desperate fighting qualities might turn the tide against the matchless Sherman and his unrivaled army. General Sherman had warned his subordinates of what they might expect, and that they must be on the alert and be ever ready to meet and beat the impetuous Hood. Therefore, in the approach of this stream, Peach Tree creek, the utmost caution was used. On the farther bank of the stream the enemy had taken a strong position and was well fortified at the point where the road crossed the creek. At this point the stream was rather difficult to cross, which added strength to the enemy's position. As soon as it was apparent that the enemy was in some force and intended making a stand and dispute the crossing, the Eighty-sixth's flankers on the right were swung round into line with the Fifth-ninth skirmishers, extending the line some distance down stream. As soon as this movement was completed the Union forces began to get ready for the struggle. But the enemy was well posted with two pieces of artillery which were well served, and he therefore showed a strong disposition to stand his ground and fight, at least unless a much greater force should come against him. His artillery maintained a brisk fire on the Fifty-ninth and Eighty-sixth, but nevertheless the men still kept creeping upon him and getting into positions to command his works and artillery. He showed a bold front, and all the indications were for a savage little fight.

When the flankers upon the right were swung into line with the skirmishers it brought them up to a rail fence in the edge of the woods, just north of an opening on the north bank of the creek, a like opening being on the opposite bank. As three members of the Eighty-sixth came up to this fence and began taking observations, a solitary Johnnie was in sight, a long legged fellow dressed in the Confederate gray

was walking from west to east across the opening on the south bank of the stream. He passed along as leisurely as though no enemy was within miles of him. One of the comrades remarked that he would quicken that "grayback's" step for him, and fired at him, but there was no visible effect. He continued on his way as if nothing had happened. Chafing the comrade about his poor marksmanship, John Wilson and J. A. Barnes hastily threw their Enfields to their shoulders and fired at the lone wanderer as he was still proceeding leisurely on his way. As they fired they requested their somewhat chagrined comrade to keep a watch. It was quite evident that he had not been hurt. But never did any one witness a greater change in the manner of one who was apparently so leisurely walking out for health or pleasure, as took place in this gentleman, dressed in Confederate gray. If ever a racer proved his breeding by performance this fellow certainly did. He vanished from sight in the twinkling of an eye. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight to his "house of refuge," the woods in his front. He had no need to turn from a straightforward course, for there was not a blue-coat in all Georgia that could have fired another shot at him before he was out of sight. But he had scarcely reached shelter, when a white puff of smoke was seen and a little later the crack of guns was heard. Wilson and Barnes were still standing side by side. The spiteful szip of balls was heard all round them, and one passed between their heads and shattered a small pine tree about six inches in diameter just behind them. They, too, took to cover and the fun began, and the boys felt confident that the Confederates got their share of the lead. The apparent courtesies of the day, at least, were about even on this part of the line.

About noon, or a little later, the flankers were relieved and joined the regiment at the road. Here Colonel Dick and the Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifty-ninth had maneuvered and watched, but as yet had not felt themselves justified in pushing the head of the column too far in advance and upon this fortified position. But they had been gradually

strengthening their position and gaining ground, inch by inch, until as the afternoon drew on, the enemy's artillery was almost silenced by the sharp shooting of the Fifty-ninth's skirmishers, and a few volunteers from the Eighty-sixth. Wat Baker, of the Eighty-sixth, was quite a hero on this day. Baker had been termed a little "shaky" in a close place by his comrades, but to-day no man in the regiment showed more steadiness of nerve, or more cool, determined courage. He voluntarily went forward to sharp-shoot on his own hook, and pressed forward right up to the bank of the creek, carried rails and built himself a barricade a little to the right of the road and ensconced himself therein. It is but due to say that the Fifty-ninth and Eighty-sixth were accessories to this act of Baker by keeping a close watch upon the enemy. Now, too, the fire of the Fifty-ninth began to increase so that a veritable hail-storm of lead swept the parapet of its works. About 4 o'clock it was understood other columns were about ready to cross and arrangements were made to force the crossing here. It was red-hot now for a time, but the skirmishers of the gallant Fifty-ninth held squarely to the work and kept the enemy closely confined within his intrenchments. About 5 o'clock the enemy once more manned his guns and opened fire. It was at short range and the shells burst in the faces of the men and the grape and canister-shot rattled around them like hail. But the preparation for an assault upon his works faltered not, and Colonel Dick was forming the regiment, that had been lying down, to make a dash right in the face of the guns for their capture, when heavens, what a racket! Was the enemy shooting fence rails, or what was the matter? The rebel artillerists were broken up and demoralized, and in the excitement and hurry had fired their rammer—a fatal mistake. The unearthly whiz and whirr attracted the attention of the Union lines, and when it was discovered what it was, a shout went up. No time was taken in getting into line. The Colonel shouted, "Forward, Eighty-sixth," and it went across that creek with a rush, and the whole kit of Confederate coats took to their heels, or, at least, all who were not too

badly frightened to run; for about sixty of them remained in their works, and were captured with their two pieces of artillery, among them being a Lieutenant Colonel, several Captains and First and Second Lieutenants. Wishing to do full justice to the gallant Fifty-ninth it must be said that it was always at the front, as its position demanded, and those on the skirmish line in the race, having the start, kept it. Both regiments acted in concert and were justly proud of their day's achievements. The prisoners gave a doleful story of their day's trials. They said actually that they had not dared to stick their heads above the works only at the extremest peril of their lives, and a number of dead bodies in their trenches verified this statement. This was the reason of their capture. A strong skirmish line with a good support pursued them for some distance, and the rest of the brigade took a strong position on the hill formerly occupied by the enemy and fortified it, facing in the other direction, and thus made the crossing of Peach Tree creek secure. Sometime after nightfall the regiment was relieved and returned to its bivouac ground of the previous night at Buckhead, where it arrived about 11 o'clock at night. It had been an arduous but a successful day's work.

CHAPTER XXV.

PEACH TREE CREEK TO LOVEJOY'S STATION.

Closing in On Atlanta—Clear Creek—A Hot Time—The Eighty-sixth in Front of the Gate City—The Battle of the 22d of July—Skirmishing and Making Demonstrations—The Battle of Ezra Church—The Great Move Around Atlanta—Destroying Railroads—Hood's Flight From Atlanta—His Stores Destroyed and Magazines Blown Up—The Battle of Jonesboro—The Battle of Lovejoy's Station—Sherman Withdraws to Atlanta—The Losses of the Campaign—Congratulations From President Lincoln.

Wood's division was again in motion by 5 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, moving to the left to connect with Stanley, who had also moved to the left to touch elbows with Schofield's command that had closed up McPherson's right flank of the Fifteenth corps. McPherson's command was swinging round from Decatur toward Atlanta for the final struggle. About 10 o'clock, having proceeded perhaps four miles with great caution, Wood's division was halted at some intrenchments which Stanley's division had left when moving to the left. It remained here quite a while, and the regiment took advantage of the time and prepared dinner, and was soon again ready for any duty. Shortly after dinner the march was again resumed, but the progress was extremely slow, for the roads were badly blockaded. The country was almost wholly covered with a heavy forest, and an attack might be expected at any time. About 5 o'clock p. m., the skirmishers of Stanley's division became hotly engaged with those of the enemy to such a degree as to strongly threaten a battle. A little later Wood's skirmishers were also engaged, and the skirmish battle was quite hot. Wood's skirmishers pressed forward in a most determined manner and drove those of the enemy some distance from where the battle began. The line of battle also pressed forward and con-

dently expected to meet the enemy in force, but did not. The alignment being completed the men were ordered to fortify as speedily as possible. The command remained here at this line for the night. There had been some heavy firing to the right during the afternoon, in fact, the great battle of Peach Tree Creek had been fought and won by the Union forces. Newton's division, of the Fourth corps, about a half mile south of where Wood forced the crossing of the creek, had been first attacked, and afterwards successively from left to right the divisions of the Twentieth corps. This battle took place about the same time that Schofield, with the Twenty-third corps, and Howard, with Stanley's and Wood's divisions, were pressing some distance farther to the left. The Eighty-sixth threw out skirmishers and rested quietly for the night, feeling sure that the morning would bring duties no less arduous than those of the preceding days.

The Eighty-sixth was undisturbed by the skirmishing, that was a daily and hourly business. On the morning of the 21st a detail was made from the Eighty-sixth for the skirmish line. The men were scarcely upon the line and the old relief gone when the order was given to "Forward." There was not a commissioned officer upon this part of the line. The skirmishers of the Third brigade, commanded by a Sergeant, did not hesitate, and when the order was given to advance, these veterans went briskly forward through woods, through thickets, over hills and across hollows. This command was now in the "breaks" of Clear creek. Crossing a small stream the line of skirmishers climbed the hill on the rebel side. All this advance had taken less time than it has taken to write it. But during the succeeding four hours the skirmish fire from both sides was extremely hot. As rapidly as the skirmishers could load they would fire. Of course they sought protection behind trees and logs, but the manner in which the enemy's skirmishers peeled the bark from the sheltering trees was a credit to their marksmanship. The distance between the Union lines and those of the enemy was perhaps one or two hundred yards, and anywhere in the neutral ground a man would be doomed to certain death.

One Eighty-sixth skirmisher heated his gun so hot by rapid firing that it actually melted the soldering of the lower sight and it came off the barrel. More than one gun was so hot that it would burn the hand very quickly if placed on the lower part of the barrel. Another relief came out about 9 o'clock a. m., but it was scarcely posted until the enemy skipped out, leaving the Union boys in possession of his evacuated works. This line was only an out-post and not a main line. The command was soon ordered into line and advanced in battle array, the Eighty-sixth being in the second line. The progress was slow. About 2 o'clock p. m. the men had a breathing spell and dined. Later in the afternoon, having closed up on the enemy, the Eighty-sixth was ordered to stack arms and carry rails for the front line to assist it building in haste a line of works, as an attack was expected, and as it was in an exposed position. A heavy line of the enemy's skirmishers was only distant about three hundred yards and was keeping up a sharp fire, and with considerable effect. The Eighty-sixth faced the music, but it was of a most unpleasant and unhealthy kind. Every man worked like a Trojan. Here fell Thomas McCartney, of Company D, shot dead by the enemy's skirmishers. There were several wounded whose names can not now be recalled. The work being finally completed, and the first line secure in its position, the Eighty-sixth withdrew to its bivouac, and suppered on hard tack, beans, pickled pork and coffee, and slept as though profound peace reigned over all. To put it briefly, with skirmishing, marching, and fatigue duty the men were almost "done up." Rest and sleep were absolute necessities.

General McPherson's Army of the Tennessee was swinging round from Decatur and advancing on Atlanta on the extreme left—from the east. Hooker and Palmer, on the right—the latter on the extreme right—had also advanced and the whole army was once more well up to the enemy's works. In case he retired, it would probably be to take a position within the forts in and around Atlanta and his connecting works, and these were presumably stronger than

any which yet had been confronted. Should the matchless Sherman fail to secure Atlanta, his former successes, now reckoned the greatest during this great war up to this time, would be counted as nothing, and his star now shining with such splendor would undoubtedly wane. But Sherman was not to fail. Aided by Thomas, Howard, Schofield, and others, and all these backed by the great and splendid army, he could not. It was not so cast. This great army of veteran soldiers, the equal of Caesar's legions or the Grecian phalanx, never ceased to hammer and bang, to batter, break and destroy Hood's army—an army of the purest Southern mettle—in open field, in camp, on the flank, in the center and under cover of the strongest intrenchments. It was to the rebel host an ever present, gigantic, sleepless, devastating monster, implacable as fate, crushing all before it, or going off in a rollicking, wild, tempestuous mood around the Confederate army, to smash its railroad connections and obliterate its communications. It swallowed with ravenous maw all subsistence within reach of its ten thousand tentacles, and trampled under foot and wallowed upon it with utter recklessness in the spirit of destruction that which it could not otherwise use. It struck here and there staggering blows, until Hood knew not what next to expect or which way to turn; and Jeff Davis, the Confederacy's demi-god, was himself dumbfounded and frightened into a state of nervous trepidation almost beyond belief, and, in fact, little short of actual collapse. It was plain to be seen by all that General Sherman and his Western boys were at the throat of the Confederacy and that its days were numbered.

The morning of the 22d of July found the members of the Eighty-sixth, but imperfectly rested from the previous day's labors. In fact, the labors for several days previous had been especially heavy and wearisome. The nights were short and the hours allotted for rest were insufficient to fully recover from the exhausting labors of the day. The enemy had again fallen back from his works of the previous evening. The command moved out about 7 a. m., advancing in a cautious manner. The Third brigade, of Wood's division,

proceeded about two miles in battle array through woods and fields, over hills and across hollows, stopping for nothing, the Eighty-sixth in the front line. At length, crossing a stream—Clear creek or one of its tributaries—the Eighty-sixth mounted a wooded hill or ridge and came into plain view of the enemy's main line of intrenchments for the defense of the city of Atlanta, distant about three-quarters of a mile, or a little less, with a strong line of skirmish pits less than a quarter of a mile away from the Eighty-sixth's regimental front. Colonel Dick speedily gave orders to perfect the regimental alignment. The Colonel's alignment of the regiment was not changed, and the men fortified their line as they were first placed upon the ridge. The whole regiment worked hard and it soon had a good strong line of intrenchments. The rebel skirmishers could, however, make it unpleasantly "hot" whenever they chose to do so, nor did they seem to be in a very amiable mood while the men were engaged in constructing their fortifications, but made the musket balls fairly whistle and sing. The main line of the enemy's intrenchments, which was in plain view, fairly swarmed with Confederates who seemed to be working very industriously to complete or strengthen their works. By 11:30 a. m. the men felt pretty securely intrenched, with the Twenty-third army corps in position and fortified on the left.

About noon firing was heard on the extreme left announcing the attack on Dodge's Sixteenth corps of McPherson's Army of the Tennessee. It grew in volume rapidly as troops farther to the right became engaged. It is not the intention to attempt a description of the great battle of Atlanta fought by the gallant Army of the Tennessee, contending almost unaided against the rebel hordes, nor how fell the gallant McPherson and how the heroic Logan took up the desperate chance of battle, and with the courage a Ney and the skill of a Napoleon, fought it out to a successful and magnificent finish. Nor will it be told how imperturbable and grand the great Sherman was when word was brought him that his loved Lieutenant, McPherson, had fallen. He was simply unapproachably grand in this supreme ordeal. Great in council,

he was still greater in the field and in action, and the greater the occasion and the more severe the trial the higher rose and clearer shone the bright sun of Sherman's great military genius. As was said of him by one of his ablest subordinates: "His mind seemed never so clear, his confidence never so strong, his spirit never so inspiring, and his temper never so amiable as in the crisis of some fierce struggle like that of the day when McPherson fell in front of Atlanta."

The Eighty-sixth, with the rest of the Army of the Cumberland, received orders to be ready to move. This meant that aid was to be sent to the Army of the Tennessee if necessary. General Sherman himself says: "I remained near the Howard House, receiving reports and sending orders, urging Generals Thomas and Schofield to take advantage of the absence from their front of so considerable a body as was evidently engaged on our left, and, if possible, to make a lodgment in Atlanta itself; but they reported that the lines to their front, at all accessible points, were strong, by nature and by art, and were fully manned." But the skirmish lines made strong demonstrations and threatened an attack, while the line of battle stood to arms, but it was not deemed prudent to make more than a strong demonstration. Still the movements evidently led the enemy to believe that an attack was contemplated, as he opened a hot fire all along the line. The roar of all his available artillery made the noise of battle scarcely less on this part of the line than that on the line of the Army of the Tennessee. The batteries replied giving him shot for shot. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed almost without ceasing—a red and furious scourge upon both armies—until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy, being thoroughly beaten, withdrew his shattered legions safely within his strong line of intrenchments. Hood had again been beaten and quite severely handled by a small portion of Sherman's great army when he had thought to crush it and beat it in detail, but he had been foiled and had lost heavily of the flower of his army, among whom was Major General William H. T. Walker, killed. In the evening the Eighty-sixth received orders to sleep close to its works and

to be ready to repel an attack. But Hood had had enough for one day and the men slept in comparative quiet that night. On the morning of the 23d the Eighty-sixth awoke considerably refreshed from a good all night sleep.

Sherman's grand army was now facing the immediate defenses of the city of Atlanta. Two great battles had been fought since crossing the Chattahoochee river and the enemy had been severely handled and badly beaten in both instances—he being the attacking party. But such desperate fighting had taught the whole Union army, from Sherman down to private, what they might expect of Hood whenever he had a hope of gaining ground by attacking in an unlooked for direction with a chance of surprising and crippling his enemy. However, Hood and his generals and privates had also learned of the stubborn fighting qualities of the men from the West—a lesson which they did not soon forget. On account of the general tension felt by both armies the Eighty-sixth with the rest of the Union forces were up on the morning of the 23d before daylight and breakfasted. Soon after sunrise the enemy's batteries opened on the position of the Eighty-sixth in a brisk manner. The shot and shell shrieked and roared in a way quite complimentary to the accuracy of the rebel gunners' aim, but the men were safely ensconced behind good strong breastworks. It was deemed prudent to strengthen the works and place some artillery on the regimental line. Accordingly during the forenoon of the 23d two pieces of the Sixth Ohio battery were placed in position on the line of the Eighty-sixth's intrenchments. They were brass pieces, Napoleon 12-pounders, and splendidly served. Again in the afternoon the enemy opened a hot fire on the Eighty-sixth. He chose to direct his fire upon it probably because it lay in plain view. He sent over shot and shell in abundance and made it quite unsafe to be out from under cover of the protection of the works. One solid shot struck the regiment's line of works and completely shattered it where it struck. A piece of timber knocked from the log struck James A. Shaw on the hip, wounding him severely so that he died in

about one week afterward. He was just in the act of filling his pipe to take a smoke, or reaching for some tobacco to fill it, when he was struck. The same shot struck a gun which was laid up against the head-log and knocked it against the head of Atkinson Hill, bending it almost at right angles upon itself against his head. He was quite severely hurt by being bruised, but his wound did not prove dangerous. The ball rolled to the foot of the hill back of the works and was picked up and brought back up to the trench. The fire was maintained some time, but this was about all the damage done to the Eighty-sixth that day. On the 24th the skirmishing and artillery firing were repeated at intervals throughout the day. Generals Sherman, Thomas, Howard, and others rode round the lines viewing and examining the situation of the army. On this day, too, the Fifty-ninth Ohio constructed a line of intrenchments and occupied it in front of the Eighty-sixth which somewhat relieved it from watching for the enemy, but in no sense screened it from his fire. On the 25th the Eighty-sixth received an order to extend its line of works on the left well up to the banks of a small stream—a tributary of Clear creek—which was a few rods to left of the regiment's first line. The enemy made it extremely hot for the fatigue party during the entire time it was at work. John Mann, of Company H, and Jacob Hawk, of Company B, were slightly wounded. On the 26th there was the usual skirmishing. On the 27th, the Army of the Tennessee was in motion from the left to take position on the extreme right under command of General O. O. Howard, the Fourth corps' former commander. Upon discovering this movement the enemy opened a hot artillery fire all along the line, which was well maintained for some time with short intervals. The Sixth Ohio battery, two guns of which were on the line of the Eighty-sixth, showed some fine practice, making some splendid shots at the enemy's works in reply. As the evening advanced, however, the fire slackened.

On the morning of the 28th of July the Eighty-sixth was up betimes. The morning was pleasant and not so excessively hot as it had been for some days previous. The move-

ment of the Army of the Tennessee was continued on the right. This caused some irritation and the rebel skirmishers were in bad humor. In turn the blue coats replied manfully. In the afternoon the rebel artillery opened a strong fire. Bridges' Illinois battery and the Sixth Ohio battery replied with interest. Later in the day it was learned the cause of the enemy's irritable mood. Hood had ordered an attack on the Army of the Tennessee, which was going into position on the right. One that day the skirmishers were ordered to advance. Dashing forward in a most impetuous manner they captured the enemy's line of pits, taking quite a number of prisoners before they could get out of their pits. Others took time by the forelock and started a little sooner and escaped. These the brave blue coats pursued right up to the enemy's main line of intrenchments, when a line of battle was seen to come over the works and advance. The Union skirmishers fell back in orderly manner, showing great coolness and steadiness of nerve in the face of overpowering numbers. Falling back some distance the skirmish line took up a good position which was intrenched and maintained as long as the command remained here.

Howard's battle on the right was known as the battle of Ezra Church. The brunt of the battle fell upon Logan's Fifteenth corps, but the enemy was easily defeated. Great loss was inflicted upon the assaulting forces. It is probable that the attack of the Union skirmishers was timed to act as a diversion in favor of the right. It certainly had the effect to create the suspicion in Hood's mind that his right would in turn be attacked by the Army of the Cumberland, as late in the afternoon he ordered Hardee to leave his corps on the right and take command of the attacking forces, while he, Hood, would remain where he could watch the right which was threatened by Thomas with his army.

On the 29th, 30th and 31st there was the usual cannonading and skirmishing throughout the days and nights, but nothing decisive occurred. On the 1st of August the Eighty-sixth, with several other regiments of the brigade, received orders to be ready to march at 6:30 a. m. They reported at

division headquarters at 7 o'clock and received instructions. They were to march to left rear of the divisions and corps some distance and build a line of intrenchments, the extreme left to be sharply refused, while the right of the newly constructed line was to connect with the left of the Third division line of intrenchments. This was done preparatory to moving Schofield's Twenty-third corps to the right in the endeavors of General Sherman to out-flank Hood and reach the Montgomery and Atlanta railroad. Schofield's command moved on the night of the 1st, leaving the Fourth corps on the extreme left of the army, Wood's division being the extreme left of the infantry line of Sherman's grand army in front of Atlanta. This position it held until the final move around Atlanta was undertaken. The new line of intrenchments was occupied by cavalry and mounted infantry. On the 2d, during the forenoon, there was the usual skirmishing with some artillery firing. Sherman, however, was pushing the right vigorously forward toward the railroad. In the afternoon the Eighty-sixth, with the rest of the brigade, were ordered into the ditch with gun and cartridge-box. This command was promptly executed, and in a very few minutes the skirmish line was ordered forward. The blue-coats went across the open field in their front very leisurely and in splendid style until within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy's line of rifle-pits, when they received the enemy's full fire. Previous to this there had been a few scattering shots fired, but now the whole line of the enemy's skirmishers gave them a fiery blast. Then the advancing line gave the yell and literally ran over the enemy, taking the pits by storm and capturing thirty or forty prisoners, the others saving themselves by starting early. The gallant manner in which the line advanced and took possession of the enemy's pits is worthy of all commendation and praise. Company I, of the Eighty-sixth, had one man wounded. The line was held twenty or thirty minutes, when a line of battle was seen to come over the enemy's works and advance. The skirmishers fell back in good order and took up their position in the fortified line on the hill. No further attack was made.

From this time on while in front of the city it was one round of skirmishing and "demonstrating" against the enemy with fierce artillery duels thrown in for noise. No pen or pencil can describe or paint the scenes of those days to one who was not an eye witness of them in a manner to be comprehended. The trials undergone and the dangers escaped by all who passed through the fearful days BEFORE ATLANTA can never be told in words.

On the 5th of August the Eighty-sixth, led by Colonel G. F. Dick, made a demonstration. Filing out over the works the regiment advanced down the hill in front, passed that of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, and on toward the enemy. As it passed down the hill in front of Fifty-ninth the enemy literally shaved it with a storm of balls, yet the regiment marching in open order escaped with a few slightly wounded. One comrade had his clothing cut, another some of his accouterments, while a third had his chin whiskers unceremoniously clipped by a musket ball. Having crossed a small stream in front of the Fifty-ninth and ascending half way up the hill on the other side, the regiment was ordered to halt and lie down. Now, that the men were not in motion and comparatively secure from musketry fire, the batteries opened at a lively rate, dropping their shells uncomfortably near. After marching around for a time the regiment returned to camp.

On the 6th a heavy detail was made from the Eighty-sixth for the skirmish line, and from this time on until the close of the siege the boys had a full share of the fun.

On the 12th the Eighty-sixth was again ordered out to make a demonstration against the enemy. The orders were promptly obeyed and with the Colonel at its head the regiment marched over the hills. There were no laggards in ranks that afternoon. The ravine was not of itself a disagreeable place to lounge at ease. Through it ran a pleasant little brook, pellucid and bright, that babbled merrily on its way to the Chattahoochee. But even here the enemy's shells rendered it anything but a desirable position to hold. As soon as the Eighty-sixth had taken its position in the ravine the skirmishers were ordered to advance and had a

hot, malicious time with the Confederates, trotting them out of their pits at a lively rate and annoying them not a little. The regiment was out about thirty minutes, but that was quite long enough. On the 17th a demonstration was made by the Thirteenth Ohio, Seventeenth Kentucky and the Eighty-sixth Indiana. As long as there was a man of the three regiments in sight passing over the hill the enemy was busily engaged in popping away at him. The Thirteenth had one man severely wounded. They were out only for a short time, when all three regiments returned to their respective camps. In a short time, however, the Thirteenth and Seventeenth were out again going the rounds of the circuit and drawing a sharp fire from the enemy, which fell upon the camps as well as the troops in position.

On the 18th, in the forenoon, the Ninth Kentucky made a demonstration, and had two or three men wounded. About 12:30, the Seventh Kentucky made a demonstration against the enemy, returning to its camp in a short time. There were a few hours of comparative quiet—until about 3 o'clock p. m., when the Eighty-sixth was ordered out. The regiment marched out promptly led by Colonel Dick over the hill toward the enemy to the music of the guns of the rebel sharpshooters. In the ravine the regiment filed left and made a circuit of the hill out of sight of the enemy, and came up from the rear, and again marched out upon the breast of the hill, and then marched to left in plain view of the enemy to create the impression that our forces were massing upon the left. About 2 o'clock a. m. on the morning of the 19th, the regiment was called out and ordered to be ready at 3 o'clock. The Eighty-sixth was ready at the appointed time and moved out to the left. The command moved to the left rear some two or three miles and halted, waiting daylight. Taking a defensible position, the command breakfasted at sunrise. Shortly after a strong detachment was sent out on a reconnoissance. This force returned about 10 a. m., and reported that it found the enemy in force some distance in front and skirmished with him. A few were wounded and a Captain in the Ninetieth Ohio was killed. Soon after the

return of the reconnoitering force the command moved still farther to the left. Here the Eighty-sixth drew rations of hard tack, coffee and sugar and some sanitary rations of dried apples and onions. About 3 p. m. orders were received to return to camp, reaching there a little before sun-down, but to find the camp stripped. The troops from the other regiments had come in and carried off bunks, tent-poles and all movables, to their own camps for their own comfort. This excited the ire of the boys of the Eighty-sixth, but aside from an irruption of profanity, nothing was attempted to rectify the error. Immediately the skirmish line of the Third brigade made a spirited demonstration against the enemy, attacking the rebel skirmish line. No results of special advantage could be obtained by the line of blue-coats and they leisurely returned to their position in the pits. Again on the 20th the Eighty-sixth was called up at 2 a. m., and ordered to be ready to move in thirty minutes. Colonel Dick was at the head of the regiment in column in good time and marched to the position of the previous day. Remained here until 9:30 a. m., when it was ordered to return to its position in the trenches. On the 21st the Eighty-sixth repaired its loss of bunks and tent-poles. Many necessaries for camp-life had been carried away and it took a great deal of work to supply the camp with those things to make the men reasonably comfortable. On this day Captain W. S. Sims, of Company F, took leave of the officers and men of the regiment, having resigned on account of continued serious illness. The Captain was a brave, faithful and efficient officer, and he left with the kindly wishes and to the regret of the entire regiment.

It had been the rumor in camp for ten or twelve days that General Sherman contemplated placing one corps at the Chattahoochee river and with the rest of the army make a circuit of desolation around Atlanta, destroying Hood's railway connections, and thus force him to come out and fight for the possession of the city or evacuate it. Of this Sherman says: "On the 13th of August, I gave general orders for the Twentieth corps to draw back to the railroad bridge

at the Chattahoochee, to protect our trains, hospitals, spare artillery, and the railroad depot, while the rest of the army should move bodily to some point on the Macon railroad below East Point. Circumstances, however, prevented this movement being executed at once."

On the evening of the 25th of August, after a day of rumors and flying reports of all kinds throughout the camps and trenches, came the orders for the contemplated movement above referred to. The Eighty-sixth with the rest of the Fourth corps were ordered that as soon as it was dark, so as not to be seen by the enemy, to strike tents and get everything ready. The move was to commence at 8 o'clock p. m. The Eighty-sixth was ready, and Colonel Dick only awaited orders to set forward. But the regiment did not leave its breastworks and old camp until near the hour of midnight, when it moved slowly, silently, but steadily to the right rear, halting just before daylight and securing a little rest and sleep. The command was well in behind the Twentieth corps which still held its line of works, while Garrard's cavalry occupied the vacated works. At this place the men were ordered to fortify and began the work, when they received orders to continue the march. The day was excessively hot and many suffered greatly from the heat. In the afternoon a shower of rain fell, rendering the roads slippery and made marching very laborious. Many will long remember this day's march and its trials. Near sundown the command bivouacked well to the right of the former position of General Sherman's great army.

During the night of the 26th, the Twentieth corps drew out of its works and retired to an intrenched line at the Chattahoochee river. On the 27th the command marched a few miles in the forenoon, and intrenched its bivouac in the afternoon, an attack being apprehended. The enemy's batteries maintained a brisk fire for sometime, but did no serious damage. The position of the Eighty-sixth was on a high hill and it had a splendid view of the surrounding country, especially in front, which was mostly heavily wooded. The location of their skirmish line could be plainly

seen and farther away was a great cloud of dust evidently caused by a body of marching troops.

The command remained at this place of bivouac until near sundown on the evening of the 28th, when the bugles of the brigade sounded the "assembly," and the regiment soon marched out guarding the supply train. In consequence of this duty the progress was very slow and the marching tedious and irritating. The command guarding the train bivouacked about midnight after a most exasperating night march. The morning of the 29th was a busy one for the Eighty-sixth. The command was aroused early and breakfasted soon after sun-up. The brigade was soon on the move to rejoin the command and had rations issued while on the road, a brief halt being called for that purpose. Soon after resuming the march General Thomas' headquarters were reached, where baggage was left, and started out on quick time to reach the Montgomery and Atlanta railroad, two miles distant. Turning to the left the command marched about a mile toward East Point, there stacked arms, and proceeded to the destruction of the railroad. This was done by prying up the ends of the ties and then enough men would get hold of the ends of the ties and turn ties, iron rails and all over like a great prairie sod from a huge plow. After this the rails were knocked loose from the ties, the ties were piled and burned, the rails placed upon the burning ties and heated and bent or twisted, until unfit for use until worked over. In this manner the railroad was completely destroyed. The task was completed and the command started on its return to bivouac near headquarters about 1 o'clock. There the Eighty-sixth furnished a detail for picket. The command moved out on the 30th at 6 o'clock on the route of the previous day until the railroad was crossed, when it then turned to the left and marched in the direction of the Macon and Atlanta road. The line of march after crossing the railroad was nearly directly east. Generals Sherman and Thomas accompanied this column while on the march. The weather was extremely hot, which rendered marching difficult. There was some heavy cannonading on the right where Gen-

eral Howard, with the Army of the Tennessee, was advancing. Skirmishing in the immediate front was light, but still the command had to feel its way with extreme caution. Appearances were quite threatening at one time during the afternoon; the column was halted, and the men ordered to intrench, but soon received orders to "forward." It pressed on about one and a half miles and was halted again, where another line of intrenchments was begun, but quit work for supper before very much was done. After supper it moved forward about a half mile and bivouacked for the night.

On the morning of the 31st the command was up early and breakfasted before sun-up. The boys were now in a section of country where they could gobble roasting ears, and consequently were living high for campaigners. The artillery opened fire on a rebel train during the morning and made it pretty hot for it, apparently delivering a very accurate fire and causing the Confederates to move out at a lively rate. The early part of the day was quite cloudy, but warm and sultry, which did not conduce to comfort. The command moved out about 8 o'clock, but did not go far until an alignment was made, and the troops were ordered to intrench themselves. The work had not progressed far when they were again ordered forward. The advance was made steadily, bearing somewhat to the left. The corps soon passed through a line of rebel intrenchments, supposed to have been recently abandoned, and showing the enemy to be in some force in the immediate front. The line of march was nearly parallel with the Montgomery railroad. About noon the command halted for dinner, still near the railroad. Later it advanced about one mile, bearing to the right, and bivouacked for the night, the Eighty-sixth furnishing a heavy detail for the picket or skirmish line. There was some firing on the left in the evening, Schofield's corps having come up with the enemy. The First and Second divisions of the Fourth corps being upon the right, the Second connecting with the Third division and the First to the right of that. General Jeff C. Davis, with the Fourteenth army corps, was still to the right of these two divisions, but moved off early in the

day to connect with Howard's Army of the Tennessee. So the army became divided and extended very much in the face of the enemy, who might, if cognizant of the situation, repeat his tactics of July with a better chance of success than in his former attack, as the two corps would not constitute a force numerically as strong as the force before attacked.

On the morning of the 1st of September, Wood's division moved forward toward the Macon and Atlanta railroad, nearly due east, about 8 o'clock. It soon connected with Newton's Second division and pressed on steadily, but slowly. After a halt of a half hour at noon for dinner the march was continued, the Third brigade reaching the railroad about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Stacking arms, the men proceeded to wreck the railroad in an effective manner. After that was done the command lay here for some time awaiting orders. It then advanced, moving south along the railroad. Cannonading and heavy musketry could be heard in front and a little to the right of the railroad, the Fourteenth corps having attacked the enemy. As the battle-field was approached the pace was quickened. The command, Wood's division, was ordered to close up and were massed by "columns of divisions" well up to the line of battle on the left of the railroad, and there awaited further orders. The enemy at once opened with their batteries at quite a lively rate, although his fire was not very destructive. Just as the division arrived the Fourteenth army corps charged the enemy's works a little to the right of the railroad, and captured the salient angle of the enemy's line at that point. Estes' brigade of Baird's division carried the salient, with Carlin's division upon his left, and Morgan upon his right. These forces closing down upon the forces contending with Estes' troops captured General Govan and eight hundred and sixty-five men. This was the second assault made here by the Fourteenth corps. The enemy fell back, formed a new line, and held it securely until nightfall, Hardee showing good generalship and the splendid fighting qualities of his men. The columns of attack suffered severely. The enemy also suffered heavily in killed and wounded, besides

losing a great many prisoners. This was known as the Battle of Jonesboro'. Some time after the heavy fighting was over Wood's division was moved farther to the left and bivouacked about 10 o'clock p. m.

About 1 o'clock on the morning of September 2, the men were aroused from a deep and tired sleep to view the indications to the northward. There at a long distance could be seen the reflection of a great light against the sky as if a huge fire was present. It was in the direction of the city of Atlanta, but that was all that was known. It looked encouraging as it was known that all the enemy's lines of railroad communication were now in possession of Union troops. But tired, as the men were, they soon sought their lowly beds to rest and sleep that they might be ready for the morrow's duties. About 4 o'clock the men were again aroused. Now the light was even greater than before, and to the great light was added the sound of heavy cannonading or reports of the bursting of innumerable shells. Had Atlanta been attacked by the forces remaining behind, or was it being evacuated, was the question upon every tongue. "The city is on fire!" "The rebels have attacked the Twentieth corps at the river!" "The rebels are burning their immovable stores and evacuating the city!" and other similar remarks according to the ideas of the various speakers, could be heard here and there all over the bivouac. The latter was believed to be the state of affairs and the men felt glad at heart to think that they were about to be successful in getting possession of this, the enemy's stronghold. But the men were too tired to stay up long and watch even the burning of the rebel munitions of war, as they verily believed it to be, when it was not a matter of compulsion, and therefore all were soon again quietly sleeping. But all were turned out and breakfasted shortly after daylight. Some light skirmishing occurred in the early morning with the enemy's rear-guard, he having evacuated during the night.

The command moved back near the railroad where it was shelled so lively the previous evening and drew rations—three days' to do four—hard tack, bacon, sugar and coffee.

The command was then marched up to the outskirts of the town and again halted for a time. The enemy in his extreme haste, left many of his dead unburied, and large numbers of his wounded behind. The march was continued on to the southward, still following the retreating enemy. Wood's division bore off to the left of the railroad somewhat, but continued the march on a country wagon road running almost parallel with the railroad. After proceeding some five or six miles, three companies of the Eighty-sixth were placed out to the left as flankers for the column in its advance. The division soon encountered the enemy in an intrenched position. A line of battle was formed. Orderlies and staff officers dashed here and there, up and down the line, bearing orders and giving instructions to the brigade commanders and commanders of regiments. Everywhere were seen the indications which betokened that an assault was to be made upon the enemy's position. The line of flankers was ordered to swing round as skirmishers to protect the flank of the column of the Third brigade in its assault upon the enemy. The line of battle advanced slowly until it was believed to be within proper distance, when the yell was given and a dash made for the enemy and his works. Then came the tug of war. Knefler's brigade, on the extreme left, charged and carried the enemy's works, but could not maintain its hold, as it was subject to an enfilading fire on both flanks. The attack was nobly sustained for some time, the Confederates as bravely defending their position. The advantage was upon the enemy's side and the Union forces were, at length, compelled to give ground and retire with considerable loss. General T. J. Wood, the division commander, was severely wounded. Colonel Manderson, of the Nineteenth Ohio, was dangerously wounded. Captain Oscar O. Miller, Assistant Adjutant General, of the Third brigade, a noble officer, was killed. Lieutenant Colonel C. D. Bailey, of the Ninth Kentucky, was severely wounded. The Eighty-sixth lost a number of men. Eli Duchemin, of Company F, was mortally wounded. Orderly Sergeant J. M. Cast was struck in the bottom of the foot by

a musket ball, causing him considerable pain, but only inflicting a contused wound, not serious. Thomas B. Parks received a severe flesh wound through his shoulder. The ball inflecting this wound passed through his folded blanket both in front and behind his shoulder, cutting thirty-eight holes in his blanket and a notch out of one edge. This is known as the Battle of Lovejoy's Station.

The skirmish fire continued quite sharp throughout the evening. The enemy thought for once he had the advantage. After a supper of bacon and hard tack, the Eighty-sixth, and the whole of the army on the front line, worked hard until nearly midnight constructing a line of intrenchments. General Sherman did not deem it advisable subsequently to press the attack, as he was led to believe that Hood had halted to cover his retreat, and then it was too late to intercept him.

On the 3d the artillery was placed in position on the line of the division and kept up a hot fire on the enemy. He made up for his lack of artillery by the briskness of his skirmish firing which was almost uninterrupted. Quite a number of the regiment was wounded here on the 3d, 4th and 5th. On the 4th James Williams, of Company K, was severely wounded in the leg while lying in his pup tent just back of the line of works a few paces.

The command remained here until the night of September 5. In the afternoon of that day orders were received to strike tents at dark. It was of course presumed that it would return to Atlanta and go into camp for a brief rest at least. There was much quiet joy and rejoicing in ranks, as the campaign had been one of unremitting toil and dangers, and all thought they had well earned a brief period of repose for recuperation.

Sergeant Major T. H. B. McCain, who had been a member of Company I, and Hugh Reilly, of Company K, on that day received their commissions as First Lieutenant of their respective companies. The documents had scarcely reached their hands until they were detailed as officers in charge of the skirmish or picket line. On them devolved the duty of withdrawing the outposts, which was done about 11 p. m.

after the command had started toward Atlanta. The night march of the 5th was one of the hardest and most difficult short marches the Eighty-sixth ever made. It had rained very hard and the ground was wet and very slippery. Strict silence was enjoined on getting ready to leave camp. The regiment and column wound their way over steep slippery hills and hollows to the rear painfully slow. "Curses, not loud but deep," could be occasionally heard as some soldier took an extra vicious tumble, rolling down an embankment into a pool of water or fell into a wash-out gully. These headlong tumbles were innumerable and beyond description. The night was extremely dark and the route wholly strange, therefore the men were at the mercy of every obstacle. If a man took only a half dozen tumbles he did not think himself particularly unfortunate. The fountains of profanity flowed freely when the men were once out of hearing distance of the enemy. But owing to the peculiarly trying conditions it is to be hoped that at that hour of the night the recording angel was kindly taking a nap, and that those deviations will not be charged up against the boys at the final muster. Wood's division arrived at Jonesboro about day-break. Passing through town a short distance the command was halted and allowed to breakfast. Skirmishing was resumed as soon as the enemy could catch up with Sherman's rear guard, which was not long after daylight, and continued throughout the day. The command moved several times during the day, but only a short distance each time. Orders were received on the evening of the 6th to be ready to march on the 7th at day-light. Resuming the march the following morning the command covered about eleven miles, and the Eighty-sixth bivouacked in a thick woods with a dense growth of underbrush. Ordered to construct a line of intrenchments as a precautionary measure. There was no indication of an attack but the enemy followed up and continued the skirmishing with the rear guard.

On the 8th the Fourth corps reached Atlanta, passed through the city and witnessed the destruction it had assisted to accomplish in this city. It was truly dreadful to behold.

The buildings were nearly all more or less shattered by shot and shell from the Union artillery, and the frame buildings nearest the lines were riddled with the musket balls. The residences, nearly all, had deep dug-outs with their doors or openings all to the "Sunny South;" none were opened for a welcome to the rude Northmen. To the great destruction which the Union forces had inflicted upon the city, Hood in turn had inflicted quite as much in destroying stores and munitions of war which he did not want to fall into General Sherman's hands, so the wreck was almost complete.

The losses of the Confederates during this campaign, down to the capture of Atlanta, was estimated as follows: In skirmishing from Chatanooga to Atlanta, 6,000; Battle of Resaca, 2,500; Battles around Dallas, 3,500; Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, 1,000; Battles of July 20, 22 and 28, near Atlanta, 22,500; Other contests around Atlanta, 1,500; and battles near Jonesboro, 5,000; Total, 42,000. They lost more than twenty generals officers, and nearly fifty pieces of cannon, of which eight were 64-pounders, and fully 25,000 small arms. General Johnston in his report gave his effective strength, infantry, artillery and cavalry at 51,000. On the other hand General Hood in his report says that on the 6th day of May, 1864, the army lay near Dalton awaiting the advance of the enemy. "Never had," said he, "so large a Confederate army assembled in the West. Seventy thousand effective men were in the easy direction of a single commander, whose good fortune it was to be able to give successful battle and redeem the losses of the past. Extraordinary methods had been used to secure an easy victory. The enemy, but little surpassed in numbers, none in organization and discipline, inferior in spirit and confidence, commenced his advance. The Confederate forces, whose faces and hopes were to the North, almost simultaneously commenced to retreat. The army had dwindled day by day to 47,250." This was up to the 18th of July when he assumed command. He says his losses up to the close of the campaign were over 5,000. It must be remembered that the Confederate army was constantly being reinforced, to say nothing of negroes

and other non-combatants engaged on the fortifications. "Effective strength" in Confederate reports meant only men and officers in line, and excluded teamsters and all camp followers. In the Union reports it included teamsters and detailed men on duty of whatever nature. So that General Hood was correct when he said Sherman's army in numbers "but little surpassed" Johnston's.

The losses of Sherman's army during the campaign aggregated 35,353. Of this loss 5,165 were killed, 25,685 were wounded, and 4,513 were missing or captured. The aggregate loss in the Army of the Cumberland was 20,990; in the Army of the Tennessee, 10,394; and the Army of the Ohio, 3,969. By corps the losses were as follows: Fourth, 7,325; Fourteenth, 5,941; Twentieth, 5,941; Fifteenth, 4,758; Sixteenth, 2,377; Seventeenth, 3,259; Twenty-third, 3,969. Sherman in his "Memoirs" notes the number killed in the Seventeenth corps at 1,510, whereas it should be 422. As that corps had 1,038 missing or captured he included these among the killed. He reports the wounded at 1,674, nearly equal the number killed. His figures of losses in all the seven corps are widely at variance with the official reports as now published. Of the losses in the Fourth corps Wood's division lost as follows: Killed, 424; wounded, 2,074; missing, 268; total, 2,766. The Third brigade lost 73 killed, 443 wounded, 63 missing, a total of 579. The Eighty-sixth lost 2 killed, and wounded 54, some of whom afterwards died from the effects, a total of 56.

In four months General Sherman had accomplished the task assigned him with a loss less than that of Grant's in the first twelve day's of his memorable campaign against Richmond. The men now looked upon Sherman as their Moses who had led them across the Red Sea of Battle to the Confederacy's central Capital. He had smitten the waves of the rebel hordes from Rocky Faced Ridge to Lovejoy's Station with his magic rod and they had disappeared. The muscadines were to the men as the grapes of the promised land. The Union soldiers marched through Atlanta feeling that they were conquerors, proud of their toils and marches,

proud of their past dangers, proud of their unexampled success and triumphs, and of their great military chief and his subordinates; proud of their great and noble President at Washington, confident in his ability to direct the ship of state, confident of his re-election, doubly assured by their recent great successes; confident of a speedy and final triumph of Union arms over every field; confident of the restoration of the supremacy of the National Government, and in the unity of the Nation. The soldiers of the Military Division of the Mississippi, were in a state of mind to fully enjoy the prospect of a short repose after the consummation of the purpose of such an arduous campaign. In glorious spirits, with the elastic springy step of veterans, the Eighty-sixth marched into camp on the afternoon of the 8th of September, two and half miles east of the city of Atlanta, to rest.

It is not inappropriate to give here the opinions of some recognized great men regarding this truly marvelous campaign of General Sherman to Atlanta, in which service the Eighty-sixth bore such an honorable part—a part equal to that of any. Led by the gallant Colonel, George F. Dick, it never faltered in the performance of any duty assigned it on that campaign, and is, therefore, as a regiment, entitled to a regiment's full share of the glory of the arduous and dangerous duties nobly performed.

General Jacob D. Cox, afterwards Secretary of War, a most intelligent and capable officer, says of the campaign:

“The campaign as a whole will remain a most instructive example of the methods of warfare which may be said to be the natural outcome of modern improvement in weapons, and in means of transportation and communication when used in a sparsely settled and very impracticable country.”

General Grant, popularly regarded as the greatest general of the war, says in his Memoirs:

“The campaign to Atlanta was managed with *the most consummate skill*, the enemy being flanked out of one position after another all the way there. It is true this was not accomplished without a *good deal of fighting, rising to the dignity of very important battles*—neither were single positions gained in a day.”

Still stronger are these words:

“The campaign had lasted about four months and was one of *the most memorable in history*. There was but little if anything in the whole campaign, now that it is over, to criticize at all, and nothing to criticize severely. It was creditable alike to the general who commanded and *the army which had executed it.*”

Again General Grant said that General Sherman in this campaign had “accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general during the war.”

President Lincoln upon receiving Sherman’s dispatch, “Atlanta is ours and fairly won,” immediately sent the following letter, dated at the Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., September 3, 1864:

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

And thus closed the Atlanta Campaign, a campaign that stands unsurpassed in the annals of history, and a campaign which stamped William Tecumseh Sherman as the foremost General of the age.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REST IN CAMP—AFTER HOOD.

n Camp Near Atlanta—Three Weeks of Daily Routine Duties—A Bold Movement by Hood—Sherman's Army In Pursuit—The Eighty-sixth Again on March—Smyrna Camp Ground—Pine Mountain—The Signals Between Sherman and Corse—The Fight at Allatoona Pass—Kenesaw Mountain—Cartersville and Kingston—Calhoun—Rome—Resaca—Snake Creek Gap—Chattooga Valley—Fresh Pork and Sweet Potatoes—Summerville—Gaylesville, Alabama—The Fourth Corps Bids a Silent Farewell to General Sherman—Sherman's Letter to the Eighty-sixth.

Going into camp at Atlanta on the 8th of September, the soldiers expected to rest and recuperate the reserve forces of their individual systems, which they imagined must be almost used up after that which they had endured for the past four months, and that, too, after such a winter of hardships as they had experienced in East Tennessee. They expected to rest before being called upon to take part in another campaign, but they really found so much to do, there was very little time to rest. There was work to be done on every hand and every day of camp-life at Atlanta.

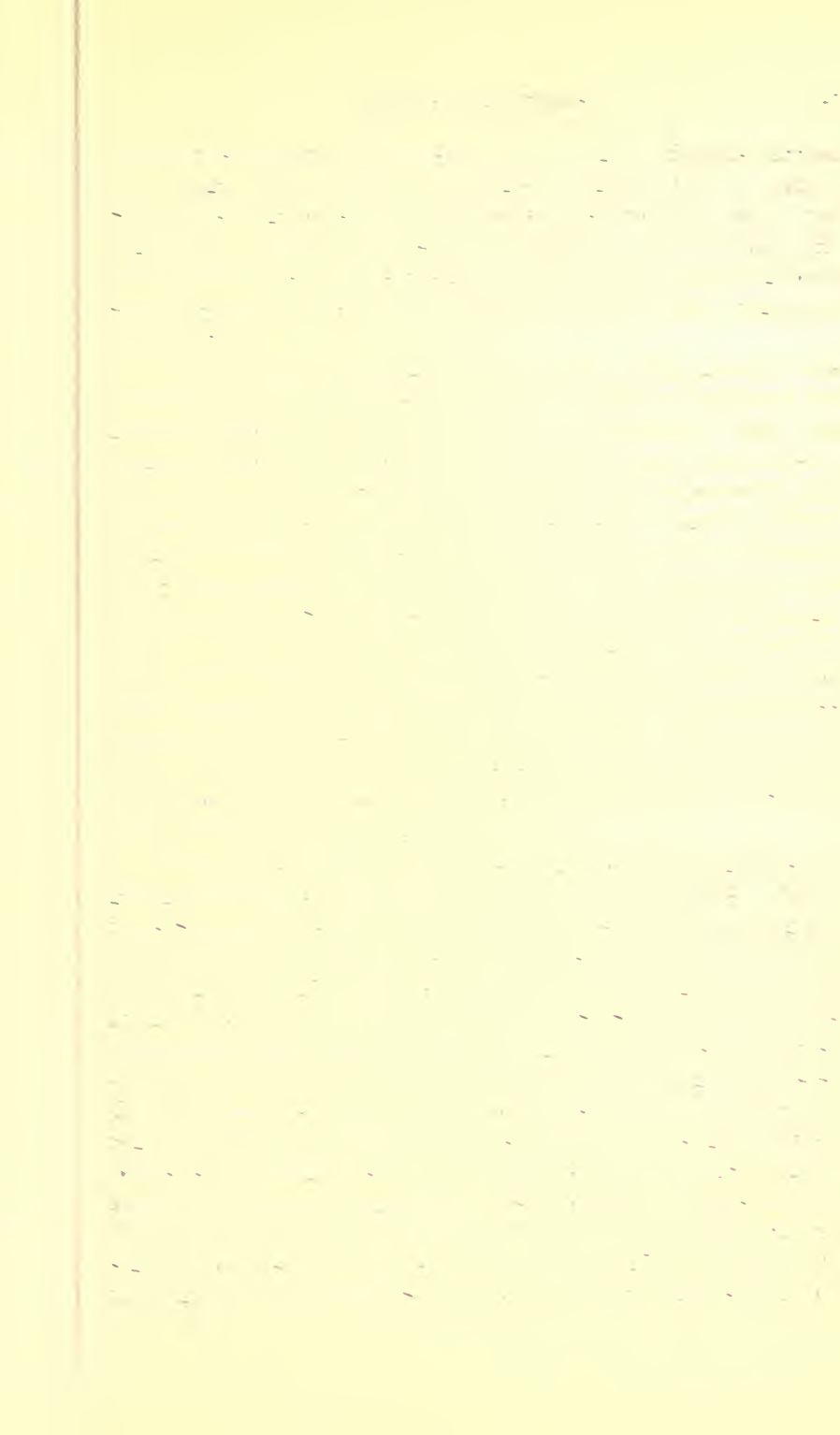
On the 9th the camp of the Eighty-sixth was laid off in regular order. Buildings were torn down and the lumber used in constructing new quarters. In many instances the men went the distance of one and two miles to find an unoccupied house, which was razed to the ground and the lumber carried to camp on their backs. This was as hard as marching, if not so dangerous as fighting in battles and skirmishing. After the quarters were constructed, the camp had to be policed from one end to the other, swept clean of leaves and other trash, properly drained, and sinks dug. Then came picket, camp-guard and fatigue, and an occasional extra general cleaning up for inspection. Next came drill—company

and battalion—dress parade and grand review,—all of which kept the soldier busy. It will thus be seen that there was not much time for rest and recuperation.

The supply of rations were not the most bounteous. It is true they were not so scant as they were when beleaguered in Chattanooga, or while playing "freeze out" with Longstreet in East Tennessee during the winter of '63 and '64, but they were necessarily cut short. Still the men had enough to sustain life and add to their vigor. The allowance issued was rated as from one-half to four-fifths rations of the articles received, though but one-fourth of the articles included in a soldier's ration were issued. Occasionally the men would receive a few ounces of some dried fruit from the Sanitary Commission.

On the 10th fixing up camp was continued. Letters were written home to those who had been neglected during the extremely busy fighting season. On Sunday, the 11th, the regiment was inspected by companies, by the company officers. It also furnished on this day a heavy detail for picket. On the 11th a large detail was made for fatigue duty, to cut and clear away the brush in front and rear of the officers' tents. On the evening of the 11th orders were received to prepare for general inspection on the following day, but a little later it was changed to be ready at 6 a. m. the next day for foraging.

The regiment was up betimes. Colonel Dick reported with the regiment in ranks at brigade headquarters at 6 a. m. Leaving headquarters promptly it marched out a little north of east at a very rapid pace some eight or nine miles and was halted to gather the forage. One company was placed on picket while the other companies loaded the forage into the wagons. The forage consisted almost exclusively of hay, corn-fodder, and corn for the mules and horses. While on this expedition William Elder, of Company H, and Thomas Shay, of Company B, ran the picket lines in search of something for themselves. Elder was picking beans, and Shay, spying a sheep, shot at it. Instead of the sheep the ball struck Shay who was beyond. He received a severe wound



curred, so that on October 1 there was no drill. Not to be idle large squads repaired to the woods to gather grapes and came back loaded with muscadines, "the grapes of promise," and the ordinary fall grape found in the woods. Rumors were running like wild-fire around the circle of the camps in regard to the movements of Hood, but the men could learn but little at this juncture of the actual status. There was an uneasy, restless feeling exhibited among the men as is usually found when a general movement is threatened. When troops know just what they may expect there is more quiet and steadiness, but uncertainty makes them restless and impatient to know what is to come. Now, therefore, there was a constant hum and buzz of rumors and reports of coming movements. Many of them were wild and exaggerated it is true, and some again marvelously close to that which shortly took place in regard to the movements of General Sherman's army, showing that there were some clear heads and deep thinkers in the rank and file of the army. On October 2 there was no drill, but a strong detail for picket as usual. The regiment drew three days' rations of hard tack, and five of sugar, coffee and salt, one of bacon and some hominy. General Wood received orders in the evening to march the following morning at daylight. He was directed to take the lead followed by the First division, artillery, ammunition trains, headquarter trains, ten ambulances to each division and regimental wagons in the order named. He was to march through Atlanta and out Marietta street. That night there was a heavy fall of rain, making the road slippery.

On the morning of the 3d of October the bugles of Wood's division awoke the echoes at the early hour of 1 o'clock. The men knew this meant something of a decided character. They expected some lively times, some fighting or foot-racing, and very probably ample portions of both. Everything was made ready for marching in good time. The pickets came in and breakfasted, and at daylight the regiment broke camp and marched back through Atlanta, thence along the wagon road by the railroad to the Chattahoochee river at Bolton, and crossed the river near the railroad

bridge. The march was continued at a telling pace over bad roads until near sun-down, when the command bivouacked near Smyrna camp ground where the regiment had spent the evening of the 4th of July in its advance upon the enemy after he had evacuated Kenesaw mountain. Again it rained just after the troops had gone into bivouac.

The rank and file of the army had by this time learned the true situation of affairs. Hood with his army was in the rear and threatening a great deal of trouble. It was, therefore, a matter of vital importance to the Union army that Hood's forces be kept off the railroad and not be allowed time to destroy too much of it. Jeff Davis and Hood had made their boasts and promised the Southern people that General Sherman would be forced to retreat or his army would starve, and this was the move made to accomplish their object.

After a night of rain reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of October. Wood's division, however, did not march immediately. About 11 o'clock the "general call" was sounded and at 12 noon, it marched out on the road to Marietta. The march was conducted at a rapid pace for such bad roads, and Marietta was reached about 3 o'clock p. m. The march was continued, taking the road leading over the western base of Kenesaw mountain to Gilgal church, but the command bivouacked before crossing the base of the mountain. Here it was again around the Gibraltar which the enemy had been forced to give up in July. Kenesaw mountain will live long in history for the very many stubborn contests which took place there, and for the many brave men who sacrificed life for the cause they believed to be right. General Stanley had been ordered to make a feint on Pine mountain.

On the 5th reveille was sounded about daylight and the command was at once astir. Hard tack had been issued to the command in the night, which was received in the morning. This day is a memorable one of this campaign and in fact, of the war. This was a great war, the Atlanta campaign one of the greatest campaigns of the war, and this

was one among the great days of this campaign. It was not strictly the campaign to Atlanta, but so intimately connected with it, it may almost be so considered. It was on this day that the assault was made upon the Federals under General Corse and Colonel Tourtellotte at Allatoona by the rebel forces under General French. It was a desperate and bloody battle for the numbers engaged, and fought with the most resolute courage by the troops on both sides. It was not a single dashing charge, bravely repulsed, but charge after charge, stubbornly fighting over every foot of ground, driven back and yet again returning to the battle as if with renewed hope and courage.

The signal dispatches that passed from and to Kenesaw mountain were as follows: Sherman asked if Corse had reached there. At 10:35 a. m. the reply came, "We hold out. Corse is here." At 4 p. m. Allatoona was again called and at 4:15 the reply came, "We still hold out. General Corse is wounded. Where is General Sherman?" The dispatch went back to Allatoona, "Near you. Tell Allatoona hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you." General Sherman communicated with General Elliott, commanding the cavalry, as follows: "I have heard from Allatoona. All right. Corse is there, but wounded. You need not send all of Garrard's cavalry, but send a squadron. Let them make a circuit and they will find nothing there." On the next day, October 6, Allatoona was asked: "How is Corse? What news?" Back came this spirited reply signed by General Corse: "I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but am able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy. A force moving from Stilesboro on Kingston gives me some anxiety. Tell me where Sherman is." Back went the reply: "Saw your battle. Am here all right. Have sent you assistance. Am sorry you are hurt. General is mindful of you."

There is nothing in these signal dispatches to suggest a Sunday School song unless it was Corse's dispatch to Sherman. The story that P. P. Bliss wrote the sacred song, "Hold the Fort for I Am Coming," founded on Sherman's

dispatches to Corse, is about as mythical as "Sheridan's Ride" by Buchanan Read. Sherman says he reached the top of Kenesaw mountain about "8 o'clock on the morning of the 5th of October—a beautiful day—and had a superb view of the vast panorama to the north and west," and from this point witnessed "the battle and could hear the faint reverberations of cannon." That the day and the contest at Allatoona was a critical one for Sherman and his army few can doubt.

The Eighty-sixth had a representative in the Allatoona fight. On the 3d of May B. F. Snyder, of Company K, had been detailed to go to Bridgeport in charge of the baggage belonging to the regiment, to store it and remain with it until further orders. He remained there until October 1 when he was ordered to the front with the baggage. The train on which he traveled made a perilous trip, but finally reached Allatoona. General Corse reached there the next morning from Rome with a small brigade. The Confederates ate their breakfast on the railroad south of the Pass, and began business at once. They captured a stockade with a company of an Illinois regiment. Sergeant Snyder relates the following incidents in connection with the capture of the stockade:

"One of the soldiers in the stockade did not want to surrender. Prison had no charms for him, so when the company marched out he dropped flat on his face and groaned loudly. One of the Johnnies looked back and saw him and said: 'Get up, Yank, get right up, old fellow?' Mr. Yank made no reply, but kept to work groaning. Going up to him, the rebel said, 'What's the matter?' 'Small pox,' was the reply 'Oh, Lordy,' said the rebel, 'I don't want nothin' to do with you,' and he ran out of the stockade as fast as he could, leaving the cute Yankee to walk over to our lines after the enemy had passed on.

"The losses in the action at Altoona Pass was very heavy. The Thirty-ninth Iowa lost almost all of their officers. They were stationed in the outer works, and stood to their post when it seemed as if every man must have been positive of

death before the fight would be over. It was hard to hand a number of times. A rebel seized the colors from the color-bearer, but he stuck to them and wouldn't let go; then the rebel pinned him to the ground with his bayonet and took him prisoner. The bayonet did not pass through the flesh, but went through his clothing. That night the color-bearer escaped and came to our lines where I was and told me about it. The rebels tried to burn a lot of stores, said to be one million rations, but the attempt of a rebel lieutenant, as he stole up with a torch, was discovered by a colored soldier and he was promptly killed."

The Army of the Cumberland on this campaign after Hood was commanded by Major General D. S. Stanley, as General Thomas had been sent back to Nashville to prepare for Hood's coming should he attempt to invade Tennessee, as it was believed he intended to do. The Twentieth corps was left at Atlanta. The Second division, Wagner's, of the Fourth corps, was at Chattanooga, therefore, there was only the Fourteenth corps and the two divisions of the Fourth corps here of the old Army of the Cumberland. General Wood was in command of the Fourth corps. The Third division resumed its march about 7:30 on the morning of the 5th of October. The route was the same as on the preceding day after leaving Marietta, being over the road from that place to Gilgal church and crossing the western base of Kenesaw mountain. The command must have been crossing the base of the mountain by the time Sherman reached the top. The march was made in a very slow and hesitating manner as though the head of the column was feeling its way very carefully and expecting to run against the enemy at any moment. General Sherman says in his "Memoirs:" "From Kenesaw I ordered the Twentieth-third corps, General Cox, to march due west on the Burnt Hickory, and to burn houses or piles of brush as it progressed, to indicate the head of the column, hoping to interpose this corps between Hood's main army at Dallas and the detachment then assaulting Allatoona. The rest of the army was directed straight for Allatoona, northwest, distant eighteen miles."

General Sherman is certainly in error in this statement. As before stated when General Sherman reached the top of Kenesaw mountain, Wood's division of the Fourth corps was marching across its western base enroute along the road to Gilgal church, nearly due west. General Cox has shown conclusively that the reconnoissance here referred to by General Sherman was not made till later. This is confirmed by Special Field Order, No. 85, issued by General Sherman on the 6th, dated at Kenesaw mountain, as follows:

I. Major General Stanley, Army of the Cumberland, will occupy a strong defensive position across the Marietta and Burnt Hickory, and Marietta and Dallas roads, his right near Pine Hill, and left behind Nose's [Noyes'] creek.

II. Major General Howard, Army of the Tennessee, will join on the left of Stanley, and make a line covering the Powder Spring road; and the cavalry on the flank, General Kilpatrick will prevent any enemy from reaching the railroad below Marietta.

III. Brigadier General Cox, Army of the Ohio, will move out on the Burnt Hickory road, *via* Pine Hill, and Mount Olivet Church, west, until he strikes the road by which the enemy have moved on Allatoona. He will have his column ready for a fight, but not deployed. He will park his wagons near Kenesaw.

IV. General Elliott will send cavalry *to-day* to Big Shanty, Ackworth, and Allatoona, and bring back official reports.

On the march, after crossing the base of the mountain, the command came into ground with which the men were familiar. It passed through several lines of works where in June and July the enemy had been met in battle. Now the tables were turned and he was the aggressor. Among the many well remembered places of those days was the one at Mud creek, where the enemy made a most determined resistance on the 18th of June, and where the regiment lost a number of wounded, among them were Captain L. V. Ream, of Company G, and Thomas Decker, of Company I, by the same shell. The march was continued at a slow pace until about 4:30 p. m., when the command bivouacked and was ordered to construct a line of works which was done, but not in that complete manner in which it was done during the campaign when advancing upon Kenesaw mountain.

The command remained here at this bivouac until the

afternoon of the 8th. While remaining here there was no particular duty to perform except picket duty and keep a sharp watch for the enemy. The reconnoissance in force made by the Twenty-third corps, above referred to, was made on the 7th of October instead of the 5th, as Sherman says, or the 6th as General J. D. Cox says, as on the 7th at 5:30 p. m. General Cox reported to General Sherman: "The reconnoissance reports no rebels north of New Hope Church, and the main body went from there this morning." General Sherman, in response to Cox, said: "Call in your detachments, and be prepared for a march." The two divisions of the Fourth corps moved, on the 8th, eastward over near the railroad just south of Ackworth, and no doubt the move was determined by information gained by the reconnoitering column of the previous day, reaching the place of bivouac a little after sun-down, having marched six or seven miles. At this point the command remained until the afternoon of the 10th. About 3 o'clock on that day the "general call" was sounded, and it filed out upon the road, and passing through Ackworth took the wagon road for Allatoona. The march was conducted at a lively pace and reached the latter place about dark. At this point the command took the railroad as its line of march and pressed steadily on, crossed the Etowah river and marched about one mile and bivouacked, having covered about ten or twelve miles.

On the 11th reveille was sounded early. The command breakfasted and marched out at daylight. The Eighty-sixth was in advance of the corps. Reports said the enemy was in the neighborhood of Rome. The command passed through Cartersville in the early morning and pressed on toward Kingston. Major Generals Sherman and Stanley accompanied the column after it left Cartersville during a part of the forenoon's march. When near Kingston the corps was halted for dinner and rested for one hour. Resuming the march the command passed through the town and covering about two miles beyond, bivouacked for the night in a woods thickly grown up with underbrush.

Here on the evening of the 11th the Eighty-sixth

received a mail from the North—from home—and it was one of the most gladsome mails ever received by the regiment. The mail brought “full returns” from the draft which made the hearts of many, if not all, of the veterans greatly to rejoice; for it was almost a universal verdict that “*they got the right ones every time.*” Many were the congratulations, handshaking and shouting words of joyful rejoicing at the final outcome of the draft on the stay-at-homes. This news put, at least, the Eighty-sixth in the height of good humor and fine spirits, and it is presumed it had much the same effect on all veterans then in the field doing active service.

On the following morning, the 12th, the weather was cool and foggy and as the brigade was in the rear of the corps and the regiment in the rear of the brigade, it did not leave camp on the march until about 8 o'clock. When first upon the road the speed was slow and the column frequently halted. The progress made until noon, when the command was halted for dinner, was not great. In the afternoon the march was resumed in the same slow manner until about dark, when the column started forward with much more speed than at any time during the day. The roads were muddy from the recent heavy rains, there being many puddles and deep mud holes, but the Eighty-sixth went helter skelter, splashing ahead like so many loose horses or cattle, the only object being to get on. Cannonading could be heard in the direction in which the troops were marching, but some distance away. Many of the boys gave out, completely exhausted, by the very hard marching over the execrable roads. This furious, plunging march was kept up until nearly 11 o'clock at night when the command bivouacked not far from Rome. This was a march laborious in the extreme. The cannonading was a fight between Garrard's and the enemy's cavalry left to cover Hood's route. The fight took place a few miles down the Coosa river from Rome. Sherman hoped to catch Hood, but he had too much the start. It was now evident that he did not want to fight Sherman's veteran army but was making a big raid.

The principal part of General Sherman's forces in pur-

suit of Hood were now congregated near Rome, the point of union of the Oostanaula and Etowah rivers to form the Coosa river. His forces lying in between the two former streams. Just at this time Sherman did not know where Hood was. Therefore, on the morning of the 13th he sent forces to reconnoiter down each bank of the Coosa river, while other troops of the command remained quietly in bivouac of the previous night, drawing rations and resting, awaiting orders. During early part of the afternoon General Sherman received information that Hood with his army had appeared before Resaca and demanded its surrender the previous day.

At 3 p. m. the "general call" was sounded for Wood's division and at 3:30 it marched out in a southeasterly direction, the division having the advance of the corps. It was doubtless now headed for Calhoun. It was another scrambling, nimble-footed march that admitted of no delays and few halts. The march was continued until 9 o'clock p. m., and bivouacked. This bivouac must have been on Dry creek, and almost west of Adairsville. The following morning, the 14th, the bugles sounded reveille for the division at 4 o'clock, and it marched out for Calhoun at day-break. A mile from town it crossed the Oothcalago creek and reached the town about 9 o'clock a. m., and was once again on familiar ground. On to Resaca was the word. The eight or nine miles the men had covered was as nothing and it was only six more to Resaca. This was soon reeled off and the latter place was reached before noon, pressed on two miles toward Tilton and halted for dinner. After waiting sometime the column proceeded about one mile, and bivouacked for the night to the west and south of Tilton, and near Cove City P. O., well up on the upper course of Camp creek, on the road leading up the creek through a break in the Chattoogata mountains, and thence over Buzzard Roost or Mill creek mountains into the defile known as Snake Creek Gap.

On the following morning, the 15th, the bugles of Beatty's brigade sounded the "general call" about 8 o'clock and the brigade marched out about 9 a. m. Now, the pace was moderate and the column halted frequently. The com-

mand abandoned the road soon after starting upon the march and proceeded across the country, a difficult and slow way of marching, even in an open and level country. Light skirmishing could be heard on the left front, and this was, no doubt, one cause of the cautious advance and slow progress. Somewhere about 10:30 a. m. the column, which had been headed a little west of north, was turned due west to cross the mountains. It had been gradually approaching the mountains before, but now it went straight at them, or the rugged hills which intervened. About noon the Third brigade of Wood's divisions was ordered to halt and intrench while the other two brigades and the First division went forward to reconnoiter as a matter of caution. The intrenching was promptly done, and having waited the required length of time the Third brigade abandoned its works and proceeded on the march, and it proved to be one of extremest toil. The hills became higher and more difficult to climb. Finally it crossed the Chattooga mountains with much labor, and the command came into a broken valley with a little higher range of mountains confronting it. After toiling up and over the Chattooga mountains the men did not wish for more mountain climbing, but here were the Buzzard Roost or Mill creek mountains, and they had to be climbed. In this narrow valley, lying between these two ranges, night and darkness came on, but the command kept moving. Soon the men beheld far on top of the dark mountain a light like a shining star just above the edge of a vanishing storm cloud of darkest hue, and toward that light the men directed their course. It was a beacon light placed there by some friendly hand to guide them over the mountain. It did not seem so far away at first, but the men toiled on, stumbling over the rough, rocky mountain side, yet the light did not seem much nearer. It shone with the same brightness, but that was all. Up and up they went, winding back and forth to gain advantage of the best ground upon which to advance. No doubt it seemed farther up that mountain, rougher, more rocky on account of the night and darkness, than it otherwise would have done, but it did seem long to complete the day's march. At length

the men filed by the light they had watched so long. It proved to be a huge fire built to guide the command to the top of the mountain over the best and most accessible route. The enemy had blockaded the defile and held it by a strong force, rendering it hazardous, if not impossible, to force the passage. General Sherman had sent General Stanley around by Tilton, then across the country and the mountains, the latter of which it was hoped he would be able to cross in time to intercept and capture the forces guarding the defile. By crossing the mountains to the north of the blockade the rear guard left to guard the gap and delay Sherman's advance would be hemmed in. Horn mountain on the west, and Buz-zard Roost mountain on the east, would prevent his escaping upon either flank, while Stanley in his front, would prevent his escape northward, and Howard on the south, would catch him if he attempted to return by the way he came into the gap. In short, if Stanley crossed in time there would be no escape unless he could cut his way out either through the Fourth or Fifteenth corps, which was not probable. But here as elsewhere for Hood, "discretion was the better part of valor," and the enemy had taken his flight in good time and escaped. General Howard's forces had in turn taken possession of the defile and cleared the blockade sufficiently to get through, and had pressed on to Villanow on the evening of the 15th.

Wood's division proceeded down the rugged mountain side into the defile or gap and bivouacked on the banks of a gurgling mountain stream, a branch of Mill creek, running northward out of the defile. Here after a hasty night meal, toil-worn and weary, as would be expected after such a march, the men soon sank to rest and sleep on the lap of mother earth, lulled by the babbling of the little mountain stream. The command was aroused by the bugles before daylight the next morning, and it was expected to push rapidly on after the retreating enemy. But there were a number of things that delayed the marching. The road had been badly blockaded, and this delayed the progress of the troops that were in the advance. Finding that the command would

not march immediately, the commissary department issued rations. These things delayed Wood's division until about 10 o'clock, when it slowly marched northward out of the gap. When clear of Horn mountain on the north, the column turned west into the valley between Buzzard Roost and Horn mountain on the east, and Taylor's Ridge on the west, following Hood in his retreat to Villanow and LaFayette. There had been some severe skirmishing and the enemy had been forced to leave a number of his wounded behind.

Wood's division bivouacked on the evening of the 16th about 4:30 o'clock in an open field, and at once sent out pickets. At this bivouac communications were established with Chattanooga, and there was some talk that furloughed men would be allowed to go home from here, but from some cause they were not permitted to go, although the field hospital and disabled animals were sent back to Chattanooga. The command remained here in the neighborhood of Villanow during the 17th, some forces being sent out to reconnoiter the enemy and determine his exact location. It was learned that he had gone south. On the morning of the 18th reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock, and the Third brigade marched out about 8 o'clock. The column's progress was slow until about 12 o'clock, when it crossed Taylor's Ridge into the Chattooga valley. After crossing the ridge the pace was accelerated and the command went forward with speed until about 2 o'clock p. m., when it was halted and permitted to get dinner. The command remained here until 4 o'clock, giving the men a good rest and permitting the column to close up after crossing the mountain.

The army was now in the fertile valley of the Chattooga that had an abundance of almost all kinds of forage, and the boys supplied themselves plenteously with fresh pork, mutton and sweet potatoes. The cracking of the guns of the foragers made it sound like light skirmishing from 4 o'clock until dark. It was from this valley that General Sherman dispatched Secretary Stanton: "Convey to Jeff Davis my personal and official thanks, for abolishing cotton and substituting corn and sweet potatoes in the South. These facili-

tate our military plans much, for food and forage are abundant.”

The column started forward at 4 p. m., and at a lively pace which was well maintained until 9 o'clock at night, when the Eighty-sixth bivouacked in a corn field, and there was scarcely a mess in the regiment but what had fresh meat, either pork or mutton, for supper. It was now, too, in a region that produced the finest of sweet potatoes, and all were supplied with these. All being thus well supplied with foraged articles worked to the advantage of the commissary department and relieved it to a considerable extent. The Chattooga or Broomtown Valley lies between Taylor's Ridge on the east, and Pigeon mountain on the west, and is drained to the southward by the Chattooga river and its tributaries, the Chattooga uniting with Little river before emptying into the Coosa. The valley does not extend due north and south, as the southern end of Taylor's ridge bears off to the west. Down the east side—at the foot of Taylor's ridge—of this valley the command was now marching.

On the 19th the command remained at the bivouac until 1:30 p. m. at which time it continued its march down the valley at a good rate of speed, crossed the Chattooga river and arrived at the town of Summerville about 4:30 o'clock. Summerville was then the county seat of Chattooga county, Georgia, but an insignificant place. Wood's division passed beyond the town about one mile and bivouacked—the Eighty-sixth in an open field. On the following morning reveille was sounded at 4:30 o'clock, but the column did not set forward on the march until about 8 o'clock. The roads were excellent and good time was made, the men reeling off the miles in a very spirited manner. Foraging had been done the last few days in such a free handed, vigorous manner, that to-day strict orders were promulgated against all foraging by individuals on their own responsibility, and the men were kept closely in ranks, no straggling being permitted. A halt was made at noon for dinner after which the tramp was resumed at quick time. Not long after starting out in the afternoon the command passed over into Alabama, its

course being still down the valley of the Chattooga river. Reaching the neighborhood of Gaylesville, Cherokee county, Alabama, the command bivouacked about 5 o'clock in the evening in a large farm opening, having covered on the day's march sixteen or eighteen miles.

General Sherman had been in pursuit of Hood since October 3, at which time he left Atlanta to protect his line of communications. Acting on the defensive, his movements necessarily depended upon those of his adversary which often caused him to labor at a great disadvantage, and quite as often forced the troops under him to undergo great hardships of marching. General Sherman had, however, while acting on the defensive in a manner which seemed undecided, now about completed his plans, begun long before, to act on the offensive on a grand scale in a mighty and masterful manner which would dumb-found the South, and with the skillful assistance of the veteran, General Thomas, bring the war to a close.

While the troops remained here they subsisted principally on foraged articles secured from the surrounding country. In order to economize with rations, regular details were made for foraging. Usually two men were detailed from each company to forage for the regiment, and two to forage for the company, and as many more to forage on their own responsibility as cared to undertake it. In this way a plentiful supply of provender was kept on hand while in camp at Gaylesville. On the 21st shoes were issued to the Eighty-sixth and to the entire command. On the 22d details for the regiment and company were sent out to collect forage, returning with sweet potatoes and turnips. On the 23d a detail was made from the Eighty-sixth to go with a train to procure forage for the mules and horses. The detail made a long march, going northward to near the southern extremity of Lookout Mountain where General McCook crossed with his corps previous to the battle of Chickamauga. Forage was not very plentiful here and the detail returned with no very abundant supply, after marching about thirty miles on the round trip, not reaching camp until about

8 o'clock at night. On the 24th the camp of the Eighty-sixth was laid off in regular order as though it might remain here the rest of the fall, and the Nineteenth Ohio was detailed to guard a supply train to Rome. Sherman was getting ready to bid the Fourth corps good-bye.

On the 25th some of the troops were paraded out for a sham battle. It looked finely enough when one knew it was only for show, but really it had very little the appearance of an actual battle. It might have been considered a nice display and exciting to those who had never seen a real red-handed battle. It does not tingle the nerves, or send the blood back upon the heart as if to overwhelm it, like the tumultuous burst of a genuine and momentous battle when one is standing awaiting orders to be hurled right into the thickest and swiftest of its deadly current at any moment. The sham can not be made as the real in anything, and here it probably appeared the farthest removed from it. It was simply a battle without injury or death—without the horrors of the reality.

On the 26th there was a detail from the Eighty-sixth for forage duty as usual. The general bivouac of the Fourth corps was comparatively quiet, and there was no particular indication of an immediate move. General Sherman was riding round viewing the camps and troops in a quiet, unostentatious way. It was his "good-bye" to the Fourth corps although the men knew it not. It was the last time many of the men ever saw the Grand Old Soldier. He then had everything in readiness to leave and march back to Atlanta, and with a little more hasty preparation, start on his wonderful, matchless March to the Sea that was to startle the world. The divisions of the Fourth corps were once more united at Gaylesville, but were now about to separate from its companion corps, the Fourteenth and Twentieth, which were to accompany General Sherman on his march.

Many of the Eighty-sixth regretted that the Fourth corps was not permitted to accompany General Sherman on his march to the sea, and on January 6, 1866, J. A. Barnes

wrote the General in which he expressed this regret. In reply General Sherman said:

“Of course I hated to send the Fourth corps back from Kingston, but the general plan contemplated General Thomas at Nashville and me marching to Savannah, Columbia, Raleigh, and Richmond, with Hood at liberty to attack either. I therefore had to provide Thomas with enough men to fight Hood. All he asked for in addition to the troops he had was the Fourth corps. After sending that corps to make assurance doubly sure, I also sent the Twenty-third corps—Schofield—and you know the result. The battle of Franklin and Nashville were as important to the general cause as the march to the sea. So you may safely assume that you performed a full share in the final campaign which ended the war.”

These words of the great General are to be taken and applied in the sense in which they are undoubtedly meant. It is true he is addressing an individual, but as he could know nothing of that individual's service in the ranks, he evidently referred to the command in and with which he served as performing “a full share in the final campaign which ended the war.” The General evidently then meant his commendation to apply first to the army, to the corps, division and brigade, as he speaks of Franklin and Nashville, but as he was informed of the writer's regiment, and as he could know from the records quite accurately of the honorable service of the regiment as an integral part of the organized command, the statement is justified that these words, “performed a full share in the final campaign which ended the war,” apply directly to the service of the Eighty-sixth, and through the regimental organization to the individual soldiers who composed it. It is a commendation of which any army, corps, division, brigade or regiment should be proud, and the Fourth corps, Wood's division, Third brigade and Eighty-sixth Indiana did their “full share” and justly earned the commendation.

The month of October, 1864, was an eventful one to the Fourth corps, and with it the Eighty-sixth, which took part in all the duties that fell to the lot of the corps in general, and not only took part, but performed faithfully and well all duties assigned it. In marching back over the rugged mountainous country in the twelve or thirteen days of

actual marching, that required four months of battle to acquire, was no easy task. Besides the marching, much of which was at night, and consequently very laborious, it will be noted that the regiment performed many other duties, such as building intrenchments and making itself ready to repel an attack. Hood's campaign had been well planned and fairly well, if not brilliantly, executed, and against almost any other commander than General Sherman, might have been successful. But with his genius to direct his matchless legions, victory was snatched from the reviving enthusiasm of the Southerners, and turned to the advantage of the cause which he represented, that of the country and the Nation, and left Hood so bewildered that it was some weeks before he sufficiently recovered to advance upon Thomas' position and forces.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Hood Marching North—A Race for the Lead—Wood's Division Gets There First—Elk River and "The Irishman's pontoons"—Hood After Schofield and Thomas—Pulaski—Columbia—Duck River—Spring Hill, or Running the Gauntlet—The Battle of Franklin—Fort Granger—Thomas' Army Organization and Strength.

As was shown in the preceding chapter the Union army was in pursuit of General Hood and his army, ostensibly chasing him from the Western and Atlantic railroad, the line of its communications, and of the transportation of its supplies, but it was also acting as a column of observation to discover Hood's intentions and plan of campaign. But he was now going farther north and somebody must hurry up and get there ahead of him. Who could do it so well as "Wood's Greyhounds"? Soon now for a time, at least, Hood was to be after Schofield's and Thomas' commands. The Fourth corps was

to be in it from first to last, from early dawn till late at night, of each day's labors. In appearance, at least, the tables were completely turned, and the rebel army was to a degree paying the Union troops back in their own coin, good hard knocks, for the long, long chase they had given them over the hills to Atlanta, at least so thought the elated rebels. At any rate it was to be brief, although a memorable campaign—a campaign of forced night marches, extremely fatiguing and trying, of wearisome vigils, more exhausting and debilitating than the marching. All this was to be varied and interlarded with hot, spiteful skirmishing, finished up and rounded out on two occasions, at least, by desperately fought battles, such as have seldom been witnessed on this continent.

At the beginning of the campaign, after crossing the Tennessee river, it was a kind of a joyful jubilee, an all promenade affair, for the Confederates. They reasoned that as there was only a handful of men in their way, they would soon knock them on the head and end the business. But after Franklin it was the last desperate, despairing struggle of Hood and his army against what seemed as the hand of fate. It was victory upon their part, or Hood's star as a general must set forever—sink in the gloom of repeated defeats, and the Confederacy, their hope of empire, must fade away. In short, it was victory for, or death to, the Confederacy; and if defeat it would be an ignominious failure upon the part of Hood who had taken command with so much confidence.

As has been seen, towards the last of October Sherman's army, with the exception of the Twentieth corps, left to guard Atlanta, was at or near Gaylesville, Alabama, and remained there several days watching Hood. General Sherman wanted to be sure of Hood's intentions in the campaign he had inaugurated, before he took his final leave of Thomas and the forces left to protect Nashville and prevent Hood's invasion of the North. On the 26th Sherman was riding round among the camps viewing the troops and completing the arrangements for the campaign North as well as those for his great

march to the sea. On the morning of the 27th of October the Fourth corps received orders to march. Beatty's brigade, of Wood's division, was to march at 8 o'clock a. m., but it did not leave camp until a half an hour later. The Eighty-sixth had not marched more than a mile when Companies H and K were detailed to guard the Second division supply train, and had to wait until about 5 o'clock p. m. before they resumed the march. The day's march was made to the northeast toward Chattanooga, and over a rough, mountainous country, a tiresome road to travel at the best, and with a soldier's load to carry, quite laborious. On the morning of the 28th after a hasty breakfast of sweet potatoes, fresh pork and coffee, the march was resumed a little while before sunrise. The regiment passed through Alpine at 8 o'clock in the morning. Marching at a rapid pace it proceeded on its way almost without a halt until noon, when a stop was made for dinner. The halt was made at a splendid spring of water and the men greatly enjoyed this dinner, the rest, and drinking the fine water. The command remained here about one hour, and then resumed the march at the same rapid pace as before, resting only every three or four miles. The march was continued until nearly 8 o'clock before the place of bivouac was reached. This was a long day's march and fatigued the men greatly. The march was resumed the following morning at the same telling pace. Passing through LaFayette, the county seat of Walker county, Georgia, the command took the direct road for Chattanooga. It is known as the Chattanooga and Rome road, and leads from Chattanooga through LaFayette to Rome, Georgia. In the day's march it crossed the now historic West Chickamauga creek at Lee & Gordon's Mills.

Here along this road from Lee & Gordon's Mills to Rossville lies the famous battle-field—the bloody Chickamauga—where Bragg's army massed, found the gap in the Union line, divided the Army of the Cumberland and overpowered the extended and weakened right wing, and then vainly battered and beat itself to pieces on the bulwark that “the Rock of Chickamauga” had erected on Snodgrass Hill. This was

the regiment's first glimpse at the field since the fateful days, 18th, 19th and 20th of September, 1863, where ran the good red blood of the Union troops as water, and the blood of the Confederates flowed not less profusely. It was an awful time when the fiery hosts of Bragg in their most desperate mood ran as to a banquet upon the stubborn battalions of Rosecrans, who would not yield. The timber of the field showed all too plainly of the terrific nature of the encounter that had taken place. The innumerable graves attested the sanguinary character of the contest—that it was a battle unto death. The road led almost from one end of the battle-field to the other, and thus gave the men an opportunity to see all along the line how these two mighty hosts in the agony of desperation, had contended. This battle-field is now a National Park, and tablets everywhere mark the blood-stained ground to commemorate the valor of each regiment, brigade and division engaged.

Passing through Rossville the regiment reached its bivouac near 5 o'clock p. m., having marched about twenty miles this day. On the following morning, the 30th, the command resumed the march about 6 o'clock, going directly to the depot in Chattanooga. Here the "hospital reserve" of the Eighty-sixth, and in fact of all the regiments of the division, flocked to see "the fellows from the front." The men were soon put aboard the cars and rolled over down the river, around the point of Lookout Mountain, on down by other lofty peaks, and over deep ravines at the bottom of which ran beautiful mountain streams. At Bridgeport the Tennessee river was crossed, thence westward to Stevenson, Huntsville and Decatur. Eighteen or twenty miles west of Stevenson the railroad track had been torn up, presumably by guerrillas or some band of Forrest's cavalry, and the train was delayed for some time. The soldiers took advantage of the delay, and while the track was being repaired they built fires, made coffee, fried bacon and ate supper. After considerable delay the onward run was resumed.

An all night's run, including delays, brought the train to the vicinity of Athens, Alabama. The command arrived

there a little while after daylight, marched through the town southward and halted. Here it breakfasted, received mail and drew one day's rations of hard bread, coffee, sugar, and salt. Athens had been rather a flourishing Southern town with comparatively good buildings, but it was now showing the effects of war. The command remained here until just after noon, when it resumed the march, going nearly due north in the direction of Nashville. On the north, near town, there were some fairly well improved farms compared with most of the Southern country. But away from the town the farms well improved in number grew small, until at length the country for miles seemed almost a wilderness of woods. The column marched at a rapid rate, seldom halting, and bivouacked about 7 p. m.

On the morning of the 1st of November the column resumed the march about 5 o'clock and soon passed into Tennessee. Having reached Elk river, Beatty's brigade in advance of the division, and the Eighty-sixth in advance of the brigade, no bridge was found on which to cross. After a moment's contemplation of the stream and the situation, Colonel Dick jocosely remarked that he guessed we would have to cross on the "Irishman's pontoons." The river flowed in a strong current about waist deep. The men, therefore, soon removed their garments and waded the stream. It was speedily done. The water was quite cold and ran swiftly, so it was no easy crossing, wading and holding one's gun, cartridge-box and haversack up out of the water. But the worst of all was to be in the cold water so long. When once across some of the boys set several unoccupied houses on fire by which to warm themselves. This crossing was made at a small town called Elkton. But the regiment did not tarry long to warm by the fires but marched on at a very rapid pace. The division was halted at noon for dinner. Rations were not plentiful and some of the boys did some old-time artistic foraging, getting in their work in good time. The march was resumed and the head of column reached Pulaski between 3 and 4 o'clock p. m. Beatty's brigade passed through the town about a half mile and bivouacked. In the

evening the regiment again drew rations: one day's ration of hard bread, two of coffee, three of sugar and salt and one and a half of bacon.

Wood's division took position here and began fortifying as usual. Work was continued on the fortifications as long as it remained. The First division, Kimball's, arrived at Pulaski on the 3d. So with fatigue and picket duty the men were kept from rusting away in idleness. On the 10th the officers of the Eighty-sixth were paid off, and on the 11th the rank and file received eight months' pay, which added greatly to the good spirits of the men.

There was nothing of importance occurred during the first few days' stay at Pulaski, but along about the 15th or 16th of the month the drafted men began to come in. This caused great rejoicing among the old soldiers. Some of the drafted men seemed to take it all right, while others appeared gloomy and unwilling to talk about their great misfortune, and if they said anything it was to denounce in unmeasured terms the officers of the draft. The "conscripts" were for sometime the butt of the command, but they were needed, and a little later some of them did good service, for which they are to have due credit.

Along about the middle of the month the rebel cavalry began feeling its way out from Florence on the advance and to prepare the way for Hood's infantry. The rebel cavalry made demonstrations toward Lawrenceburg and Waynesboro on the 15th, but the Union cavalry was alert and delayed the enemy's advance, although not nearly so strong in numbers. During the time at Pulaski there were many reports and rumors of the movements, both of the rebel and Union forces. About the 18th or 20th "grapevine telegrams" became numerous, and one said, "Hood is advancing." In fact, Hood's infantry, Lee's corps, did advance about ten miles out from Florence on the 20th, and on the 21st the whole of his army, infantry and cavalry, was on the advance toward Pulaski or to flank it, and if possible, cut Schofield off from Nashville and Thomas.

On the 21st of November the Ninth Regiment, Kentucky

Volunteers, Colonel George H. Cram, was relieved from duty as the regiment's term of service had expired. The Eighty-sixth regretted to see the Ninth go. It was a good steady regiment and could be relied upon. Thus Thomas' forces were being weakened daily by his old and best regiments going home, while newer and less reliable regiments came in to take their place.

As the days passed the talk of the camps became more and more positive that Hood was advancing. About 10:30 on the morning of the 23d came the orders to be ready to march at noon. The "general" was sounded by the brigade bugler at 12 o'clock. Tents were struck immediately, but the order to set forward was not given; it was delayed presumably to allow other troops to march out first. The order was a timely one for the command, but it worked harm to some non-combatant camp followers, notably the sutlers. One of these not being able to secure transportation for his goods when the time came to move piled his surplus and set fire to it. The boys soon discovered the situation and made a dash for the goods, and scattered the fire in an instant. Some secured plug tobacco, some soap, some one thing and some another.

Just at sunset the Third brigade filed out upon the road to Columbia in the direction of Nashville, and marched ten miles, and bivouacked near Lynnville. This made it quite late getting supper, so by the time the men were ready to retire it was about midnight. Forrest was fighting hard to get between the command and Columbia on the Mt. Pleasant and Columbia road, and the men were called up at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 24th and hastened on, allowing them not more than an hour for rest and sleep during the night. The march was resumed at 3 o'clock and good time was made, as things were becoming critical. During the forenoon the regiment was detailed to guard the wagon train. It was quite plain now that it was a retreat and it appeared that there was more haste necessary than was shown in the immediate front; that the large amount of United States property was believed to be in danger, and it might be diffi-

cult to save it from rebel clutches. But the "army wagon, the old army wagon" rolled on propelled by the ever faithful "mool," a southern product that with the "nigger" was ever loyal and true.

Beatty's brigade arrived at Columbia at noon, having covered twenty miles. The men were ordered, notwithstanding their long march, to proceed at once to the construction of a line of breastworks. They were well on the way to completion in a short time, but before they were finished the Eighty-sixth was detailed for picket duty. Another night was to be passed in vigils. The regiment was relieved the next day about 10 o'clock by the Nineteenth Ohio and at once returned to camp. In the afternoon the men were ordered to construct an abatis and prepare to defend this position. Skirmishing was commenced a little after noon, but it was light, with some cannonading on the distant right during the afternoon. Late in the afternoon the regiment drew rations. Still later the Eighty-sixth was moved to the left about three hundred yards. General Schofield, having found it necessary to send some of his forces north of Duck river at Columbia, was forced to contract his lines, that he might be the better able to hold them against an attack. The Fourth corps was to hold the position south of the river, that is Columbia, while the Twenty-third corps and the cavalry were to guard the other crossings of the river and protect the rear. This change was made on the night of the 25th. On the 26th there was constant skirmishing and more or less artillery firing by both the rebel and Union batteries. An attack was strongly threatened and was confidently expected, but Hood declined the contest, expecting to catch Schofield at a greater disadvantage.

The Seventy-ninth Indiana was on the skirmish line on this day for the brigade, and had one man wounded. It was a dreary, dark and cheerless day, a drizzling rain falling the entire time. The surroundings were no less inviting. The command was almost surrounded by a greatly superior force, and a deep unfordable river yet to cross, rendered

the situation one of extreme peril. Still the men were not greatly worried by these unfavorable conditions. They had been besieged in Chattanooga when, to them, affairs looked darker. They had campaigned under Rosecrans, Thomas and Sherman too long to fret. Great confidence was felt that General Schofield would find a way out before the last gateway would be closed. In fact there was no dismay in the ranks. The men were aware of the proximity of the foe as was shown by the little straggling that was done and the compactness of the marching column.

It continued to rain on the night of the 26th. The skirmishing indicated the enemy to be aggressive. The orders had been that the division would move that night across the river, but just after nightfall it was announced that the troops would remain in position, and that the evacuation would not take place till the following night. On the 27th it continued to rain steadily, and an occasional picket skirmish broke the dull monotony of the day. The men remained quietly in their intrenchments until 7 p. m. when the division moved out slowly, passed through the town of Columbia, and crossed Duck river to the north side on pontoons. The Third division led, followed by the First and Second. General Wood in his report says "the passage of the river was made about two miles below the town." The Third brigade marched about a mile and a half from the bridge and bivouacked.

The following morning, the 28th, the men were called at 4 o'clock. The brigade remained here until 8 o'clock, when it moved farther up the river, taking a position on the extreme left of the corps when facing the enemy. The Eighty-sixth was detailed for picket, the sentinels being stationed on the bank of the river. The regiment was not relieved until noon of the 29th. Early on this morning Post's Second brigade was sent on a reconnoissance up the river to watch the movement of the enemy, as it was reported that he was crossing at a place called Davis' ford. As soon as the Eighty-sixth was relieved from picket it was ordered to march in the direction of Post's brigade as support. In the meantime

there was a good deal of skirmishing and cannonading in the direction of the pontoon bridge. General Cox, with his division of the Twenty-third corps, was holding that position, although the enemy was making a strong show of attempting to cross at that point. Cox had a critical day of it. Had the enemy succeeded in effecting a crossing he would have had the Union troops between the upper and the nether millstone. With one corps already across at Davis' ford, five miles above, and with another at this point he would have had the three divisions of the Fourth corps and the two divisions of the Twenty-third corps as if in a vise. Fortunately for the Union side Cox's magnificent division, handled with remarkable skill, held its ground firmly and repelled every attempt to force his way over the stream. Cox withdrew his division from its position soon after dark and retired to Spring Hill, leaving the crossing covered by his skirmish line, consisting of two companies of the Sixty-third Indiana, supported by two other regiments.

The Eighty-sixth rejoined the brigade soon after night-fall. There was no moon and the darkness was almost impenetrable. Wood's division filed in after Cox and began its retreat about 10 o'clock p. m. on the 29th. Wood was followed by Kimball's First division. Kimball had started northward in the morning, but had halted on the hills south of Rutherford creek, four miles north of Columbia. When Wood's division reached that point, Kimball followed with his division. Until this stream was crossed the progress was very slow, exasperatingly slow. The report, which had been freely circulated during the afternoon, that a large body of Confederate infantry had crossed Duck river five miles above Columbia, had been confirmed. Wagner's Second division of the Fourth corps, which left Duck river early in the morning, had been fighting most of the day at Spring Hill. However, Wood's division marched on undisturbed, until weariness became fatigue, and fatigue exhaustion, when the light of large camp fires broke upon the vision of the men some distance in front, or in the direction they were marching. This, of course, was supposed to be the camps of the Union

forces, and the troops, cheered by the prospect of securing rest and sleep, stepped briskly forward. One comrade would inform another that he intended to rest there whether the regiment halted or not. But lo! what a change came over the spirit of their dreams! The column was quietly halted, and Captain M. P. Bestow, of General Wood's staff, rode down the ranks and announced softly, "Boys, this is a rebel camp lying near the road and we must march by it as quietly as possible. Arrange everything so there will be no noise!" This confirmed the worst reports and put quite a new phase on the aspect of affairs. Every soldier who heard what the Captain said knew from his earnest tones that he meant that the command was in a most desperate situation, and if attacked in that place a miracle of skill on the part of the commander, and nerve unparalleled on the part of the men, alone could save the two divisions. Now shone the soldierly qualities of the men of the old Third division, and the cool, determined purpose and skill of the "iron-gray veteran, Wood," their commander. Cut off from the rest of the army, except Cox's skirmishers and their support, the two divisions must depend on themselves to form a junction with the rest of the army. With Beatty's Third brigade in advance the column proceeded. The Eighty-sixth was in the advance of the brigade. There never was any dilly dallying or foolishness about Colonel Dick if he had a duty to perform. It was "Forward, march!" and it was done. So it was that night. He was ordered to send forward an advance-guard. Adjutant Thomas detailed Companies B and H, under the command of Captain Jeremiah Haugh, to perform that duty, and the Captain, in quiet, low tones, ordered the two companies "forward" to run the gauntlet and try the alertness of the enemy. Now was the critical moment.

"And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our heart-beats, like taps of a drum—
"Column! Forward!"

Everything now was keyed to the utmost pitch, but the regiment proceeded steadily, although very quietly, forward, and the brigade followed in like manner. All passed quietly and without notice by the rebels with the exception

of one regiment. Temporarily connected with the Third brigade—on this retreat only—was the Fortieth Missouri, a new regiment that had been pushed immediately to the front, and which the boys had denominated the “Fortieth Misery,” on account of their extreme nervousness. On such an occasion as this the new regiment that would pass without considerable trepidation would certainly be the exception. It is said that in marching by the rebel camps the division actually marched through the enemy’s picket line, that it extended across the pike, and that a part of the line was cut off and therefore feared to fire upon the column. But at any rate one or two of the pickets on the side of the rebel camp fired into the “Fortieth Misery” as it passed, and such a tumbling of raw recruits, and such a clatter of frying pans and cooking utensils, is seldom heard in an army. Those green levies were piled about five deep in the center of the pike, and tried hard to pile higher still. There was groaning and lamentations equal to a negro camp meeting. They had lain down to escape the enemy’s fire, having been out long enough to learn that much. But this halted the column in the immediate rear, which was Major Snyder, with the veteran Thirteenth Ohio. The Major was a man of quick, decisive action. He did not care to be delayed long here, and therefore at once rode quietly forward and asked the nature of the trouble. Upon learning the cause of the halt he saw that the delay was far more dangerous than the fire, and advised the Colonel to march his men on as speedily and quietly as possible, and thus clear the road for the troops behind. The Colonel of the Fortieth hesitated. It did not require but a moment for the Major to decide, and riding back to the head of his regiment, he ordered the Thirteenth to “Forward, March!” and it literally walked over the “Fortieth Misery” and proceeded on its way. When the Missourians saw, or heard, or felt, the Ohio troops passing on undisturbed, they, too, picked up courage, gathered themselves up from that pile of cooking utensils and canteens, and resumed the march, though very cautiously. The command reached Spring Hill at daylight, and was there halted

for sometime to the right of the pike, behind some rail barricades, until the trains drew well out on the road to Franklin, when it again proceeded on its way. Of this passage of the National troops by the rebel bivouacs, General J. D. Cox, in his history of the Franklin and Nashville campaign, says: "About midnight Hood was informed that troops were passing on the Columbia road, and sent Johnson's division of Lee's corps to extend Bate's line and stop the movement; but the night was dark and country unfamiliar, and nothing came of it, but a slight occasional skirmish while our columns marched by in full view of the enemy's camp-fires, which were burning less *than a half mile away.*"

While this work was in progress the First division came up, rapidly passed through Spring Hill, and pushed on toward Franklin. The wagon train was now all out upon the road and moving northward. The Third division then moved out, marching east of the road a short distance and parallel to it, as a cover to the train. The Second division followed the Third. After leaving Spring Hill the enemy's cavalry, under Forest, made a dash upon the train, dispersed a squad of guards, captured and burned a number of wagons, but was finally driven off, and the train proceeded. The rebel cavalry made a second dash at the train, but was again quickly repulsed by two regiments of the Third division, deployed as skirmishers, aided by a section of artillery.

Wood's division reached the vicinity of Franklin without further trouble, only the men were very tired. Beatty's brigade was halted for breakfast about a mile out from Franklin at the foot of a circle of hills that encompass the town. Here the men had only fairly begun their frugal meal, when the boom of Wagner's batteries sounded, in a bold attempt to stay the progress of Hood's onward rushing battalions. The "Fortieth Misery" was on its feet instantly, slung knapsacks and tired as the men were, they were ready to tramp on when the old soldiers checked them in their wild career by yells of derision. Wagner's division, the Second of the Fourth corps, was acting as rear-guard for Schofield's forces, and could not long delay Hood's advance.

Upon arriving at Franklin the two divisions of the Twenty-third corps had taken position in the suburbs of the village, with their left resting on the Harpeth river above the town and their right across and west of the turnpike. Kimball's First division, of the Fourth, corps was the next to arrive and it was posted on the right of the Twenty-third corps, with its right resting on the river below the town. Intrenchments were at once thrown up by the Twenty-third corps and Kimball's division, of the Fourth corps. Wood's division was the next to arrive, and the line all being occupied, it was ordered to cross the river, and await orders. Wagner's Second division, which was marching in the rear, was ordered to halt on a range of hills nearly two miles south of the town and deploy the command to hold the enemy in check. In the meantime the transportation of the train was being rapidly made across the river. General Wagner reported the enemy in heavy force in his front evidently preparing for an attack. He was ordered to retire nearer to the town, which he did, posting two brigades about a third of a mile south of the intrenched position of the Twenty-third corps, the other brigade, Opdycke's, being sent inside the main works as a reserve. Wagner's two brigades were ordered to fall back to the main line upon the approach of the enemy in force, which they failed to do. The responsibility rested upon the division commander, who failed to give the order to his two exposed brigades.

After Wood's division crossed the river, rations were drawn, and the Third brigade moved to the left of Fort Granger to protect that flank of the forces defending Franklin. From the brigade's position near the Fort the battle could be witnessed until the smoke of the contest and darkness hid the combatants from view, but the roar of the batteries and the terrific musketry told quite well that just "beyond the river" a terrible battle was being waged, and that many were "crossing over" the last dark stream in that cloud of smoke. General Schofield had taken his position in Fort Granger, where the ground was higher than on the south side of the river, that he might have a

better view of the battle-field. General Stanley was with General Schofield at his headquarters, and saw the enemy's entire force forming for the attack, "and yet," says he, "in view of the strong position we held, and reasoning from the former course of the rebels during this campaign, nothing appeared so improbable that he would make an assault." As soon as the firing commenced he left General Schofield and rode to the front. He arrived just as Wagner's two brigades came back in disorder from their exposed position in front of the works. Stanley then says: "I rode quickly to the left regiment of Opdycke's brigade and called to it to charge. At the same time I saw Colonel Opdycke near the center of his line urging his men forward. I gave the Colonel no order, as I saw him doing the very thing to save us." When the men on the line saw Opdycke's brigade start for the works they began to rally. Stanley says he heard the old soldiers call out, "Come on, men, we can go wherever the General can," and making a rush retook the line. The struggle now became terrible, and assumed a savage ferocity. The enemy, though a frightful lane had been cut through his ranks, refused to yield the ground he had so gallantly won, and a gladiatorial contest followed, in which the combatants stood face to face, thrusting their bayonets into each others' bosoms, and with demoniacal yells, fought in the deepening twilight, more like savages than civilized men. It was just after retaking the line that General Stanley's horse was killed. He had no sooner regained his feet until he received a musket ball through the back of the neck. His wound, however, did not compel him to leave the field, and he was furnished a remount by General Cox.

To show the fierceness of the contest, General Stanley reported that one hundred loads of ammunition, artillery and musket cartridges, were expended in this short battle, in about forty minutes, belonging to the ordnance train of the Fourth army corps. The Twenty-third corps must have expended as much. The battle raged, but with not such ferocity, until far in the night. The hastily constructed in-

trenchments of the Fourth and Twenty-third corps proved to be impregnable, manned as they were by brave men. The enemy's dead and wounded lay in great heaps in front. Hood was at last compelled to give up and retire—to mourn over the loss of over six thousand men, and six general officers killed, six wounded and one captured. The Union loss was twenty-three hundred, more than half of which occurred in the Second division of the Fourth corps, caused by Wagner's blunder.

The Eighty-sixth did not participate directly in this engagement, as Wood's division was, by orders, crossed over to the north side of the Harpeth river, but it did the duty assigned it. The division was held in position at the river until all troops and trains were out of Franklin. The battle was practically over by 11 o'clock p. m., and Schofield ordered the withdrawal of his forces. But a fire broke out in the town which enabled the enemy to see plainly if an attempt at evacuation was begun at that time. Therefore, a delay of one hour was found necessary, and at 12, midnight, the withdrawal began. Wood's division remained in position until all troops were clear of the town and marching well toward Brentwood, then, after destroying the bridges, it, too, quietly marched out at 4 o'clock a. m., December 1. Just as the division got into column upon the road the enemy seemed to have discovered the withdrawal, and opened with a battery upon the pike, or tried to do so, on which it was marching northward toward Nashville, but no farther attempt was made to attack.

Ever since leaving Pulaski on the 23d the nights had been nights of watching or marching. The first night out from Pulaski the regiment marched with less than an hour's sleep during the night. On reaching Columbia the Eighty-sixth was placed on picket. This, therefore, was a night of vigils. After this the enemy was pressing so closely that it required constant watchfulness. On the night of the 27th a great portion of the night was taken up in getting safely over Duck river and getting to the place of bivouac. On the night of the 28th the Eighty-sixth was again on picket.

There was neither sleep nor rest on the night of the 29th as the division had marched from Duck river, the march continuing all night, and now another night's loss of sleep and wearisome marching.

On leaving the vicinity of Fort Granger the division marched at a very slow pace, but when once it was well out upon the road, and the road in front cleared of troops and trains, the pace was quickened. "Wood's Greyhound's" showed their speed in an astonishing manner. Their East Tennessee sprinting campaign and their experience on the Atlanta campaign had been of great benefit to them and had given them remarkable powers of endurance. The division breakfasted about 8 o'clock. At the outposts there was every indication that a general retreat would be made. All government property that could be moved was being hurriedly conveyed back to Nashville. Guards of stations and stockades were ready to take the last train back or were marching on the road to the city limits. A general concentration of the Union forces was being made in Tennessee. Hood was coming and the final contest on the red field of war was not yet at hand. Franklin was only the beginning of the end of the campaign. About three miles out from the city the division was halted and drew rations; three days rations of sugar and coffee, and two of hard bread and bacon, but it did not bivouac here. After receiving the rations it marched within two miles of its outskirts. The troops were put in order for defense of the city should Hood make an immediate attack. Thus after many halts and delays, almost as wearisome as marching, the tired men reached a place where they might hope to secure a little rest and sleep after undergoing a most trying and dangerous retreat from Pulaski, commenced on the evening of November 23 and finished on December 1.

A copious shower of rain fell on the night of December 1. On the morning of December 2 the final and permanent alignment of Thomas' army was commenced. The Eighty-sixth was moved some two hundred yards from its bivouac, but at length came back to it and were ordered to construct

a line of breastworks. The line of intrenchments ordered were soon under way to completion. General Stanley having been disabled by a wound at the battle of Franklin, General Wood assumed command of the corps and General Beatty of the Third division. The Third brigade of Beatty's division occupied the salient angle of Wood's line, about midway between the Hillsboro pike on the right, and the Granny White pike on the left. The line of the brigade was mostly to the left of the angle and faced to the southeast. The Fourth corps line extended from at or near the Granny White pike on the left to beyond the Hillsboro pike on the right. Nearly midway, but probably a little nearer the Hillsboro road, was the salient above referred to. To the right of this angle the line of intrenchments extended nearly in a northwest direction. The Fourth corps connected on the left with their old companion campaigners, the Twenty-third corps, and on the right with General A. J. Smith's troops, a portion of the Sixteenth corps.

It required a great deal of work to construct the intrenchments. The rain had rendered the ground muddy, and wading back and forth in mud shoe-mouth deep, digging and shoveling in the tough clay was work indeed. This position of the Third brigade was on what was known as the Acklen property. Near the angle of the line of intrenchments outside the works was a large brick house which would serve as an excellent target for the rebel artillerists. It was, therefore, ordered to be torn down, which was accordingly done. There was some skirmishing on this day indicating that Hood, notwithstanding his rough treatment at Franklin, was closing down upon Thomas' forces around Nashville.

On the morning of the 3d the Eighty-sixth had orders to be ready to march at 5 o'clock a. m., but no move was made. The enemy continued to advance. The skirmishing was quite lively most of the day, the musket balls of the enemy whistling at a lively rate. The morning of the 4th was cold and disagreeable. A detail was made from the Eighty-sixth for picket. The picket or skirmish line covered the front of the salient angle. The station for the

reserve was near the ruins of the brick house which had been torn down. It was located just to the left of the angle of the line of intrenchments. About the ruins, the angle of the works, and the reserve station, the rebel skirmishers' balls made music continually. A number of men passing to and fro were wounded here, but none of the pickets. It was, however, thought to be so dangerous that it was decided not to send out any reliefs during daylight, but place the second relief immediately after dark, and the third at 12 midnight. During a part of the afternoon and evening the Federal batteries opened fire on the enemy's skirmish pits and thus kept down his fire. Hood's army regained a healthier tone, and had it not been for the cold, inclement weather, might have regained, to a considerable extent, the *morale* lost at Franklin. But illy clad and poorly fed, the weather changeable, frequently quite cold and stormy, his soldiers suffered much, and kept their spirits low. In fact, both armies spent most of the time these chill December days hovering about their camp-fires when not on duty, or laboring to build themselves more comfortable habitations. On the 5th General Thomas was around the lines viewing the position of both armies.

On the 6th Captain Matthew McInerny took command of Company H. On the 8th about 10 o'clock a. m. the troops were ordered into the works to prepare to resist a supposed assault, as the enemy had driven the pickets of the First division in and showed a disposition, it was thought, to press on toward the works. About this time the weather became very bad. It rained a great deal and then turned colder, and on December 9 a most terrific storm of sleet and rain fell. The rain froze as it fell and the whole country was enveloped in a sheet of ice. It also snowed some. So the day was one of the most disagreeable which the men experienced during their term of service. This northern winter in a southern clime started the boys out anew to build winter quarters, but as material was extremely scarce their efforts usually resulted in failure, at best, only a miserable "shack" would be constructed. This cold snap shut down on the skirmishing, as it was too disagreeably cold, too cold for one half-frozen

wretch to try to shoot another as nearly frozen as himself. It must have been even worse on Hood's half-clad soldiers than on the rugged northern boys. But one hardship the Federals suffered that Hood's men did not, and that was the scarcity of fuel. Hood's army was mostly, if not all, conveniently situated close to timber, where they could procure an abundance of fuel, while the Union line of battle was almost destitute of fuel from the first. As the weather grew colder the wants were more urgent, the needs greater, and it required a very great deal of labor to procure fuel in sufficient quantity to keep from freezing, and carrying most of the supply on the backs to camp from wherever it could be found was no easy task. This together with the other duties and the inclement weather renders the siege of Nashville a memorable one to those who there participated in the performance of the duties on the front battle line as did those of the Eighty-sixth Indiana. As General Sherman said, "these soldiers performed an important duty in the final campaign that ended the war."

On the 10th it grew quite cold, so cold that those who were not well clad, and a great many were not, suffered greatly from the cold. They hovered around their fires, or worked half frozen, getting up a scant supply of fuel. Others, stirred to energetic action by the pinching cold, went to work to build fire-places and chimneys to their shanties the better to protect themselves from what, in their needy circumstances, seemed extreme cold weather. This day there was but little skirmishing but there was an occasional cannon-shot fired around the lines, but the stinging cold punished far more just now than did the enemy. The 11th was extremely cold and very windy, rendering the weather extremely disagreeable and greatly increasing the suffering. The night of the 11th was the coldest yet experienced during the winter. The 12th was a little milder and the ice began to thaw, and reports began to travel the rounds of the camps that the army "would move the next day"—that an advance would be made as soon as the weather would permit. On the 13th a detail from the Eighty-sixth was on

picket. The weather had moderated. It thawed considerably during the day, making it quite muddy everywhere about the Union battle line. There was but little firing around the lines to denote the strained situation of affairs that actually existed. Still there were some indications that Hood was not completely at his ease. From the reserve picket station the enemy could be seen moving artillery to the right—his left—but as was afterwards learned Hood expected to be attacked on his right by Thomas' left, and this moving his artillery in plain view may have been with hope of deceiving Thomas, but if so it failed signally.

The organization of the Fourth corps now was as follows:

FOURTH ARMY CORPS,

Brigadier General T. J. Wood, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION,

Brigadier General Nathan Kimball, Commanding.

First Brigade,

Colonel Isaac M. Kirby, Commanding.

Second Brigade,

Brigadier General Walter C. Whitaker, Commanding.

Third Brigade,

Brigadier General William Grose, Commanding.

SECOND DIVISION,

Brigadier General Washington L. Elliott, Commanding.

First Brigade,

Colonel Emerson Opdycke, Commanding.

Second Brigade,

Colonel John Q. Lane Commanding.

Third Brigade,

Colonel Joseph Conrad, Commanding.

THIRD DIVISION,

Brigadier General Samuel Beatty, Commanding.

First Brigade,

Colonel Abel D. Streight, Commanding.

Eighty-ninth Illinois,

Fifteenth Ohio,

Fifty-first Indiana,

Eighth Kansas,

Forty-ninth Ohio.

Second Brigade,

(1). Colonel Sidney M. Post, Commanding.

(2). Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Kimberly, Commanding.

Fifty-ninth Illinois,	Seventy-first Ohio,
Forty-first Ohio,	Ninety-third Ohio,
One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio.	

Third Brigade,

Colonel Fred Knesler, Commanding.

Seventy-ninth Indiana,	Thirteenth Ohio,
Eighty-sixth Indiana,	Nineteenth Ohio.

The strength of the Fourth corps is given by the official records as follows: On November 30, commissioned officers, 766; enlisted men, 16,200; total, 16,966. On December 10 it was as follows: Commissioned officers, 686; enlisted men, 14,415; total, 15,101.

On December 10, the strength of the Twenty-third corps with General Thomas is given as follows: Commissioned officers, 496; enlisted men, 9,781; total, 10,277.

The strength of General A. J. Smith's command—the Sixteenth corps—three divisions of it—is given on the 10th of December as follows: Commissioned officers, 581; enlisted men, 11,345; total 11,926.

It will be seen by the above that notwithstanding its hard service and great loss in the Atlanta campaign, the Fourth was the strongest corps in Thomas' army, and the one around which he ranged his many heterogeneous organizations for the impending battle in defense of the city of Nashville. The Fourth corps served the same purpose to Thomas' army at Nashville that the Army of the Cumberland did to Sherman's army on the Atlantic campaign: it was the main-stay and center around which he constructed a magnificent army for defense and attack, and one which won imperishable glory on the field.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

Two Days' Hard Fighting—The Plan of the Battle—Montgomery Hill Captured by the Fourth Corps—The Second Days' Battle—Overton's Hill Assaulted—The "The Colored Troops Fought Nobly"—The Gallant Second Brigade Repulsed With Heavy Loss—Colonel Post Wounded—The Third Brigade Assaults and Captures Overton's Hill—Union Success—Hood Makes a Hasty Flight—Pursuit of the Enemy—A Frightful March—In Camp at Huntsville—General Wood's Congratulatory Order.

The 14th of December was comparatively a quiet day. Nothing of importance transpired on the line to denote an early move or indicate an impending battle. There was some slight skirmishing, but it was not particularly hot or spiteful, although the weather had moderated and freed the soldiers from its icy grasp. On the afternoon of the 14th. General Thomas called a meeting of the corps commanders for consultation and having discussed the plan of attack until thoroughly understood he issued Special Field Order No. 342, of which the following is a part:

Paragraph IV. As soon as the state of the weather will admit of offensive operations, the troops will move against the enemy's position in the following order:

Major General A. J. Smith, commanding detachment of the Army of the Tennessee, after forming his troops on and near the Harding pike, in front of his present position, will make a vigorous assault on the enemy's left.

Major General Wilson, commanding the cavalry corps, Military Division of Mississippi, with three divisions, will move on and support General Smith's right, assisting, as far as possible, in carrying the left of the enemy's position, and be in readiness to throw his force upon the enemy the moment a favorable opportunity occurs. Major General Wilson will also send one division on the Charlotte pike to clear that road of the enemy, and observe in the direction of Bell's Landing to protect our right rear until the enemy's position is fairly turned, when it will rejoin the main force.

Brigadier General T. J. Wood, commanding Fourth army corps, after leaving a strong skirmish line in his works from Laurens' Hill to his extreme right, will form the remainder of the Fourth corps on the Hillsboro pike, to support General Smith's left, and operate on the left and rear of the enemy's advanced position on the Montgomery Hill.

Major General Schofield, commanding the Twenty-third army corps, will replace Brigadier General Kimball's division of the Fourth corps with his troops, and occupy the trenches from Fort Negley to Laurens' Hill with a strong skirmish line. He will move with the remainder of his force in front of the works and co-operate with General Wood, protecting the latter's left flank against an attack by the enemy.

Major General Steedman, commanding District of the Etowah, will occupy the interior line in the rear of his present position, stretching from the reservoir on the Cumberland river to Fort Negley, with a strong skirmish line, and mass the remainder of his force in its present position, to act according to the exigencies which may arise during these operation.

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Should the weather permit, the troops will be formed to commence operations at 6 a. m. on the 15th, or as soon thereafter as practicable.

On the morning of the 15th General Thomas finding the weather favorable ordered the attack to be made in accordance with the plan promulgated in the Special Field Order above quoted. The weather was even more favorable than had been apprehended the evening before. The formation of the troops in battle array was wholly concealed from the enemy by a dense fog which did not clear away until near noon. This gave General Thomas a great advantage, General Hood being taken completely by surprise, and was not, therefore, ready for such a "hustling mill" as Thomas gave him from the first round. There was, however, considerable delay in completing the alignment, still the fog veiled the movement and shortened the vision of the doomed rebel army. But there was an important change made in the plan of the battle as first proposed by General Thomas. Finding that General Smith had not taken as much distance to the right as was intended, Thomas directed General Schofield to move his command—the Twenty-third corps—from the position in reserve to which it had been assigned, over to the right of General Smith, enabling the cavalry thereby to operate more freely in the enemy's rear. This was rapidly accomplished

by General Schofield, and his troops participated in the closing operations of the day. In making the alignment the Third brigade, Third division, Fourth corps, was moved back and forth many times before the line was finally adjusted according to General Thomas' wishes. When the line was completed ready for the advance, the Eighty-sixth on the front line, was almost directly in front of the salient of its old line of works. Here it was ordered to construct a new line of breastworks, some two hundred yards or more in advance of the old, but advanced upon the right of the line. The men were ordered to "stack arms" and go forward about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards in front of their own line to a stone fence, tear this down and carry the stone thus procured back to the battle-line, and there to be used to make the revetment of breastworks. It proved to be an extremely dangerous duty to perform. By this time the fog had cleared away. The enemy had a strong skirmish line in the regiment's immediate front, and observing what it was doing, opened a brisk fire upon it which he maintained as long as he was permitted to remain and occupy his line of rifle pits.

Right at this point the Eighty-sixth met one of its most trying ordeals. To be exposed to a galling fire, without being permitted to resist or fire upon the enemy in return, is what puts the nerves of soldiers to their severest test. This is what the Eighty-sixth experienced here. It was another Rocky Face Ridge or worse. Clothing was repeatedly cut by rebel missiles, rocks were shattered in the very grasp of men as they carried them back to the proper line, but the work went steadily on. There fell a man severely wounded, here another. They were removed by the stretcher-bearers and the work proceeded. The enemy, like so many malignant hornets, stung every moment and persevered in it with a persistence worthy of a better cause. Here Jesse W. Carter, of Company H, and A. B. Walker, of Company K, were wounded. William W. Sanders, of Company K, was killed instantly, shot through the head. Colonel Dick was standing near by. He ordered the stretcher-bearers to

remove the body at once, and the work on the intrenchments was not interrupted. The loss of the regiment here in open ground while subject to the fire of this skirmish line was some ten or twelve. Directly after this experience of the Third brigade, the Second brigade of Beatty's division, commanded by Colonel Philip Sidney Post, of the Fifty-ninth Illinois, assaulted the most advanced position of the enemy's forces on Montgomery Hill. The hill was swept from foot to crest in a most gallant manner and with very small loss. The hill was about midway between Hood's main line of works and the salient of the Fourth corps' line. In point of time this movement had just terminated successfully when General Thomas ordered General Schotfield to move from his position in reserve to take his place in the line on General Smith's right. But this success was not enough. The fiery and determined Wood pressed his lines forward and captured the enemy's main line. W. O. Blake, the historian, of this last movement and the first day's fight, says: "The Fourth corps continued to advance, and carried the entire line in its front by assault, and captured several pieces of artillery, about 500 prisoners, some stands of colors, and other material. Just before dark the command again advanced, but night coming on it bivouacked before completing the designed movement. The total result of the day's operations was the capture, by the forces under General Thomas, of sixteen pieces of artillery and 1,200 prisoners, besides several hundred stands of small arms and about forty wagons. The enemy had been forced back at all points, with heavy loss, and the Federal casualties were unusually light. The behavior of the troops was unsurpassed for steadiness and alacrity in every movement, and the original plan of battle, with but few alterations, strictly adhered to."

After the capture of the main line of the enemy's works there were some indications of a precipitate retreat on the part of the enemy, and therefore General Thomas ordered General Wood to move his corps farther to the left to the Franklin pike and southward upon it. The movement was commenced immediately, but night overtook the command

before it reached the Franklin pike and it bivouacked as before stated. In fact, the entire line of battle of Thomas' army bivouacked where darkness found it. The men ate a soldier's meal and sank to rest on the damp earth, while their commanders planned their work for them and made preparations for the next day's battle.

Of the loss sustained on the 15th the Fourth corps was the greatest, being about 350. Smith's loss was a little less and Schofield's was about 150, and those of Steedman's and Wilson's were still less, being a very small loss when the magnitude of the battle and the results are considered.

It had been a day of activity, excitement and peril to those engaged. The results had been unexpectedly great as can readily be seen. Hood had been driven from his advanced position, then followed up and forced from his main fortified line and compelled, toward the close of the day, to fall back and again fortify to have any hope of staying the conquering Union forces. Thomas' troops had been uniformly successful, capturing every position attacked, driving the Confederates pell mell before them, killing, wounding and capturing many, and greatly demoralizing all of them. So successful had the Union forces been in the day's battle that Hood himself saw certain disaster before him unless the whole army could be aroused to superhuman courage and effort, and therefore on the morning of the 16th he gave orders to his subordinates to prepare to retreat that evening. He hoped by the very strong position taken, and the good fortifications erected, to be able to ward off Thomas' attacks for the day and then march his command away intact under cover of the darkness of the following night. But it was too late. The powerful, crushing blows of Thomas were not to be parried or stayed. Hood had dallied with opportunity until it was no more. He could not well retreat while pressed so closely on every hand, and before night of the second day's battle his army was a disorganized, disorderly mob.

Reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 16th of December for the Eighty-sixth, and in fact for the

Third brigade. It was expected to be a very busy day. At sun-rise Colonel George F. Dick gave the regiment the command "Double-column on the center at half distance—March!" and the regiment performed the evolution as though it was on the parade ground instead of the bloody field of battle, and in a very few moments the command was ready for the day's work. Marching eastward as the command was when night had overtaken it the previous day, it soon crossed the Franklin pike. Beatty's division, and probably the whole corps, executed a wheel to the right until its line extended at right angles with the pike, and then advanced southward on the line of the pike, Beatty's division east, and Kimball's west, of the pike, Elliott in reserve. But General Wood finding that there was a division's space upon the line between Kimball's right and General A. J. Smith's left, he ordered General Elliott's division to forward into line. Thus nearly in the afternoon of the 16th all three divisions of the Fourth corps were upon the front line facing the enemy. The distance traveled by the Confederates from the line from which they had been driven was only sufficient to find an easily defensible position—no farther. Hood had not found it practicable to get away on the night of the 15th, but had chosen an exceedingly strong position and built very good strong breastworks. The position and works appeared almost impregnable. There were several strong forts on the line that had been previously constructed which added greatly to the strength of his otherwise strong position. His line extended from Overton's Hill on the right of his line east of the Franklin pike, westward some distance beyond the Granny White pike, thence turning nearly due south ended by a sharply refused line of intrenchments on a high hill, that since the battle, but previously nameless, has been known as Shy's Hill, from the Colonel of the Confederate Twentieth Tennessee, who was killed there in the evening of the second day's battle. Hood's line was also sharply refused on the crest of Overton's Hill running south. Refusing the ends of his line made his flanks more secure and more difficult to flank or turn. The Union line was facing the Confed-

erate line, the latter only being outflanked upon the left of its line by Wilson's cavalry. The Confederate line being the interior line could be more strongly manned with an equal number of men, and troops held in reserve could re-inforce any particular part of their line much more quickly and easily than the Union troops could. Thomas' superior numbers, however, allowed him to maintain the strength of his line and extend it equal to that of Hood's.

The advance, after crossing to the east of the pike, had brought the Union battle front well up to the enemy's intrenched line, within striking distance. Now, however, there was not the same decisive action and rapidity of advance as on the previous day. The Union command "had run up against a stump," and wanted a little time to consider the situation before he took further action. The enemy had chosen a much stronger position than the one he had held on the morning of the previous day. Hood, too, had his command better in hand for battle. There were no outlying detachments to be taken by surprise and in detail. The whole army now was solidified into one mobile mass as it were, a strong battle line well intrenched, and with a single purpose to hold his position firmly until nightfall, when darkness would cover his intended retreat. Every man in Hood's army facing the Union forces knew this must be done or certain defeat awaited them, and defeat meant rout and ruin and such disaster as had never yet befallen their flag in a single day's encounter. Therefore, if their hearts were at all in the cause which they represented they must fight to the last, as never men fought, or give up hope. This was the situation from which there was no escape.

About noon of the 16th Steedman's troops, consisting of two brigades of colored soldiers, joined Knefler's brigade on the left, and extended that flank of the Union army. By order of General Thomas, General Wood, the Fourth corps commander, also took direction of these two brigades for the day. The skirmish lines were pushed well up to the enemy's works and annoyed him greatly by maintaining a sharp fire upon his line, and especially on his batteries on

Overton's Hill. The courageous part played by the skirmish line enabled officers to make a pretty careful reconnoissance of the enemy's position and works, to find if possible where an assault might be directed with the best chance of success and the greatest results if successful. General Thomas was with General Wood directly after noon, but the position of the enemy was so very strong and so fully manned that he would not order an assault. In fact, after passing on to Smith's command, and then to Schofield's, and hearing the report of the reconnoissances made of the enemy's position and strength, General Thomas did not order an assault, but left the corps commanders to decide that for themselves. The "Iron Gray Veteran" of the Fourth corps soon decided to make the attempt on Overton's Hill, the strongest point on the enemy's entire line, but the one, which if attained, would yield the greatest results to the Union cause, as it would place in the hands of the Federal troops the main road on which the Confederates must hope to retreat. With their retreat cut off in this direction, as it would be with Overton's Hill captured before the rest of their line was broken, they must surrender or disperse, and this would indeed be a death blow to their cause.

Knefler's Third brigade, of Beatty's division, was ordered to construct a line of intrenchments some hundred yards in front of the enemy's works on the hill and hold it, and Post's Second brigade was ordered to assault the key to the enemy's position, Overton's Hill, supported by Streight's First brigade. Thompson's brigade of colored troops, of Steedman's command, supported by the other brigade, Grosvenor's, was also ordered by General Wood to assault the hill simultaneously with Post's brigade. The lines of the advance of the two brigades converging, their flanks would come together at the angle of the enemy's works on the crest of the hill to be assaulted. This was the strongest point, but if attained, would place Hood at Thomas' mercy and therefore worthy of an heroic effort. A heavy fire of artillery by order of General Wood had been concentrated

on the enemy's position on the hill for sometime before the assault was made.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the columns of attack were ordered forward. The troops advanced slowly at first until nearing the enemy's works. When it was thought they were in striking distance they were ordered to charge "double quick." Now, the full manly voices of the men of the Northwest rang out in their startling, terrific yell of defiance, joined at once by the colored troops on their immediate left, and the final rush was made. The assault was made in truly gallant style and the attack was well sustained, but they were attacking veterans of the Confederate army who had been tried in the fire of battle many times, and who were as brave as the bravest of the heroes of Waterloo. These veterans were in a good position, behind excellent works which protected them effectually and rendered them practically secure. The Confederates were not to be stampeded by noise, and true to their cause, they fought desperately, never giving an inch of ground or exposing themselves unnecessarily from the protecting cover of their good works, but maintaining a rapid steady fire of both musketry and artillery. Both columns of attack were severely handled and finally repulsed. But before the commands retired the wounded came streaming back through the Eighty-sixth and the other regiments of Knefler's brigade. This gave the men to understand how desperate had been the attack and defense in their immediate front. Indeed the Eighty-sixth well up to the front did not need to see the wounded to know that it had been a desperately fought battle—a maliciously hot engagement. The thunders of the rebel batteries, the dreadful crash of grape and canister, the spiteful hiss of the little bullets oracularly communicated the fact that there was red-handed work right there in front—in arm's length, and in which the Third brigade might at any moment expect to be invited to participate. The attack did not last long. The Union troops were compelled to retire from the attack. Knefler's brigade covered their retreat and the attacking

columns withdrew from their advanced position without molestation. They had fought gallantly, had almost attained the object of the attack, mounted the rebel works, but the lines of the enemy were unshaken and the fire was too hotly maintained, and they were forced reluctantly to yield ground. This was attributable to two causes: the strong position, and the enemy, warned by the maneuvers, had divined that the attack was to be made at this point first, and had been able to reinforce Overton's Hill until he felt secure in point of numbers. He was, therefore, unintimidated and stood his ground resolutely. The loss of the Second brigade was considerable, Colonel Post himself being among those who were severely wounded. The colored troops fought no less bravely than did the Second brigade, and their loss was equally great, but all was without avail. Yet it showed conclusively that the "smoked Yankees" could be relied upon.

General Wood's attack upon the point most to be desired had failed. It was too strong a position and too well fortified to be swept by a handful of men, when the enemy was warned and had time to reinforce the ordinary battle line which held it. It was a commanding position, both as to the battle-field and as to his line of retreat. The enemy was fully aware of this, and therefore determined to hold it if possible. But not in the least disheartened the corps commander, with General Thomas' consent and direction, made preparation for a combined attack that would at least put matters on a different footing, and to a certain extent rob the enemy of the advantage he seemed to possess after the repulse of Post's and Thompson's brigades. The left of the enemy's line had been extended until it was very thin and weak, and he beheld with great dismay the preparation for assaulting his position. The officer in command called for reinforcements in all haste, but then at other points he was in but little better shape to spare men and resist an attack, as he had been roughly handled all round the line during the day, although no direct assault had been made except on Overton's Hill, at least, by the infantry. But the batteries

had knocked his works right and left, and the skirmishers had crept near his works in many places, and maintained a hot and commanding fire. All soldiers who have campaigned in really great campaigns know how trying it is on one's nerves to be set up as a mark for sharpshooters for ten or twelve hours at a time. This was the situation of the Confederates at many points on their line late in the afternoon of the 16th.

But Wood's gallant attack, unaided, failed, and something else must be attempted. The attack upon Hood's position began with General Schofield's command on the Union right, and ran along the blue-coated line from right to left like a wave along the shore. Knefler's brigade was still at work on its line of intrenchments when the wave of action reached it. "Forward," was the word that rang from the lips of Colonel Dick. This was the regiment's only preparation for the assault. The Eighty-sixth and, in fact, the Third brigade, were to attack directly in their front, on Overton's Hill, where the brave brigade of the gallant Colonel Post had made its attack and failed. Now began a charge in some respects almost equal to the wonderful assault on Missionary Ridge. Colonel Dick, always a prompt and energetic commander, threw the whole of his soldierly spirit into his every command, as if it were a forlorn hope. His subordinates seconded his efforts with equal spirit and resolution, and thus the regiment was sent ahead for the enemy's works under a full head of steam. There was no time to "fall in" and "form a line." All that could be done was to grab one's gun and rush to the front. Not a moment was lost, and the men went forward at a full run, no halting, no hesitating, no seeking shelter behind stumps or trees, but right on for the works and the enemy. Cheers far to the right indicated that there, too, Union men were pressing the enemy, and that he would have work all along the line, and could not mass at any particular point. For this reason, if for no other, they would have a better chance to win what seemed to be an impregnable position. Could this point be carried, even then? Could this hill be captured, this strong-

hold, the citadel of the enemy's position? If it could be done, complete success was assured. On the run, over the ground of the previous assault, the regiment passed heaps of the slain, both white and black, but the men had little time to note the horrors of the battle-field now, although a glance was sufficient to show that it had been a fearful slaughter for so brief a time. On the regiment went, still at a run for the works and their occupants. The fire of the enemy was not as severe as had been expected, and the men literally ran over the works and many Confederates.

"As ye dance with the damsels to viol and flute,
So we skipped over breastworks and flocked in pursuit,"

Capturing the fort, guns and prisoners, and kept right on scarcely stopping to notice what was captured, but almost treading on the heels of the fleeing fugitives. Colonel Dick in his report says: "At the point where my regiment gained the enemy's work he had left in good condition four pieces of artillery, over which I placed a guard. Here also the regiment captured fifty-five enlisted men and three commissioned officers." Captain McInerney went to the rear with a squad of some fifty odd prisoners, while the regiment continued the pursuit of the enemy still east of the Franklin pike. Only those who were in first-rate racing condition could keep the pace set after the enemy, and many fell behind the regiment from sheer inability to maintain the high rate of speed for so long a time and distance. The Eighty-sixth in the very front of all the army raced on after the fleet-footed Confederates until the darkness of night fell. When finally halted the Eighty-sixth was within fifty yards of quite a large number of demoralized rebels, who by their officers had been brought to a stand. There were a number of teams and a battery, but all were fearfully shaken up, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that the officers could hold them here from one minute to another. The Eighty-sixth had raced on after the enemy with such headlong impetuosity that there was only a handful of the regiment present when the halt was called, the others having fallen behind from sheer exhaustion. Had the enemy had the nerve he might

have turned and captured the entire squad, as he probably had ten times the numbers. But of course the Confederates were so frightened that they thought of nothing but to try and escape.

Just beyond where the Eighty-sixth was halted was a little swale, thickly grown up with underbrush, and just the other side of the swale was the demoralized enemy, with a battery and some teams. They could not be seen, but the teamsters shouting and swearing at their teams, and the officers giving commands and trying hard to bring the men under control, could be heard. The battery fired one or two rounds and then hastily retreated. The men had been halted here in their mad flight, and undoubtedly a strong attempt was made to organize a rear-guard to cover the retreat. Every few moments some of the men would break away for the rear, and then a general breaking up of the ranks would occur. The officers tried to rally them and called them cowards and swore horribly, threatening to shoot the very next one who made the attempt to retreat without orders. A number of the Eighty-sixth wanted to continue the pursuit—to push on over the swale and attack this squad and try at least for their capture, but the officers, probably under positive orders to halt, did not deem it prudent to push ahead farther with so few men, not knowing exactly what was in their immediate front. The rebel artillerist, as stated, braced up sufficiently to fire one or two rounds, then retired still farther south. There was every evidence of extreme demoralization on the part of the enemy: teamsters were shouting at their teams, wagonmasters were giving their orders in stentorian tones, officers were cursing their men as cowards and poltroons of the meanest kind and lowest grade. The men in turn were vociferating that they would face the enemy as long as the officers, but that they were greatly outnumbered and overpowered, and that further resistance here was wholly useless. But during all this talk, some of the men, impatient of restraint, would break away and occasion another outbreak of profanity on the part of the officers. The officers

were evidently very greatly excited, and probably almost as badly frightened as the poor privates.

The Fourth corps was far in advance in the pursuit of all other infantry, in fact, up with the cavalry at this time, and General Wood probably deemed it unwise to push on farther during the night, and so ordered the command to halt. Had the men been allowed to run on and attack the enemy, as some of them, at least, wanted to do, quite a large number of prisoners might have been secured, together with artillery and wagons, as the enemy was badly demoralized. There were not over twenty-five or thirty of the Eighty-sixth present when this swale was first reached, but they were all soldiers and ready for the work before them. Others speedily came up, and they continued to arrive, until a good force was on hand, and in a very short time the entire regiment was there and ready to go forward if the command should be given. By this time the Confederates had entirely withdrawn. One by one they went at first, until their officers saw it was the sheerest folly to try to hold them, when they all scampered, rejoiced in being allowed to get away so easily.

It is a fact, accepted by all who have written upon the details of the battle of Nashville, that Wood's Fourth corps led in the pursuit of the enemy on the evening of the second day's battle, and bivouacked for the night far in advance of all other infantry commands of General Thomas' army. It is equally certain that the men of Colonel Knefler's brigade, of Beatty's Third division, led those of the Fourth corps, and of these the Eighty-sixth were in the front line, and were abreast of the leaders. This much is due the Eighty-sixth, Colonel Dick and his subordinate officers. Neither Colonels Knefler nor Dick ever permitted their men to hang back when there was work to be done, and on this day as at Missionary Ridge, the men had no disposition to loiter by the wayside, but crowded to the front with the greatest spirit and courage, and rushed gleefully forward as if invited to a banquet where only friends were to be met, and where unclouded joy and

unrestrained pleasure were to be found and quaffed as the soul's most inspiring draught.

It was a great day of battle and this its most notable assault—the climax, in fact, of the two day's battle. The battle of Nashville was one of the most decisive victories of the war, in which many hard knocks were given and received, before the end came, but which came quickly and surely in the dusk of the evening when the final grand assault was made by the Union forces. From one end of Hood's intrenchments to the other the blue lines of the advancing columns of the Federal troops could be seen charging upon the enemy with the most daring impetuosity. There was, therefore, at this stage of the game no time, chance, or opportunity to reinforce this or that part of the appalled Confederate battle-line. The forces, marshaled as they were, must meet the shock of the onward, rushing battalions, or suffer defeat and utter rout. There was no escape from this dread alternative. The one swinging, crushing blow that was to decide the battle was delivered with the full force of Thomas' combined divisions, and came too soon, after the repulse of the smaller attacking column on the left, to permit a re-adjustment of Hood's forces. This combined attack changed the status of affairs from that of the previous assault, by Post's brigade and Steedman's colored troops, and crowned the last attack with a glorious success. Few as they had been in the former attack, the Union troops had fought the enemy to the verge of victory, and that, too, over magnificently constructed breastworks on the enemy's own well chosen ground. The Eighty-sixth might well have said

"We have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother."

The fire of the contending batteries was terribly fierce and the slaughter great during the brief half hour the assault was maintained, yet the Third brigade was unappalled and rushed to the fray when ordered to charge into the fiery girdle—the flaming crater on the crest of Overton's Hill—

the Eighty-sixth leading and her companion regiments following with equal enthusiasm, spirit, and courage.

It has been said that "a victory, is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers," and this is probably as nearly applicable to Thomas' victory at Nashville as any general battle fought during the war, if it is taken into consideration that his forces were the attacking ones, but it is still more applicable to the assault of Colonel Knefler's brigade which was led by Colonel George F. Dick and his regiment, the Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry. Again had the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana and the Nineteenth and Thirteenth Ohio earned for themselves the right to be termed "*rash, inconsiderate fiery voluntaries*," by their daring courage and the impetuosity of their assault upon the rebel works on Overton's Hill, where before their very eyes so many of their comrades had been slain and the remainder of the attacking force had been apparently so easily repulsed.

Said a captured Brigadier General, in speaking of this charge: "Why, Sir, it was the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed. I saw you were coming and held my fire—a full brigade, too—until they were in close range, could almost see the whites of their eyes, and then poured my volley right into their faces. I supposed, of course, that when the smoke lifted, your line would be broken and your men gone. But it is surprising, Sir, it never even staggered them. Why, they did not come forward on a run. But right along, cool as fate, your line swung up the hill, and your men walked right up to and over my works and around my brigade, before we knew that they were upon us. It was astonishing, Sir, such fighting."

The various regiments of the brigade sustained the reputations they had won at Stone's River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and all through the Atlanta campaign, by winning in the most brilliant and gallant manner this stronghold of Hood's position in a few brief minutes, and with comparatively small loss. Of the number of prisoners and small arms captured by the Eighty-sixth or Knefler's brigade, Col-

onel Knefler reported 158 prisoners and 9 guns, Beatty's Third division captured 721 prisoners, and 13 field pieces. The Fourth corps captured 1,968 prisoners and 25 guns, besides many thousands of small arms, and regimental colors of which no account could be taken. All this was accomplished with a loss of but 750 men killed and wounded of the entire corps.

Of the many incidents of the battle worthy of being chronicled it would be difficult to make a selection for these pages. The courage of the men were at the highest pitch, and *all* gave evidence of their determination to capture the enemy's works and win the day if indomitable courage and audacity could do it. Never was the regiment or brigade more perfectly in unison, more thoroughly combined by a dogged, inflexible purpose than they were on this day united instantaneously, on the word of command to "Forward," by the resolution to capture Overton's Hill and end the day's battle. The officers of the Eighty-sixth were all aglow with the spirit of battle and nobly sustained and encouraged the men to press forward and on to still greater achievements of valor and heroism. To these let all praise be given, but let us not mar the memory of the occasion by trying to put one above the other,—officers and men were in the grand rush simply unmatched and matchless soldiers. Could more be said?

One incident occurred in the Eighty-sixth, but was no part of it, which is worthy of recital because it shows to some extent the depth of the heroism of the colored soldier. It has become a trite saying, "The colored troops fought nobly," more frequently quoted in a spirit of levity than out of admiration for their heroic courage. No one who witnessed the first assault on Overton's Hill, will ever question the true courage of the down trodden colored man. When Post's brigade, of Beatty's division, and Thompson's brigade of colored troops, were repulsed a number of the latter held their ground well up to the enemy's works, not retiring when the columns of assault retired. Here they remained until the onset of Knefler's brigade. They joined the leaders of

the storming column and went over the works with the spirit and resolution of veterans. One of these was so elated by the final, but what, no doubt, seemed to him long delayed, success, of the Union troops that he jumped upon a piece of artillery and stroked it with his hand as he might have done a favorite horse or dog, patting and petting it as though it were a thing of sense and intelligence. Of course he was an ignorant, unlearned colored man, but he knew the victory was gained. At first he and his comrades had been beaten. Many of them lay just over the works—dead. He, however, was unwilling to acknowledge it was a defeat. He waited and watched for assistance to accomplish the work. But these grim monsters—these bull-dogs of war roared on, belched forth death and destruction, and it seemed that no body of men could stand before them and live, much less capture the works. But with the spirit of a true hero he persevered in waiting and watching until hope was almost gone. His intrepidity was to have its own proper reward—victory. A handful of men came over their partly constructed works and started for those blazing cannon. He waits. They come abreast of his cover, still on the run. He is unlearned in books and scholastic training, but he is a close observer and has been a student of nature and the human countenance all his life, and now he reads in every lineament of the rugged faces of these men that they mean to capture these works, that hill, cannon, and all else that do not run away from them. It was enough. He joins the procession, and rushing among the Eighty-sixth he goes over the works with a leap and a shout. The enemy flees. The works are taken. The hill is captured. The guns are silenced. He is satisfied and looks no farther. This to him was the complete victory—the end of the battle, and he was as happy as the laurel crowned hero in the greatest triumph. He himself was a hero as was many of his comrades on that dreadful day on the bloody slopes of Overton's Hill. All honor to the colored soldiers although in their magnificently sustained charge they failed, and equal honor is due to the Second brigade.

The battle of Nashville was one of the great decisive battles of the war. There can be little doubt that it created a greater depression in the hearts of the people of the South than any single battle fought prior to that time. The battle of Franklin had cast a cloud of gloom over many Southern homes for the loss of their loved ones who fell there, but it was a personal sorrow rather than one of the whole people, as their army still advanced farther north, and many retained a hope that the intrepid Hood with his brave army would do even more than he had promised, and proceed on north until the Ohio river was crossed and the Northern States successfully invaded. This would call large reinforcements from Grant's army before Richmond and relieve Lee, and possibly create such an impression in Europe as to lead to the recognition of the Confederacy by foreign powers. But now after the battle of Nashville hope was gone, and to the personal sorrow of the individuals for the loved and lost, were added the sorrow and gloom and depression of spirits of a disappointed people that had held high hopes for the near future of this so called government.

The Nashville papers, which were received the next day while in pursuit of the enemy, stated that Thomas had captured about 5,000 prisoners and more than 30 pieces of artillery. According to later accounts this is too high as to the number of prisoners taken. To be brief as to the captures made from the enemy during these two day's battle, they were as follows: Prisoners, 4,462, and 53 pieces of artillery and thousands of small arms. General J. D. Cox says in his history of the battle that "Thomas' return of prisoners captured, and deserters received during November and December, show the number to be over thirteen thousand; besides these he reports the capture of seventy-two cannons and three thousand muskets."

At 6 o'clock that evening, from his headquarters eight miles south of Nashville, General Thomas dispatched President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, from which the following extract is made.

"This army thanks you for your approbation of its conduct yester-

day, and assures you that it is not misplaced. I have the honor to report that the enemy has been pressed at all points to-day on his line of retreat to the Brentwood Hills. * Brigadier General Wood's troops on the Franklin pike took up the assault, capturing the enemy's intrenchments, and in his retreat also capturing eight pieces of artillery, something over 600 prisoners, and drove the enemy within one mile of the Brentwood Hill Pass."

The Eighty-sixth bivouacked in the edge of the swale before mentioned where the pursuit of the enemy ended on the evening of the 16th. The men were in fine spirits. They had by their valor, with their companions in arms, sent the braggart Hood whirling southward. It is true a portion of this same army had been beaten almost, if not quite, as badly at Missionary Ridge, but not all of it was so routed. At the latter battle that portion of the rebel army opposed to the Fourth and Fourteenth corps, had been perhaps nearly as badly beaten from what they thought an impregnable position, and that, too, in a very unexpected manner, but Hardee's magnificent corps, the flower of Bragg's army on the rebel right, opposed to Sherman's forces, were not so beaten, and, in fact, had held their ground until nightfall and then withdrew in good order, and with their organization intact and perfect *morale*, as was evidenced by the battle they gave General Hooker's command the following day at Ringgold. Not so here at Nashville. Every command, every regiment, in the rebel intrenchments opposed to the Federal troops were utterly routed, and either captured or chased like the wild deer of the forest, from their posts and breastworks. The rank and file of the Union troops knew this and appreciated their victory. They knew what it all meant, and were correspondingly jubilant. The Union loss had been exceedingly small for the result attained, and this also made the Federals feel happy. Therefore, around the Union bivouac fires that burned brightly on the night of December 16, 1864, near Brentwood Hill Pass, there gathered cheerful, happy groups of men who chatted in a lively, gleeful manner, and discussed the exploits of the day's battle and its happy termination. This lively conversation was kept up during the time of preparation and disposal of the evening meal. There

was no ill-humor there. The boys almost hugged one another in the excess of their joyous good humor. It was a happy bivouac. The officers and men commingled in a free and easy manner. It was a grand victory.

The evening meal was speedily disposed of by the hungry men, the "shake downs" were spread here and there upon "the lap of mother earth" for the night's rest, and the weary men were soon in the land of pleasant dreams. Shortly after the men had gone to rest, torrents of rain began to fall and the drowsy soldiers were soon wallowing in water. Wearied and sleepy as they were, the water drove them from their beds upon the earth to perch like so many fowls at roost, here or there, on stumps, logs, or limbs, or anything, or anywhere, to get up out of the water and shield themselves from the rain. Consequently the night's sleep and rest were almost wholly lost.

Reveille was sounded for the Eighty-sixth and the Third brigade at 4:30 a. m. on the 17th. The preparation of the morning meal and its disposal, the drying of blankets and pup tents, required the greatest dispatch that the men might be ready when the order was given to march.

About 8 o'clock the regiment was formed and received the order from Colonel Dick to "Double column on the center at half distance—march," and thus it advanced through forest and field until well up to Brentwood Hill Pass. Marching in this way was tiresome. Besides the manner of marching, the warm and super-abundant rains, had rendered the ground very soft, especially in the cultivated fields, and consequently the footing was bad and the progress slow. A certain amount of caution was necessary, as it was thought possibly that the enemy might have rallied sufficiently during the night to attempt to make a stand at Brentwood Hill Pass, at least, to delay pursuit. But he had been too severely beaten and was too badly demoralized to think of risking any of his forces by attempting to make a stand at that point. Having found no armed enemy at the Pass the regiment was permitted to march upon the road in the ordinary route step. Shortly after it had reached the pike some

four hundred and fifty rebels and their officers passed the Third brigade going now for sure to Nashville. Wilson's cavalry, Knipe's division, had captured them at Hollow Tree Gap, four miles north of Franklin. So many prisoners had been taken and more still coming in was quite cheering and all felt that Hood's army would not be in the way very long.

Knefler's brigade, of Beatty's division, arrived at the north bank of the Harpeth river about 4 o'clock on the 17th and bivouacked for the night not far from Fort Granger, and during the evening drew rations for three days. Wood was as expeditious as any one could have been with infantry in getting to Franklin, but Wilson's cavalry beat him there. They had driven the frightened enemy from the town, and had taken about 2,000 wounded in the Confederate hospitals, 200 of which were Federals. The enemy was getting away with the greatest precipitancy and had no time to furnish transportation for the wounded. It was as much as the able-bodied could do to get away with sufficient speed to save themselves from capture, and all seemed pretty thoroughly frightened at this stage of the game. The recent heavy rains had swollen the streams, already full, to an unusual degree, and the roads were abominable. It was manifestly out of the question for the troops to make rapid progress in the pursuit. General Cox says: "Hood's retreat from Nashville to the Tennessee and Thomas' pursuit were almost equally laborious for their armies, though very different in their effects upon the spirits of the troops. The roads were in horrible condition, even those which had been macadamized being almost impassable. The ordinary country roads were much worse, and, after passing Pulaski, till the Tennessee was reached, the wreck of wagons and the carcasses of animals filled the way."

On the morning of the 18th reveille was sounded at 4:30 and about 8 o'clock Knefler's brigade filed out from its place of bivouac, crossed the Harpeth river, and marched once more through the town of Franklin. But this time the Union troops were the pursuers, not the pursued. Following Hood's footsteps they took the Columbia pike. The evidences of the

desperate repulse the rebel army had met here were to be seen. Upon the immediate right and left of where the pike passed through the Federal breastworks, the most desperate fighting of the battle of Franklin occurred. Here the enemy, by General Wagner's error, succeeded in taking a portion of the works. In some respects it was the most desperate battle of the war. Just outside the intrenchments the very great number of graves told how great the slaughter of the Confederates had been. These brave Southerners had crowded close upon the works and almost fell in heaps around the lines of the Union army's intrenchments. Near the pike, on the east side, was where the desperate and aggrieved Cleburn tried to gain, for the complaining Hood, the battle, by the most indomitable courage. A little farther on to the east was the place where with equal impetuous courage Brigadier General John Adams lost his life in a most daring assault upon the works in a vain attempt to break the Union line, his horse falling astride of the Federal parapet, while he himself, by the momentum of his rush upon the works, was pitched headlong into the Union ranks mortally wounded.

Having passed beyond the town of Franklin one mile a halt was called and the troops were permitted to rest, when they were not tired. The cavalry was in the advance and had run up against some barricades defended by the rear guard of the enemy. It required some time to make the proper disposition of the troops for the attack, but when it was once made they carried the barricades in whirlwind fashion, dispersing the enemy and capturing a number of the defenders of the works. The onward march of the infantry was at once resumed and was continued steadily, the column passing through Spring Hill and some distance beyond, bivouacking at dark. During the night of the 18th there was a terrific rain storm. The down pour of water was wonderful, all low grounds were flooded, and the soldiery and their paraphernalia were thoroughly soaked. The march was resumed on the morning of the 19th, Generals Wood and Wilson acting most promptly and energetically on Thomas'

instructions to press the enemy. The rain continued to fall but it grew much colder during the day. About 11 o'clock a. m. Rutherford's creek was reached. The rebels in their retreat had destroyed the bridge, and as the creek was greatly swollen it was impossible to cross it until some kind of bridge could be constructed. The command bivouacked and work on a bridge was speedily commenced. A cold rain fell during the night, rendering the work on the bridge to proceed very slowly. It also made the soldiers' bivouac anything but a haven of rest and comfort. A day was most unpleasantly spent at this place, as it grew colder toward morning and froze considerably. About 1 o'clock p. m. on the 20th the bridge was completed, at least, it was ready for footmen, and the command marched out for Columbia. The Confederates had made good their escape across Duck river which was also impassable, as they allowed no bridges to remain in their rear. A cold rain continued to fall and the wind rose, forming a combination that thoroughly chilled one to the bone, and it was a first rate producer of neuralgias and rheumatisms. Is it to be wondered that so many old soldiers in after years complain of suffering with rheumatism and nervous troubles? The Fourth corps followed close upon the heels of the cavalry down to Duck river opposite the town of Columbia. The river was running wild, now a mighty stream, wholly impassable without a good bridge. It could not be crossed until pontoons could be brought up from the rear. The command bivouacked near the river and the men made preparations to try to secure as much comfort out of the situation as was possible. They began once more to do some artistic work for the benefit of their commissary. They were growing tired of the exclusive diet of hard tack and bacon, and as "variety is the spice of life," they thought a change of diet would be relished by themselves and comrades as well as conducive to their well-being. Hard marching over bad roads, building bridges, standing picket day and night, in sun and in rain, in sleet and in snow, either broke one down speedily or gave him a robust appetite. The gobble of a

turkey, the cackle of a hen, or the squeal of a pig, was sure to call out a strong detachment of the boys to search for the offender against the peace and quiet of the bivouac. And there was seldom any escape from the experts sent out on such occasions. The activity of the men was also forced to exercise itself in procuring fuel. Fires were an absolute necessity to keep one from freezing, to say nothing of their needs for cooking purposes. A light snow fell on the night of the 20th, and taking this as a warning that winter was not over, the bivouac of the Eighty-sixth was a busy one throughout the day of the 21st, laying in supplies of straw for bedding, eatables, and fuel. The day was a painful one to those not exceptionably well clad or very robust, and the cold grew more penetrating and disagreeable as the darkness of night approached. This bivouac on the banks of Duck river will long be remembered by the hardy men, officers and privates, of the Fourth corps who during this pursuit and winter campaign endured almost the hardships and privations of the Revolutionary fathers at Valley Forge.

It was not until darkness had fallen on the night of the 22d that the bridge was completed ready for the troops to cross Duck river. Soon after dark the men of Knefler's brigade took up their burdens for a night march uncomplainingly, and tramped off for the river which was crossed in in due time, but not in haste, as the darkness was almost impenetrable, rendering progress tediously slow. Passing through Columbia and probably a mile beyond, the brigade bivouacked. The Eighty-sixth was called upon to furnish pickets for the brigade, and sent out a heavy detail for that duty. It was no light or easy task to perform picket duty at this time. The enemy was in front, and although retreating, he might turn and attack at any time. The cold was stinging one's fingers until the trusty Enfield could scarcely be held, but the duty was imperative and had to be performed. The pickets returned to the bivouac of the regiment at 1 o'clock on the 25th, the command being under orders to march, but for some reason it did not set forward until sundown. The column proceeded in the direc-

tion of Pulaski and covered some four or five miles in the darkness of night and again bivouacked.

The Fourth corps was now for a short time the leaders, even of the cavalry in the pursuit of the enemy on the Pulaski road. On the morning of the 24th, however, the cavalry passed to the front again and pressed on after Hood's disorganized army. Now, however, the dare-devil Forrest had rejoined Hood's shattered column and assumed command of the rear-guard, in fact, reorganized a new rear-guard much more efficient than the one that acted up to this point. With Walthall's infantry command, and three other brigades of infantry, those which were the least broken and dispirited, and his own superb cavalry command Forrest combined an efficient force for defensive resistance, and throwing all the fiery energy of his nature into the command of this little army, he sought by every possible means known to military art, to stay the progress of the Union troops, but in vain. Still with this force, and favored by the inclement weather, the horrible state of the roads, and the delays to Wilson's cavalry and the Fourth corps caused by the swollen streams, he probably saved the remnant of Hood's frightened army from capture before reaching the banks of the Tennessee river. About 11 o'clock a. m. the command resumed the march forward, reached Lynnville midway between Columbia and Pulaski before night, and passing probably a mile beyond that place, bivouacked in a woods near the road. For Christmas eve the men suppered on the usual bill of fare of a soldier.

On Christmas morning the march was resumed at 9:30 o'clock. Christmas was to be celebrated by a grand rush after Hood's retreating column. The halts were brief, the column pressing steadily forward with a determination not hitherto evinced, or the conditions heretofore had rendered impracticable. The road was very muddy from the place of the night's bivouac to Pulaski. Knefler's brigade reached the latter place about 2:30 p. m. on Christmas day, after an absence a few days over a month. A halt was made here and the troops took advantage of the occasion and dined.

The march was soon resumed. The cavalry had come to the enemy's rear-guard. Forrest made a stout resistance at all points. The infantry was hurried forward as rapidly as the abominable condition of the roads would permit to assist Wilson and participate in the attack, but the enemy usually skurried off before it arrived. He was hard pressed by Wilson, and had destroyed large quantities of ammunition in order to lighten the loads of his wagons. He also doubled the teams and spared no effort that nothing might impede his rapid progress. For some miles beyond Pulaski the road was literally strewn with the remnants of the destroyed cartridges. From Pulaski Hood's column had borne off to the southwest toward Florence, Alabama. From that town the roads were almost impassable. Passing over the red clay hills, the rebel troops had cut them up and worked them into a mire, which greatly impeded Wilson's movements in pursuit. Wilson's cavalry passing over them made them still worse for the passage of the Fourth corps, and, in fact, they were rendered almost impracticable. The roads were bad before reaching Pulaski and the clay hills, but they were as nothing as compared to the roads south and west of that place. They were, at best, but the poorest of country roads, but now worked by the passage of so many troops and wagons into a veritable quagmire. Both Wilson and Wood had to leave a portion of their artillery behind and double the teams on those pieces that were taken along, and even then the advance was slow. The command bivouacked about dark Christmas evening after having covered fifteen or sixteen miles, about half of it being over these villainous roads. It need scarcely be related that the men were greatly wearied and foot-sore when the place of bivouac was reached, and this was Christmas for 1864. It was a cold, dreary, cheerless time.

It was a land of desolation and dreariness. The Christmas chimes were those that rang out from the dread cannon's throat and not from merry bells. Christmas for the Eighty-sixth had always been fraught with hardships. The first one, the dreadful battle at Stone's River was impend-

ing; the second one it was a little more than half starving in East Tennessee; and now it was enduring a dreadful march, after the great battle of Nashville. Christmas had brought no happy greetings, yet the men were not gloomy. "A shade of sadness," no doubt clouded the brows of many as they thought of home and its endearments, and the bright happy times enjoyed there, but it soon passed away and the men were cheery and anything but despondent. In fact, the Union army was in fine spirits for Christmas, because the men knew theirs to be much better and more cheering than Hood's and that of his army. One could almost quote the Southern stanza in the spirit of the author:

" Wild bells that shake the midnight air
 With those dear tones that custom loves,
 You wake no sounds of laughter here,
 Nor mirth in all our silent groves;
 On one broad waste, by hill or flood,
 Of ravaged lands your music falls,
 And where the happy homestead stood
 The stars look down on roofless walls."

On the 26th orders were received to march, but the command to set forward was not given. Rations were getting exceedingly scarce, but the supply train after a great effort and prodigious labors succeeded in getting up, and in the afternoon drew three days' rations to do five. Near night word came that the regiment would remain for the night.

On the 27th at 8 o'clock the onward march was resumed, but Hood was well out of Wilson's and Wood's reach and completed the crossing of the Tennessee river with his army on the evening of that day. But Wood pushed ahead. The roads were in the worst possible condition. The tough clay through which the men were compelled to trudge precluded the possibility of their making rapid progress, and many of the men became so exhausted they were unable to keep pace with the column and consequently there was much straggling. Having marched ten or twelve miles the command was halted and at length bivouacked at this point. Everybody who had marched afoot was thoroughly exhausted and worn out, more greatly wearied than they had often been in a march of twenty or thirty miles upon good roads. Yet

tired as all were the camp or bivouac duties, inexorable in their requirements, rested upon all alike and had to be performed. The weather on this day was warm and pleasant, being a marked change from the few preceding days.

On the 28th the tiresome tramp was resumed at 8 o'clock a. m. The day's march was laborious in the extreme. The roads were of the same villainous character. Knefler's brigade bivouacked on a hill in the woods not far from Lexington, Alabama, some twenty miles distant from Florence, where Hood was supposed to have crossed the Tennessee river. In point of fact, however, Hood crossed the Tennessee river at Bainbridge. Here ended the pursuit of Hood's demoralized army by the Fourth army corps, and it would probably have been just as well if Wood's command had been halted at Pulaski, as nothing was accomplished, so far as advantage over Hood's retreating army was concerned, by the slavish march from Pulaski south. The other infantry commands had been halted, Smith's at Pulaski, and Schofield's Twenty-third corps at Columbia, the really hard work and service being put upon the Fourth corps.

On the morning of the 29th the "general call" was sounded, and preparation was made for marching, but after waiting some time the word came that the command would not move on this day. Then commenced, at once, other preparations, those which would conduce to the physical comfort. Some got up wood, others went foraging, while others carried up corn fodder with which to make shelters, or put up tents, and some "poor unfortunates" went on picket. Thus all had work to do and were busily engaged most of the day. The command remained here during the 30th, and on the night of that day there was a severe storm. First there was quite a rainfall, then it turned colder and finished up with a snow storm which almost entitled it to take rank as a northern "blizzard"—several inches of snow being on the ground on the morning of the 31st. The effective strength of the regiment at this time was 190; an average of 19 men to each company.

Reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock. The march was

resumed about 7 o'clock a. m. but this time it was in an eastward direction, toward Athens and Huntsville. The snow made the situation anything but pleasant. It made the roads muddy and slippery. A fair day's march was made and the bivouac of the Eighty-sixth was located on a high hill in a wood of large trees. Rails were conveniently near and the men had the comforting influence of good fires. And so passed away the year 1864 for the Eighty-sixth.

On the following day, the first day of the year, 1865, reveille was sounded about 4 o'clock and the troops made ready for marching, but did not move until about 2 o'clock p. m. The command then marched about one and a half miles and bivouacked on another very high hill in the woods. It remained here the 2d. There was a detail made for foraging, as well as an order for roll-call, something the Eighty-sixth was not accustomed to when on the march unless it was a general order to prevent straggling. The foraged meat was issued to the troops as rations. The command rested at the bivouac until about 11:30 a. m. on the 3d, when the column set forward at 12 noon. Soon crossed Elk river and took the road to Athens. The march was made at a lively pace considering the condition of the roads. The command covered about eleven miles and bivouacked about 8 p. m. at Athens. Some of the Thirteenth Ohio boys got very angry at the brigade commander, Colonel Knefler, and in the darkness of the night called him all sorts of names. This they would not dared to have done in daylight, as the Colonel was a strict disciplinarian.

Reveille on the 4th was sounded at 5 a. m. and the column marched at 7:30, passed through Athens and took the road to Huntsville. The march was made at a good telling pace and the place of bivouac reached about 4 o'clock. Rails were plenty and the men had a comfortable night. The following day, the 5th, two day's rations were drawn in the early morning, and resumed the tramp at 8 o'clock a. m. Knefler's brigade reached Huntsville at 10:30 a. m., marched through town to the south, rested for some two hours, waiting for a camp to be selected. At length the march was

resumed, the column marching south toward the Tennessee river. After having proceeded about five miles from Huntsville, about half way to the river, camp was pitched about 4 o'clock p. m.

General Wood now issued his congratulatory order to the troops under his command. It was dated Headquarters Fourth Army Corps, Huntsville, Alabama, January 6, 1865, and reads as follows:

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Fourth Army Corps:

You have received the commendations of his Excellency, the President of the United States, for your glorious deeds in the various conflicts around Nashville on the 15th and 16th ult. You have received the commendations of the Commanding General of the forces engaged in those conflicts, not only for your splendid achievements on the field of battle, but for your cheerful endurance of privations and hardships, in the most inclement weather, during the long and vigorous pursuit which followed the rout of the enemy in the vicinity of Nashville.

As your actual commander on the field and in the pursuit I desire to add my commendation to the high encomiums you have already received, and to tender you my grateful thanks for your soldierly conduct, both on the field of battle and in the trying pursuit.

Without faltering at the command of your officers you repeatedly assaulted the enemy's strongly intrenched positions and drove him from them in confusion and dismay. When he was utterly routed and no longer durst confront you in battle, you at once commenced the most vigorous pursuit. Continued it more than a hundred miles at the most inclement season of the year, over the most miserable roads and across deep and difficult streams, which were passed by your labors alone, and until the enemy was driven in utter disorganization across the Tennessee river.

The substantial fruits of these glorious deeds were twenty-four pieces of artillery, five caissons, several stands of colors, many thousand stands of small arms and two thousand, four hundred and sixty-six prisoners. Such noble service entitles you to lasting gratitude of the Nation. Fortunately this great success was achieved with comparatively slight loss to the corps: seven hundred and fifty killed and wounded will cover the entire casualties of the corps in the two days' conflict.

To the friends of the gallant dead and to the wounded—and I am sure you will join me in this tribute of comradeship—I offer my sincere sympathy and condolence.

When General Wood issued this order full and accurate reports of the killed and wounded had not, probably, been made out, and he, as subsequent reports show, underesti-

mated the loss of the corps. Yet it did not greatly exceed his figures, falling a little under one thousand, which was quite small considering the magnitude of the battle for two full days and the greatness of the results, and more than a hundred miles pursuit in such very inclement weather—one of the stormiest times ever witnessed in the South.

It may be very positively asserted that no campaign of the magnitude of the Franklin and Nashville campaign was so actively prosecuted during the war in such severe weather. The hardships, privations and suffering of the men have been in reality but slightly touched upon. The horrible conditions of the roads over which the pursuit was conducted after the battle of Nashville, the scarcity of rations, the cold inclement weather, have been briefly stated, but the suffering of the men cannot be put upon paper. The anguish of the thinly clad soldiers from the cold when on the march, in bivouac, and worst of all on the picket post and on sentinel duty, cannot be expressed in any manner to convey an adequate and just conception of what these men did actually experience and suffer. To appreciate correctly these things they must have been endured, or at least witnessed. When felt in their full force they are remembered, at least, as hardships and privations, although the impressions of the sharpness of the pangs of pain may somewhat have lost their distinctiveness in the long time now passed since the suffering was endured. Nor is the Union soldier who went through the Franklin and Nashville campaign from Pulaski to Nashville and back again, and on to Lexington, Alabama, likely to have his experience and suffering overdrawn or painted in too strong colors by any statements made relative to the hardships endured, nor is he at all likely to have over-praise showered upon him for services to his suffering and bleeding country in those bleak December days. Let the heroic Thomas have the full measure of just praise for planning and conducting the great battle fought under his direction; let Schofield, Stanley, Smith, Wilson, Wood and Cox, and all officers have due praise for services rendered during the campaign, but let it also be remembered

that the men of Thomas' army really fought the battles of Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville. They did the skirmishing that led up to these battles, and performed the great labors of the retreat, the battles, and the pursuit, and to these let full credit be rendered. It is their due.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CLOSING YEAR.—1865.

In Winter Quarters at Huntsville, Alabama—A Three Days' Scout—Living on the Fat of the Land—Trip to Nashville and Return—Up the Tennessee River—To East Tennessee by Rail—The Last Days of the Rebellion—Richmond Evacuated—Lee Surrenders—Great Joy at the Supposed Approach of The White Winged Angel of Peace—Treason Dies Hard—In the Death Struggle Its Infernal Spirit Finds a Willing Tool to Do a Hellish Deed—President Lincoln Assassinated—A Gloomy, Joyless Day—The Heart of America Wounded—Return to Nashville—Johnston Surrenders—The Dawn of Peace—Grand Review—"Mustered Out"—Return to Hoosierdom—Disbanded—The Boys Return to Their Homes.

The days of battle for the Eighty-sixth were now forever passed. Henceforth the rattle, or the bugle's warning voice, were heard only as the mimicry of the red-handed days of times gone by. The stern commands, shouted amidst the rattle of fire-arms or the clash of bayonets, were to be heard no more. The slogan of the fiery Southrons was no more to be answered by the war-whoop of the iron-hearted men of the Eighty-sixth as they ranged themselves in serried columns with their companion regiments, and formed divisions, pouring fearlessly forward into the smoke, and blaze, and roar of battle. They were ready for this duty, but the erst-while valiant foe had disappeared, like snow before a summer's sun. The evening's bivouac was no more to be startled by the singing of the spiteful minie ball, or the terrible "where-is-ye" of the shrieking shell. The roar of batteries was no more to tell of the massed columns' onslaught on the enemy in ambush, or his fortified lines, but

only the holiday show and imitation of battle and the destruction of so much gunpowder. Henceforth, scouting, drilling, picket, brigade guard, train guarding, fatigue duty, and marching were to be the duties in the performance of which the Eighty-sixth should participate. Many times the duties were heavy, of a very trying character, and required great effort to accomplish, yet they were not so bad or so unpleasant as when skirmishing and fighting were so abundantly mingled with everything which this regiment had to do. The Eighty-sixth had broken its lances on the visor of its opponents with credit to itself and had earned its right to retire with honor, but more than this, it had won on the foughten field. There could be no question of its fighting qualities, its fortitude under the most trying circumstances; in fact, it had shown the highest soldierly qualities in camp, on the march, in skirmishes almost innumerable, in battles many, and in two great and important sieges where the Union forces were on the defensive, and many of them where they were the attacking force. They had therefore had a wide field of action in which to thoroughly test their qualities, and in none of these had the men of the Eighty-sixth failed.

On the 6th of January, the next day after reaching Huntsville, camp was laid off in regular order. The Eighty-sixth had a fine place for camp on a hill sloping beautifully to the south, and thus with sunshine full upon it made it dry and a pleasant place for winter camping. On the following day, however, an order was received to change the location. There was some murmuring at first by the men who feared that they would be moved away from the hill. The regiment only moved about one hundred yards and again located. It still remained on the hill and the camp was again laid off in accordance with plans laid down in the army regulations—everything to the scribe or line. Here the men were ordered to construct winter quarters—to build huts or shanties with the side walls not less than five feet high. Everybody of course went to work as best they could, but the work progressed but slowly on account of the lack of proper tools

with which to do the work. Trees had to be cut down and cut in proper lengths, then split and carried by the men to the place where the huts were to be erected. It was very laborious work, as the timber was green and of a very heavy kind. After the logs were notched and put up, the cracks between the logs had to be "chinked," mortar mixed and the "chinking" thoroughly daubed or plastered to keep out the cold winds. This was disagreeable work as may be surmised. When the walls were completed the country was scoured for boards with which to construct bunks. Then the fire-places and chimneys had to be constructed. For the first of these rock was necessary and had to be carried up, sometimes quite a distance, requiring much labor. After the fire-place was made, the "mud and stick" chimney was to be built to top it out.

On Sunday evening, January 8, cannonading could be heard down the Tennessee river in a southwesterly direction, but what it meant was never learned, though it was believed that it was the gun-boats firing upon guerrillas or rebel cavalry. The weather was quite cold on the 8th, a winter day indeed. The construction of winter huts, doing picket duty, and standing brigade guard gave the boys plenty of exercise. On the 9th there was an exceedingly heavy rainfall. By the 12th the shanties for the Eighty-sixth were completed and all were snugly housed and comfortable.

On Saturday the 14th, Colonel Dick was ordered to take his own regiment and two others and go on a scout. He marched his detachment to Huntsville and placed the men aboard the cars after dark, but the train did not start for some time. The train conveyed the detachment eastward as far as Brownsboro', where it disembarked and bivouacked for the rest of the morning, the place of bivouac not being reached until about 2 o'clock a. m. on the 15th. After a brief rest the detachment was aroused and breakfasted, and the march resumed. The scouting now commenced. A detail was sent ahead as an advanced guard to the town of Mayville, some two miles or more out from Brownsboro'.

Reaching that point the detail was stationed as pickets in the streets of the town to await the arrival of the scouting force.

After a brief halt at Maysville the detachment resumed its line of march. It was in a section of country infested with bushwackers or guerrillas, those partisan soldiers that strike unexpected blows in the darkness of night, or pounce upon the unsuspecting straggler and shoot him down as though he were a highwayman. In the guise of peaceable citizens they watch every maneuver and move of the Union troops, and gather together, upon signals prearranged, and capture or kill small parties, attack wagon trains when moving without sufficient guards, obstruct or tear up the railroad track, destroy culverts or bridges by burning or other means, shoot into passing railroad trains, and use every means in their power to annoy, worry and injure the Union forces. These in this district were particularly malevolent and devilish. The trains from Stevenson to Huntsville had been fired into many times, and now no train dared to go over the road without a strong guard. It was supposed that the purpose of this scout was by marching a sufficient force to be entirely safe through their neighborhood, threaten their homes if their murderous practices were kept up, or so inconvenience them that they would desist or intimidate them so they would leave this section, going south where they could not interfere with the railroad without making long and dangerous trips.

The boys of the detachment were under no strict orders against foraging, but were duly warned to beware of bushwhackers, and not to be caught napping by the cunningness of the enemy. The march was nearly due north from Maysville to New Market, distance from Brownsboro' ten or twelve miles. The line of march was almost parallel with Mountain creek, a tributary of Flint river, and between the tributaries of Flint river and those of Paint Rock river the guerrillas were particularly bold and daring, and consequently very troublesome. The march was made in a very deliberate, quiet manner, as there was but little hope of catching any of

these partisan warriors in their own country among all their friends. But the manner in which the march was conducted gave the boys who were so disposed a fine opportunity to forage, nor were they slow to take advantage of it for that purpose. The immediate section of country had not, recently at least, been overrun by troops and cleaned up, therefore, it furnished rather a rich picking of eatables. The bivouac near New Market was reached about 3 o'clock p. m. The day's march had been a gay time for those disposed to forage. They brought in meat, molasses, meal and apples. All through the day's march bushwhackers were heard of, but they were all the time just a little further up country or over eastward toward the mountain.

On the following morning the scout was continued by marching back into town and turning off to the eastward. The pace was not rapid enough to catch well mounted guerrillas, but it was sufficiently slow to give the boys a splendid chance to continue their foraging, as they at no time had to go far from the road to secure an ample supply. It was truly astonishing to see how willing men were to make pack mules of themselves. Of something that would tickle the palate they would nearly always think themselves able to carry a little more. About noon the detachment passed quite near a house in the yard of which there were a number of beehives. The day was warm and the bees were out in goodly numbers, but this made no difference to the honey hungry soldiers. A rush was made for them by all who were not afraid. The attack was made in every conceivable way. One would turn the hive down and break out a piece of comb and go on his way rejoicing, another would rush up to the hive, kick it over, knock the cap off the stand and rush out fighting bees and yell at the top of his voice to the great amusement of those who had remained in ranks. But they got the honey, that was the purpose of the raid. The place of bivouac was reached about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The merry foragers brought into camp with them an ample supply of flour, honey, corn bread, ham, eggs and dried fruit. Nearly everything, in fact, that this part of the country produced in the

line of eatables was represented in the foragers' combined commissary. Everyone in the command had plenty to eat, and a greater variety of edibles than at any time almost during their term of service.

During the afternoon a squad under command of Captain Jeremiah Haugh, of Company B, visited the house of an old rebel not very far from the bivouac where, it was reported, there were quite a number of government shoes stored that had been captured from a train by guerrillas or the enemy's cavalry. While the shoes were not found, yet the squad discovered almost everything else. A corpse was at the house, said to have been that of a Union man, Golden or Goldman by name, who had been killed by the bushwhackers on a mountainous ridge not far away. And it was generally believed by the people in the neighborhood that this Union man had been killed by a member of the family where the body now lay. It was generally remarked by those who knew the people and their animosities, that the body was secured and taken to the house as a protection when it was learned that the scouting force would probably come into this neighborhood. It did not, however, wholly shield them, as will be seen. There was no one at the house but women, which was a suspicious circumstance, as the men of the family were known to be in this locality. The women said that their family was the dead man's best and truest friend, and were wholly at a loss to know why anyone should have killed him, as it was not known that he had a personal enemy in the world. They confirmed the report that he was a Union man and acknowledged that their own sympathies were with the South, thus giving some show of reason for believing the neighborhood reports that the male members of the family may have been the guilty ones, or, at least, the instigators of the crime. Captain Haugh and a few of the boys went into the house to look at the corpse, and to be sure there was no one in hiding there, but a majority of the party remained outside looking for what they could find and to be sure that no band of bushwhackers was near. The smoke-house was most carefully searched but no sign of

bacon was found. Only one old "gobbler" of the poultry line was visible. It began to look like a brief hunt and a short haul. But the hunt was not given over. An amusing feature was the conduct of a young woman who remained in the yard to watch the boys, no doubt, and report whatever mischief they got into. It was little the boys cared, however. They kept smelling around for some meat. At length in an old out-house, buried in a pile of ashes they found it. All had looked in there, but seeing only the ashes, which were well tramped down, and had the appearance of having been there for years, carried their investigation no farther in that direction. By and by, however, one, more inquisitive than his comrades, or reasoning to a more correct conclusion, determined to push his interrogation of that ash heap to a final and definite result, and so began prodding in the pile with his bayonet. This soon settled the question, for in a moment he fished up a nicely cured ham. The signal was at once given announcing this discovery. A general assault was made on the old out-house, the particular point of attack being the ash heap. The meat was quickly dug up and carried off at a lively rate. There was a sudden rustling of calico, a whipping of skirts on the back door cheek of the house, and the young lady had disappeared from view. But it was only for a brief time. She had gone into the house to inform her mother of the great catastrophe which had befallen their commissary department. The old lady came out of the house with a shriek and a groan, followed by the girl, and the Captain coming along at his leisure. The woman remonstrated in a vehement manner with the Captain against his allowing the boys to thus rob her, and he warned the boys in a very calm and mild tone of voice not to "take more than one apiece." In a second after the Captain had laid this injunction on the boys, a soldier more hardy than the rest popped out of the door right between the old lady and the Captain lugging a ham in each hand. The woman thought surely the Captain would stop this audacious fellow who was disobeying the order almost at every moment of his promulgation, and therefore cried

out, "There goes one with two. There goes one with two." But the Captain was wholly oblivious of the woman's cries, and was occupied looking only to see how effectually the boys were fishing the hams out of the ashes. It is scarcely necessary to state that the messes represented on this foray, and, in fact, the whole scouting force, feasted gloriously that evening. The bill of fare called for hard tack, corn-pone, molasses, honey, dried fruit, ham, eggs, and good old government Java. One man actually so over-fed himself that he never recovered from it, going to the hospital directly upon the return of the regiment to its quarters and dying soon thereafter.

On the morning of the 17th all were up and stirring in good time, and breakfasted on biscuit, honey, molasses, dried peaches, ham, and coffee. Certainly a royal feast for soldiers who had been actively campaigning at the front for more than two years. The detachment resumed its line of march to return to camp about 8 o'clock, passed through Maysville without any noteworthy incident and reached a point near Brownsboro, and halted for dinner. Although it had passed through a country undoubtedly thickly infested with some of the most daring guerrillas in the entire South, none had been found. They had had due notice and warning, and had kept well out of the way, not daring to face so large a force as was on the scout. Parties of fifteen or twenty were as large as they ever dared to collect, and seldom so large as that, usually not to exceed four or five, and more frequently only two or three.

The old soldiers were good carriers, and, therefore, still had an abundance of the fat of the land, and again feasted. Resuming the march soon after the meal in a very little while crossed Mountain creek, a tributary of Flint river. Almost immediately after crossing the stream an order was promulgated to cease foraging, which was duly obeyed. The march was continued until 4:30 p. m., at which time the command bivouacked for the night. On the following morning the march was resumed about 8 o'clock. Before reaching Huntsville the men were ordered to conceal their foraged

edibles. Teams and wagons had been pressed in to haul the foraged meat, so into these wagons were placed all bulky foraged articles and covered up. Then the march was continued. Reached town about 10:30 and camp about 12:30. The arrival gladdened the hearts of the boys who had, for various reasons, been compelled to remain in camp. They, too, now had a feast such as they had not had since leaving the parental roof and table.

In the afternoon of the 18th the Eighty-sixth drew clothing. It was badly needed; almost every man in the regiment was scantily clad, some being compelled to remain in camp from the scout for want of clothing. For a few days now the Eighty-sixth did nothing but do picket duty, stand brigade guard, get up fuel to keep warm and feast on the good things which were brought into camp from the scout.

On the 24th drilling commenced, and thereafter, except on Sunday, unless otherwise employed and the weather being suitable, the men were drilled one hour company drill in the forenoon, and about one and half hours battalion drill by the Colonel in the afternoon. Colonel Dick did not mean to allow his men to become soft and worthless for want of exercise. Sometimes, however, it was varied by the whole brigade being called out and being given a brigade drill. Besides the drilling on fine evenings the regiment was called out for dress parade.

On January 31 reveille at 6 o'clock and roll call as usual. After the morning meal "sick call" and "guard mounting." Then there was one hour of company drill. While eating dinner a few minutes after 12 o'clock, without a moment's warning the "general call" was sounded. It startled the troops somewhat from their pleasant dreams. In a very brief time the meal was disposed of and everything packed up ready for tramping. The shanties on which the men had bestowed so much labor, now looked deserted. Although the call was sounded a few minutes of noon the order to set forward on the march was delayed until almost night, when Beatty's division marched to town and got aboard the cars. The train, however, for some reason was

delayed and did not start until about 10 o'clock p. m. At this time the train rolled out eastward toward Chattanooga, reached Stevenson about daybreak the next morning, February 1. The troops breakfasted here and then the train proceeded on its way, taking the road to Nashville, which point was reached about 10 o'clock that night. The next forenoon the command was moved out from the depot and bivouacked near its old camping place, occupied just before the battle of Nashville. The command remained here until February 6, when it was again ordered aboard the cars and returned to Huntsville where it arrived about 4 p. m. February 7. Disembarked and marched back to the old quarters, which were reached just at nightfall. All were in fine spirits at the prospect of camping once again in their good comfortable quarters—veritable houses. But alas! many were left out in the cold. Some wretch had set fire to and burned down several shanties, and therefore these unfortunates had to lay out that night on the cold ground while others slept in good bunks. Besides it now required greater labor to procure timber and construct a hut than it did before, as trees were not so conveniently near. But they were rebuilt.

Brigade-guard was established on the 9th. On the 15th company and battalion drills were resumed and dress parade in the evening. On the evening of February 17 orders were received to go on another scouting expedition. It was to be a force of three regiments and Colonel Dick was to have command. This force started on the march about 8:30 p. m. on the 17th, marched south to Whitesburg, on the Tennessee river, where it arrived about 11 o'clock and bivouacked for a short time, getting about two hours rest and sleep. The men were then ordered up to get aboard two gun-boats, the Stone's River and Sherman. The boats steamed out up the river, conveying the detachment twenty-five miles when it disembarked at Fearn's Ferry, on the south bank about 8 o'clock a. m. on the 18th. The detachment was then marched to Warrenton, a small town some five miles from the place of disembarkment. Here the detachment was allowed to get

breakfast and have a good rest. From here it was marched in a circuitous route to Guntersville, the shire town of Marshall county, Alabama, and almost directly east of Warrenton, and ten miles above the ferry. In the march eastward through the country the detachment ran on to a squad of rebel cavalymen or guerrillas, or bushwhackers, or cutthroats, which ever they were, but they hastily skeedad-dled, and that with so much speed there was little opportunity to get a shot at them. This part of the country was also thickly infested with this class of lawless men, and woe to the Union man or isolated Federal soldier whom they caught. But infantry could do little against them as they were generally well mounted and thoroughly acquainted with every foot of the country over which they operated and would, if pressed, at once disperse to meet at some other point. Some of the boys of the Eighty-sixth had found it so agreeable to their natures, and had experienced so much enjoyment in foraging the good things of the land while out on the former scout, thought they would have an equally enjoyable time on this occasion, and therefore started out to raid a few smoke houses, but were promptly checked by the Colonel. They thought to evade him and get their booty at any rate, but were promptly detected and called in somewhat crest-fallen. This made the boys hot, and there was some grumbling in ranks over the matter. The boys argued that the people here were just as great rebels as those on the other side of the river where they had been allowed to forage so freely. But the Colonel was firm and they were forced to obey orders. In fact, it was here a necessary order, and was much better for the boys than to be shot down by bushwhackers or to be captured and carried off to Southern prisons. The command reached Guntersville about 3 o'clock p. m. The town is situated on the south bank of the Tennessee river, on the great horse-shoe bend at the most southern point reached by the river. Took boats for Whitesburg, reaching that place about 6:30 p. m., having made much better time than in going up the river. From Whites-

burg, a distance of five miles, it marched to camp which made it late getting to bunk.

From this time on the regiment had no more hard service or scouting while it remained in camp in the vicinity of Huntsville. The duties consisted of fatigue, policing the quarters and hauling away the refuse from camp, patrolling the surrounding country to catch men ranging away from camp, and to intimidate and keep away guerrillas, picket, brigade guard, and drilling.

On the 15th of March marching orders were received. Tents were struck and every preparation made to leave. The order, however, to set forward did not come. On the following day, however, the order came and the command left its very comfortable quarters for good, no more to gambol in the sunshine on the hill-side like school-boys in the May-day of life. Winter quarters were a thing of the past. The start was made at 6 a. m. Reached town in good time, and the Third brigade got aboard the cars about 9 o'clock and rolled out for Stevenson, which place was reached about 3 o'clock p. m. The government freight trains, it will be understood, made but slow time anywhere, but here in this part of the country which was overrun with bushwhackers, great caution was necessary. The command took advantage of the stop at Stevenson and dined. The run was then continued throughout the night, but with many stops and delays. Daylight found the command east of Cleveland and still running. The train on which the Eighty-sixth was being transported reached Loudon, on the Tennessee river, about 9 o'clock a. m. on the 17th. Here there was a long delay. Some of the boys wandered down in town and were arrested by the post-guards and put in the guard-house. This caused trouble at once, and some of the more excitable of the old soldiers flew to the cars and got their guns preparatory to making an attack on the post-guards. The officers of the guards deployed their men, forming a skirmish line between the train and the town. The old soldiers were jeering and hooting at the "feather-bed soldiers" and working themselves into a greater passion all the time. There seemed to

be quite a fair prospect for a battle. But fortunately General Thomas came along in his car and the trouble was averted. It was settled at once at the word of the chief without bloodshed. The boys who had been arrested were returned to the regiment somewhat crest-fallen, although free once more. Left Loudon about 2 o'clock and arrived at Knoxville at 10 p. m. The train and troops remained at Knoxville until 12 o'clock noon the next day, the 18th, and were then moved on eastward to Strawberry Plains, and then to New Market, where the troops were disembarked and bivouacked about 9 o'clock p. m., having been aboard the cars three days and two nights. Most, if not all of the men were heartily glad to get off the cars and were quite willing to try a little moderate marching rather than to be penned up in box-cars and shipped about the country like so many hogs or cattle.

At New Market drilling was resumed, picket duty had to be performed, and then the camp had to be cleaned and fixed up. This kept the men pretty busily engaged for some days. But when not employed otherwise the boys would make up a game of ball and have a "high old time" at that amusement. It seemed that they could not be quiet any more for any great length of time—activity had become a kind of second nature to them. The weather was very changeable while the command remained at New Market. Sunshine, cloud and rain, wind and cold, were strangely and variously mingled from day to day. On the 26th corps headquarters were moved to Morristown, eighteen miles farther east. This served as a notice to the men that they might expect to move on soon.

On the morning of the 29th the command was called up at 2 o'clock to pack up extra baggage to send it back to be stored. The orders were to march at 5 a. m. The column started forward at 5:30 a. m., and covered about fourteen miles and bivouacked. A heavy rain fell during the night. The next morning the march was resumed at 6 a. m., passing through Morristown and Russellville the command bivouacked about 1:30 p. m. after marching twelve or thirteen miles. During the night of the 30th there was another down

pour of rain which rendered the roads still worse than they had hitherto been. The tramp was resumed at 6 a. m., and covering five or six miles Bull's Gap was reached. Here the command was halted and bivouacked.

On Monday morning, April 2, 1865, at Bull's Gap, East Tennessee, the news was received by a telegram from General Grant that Richmond and Petersburg had been evacuated by the enemy and taken possession of by Union troops. This was gloriously good news and everybody was jubilant. All now felt confident that as the Capital of the Confederacy had been taken the days of the Confederate States were numbered, that the life of the Confederacy itself was of a few days and full of trouble, and then to be no more forever. The Union forces from every direction were evidently concentrating in the direction of Richmond, or rather in the direction of Lee's army now. The Fourth corps was marching eastward to head him should he try to come this way. Sherman with his grand army, "sixty thousand strong," was marching northward and closing down toward Richmond, and Lee saw plainly enough that if Sherman arrived with his conquering army that he would be cooped up in Richmond and Petersburg and starved, and therefore forced to surrender. His only hope then was to escape from the clutches of Grant's army and join Johnston, and thus combined try and crush Sherman. But Sheridan by his dashing generalship headed Lee off from Johnston and now the Fourth corps was to be thrown across his pathway.

On the morning of the 4th of April reveille was sounded at 4:30 and Knefler's brigade filed out upon the road at 7. A lively pace was at once set, and the column went forward rapidly and steadily and passed the First and Second divisions, which had hitherto been in the advance of the Third division in East Tennessee. Another dispatch was read to the troops while on the road, confirming the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, which greatly elated the boys and they stepped along at a lively rate, talking of the prospect of going home soon. A halt was made at noon for dinner, and then again marched away at the same lively rate and

bivouacked at Greenville, the home of Andy Johnson, about 5 o'clock, after having marched about twenty miles.

The command remained until about noon the next day, April 5, at which time Beatty's division resumed its eastward march and bivouacked that evening near Raytown, and the Eighty-sixth was sent out on picket. The following morning reveille was sounded at 4:30 and the column filed out upon the road to continue its eastward tramp at 6. The road led over a broken, hilly country. The day was warm which rendered marching anything but an easy task. The column passed through Leesburg and on, arriving at Jonesboro about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, where the troops bivouacked. The Eighty-sixth did not pitch its camp or bivouac with the rest of the brigade, but in the edge of the town.

The Eighty-sixth arrived at Jonesboro' on the 6th of April. On the 10th a dispatch came bearing the pleasing information of the surrender of Lee's army to General Grant on the previous day. This was great good news over which all rejoiced. On the next day another dispatch was received confirming the dispatch of the previous day and giving a few more of the particulars of the surrender. A dispatch was also read stating that General Sherman had captured a portion of Johnston's forces in North Carolina. On Wednesday the 12th a dispatch was received stating that Johnston was retreating before Sherman, and also saying that Forrest and Roddy had been captured, or, at least, that they had surrendered. This indeed began to look like the closing up of the business of the Southern Confederacy and the approach of the White Winged Angel of Peace, and therefore all rejoiced. On the 13th came another dispatch confirming the surrender of Forrest and Roddy, and also one announcing the capture of Lynchburg, Virginia. Almost daily now there came telegrams of the surrender of portions of the rebel army indicating that in truth and in fact the boastful Confederates were falling and tumbling over one another in their undignified haste to climb out of the "Last Ditch." All the late events of the war pointed to the early restoration of the supremacy of the United States government over

its broad domain, and peace over all. Again the torn and distracted country would be at rest and bask in the sunlight of peace as in the halcyon days of yore, and her eagles would once again bathe their blood stained talons in the still waters that flow by the shores of amity and concord. On the 15th a dispatch came saying that General Lee had advised all rebel officers to surrender their commands to the nearest United States forces.

Such was the condition of affairs when the lightning-like stroke of assassination stunned the American people. On Sunday, April 16, the Eighty-sixth was inspected by Captain Walker, Brigade Inspector for the Third brigade, and everything was dragging along in the usual hum-drum channels of camp-life. But in the evening a dispatch came bringing the shocking news that President Lincoln had been assassinated. This fell like a pall. It caused universal sorrow in the army, for no one in all the land came so near the hearts of the soldiers as Mr. Lincoln. They had never seen him, but his kind words had come to them and touched in their hearts a sympathetic cord. His character and greatness has been analyzed as follows by one of America's greatest orators:

“Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, and the means used to accomplish the ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought.

“Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, and inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called an education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed.

“Lincoln was a many sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thoughts. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story teller’s art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

“Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient to others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion—that awkwardness—that is the perfect grace of modesty. As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and ask for change for fear that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

“A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

“He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle, nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop, but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack

the right must wound themselves. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him, men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags, and race, he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise, and war, he saw the end. He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

“Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except upon the side of mercy.

“Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of dying wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

“Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.”

The soldiers of the army of the Union although unable thus to analyze and point out the elements of greatness in the character of their beloved leader felt in their hearts his greatness and his goodness—the influence of his mighty intellect and his great heart, and loved him as man has seldom or never been loved by the rude soldiery and the common people of any country. It was a dark day for the army when it knew that Lincoln was no more—foully murdered by the hand of an assassin. The men felt that a leading light had been put out and henceforth, during the rest of this war, they must grope on without its beneficent and cheering ray. Sad and sorrowful were the camps. Even the joyful news

of the great victories recently won could not dispel the gloom the death of Lincoln caused. Time alone could heal the wound. An eloquent writer says of the death of Abraham Lincoln:

“Foreign nations, too, joined in the general grief. Of all the rare and wonderful revelations of human emotion elicited by the march of great events, during the last four years, that with which the sentient world quivered in response to the outrage perpetrated upon the American people, on the 14th of April, was the most marvelous. The blow which murdered Abraham Lincoln not only wounded the heart of the Western Continent, but stirred humanity to its profoundest depths throughout the civilized world—not with sympathy merely for the peculiarly bereaved nation, but with the rage and anguish of a personal wrong and loss.”

If then people of foreign countries felt so keenly the death of this truly great man how must his children, the Union soldiers, have suffered when they knew of their loss. Pen cannot describe it or tongue tell of the deep heart-aches felt by thousands of soldier patriots when they heard of his taking off.

On the 19th of April General Tillson's command arrived at Jonesboro and the command was relieved. On the 20th at 10 o'clock orders were received to march at noon. At the appointed time the division filed out upon the road, marching westward. It was the same old rapid pace as aforesaid when going to meet the enemy, and steadily maintained. The command bivouacked about 6 o'clock p. m. There seemed to be some haste about this move. On the 21st reveille was sounded at 3:30 a. m. and the command started out upon the road at 5:30. The pace was a speedy one, few halts being made. The command passed through Greenville and perhaps five miles west and bivouacked for the night. On the next morning reveille was sounded at 3 o'clock. The Eighty-sixth had the advance and was on the road marching at 5 a. m. Passing through Midway without halt the column pressed on and reached Bull's Gap about noon and bivouacked. Here rumors flew from bivouac to

bivouac with almost lightning speed. These were various and varied. The war was practically over—the men of '62 were to be mustered out and sent home. Much excitement consequently prevailed. The command remained here at Bull's Gap during the day of the 23d. Were ordered aboard the cars at midnight, and the train rolled westward at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 24th, but only proceeded about seven miles, lay until after daylight, and then ran to Knoxville by 3 p. m. The train remained on the side track at Knoxville until about 3 p. m. on the 25th, when it again pulled out, westward bound. Reached Chattanooga at 3 p. m. and remained until 5. Only running a part of the night daylight found the train about eight miles northwest of Stevenson, Alabama. During Wednesday, the 26th, the train made slow progress and reached Murfreesborough about 8 p. m. and finally disembarked a few miles out from Nashville about 1 o'clock a. m. on the 27th. After breakfast Knefler's brigade marched about two or two and a half miles in a northerly direction to a camping place which was finally located about 10:30, and camp laid off in regular order.

At this camp the Eighty-sixth spent the rest of its time in the service of Uncle Sam until duly mustered out—drilling, being inspected or reviewed, performing picket duty, but in a very easy slipshod manner, as the officers and men well knew that there was now no armed enemy near to molest or make them afraid. The drilling and inspecting was probably done to prepare the men for the final Grand Review, as it seemed now quite certain that the days of campaigning and fighting for the Eighty-sixth were forever past.

On the 29th of April came the word of the surrender of Johnston's army to General Sherman, as had been expected for some days. This was the climax of the collapse of the Confederacy, and it was simply impossible now for the South ever again to collect and organize an army to do battle for the cause of secession. It was thoroughly routed and beaten, and it recognized and acknowledged the fact. The order for the Southern soldiers is final and it is: "Ground arms!" Let

it be said for them that they were *brave*, but they were *beaten* in fort and in field.

Now the Eighty-sixth had its regular Sunday inspection, company drill of week days, and dress parade on fine evenings. On Friday, May 5, there was company drill in the forenoon, and brigade review in the afternoon. The following day the men were notified to prepare for Grand Review, to take place on Monday, the 8th. On Sunday, the 7th, there was company inspection in the forenoon and brigade review in the afternoon. It rained Sunday night and nearly all day Monday, therefore the Grand Review was postponed. Tuesday morning was clear and fine and the orders were for the Review. The Eighty-sixth started for the review grounds about 7 o'clock a. m. The lines were fully established about 10 o'clock. It then waited for the reviewing officer, General George H. Thomas. After being reviewed in line General Thomas took his place upon the stand, the line was broken into columns of divisions and thus marched by the stand. This completed the review and the regiment was marched at once to camp. There were about 15,000 men in line marching in review, and it made a splendid pageant. General Thomas profusely complimented the Fourth corps on its soldierly bearing. It was certainly a fine exhibition of a military parade, precision of military movements and evolutions.

Major General George H. Thomas on May 10 issued General Orders No. 30, in which he congratulated the Fourth army corps as follows:

The General commanding the Department takes pride in conveying to the Fourth army corps the expression of his admiration, excited by their brilliant and martial display at the review of yesterday.

As the battalions of your magnificent corps swept successively before the eye, the coldest heart must have warmed with interest in contemplation of those men, who had passed through the varied and shifting scenes of this great, modern tragedy, who had stemmed with unyielding breasts the rebel tide threatening to engulf the landmarks of Freedom; and who, bearing on their bronzed and furrowed brows the ennobling marks of the years of hardship, suffering and privation, undergone in defense of freedom and the integrity of the Union, could still preserve the light step and wear the cheerful expression of youth.

Though your gay and broided banners, wrought by dear hands

far away, were all shred and war-worn, were they not blazoned on every stripe with words of glory—Shiloh, Spring Hill, Stone's River, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and many other glorious names, too numerous to be mentioned in an order like this.

By your prowess and fortitude you have ably done your part in restoring the golden boon of peace and order to your once distracted but now grateful country, and your Commander is at length enabled to give you a season of well earned rest.

But soldiers, while we exult at our victories, let us not be forgetful of those brave, devoted hearts which, pressing in advance, throbbed their last amid the smoke and din of battle; nor withhold our sympathy for the afflicted wife, child, and mother, consigned, far off at home, to lasting, cruel grief.

After this, the final Grand Review, there was no drilling for the Eighty-sixth. The men were through with that drudgery, for it became a drudgery when they never again expected to be called out upon the field of battle. Henceforth only picket, guard duty, and inspection was to be their work while they remained here.

On Sunday, May 14, a dispatch was received announcing the capture of the arch traitor, Jeff Davis. This was another point made, which in the ranks of the Union army caused universal joy, for he was looked upon as the head and front of the offenders of those who had tried to disrupt the country. By many Union soldiers he was regarded as the devil turned loose upon the earth. Had many organizations captured him, since the assassination of the beloved Lincoln, they would have taken summary vengeance. But fortunately for Davis, and perhaps for the credit of the whole country, he fell into hands more humane and merciful.

On Saturday, June 3, the officers of the regiment began making the "Muster Out" rolls. It was now an established fact that the Eighty-sixth was to be "mustered out" very soon and sent home. This was cheering news and the boys were in great glee. All felt that it was a good and sufficient reason for rejoicing, and fun and frolic was largely indulged in. On the 4th and 5th the work on the rolls was pushed, being completed on the latter day.

Major General Thomas J. Wood, the commander of the

Fourth army corps, through his Adjutant General, Captain M. P. Bestow, issued General Order No. 47, dated near Nashville, Tennessee, June 6, 1865, which was in the nature of a farewell to the Eighty-sixth. The same order was issued to the Seventy-ninth. The following is the order:

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers:

The order from the War Department directing the muster out of troops whose terms of service expire before a certain date, will soon terminate the official relation which has so long existed between us. I contemplate the approaching separation with feelings of sadness, and I cannot allow it to take place without expressing my warmest thanks and sincere gratitude for the noble conduct which you have ever displayed while under my command. Participation in common dangers, and in privations and hardships, has united us in the bonds of indissoluble friendship. I will ever cherish as among the brightest passages of my life the memory of our past association. You have done your duty as good soldiers and patriots, engaged from the highest motives, in the noblest of causes. You can now return to your homes with the happy reflection that the mission which called you into the field, namely, the suppression of the armed resistance of treason and rebellion to the government, has been fully, nobly and honorably accomplished. Noble soldiers, your work is finished, now rest from your labors. Each one of you will carry home with you my highest esteem and kindest wishes for your future welfare. May happiness, prosperity, health and success wait on you throughout the remainder of your lives.

May your future be as happy as your military life has been glorious! To each one of you, individually, and all, collectively, I bid a kind, a friendly good-bye.

May God bless you!

In the afternoon, on the 6th day of June, 1865, the Eighty-sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry, was Mustered Out of the United States Service, by Captain Philip Reefy, of the Nineteenth Regiment, Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry, Mustering Officer for the Third Division, Fourth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland.

On Wednesday the 7th, Colonel George F. Dick went to the city of Nashville to make arrangements for procuring transportation home for the regiment. He went again on Thursday, the 8th, and returned before noon reporting everything all right, and that the start would be made that afternoon. At 12 o'clock noon, the regiment broke camp and marched to the city, got aboard the cars about 5 o'clock p. m.,

crossed the Cumberland river and left Edgefield at 6 p. m. The train reached Louisville, Kentucky, at 5 a. m. on the 9th. The regiment crossed the Ohio river and landed on Hoosier soil at 11 a. m. All were in great good humor and as the companies filed out upon the Indiana bank off the ferry boat they cheered lustily. They were nearing home and were heartily glad. Glad that the war was over, that the rebellion was crushed, and that they had lived to see the Government triumph in its great struggle, and to see the dawn of peace. They took a train at Jeffersonville for Indianapolis which place was reached about 6 o'clock p. m. on the 9th. The regiment marched directly to the Soldiers' Home where a good supper was provided. The following morning the regiment marched to the State House and were there publicly thanked by Governor Oliver P. Morton in behalf of the State. General George D. Wagner replied for Colonel Dick in behalf of the regiment, and the regimental stand of colors was placed in the archives of the State. Soon after the conclusion of these ceremonies the Colonel marched the regiment to the arsenal where it turned into the United States authorities its guns and accouterments. Many of the men turned in the same gun that they had drawn there three years before. After thus disposing of their fighting equipments the men were marched directly to Camp Carrington almost on the identical spot of ground on which they were camped when mustered into the United States service by Colonel J. S. Simonson September 4, 1862. The 11th was Sunday and therefore nothing was done. The boys took the day easy. They were waiting to receive their pay.

The Eighty-sixth entered the field with 39 commissioned officers and 917 enlisted men. During the latter part of 1864 it received 41 recruits, making a total of 999. Two commissioned officers were killed and one died from the effects of wounds. Among the enlisted men 238 were killed and died from disease and wounds, 48 men deserted from its ranks, 67 were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, 10 to the Engineer Corps, and 5 to the Mississippi Marine Brigade. There were mustered out with the regiment 302 men, the

remainder having been discharged on account of wounds and other disabilities. The recruits were transferred to the Fifty-first Indiana regiment. Of the Indiana regiments that served only three years, the Sixty-ninth lost from all causes by death the largest per cent. of enlisted men, the Ninety-third the next largest per cent. and the Eighty-sixth the third largest per cent.

The regiment had two Colonels, four Lieutenant Colonels, three Majors, two Adjutants, two Quartermasters, two Chaplains, two Surgeons, three Assistant Surgeons, twenty-three Captains, thirty-one First Lieutenants, twenty-eight Second Lieutenants. Of these thirty-nine were original appointments, and sixty-three were promotions. The total number of commissioned officers was one hundred and two.

The service of the Eighty-sixth Indiana must speak for itself. It will ever remain an honorable page of history in the Great War of the Rebellion. Its hardships and privations, its marches, skirmishes, battles and sieges, were some of the most notable of the war. What it endured in the great march in pursuit of Bragg was certainly not excelled by any, and was only equaled by its new companion regiments. The forty-one of its dead left on the bloody field of Stone's River attests its baptismal fire. Its three days by Chickamauga's crimson waters and through all that sanguinary struggle have been told in words. Yet these but faintly paint the picture. Nothing in the history of the entire war takes rank with the assault of the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth on Missionary Ridge for indomitable, daring courage and fortitude, lying just outside of the enemy's works, only a ramrod's length, and fighting the enemy without giving an inch until the reserves approached. The siege in Chattanooga, followed by the bitter cold winter and semi-starvation on the bleak hills in East Tennessee were truly trying events and endured like Spartan heroes. Then followed the ever memorable Atlanta campaign with its marches, skirmishes, battles and sieges, and great tactical movements, and then in turn followed by the race after Hood, terminating in the glorious battle of Nashville. The

assault on Overton's Hill by Knefler's brigade, the Eighty-sixth in the advance, was almost as heroic as the assault on Missionary Ridge, and would have been fully as much so, if the enemy had had the courage to stay and fight. The history of no organization from the State of Indiana, or any State, can probably furnish evidence of greater fortitude than was exhibited by the Third brigade, Third division, Fourth army corps, of which the Eighty-sixth Indiana formed an honorable part.

The glowing memories of Stone's River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dandridge, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Adairsville, Kingston, Cassville, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mills, Kenesaw Mountain, Smyrna Camp Ground, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy's Station, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville will ever fill the hearts and minds of every member of the Eighty-sixth Indiana with pardonable pride.

When the heroic citizen soldiers were remanded to the duties of civil life, the Eighty-sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, passed from organic existence, to live in history, matched by many but surpassed by none. Many who went out with the regiment did not return. They were left on the hills and by the streams of the South. Their heroic deeds and last resting places will often be brought to mind in fond remembrance.

" By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

And as the Eighty-sixth Indiana disappeared so melted away the grand regiments of all the States, an army strong enough to conquer a hemisphere. The heroic organizations merged into the mass of the people and were seen no more. The deeds of this grand army had filled the civilized world, and European statesmen looked on in wonder. It was one of the grandest armies that ever bore on its bayonet points the destinies of a king or nation—a consolidation and embodiment of power seldom witnessed; and yet, while the gaze of the world was fixed upon it, it disappeared like a vision, and

when one looked for it he saw only peaceful citizens engaged in their usual occupations. The veterans of the rank and file, whose battle shout had rung over scores of bloody fields, could only be found now by name as one, bent over his saw and plane, another swung his scythe in the harvest field, or plied his humble toil along the streets. It was a marvelous sight, the grandest the world ever saw. It had been the people's war—the people had carried it on, and having finished their own work, quietly laid aside the instruments with which they had accomplished it, and again took up those of peaceful industry. Never did a government on earth exhibit such stability, and assert its superiority over all other forms, as did this Republican Government of ours, in the way its armies disappeared when the struggle was over.

On the 12th of June, 1865, the men were paid and the Eighty-sixth disbanded. Good-byes were said and the boys started for their several homes. That separation was not without sadness. There are few ties on earth that are as strong as those that bind the hearts of men who so long marched, and fought and suffered together. The Eighty-sixth Indiana was now a *memory!* That was all. But if only a memory it will last as long as a single member of that organization survives.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground.—
Thinking of days gone by;
Of the loved and the true who left their homes
And the tear that said, "Good-bye!"



GEORGE FREDERICK DICK.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TWO COLONELS.

George Frederick Dick—A Sketch of His Early Life—Captain of a Boy's Military Company in Cincinnati—His Fire Company—In Business—Answers the First Call of the President—A Captain in the Twentieth Indiana—His Services in That Regiment—Made Lieutenant Colonel in the Eighty-Sixth—His Career With That Regiment to the Close of the War—Orville S. Hamilton—A Brave Man, but Wanting in Military Genius—A Bit of Secret History Never Before Told or Written—A Tribute to His Memory.

GEORGE FREDERICK DICK.

The man and officer, who, by his military skill, by his firmness and courage made of the Eighty-Sixth an organization of which they who still live, are so justly proud, came to the regiment near the close of the Kentucky campaign in the early winter of 1862-1863. This officer was Lieutenant Colonel George Frederick Dick, destined soon thereafter to be the Colonel. He joined the regiment at Rural Hill, Tennessee, on the night of November 17, 1862. This was the officer who was in all of the subsequent history of the regiment, whether in camp or on the field, in the trenches, or in the storming of the enemy's works, who was to be the central figure. He it was who was to make, by strict discipline and thorough drill, a body of soldiers out of the raw material then organized into what was called a regiment.

Colonel Dick, for such soon became his title, came to the regiment unheralded. He came as an utter stranger to all but a very few, and the regiment as such, had never even heard his name. There had been rumors that a Lieutenant Colonel had been commissioned, but who he was, or when he was to report for duty, was unknown. The few who had known him, prior to the war, had known him only as a quiet

citizen, and as a man earnestly devoted to the care of his mercantile pursuits. All soon knew him thoroughly as an officer, and quickly respected and admired him for his genuine soldierly qualities. Never in the habit of talking of himself, nor of exploiting his deeds, Colonel Dick was, and is, known to the members of the Eighty-sixth only in his identification with the history of the regiment subsequent to the time of joining it.

He was not a man who had many intimate associates. His nature was too quiet and modest to attract the crowd, but those who thoroughly knew him, and back of his quiet demeanor learned the sterling qualities of his heart and head, were linked to him as with hooks of steel. In form and physique, he impressed the men at once as one on whom they could rely, and more and more, under the shock of battle, on the march and in camp or bivouac, did this impression of his worth as a soldier, and his ability as an officer, grow upon officers and men. After he assumed command of the regiment it was not long until officers and men alike learned that a master hand held the sword.

To portray the exact condition of the regiment at the time Colonel Dick came to it, both as to its condition from a sanitary point, and as to discipline and knowledge of the duties of soldiers, but little need be said. It is sufficient to say that from the moment that he took command on the battle-field of Stone's River there was a change for the better. New life was infused, new hopes were inspired, and an ambition took complete hold of all to do something, to be something, to make a record as soldiers, that had not before existed with the great mass of the officers and men. Some, too, there were of the officers who found that they were not fitted to be soldiers in the highest and best sense of the word, and these retired. As the fact has been recorded that Colonel Dick came into the actual command of the regiment at Stone's River on the morning that the battle opened, let the reader now go backward in his career, and learn of his early life.

George Frederick Dick was born at Tiffin, Seneca county,

Ohio, February 22, 1829. He was of German parentage, but from his childhood and into his manhood was, as he will remain to the close of his life, intensely American in all his thoughts and actions. When but two years old his parents moved from Tiffin to Cincinnati. Here he grew into manhood. The education he received was such as was to be gained from the public schools in Cincinnati during his early boyhood. Although not what is termed an educated man, he has ever been a reader of the best authors when the time could be taken from business hours, has always been a close observer of men, and has at all times kept himself thoroughly informed as to current events. In his boyhood he was an enthusiast on military matters, taking a deep interest in the military organizations then existing in the city of Cincinnati. With his boy associates he was regarded as a leader, and his opinions on military affairs were law to them.

When he was in his sixteenth year, a juvenile military company was organized, known as the Cincinnati Cadets, and Fred Dick, as he was then called, was chosen as the Captain. He at once accepted the position and assumed the responsibilities. Faithfully he discharged the duties of Captain, and he was fully as willing to perform his appointed share of the hard work incident thereto, as he was to bear the honors of the position. Those who have known Colonel Dick in his maturer years, after he had put aside the mimic soldier, and had had the responsibilities of the actual soldier and officer, can easily imagine the firmness and thoroughness with which he handled the Cincinnati Cadets. Those who have seen him in the actual charge and shock of battle, and have seen the firmness with which his teeth were shut upon each other, and have heard his clear, sharp and commanding voice ring out in the supreme moment, can well imagine the young Captain as he appeared at the front of his miniature soldiers, and can well understand why the Cadets made so fine a record as "play soldiers," why many of them made in later years such magnificent records during the four years of war, where balls as well as powder were used, and actually fought and died on the field. In all that pertained to his early mili-

tary company, and kindred organizations he took the deepest interest, little dreaming, save as a boy may dream, that he was taking the primary lessons that were in after years to make him a thorough military man, and to give him as excellent a record as was won by any officer during the war occupying a similar position. As he himself has said, "This little experience proved very useful to me in after years when I assumed the active duties of a soldier, in actual and not mimic warfare."

In whatever position he found himself among organized bodies of men, he was chosen by his associates as the chief or commander. The fire companies at the time he was residing in Cincinnati, after he had grown out of boyhood and into his young and vigorous manhood, were independent, or volunteer companies. These were composed of a class of young men who hesitated at nothing when duty pointed the way. They were ready to fight the fire fiend either singly, or to brave the greatest dangers in company with their associates, whenever life or property was to be saved from death or destruction. In one of these fire companies George F. Dick, as soon as he was of sufficient age, found himself as a member. Never reckless, always discreet, yet never under the most trying circumstances hesitating or faltering, he was soon chosen as the Captain. Here again, as when Captain of the Cadets, he enforced the most stringent discipline, and through his management Dick's Fire Company was one of the best of its day in Cincinnati. Not only was the *drill* of the Cadets, and the fire company of use to him in future years, but it was in these organizations that he first began to study human nature. After all, this knowledge of men, reading their characters individually and when brought together in large bodies, when combined with military skill, is one of the very chiefest things tending to success in a military commander. Colonel Dick had this knowledge of men to a remarkable degree in his career as an army officer. He seemed to be able to read every officer and man of his regiment as one would read an open book. There was not an officer or private who came under his command who did not

instinctively feel that Colonel Dick knew exactly his make-up. This was especially true at the storming of Missionary Ridge, where every man from right to left of the regiment felt more than words can tell it, that Colonel Dick was watching his every movement in that, the most brilliant charge ever made by soldiers of any land or in any war.

After arriving at that age which required that he should turn his attention to the practical affairs of life, he entered business in Cincinnati as a tobacconist, and remained in that city in the tobacco trade until 1855, when he removed to Attica, Indiana, and there again went into the same business, and so continued until the breaking out of the war in 1861.

At the first call for troops by President Lincoln in April, 1861, roused by his patriotic impulses, he at once closed up his business affairs to answer the call. While he was "putting his house in order" for the great conflict, he was at the same time, in company with others, engaged in the formation of a company for the first three months' service. The company was speedily raised and George F. Dick was unanimously chosen as Captain. As rapidly as this first company of Captain Dick had been organized, the rush to arms had been so great and so rapid that upon tendering their services to Governor Morton, there was no place for them, and their offer was rejected. However much the disappointment at being unable to be among the first 75,000 Union troops, the organization held together, waiting for the first opportunity that might be presented, to be mustered.

These enthusiastic and patriotic citizens did not have to wait very long, for on May 3, 1861, the President issued his second call and assigned the quota to each State. In filling the quota for Indiana a camp was opened at Lafayette, and here were gathered the companies that were to contribute a regiment, and were in July mustered into the service as the Twentieth Indiana Volunteers, for three years' service. Captain George F. Dick's company was mustered in as Company D, and he was commissioned and mustered as its first Captain July 22, 1861. The Twentieth Indiana was almost immediately ordered to the front and left Indianapolis on

August 2, 1861, going to Maryland, near Baltimore, where it was placed on duty guarding the Northern Central railroad, a branch of the Pennsylvania road, which was such an important factor to the Army of the Potomac during the war. The duty of guarding a railroad was of very short duration, however, for in September, 1861, the regiment was moved to Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, and soon after landing was sent to the north end of Hatteras Bank, forty miles away from the fortifications, and from supports of any kind. At this place began the active military work of Captain Dick. Here the regiment was attacked by a much larger force, and had a severe fight, and although greatly outnumbered it maintained its position until it received orders to fall back, when it returned to the fortifications. The regiment was then sent to Newport News where it participated in the engagement between the Merrimac, Cumberland and Congress, March 8, 1862. On the 10th of May this regiment participated in the capture of Norfolk, Virginia, after which it was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac, on the Peninsula. On June 8, 1862, the Twentieth Indiana was assigned to Jamieson's brigade, Kearney's division, Heintzleman's corps, and took an active part in the battle of Fair Oaks. On the 25th of June, 1862, it was engaged at the battle of the Orchards, sustaining a loss of 144 officers and men in killed, wounded and missing. The regiment covered the retreat of the Third army corps in the celebrated Seven Days' Fight, participating in all the battles of that campaign, its loss being heavy.

The Twentieth regiment formed a portion of the flank of the Army of the Potomac during its march across the Peninsula to Yorktown. It was moved to Alexandria, and was engaged in the fights along the Rappahannock, and in the battle of Manassas Plains, where its loss was great, the Colonel, William L. Brown, being among the killed. On September 1, 1862, the regiment was severely engaged in the battle of Chantilly.

This much of the service of the Twentieth Indiana has been given for the reason that its history until October, 1862,

was in part made by the subject of this sketch, Captain George F. Dick, and his company being constantly on duty with the regiment. He was not, however the captain of the company during all of the time. On August 30, 1862, he was commissioned as Major and was present and served in that capacity until October 23, 1862, at which time he was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the Eighty-sixth Indiana.

It has been shown by the action of the Twentieth Indiana, that Colonel George F. Dick came to this regiment with a record of which any soldier might well feel proud. Indiana had many gallant regiments. All, as the opportunity offered, proved themselves worthy the State and worthy the Nation, but neither Indiana nor any other State had a better fighting regiment than was the Twentieth Indiana from its first entry on the battle-field until it was finally mustered out at the expiration of the war. The Eighty-sixth has felt especially proud of the Twentieth and its grand record because it gave to it an officer who led it into a record that for service, hard work, brilliant fighting and magnificent victories will compare with any regiment that served during the war. It is to this officer that the credit is due.

October 21, 1862, George F. Dick was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the Eighty-sixth regiment, was mustered on November 1 following, and joined his command soon after. He, an officer thoroughly conversant with the duties of a soldier, must have felt heartsick when he found a regiment without drill, without discipline, without anything that could be called military, save and except the fact that it had been mustered into the service of the United States. If, however, he felt wholly disappointed and discouraged, the officers and men were most thoroughly pleased at his coming. True, he was then only the second officer, but it was a great relief and assurance to have one man at the head of the regiment, who was an officer, competent to command.

No State secrets are being divulged, when the fact is stated that no one knew so fully as Colonel Dick the immense responsibility he assumed and the great burden that was

placed upon his shoulders, when he surrendered his commission as Major of the Twentieth, to accept the commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Eighty-sixth. To those most conversant with the facts it is well known by subsequent events that had he remained with the Twentieth the honors that would have come to him would have been as great, if not greater than those attained with the Eighty-sixth and the Army of the Cumberland. It was good fortune to this regiment that he did just as he did.

On January 14, 1863, George F. Dick was commissioned by Governor Morton as Colonel of the regiment, and was mustered as such February 9, 1863. His conduct at the battle of Stone's River has been fully detailed in the chapter devoted to that battle and it is not necessary to repeat it here. Up to the time of entering Murfreesboro, after the battle, the regiment had had no instructions that amounted to anything like a thorough regimental drill, for two reasons: The first was that there had been no officer in command competent, and the second was that from the date of its organization until it entered Murfreesboro and settled down in camp, it had been so continuously on the move, that such training was impossible. Yet the regiment had been in proximity to the battle of Perryville, and there had been no day after Perryville until the last of December, 1862, when it was not expected that it would be brought into an engagement. Then came the terrible battle of Stone's River, where the regiment, although undrilled, and undisciplined in every way, was taken through that engagement and won the encomiums of the brigade and division commanders for its gallant conduct. That this is true, is due to the courage and military skill of the commander of the regiment through that fearful "baptism of fire." True it was, as heretofore stated, that the loss at the battle of Stone's River by this regiment was appalling, but it is due to Colonel Dick to say that no one could have handled a regiment of raw troops better, and few could have done so well.

It is not stating the condition of affairs too strongly when it is said that a great portion of the Army of the Cum-

berland was simply armed men. They were not soldiers. They had had no opportunity for drill, nothing approaching careful instructions had been given, and no discipline had been enforced. Well it was for the Army of the Cumberland that the time had arrived when all of these things could be imparted. What were then termed the "old regiments," the regiments that were organized in 1861, were but very little better in point of drill, discipline and camp and picket duty than were the regiments that came into the service under the same call with the Eighty-sixth, and were through the battle of Stone's River getting their first experience on a bloody field. Of the drill and discipline which came so opportunely at Murfreesboro mention has been made in relating the experiences of the regiment during the six months' camping in and about that town. This is said here in connection with what has been written of Colonel Dick, no regiment in the camps of the Army of the Cumberland had a more efficient drill-master than was he. For more than a year he had been in an army that had had for its commander one of the best organizers and tacticians ever produced by the American army. Drill and discipline were especial essentials with the Army of the Potomac, with which Colonel Dick had seen service. It was the drill and discipline of that army under McClellan that made it so effective under others who were commanders and fighters. Colonel Dick was a tactician, and a drill-master who could impart the knowledge he had acquired to others, and when the time came under him for the regiment to go into active campaigns, no other regiment was better prepared for the conflict.

Before moving from Murfreesboro, July 5, 1863, Colonel Dick had been assigned to the command of the Second brigade, Third Division, Twenty-first army corps, and retained command thereof until after the organization of the Army of the Cumberland while at Chattanooga, after the battle of Chickamauga.

Colonel Dick was a good regimental commander, and he was equally "at home" in the position of brigade commander. Every detail necessary to the management and effec-

tiveness of the brigade was scrupulously observed. At the battle of Chickamauga he and his brigade were the very first infantry ordered out when the Confederate forces made their first appearance on September 18, 1863, in front of General Thomas J. Wood, near Lee & Gordon's Mills. On the night of that day it was the wise and soldierly work of Colonel Dick with his brigade, that in the night fight on the east side of the Viniard farm, that prevented the Confederates from passing around the right of General Wilder's brigade, and defeated the plans by which the rebel General, Bragg, expected to gain possession of the LaFayette road, cut Rosecrans' army in two, shut him out from Chattanooga, and destroy the Army of the Cumberland by detail before that army could be reunited. General Wilder says of the situation that night, that had it not been for timely assistance rendered by Colonel Dick on that night, the plans of General Bragg might have succeeded and all would have been lost. Through the battle that raged again on the 19th and 20th at Chickamauga, Colonel Dick with his brigade bore a conspicuous part. General VanCleve, who commanded the division to which Colonel Dick's brigade was attached, in his report on the battle of Chickamauga, especially commends him to special notice for good conduct during this battle.

After the battle of Chickamauga, the Eighty-sixth with the Army of the Cumberland, was besieged in Chattanooga. During all of this siege Colonel Dick was with the regiment sharing the hardships and dangers of that siege. His larder was as illy supplied as that of any private, but each day he was through the camp cheering and encouraging all to endure their hardships like good soldiers. On the picket line he bore his part when duty called, never shrinking from any service that was demanded. When the time came to move out of the works and attack the enemy there was not a regiment that received that order that formed more quickly than did the Eighty-sixth.

On the memorable 25th day of November, 1863, when the Army of the Cumberland showed such an example of bravery and soldierly bearing as never had been surpassed in the

world's annals, Colonel Dick was found passing up and down his lines after they had been formed for that wonderful charge, encouraging his men. Those who saw him that day as the troops waited for the signal of six guns from Orchard Knob will never forget the quiet manner of the Colonel, nor will it be forgotten how firm and clear came the words of his commands when the signal was given. It was a "supreme moment" for the regiment as it stood in line that afternoon to the left of Orchard Knob. It was a terrible ordeal through which officers and men were passing.

The morning of November 25, 1863, had opened with the guns of Sherman over on the left where he had made a crossing of the river, and was then charging the enemy with all the terrible rattle and roar of battle in the attempt to turn Bragg's right and force him back off Missionary Ridge. Hooker on the right had forced the enemy off Lookout mountain, and the din of his guns told the Army of the Cumberland as plainly as words that he was being forced back by the right of the Union army across the valley towards Rossville Gap, and that the crescent at the opening of the battle on the 23d and 24th was giving place to a straight line. Now along the entire front, from Hooker on the right down through the valley until Sherman at the river was reached, came the rattle and din of the skirmish lines of both armies, until, at times, it seemed almost like volleys from compact lines of battle. So the storm raged, from dawn until the lines of battle of the Army of the Cumberland had been changed from behind their works to the front of them preparatory to the charge that was to be made over the line of rifle pits thick set on the narrow plain, and on, and on to—where?

This was the question that every officer and man asked himself as he stood in that new line of battle; and as the question found its place in his mind he looked and listened, and as he listened the din of the skirmishers ceased, and there settled down on friend and foe that awful, that fearful silence that precedes the terrible storm and tornado. As the men realized the stillness and looked, they almost prayed

for the noise once more that they might not be able to look—for looking—in the deathly stillness, what did they of the long lines of blue see? They saw in their immediate front the most formidable line of skirmish pits, that they had ever seen, and each pit was filled with armed men. Looking beyond a little further at the foot of the ridge was a line of earth works, thick set with men, men who it was well known were fully alive to the importance of holding their position. The eye then mounting upward saw at the summit of the Ridge, eight hundred feet higher, the final line of battle, thick set with artillery. It took but an instant, the rapid glance of the eye, to take in all this scene and to realize the fearful task to be performed in obeying the orders that had been received. Both armies were for a moment dazed by the spectacle that met their vision. As far as the eye could reach, up and down that valley, could be seen two great armies standing face to face in battle array. As the men of both sides caught the view each seemed for the instant to be paralyzed. The eyes of the men of the Union army had, in a swift glance, swept the plain and hill side, resting but an instant upon the battle lines bristling with armed men and cannon at the crest, then a glance toward Orchard Knob from which was to come the signal of six guns for the charge, the head dropped forward, and the stillness of death reigned over that portion of the field. Each man fully conscious of the fact, that when that signal should be given and the instant the charge should begin hundreds upon hundreds would fall, to fill the soldiers' grave.

In this supreme moment and as the men stood with heads bowed, and faces blanched in the presence of the gathering storm of death, Colonel Dick passed along the line of his regiment as fully alive to the terrible situation that then existed as any officer or man in that front line of battle, nay more fully aware of this than any of them, and although his face was pale through the tan of hard service, his voice never faltered, and the tones came as clear and distinct as though upon dress parade, as he gave the final instructions or spoke a word of cheer, and urged a faithful

discharge of duty, and here and there he grasped the hand of an officer and the hands clasped tightly in a friendship that is born only of the battle-field, but no word was spoken, only a clasp of the hand, a look into the eyes, and the hands were loosed, but to the day of death will that touch remain.

To the right of the Eighty-sixth stood the Seventy-ninth Indiana Regiment, the two regiments being consolidated, and forming the front or charging line of the brigade, both regiments as consolidated being under the command of Colonel Fred Knefler of the Seventy-ninth, he being the senior officer, and therefore entitled to the position, but Colonel Dick had the immediate command of the Eighty-sixth. These two regiments stood at an order waiting for the signal, and yet almost unconscious of all that surrounded them. The period of waiting was not of long duration as counted by the minutes of the clock, but to those who had the care and responsibility of commands, whether of company or regiment, the minutes seemed to have grown into hours, so terrible was the suspense in connection with the full realization of the fury of that storm of battle that was soon to break. Now comes the first shot of the six guns that are to be the signal for the charge, and with the sound of that gun that long line of men in blue were aroused like one who is startled out of a dream. All eyes were turned toward and over the plain and from the foot of the Ridge to the battle line at its summit. As the third and remaining shots of the signal rang in quick succession, as quickly were the men nerved for that charge which shall go down into history as the most brilliant charge of ancient or modern warfare. When the final shot of the signal was to have come the men had caught the cadence of the shots, and although the primer exploded the gun was not discharged, but at that instant the voice of Colonel Dick rang out clear and strong in the beginning of the command, but he had only pronounced the word "Forward," when the remainder of the command was lost in the shouts of the men as they started on the run for the enemy's works. Then as that shout went up there came from the line in the plain, the line at the foot of the Ridge and down

from that topmost line on the crest of the Ridge, which had been so quiet, the concentrated fire, of musketry and artillery, the pent up flood-gates of death thrown wide open. Men fell about wounded, mangled and killed. Great gaps were made in the lines, yet onward, with cheer upon cheer, went the charging column, Colonels Dick and Knefler, each cheering and encouraging the men, as onward they pushed through the storm of leaden hail.

The men of the two regiments vied each with the other which should first reach the works of the enemy, as side by side they crossed the works in the plain and again at the foot of the Ridge. There was no halt but renewing, their cheers, onward and upward they started for the line of works at the top. On and on, upward and yet higher, officers and men, each and all cheering and repeating the commands of the Colonels, "Forward! Forward!" until at last close up to the works, under the guns of the foe, these two regiments alone, far in advance of the lines to the right and left, the only portion of that long line that had started in the charge, that had not been compelled to halt or turn back, now halted, and laid down to gather strength and recover breath for the final and desperate contest for possession of the last line of works. These men, lying close under the guns of the Confederates, could only send a quick glance down the way by which they had climbed through a storm of death to where they then lay, and in that quick glance they caught a glimpse of the lines of the reserves that were coming over the plain, and could see the troops of the right and left of their line, fighting their way on up toward their places on the right and left of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana.

By the time these advancing lines were in supporting distance the two Indiana regiments that had outstripped their comrades, became restless lest they should have the credit they had thus far earned, taken by some other, and that they should not continue to lead to the finish. Once more the command rang out to the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth, "Fix, bayonets! Forward! Charge, bayonets!" and

almost as quickly as the command was given, the men were on their feet and did not again halt or look back until the works were reached and gained, and the stars and stripes of these two Indiana regiments, riddled and torn by shot and shell, were planted on the enemy's works, and the enemy in their front was fleeing from the field. The lines on the right and left pressed on in their positions close after the regiments of Knefler and Dick, and the orders given before the troops moved out from their works were obeyed, and the victory was won.

Brigadier General Samuel Beatty in his report of the battle of Missionary Ridge, in speaking of the regiment among others, says of the Commander:

In recounting the operations of my command in the advancing of the lines of the 23d, and the charging of Missionary Ridge on the 25th, I have to compliment Colonel Fred Knefler, Colonel George F. Dick * * * for the discipline and efficiency of their troops, and for the gallant style with which each vied with the other in doing their utmost to secure a victory to our arms. The advance of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana was strongly resisted by the enemy, but led by their gallant Commanders, and supported by the advance of the Thirteenth and Fifty-ninth Ohio regiments in splendid style, succeeded in first planting the National flag on the rebel works at the summit of Missionary Ridge."

Colonel Knefler, in his report of the battle, Missionary Ridge, says:

"I cannot close this without making my acknowledgements and thanking Colonel George F. Dick, of the Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteers, for the valuable assistance rendered me in commanding the two regiments while consolidated during the battle and from the time we left our camp."

The foregoing has been written in connection with the sketch of Colonel Dick, because under his command at this battle, the Eighty-sixth Indiana enrolled its name in the annals of the Nation in letters of glory and light that shall never grow dim. In this battle more than all others, this regiment glories and is justly proud. It was one of the five decisive battles of the greatest war of modern times. In this great battle, in the most magnificent and brilliant charge in all the world's history, this regiment was in the front line,

and with the Seventy-ninth, led the charge of the grandest army of citizen soldiers that was ever brought together. It led on that day, in the sight of all there gathered, to a victory that could not be disputed, and it led with a gallantry that could not be gainsaid or doubted. It wrote its record that day for all time before the eyes and in sight of the heroes of the Nineteenth Century.

For another reason has so much been said of the battle of Missionary Ridge. The men of this regiment might have been returned home at the close of the war, as they did, but they might have come home without the honor that now clusters about the name of this regiment for having led in the charge on Missionary Ridge had it not been for the personal interest that Colonel George F. Dick took in building up its name in those matters which bring honor and renown, and which make every man who ever marched after its drum beat, or with its flag, feel proud of the fact, and count it as an honorable distinction. Had it not been for the earnest stand taken by Colonel Dick, and his most strenuous, but respectful opposition, this regiment would have been assigned to duty as provost guards. Had this been done, although it might have been a life of great ease as compared with the service that was rendered, yet it would have been an inglorious soldier record after it was all over, and every man would have regretted it so long as life remained. Colonel Dick believed, and rightly, that the place for this regiment was in the front, and he complimented every officer and member of the regiment when he gave it credit for being a fighting regiment, and insisted that it be permitted to remain in active work with the Army of the Cumberland.

It is not the purpose of the authors of this book to go into full details of each battle in which the regiment was commanded by Colonel Dick, and shall only cursorily mention the facts. After the battle of Missionary Ridge Colonel Dick was with and in command of his regiment through all the long and tedious marches which followed, from Chattanooga to Knoxville to the relief of Burnside then besieged by Longstreet, and then to Strawberry Plains, and Dan-

dridge and back again to Strawberry Plains, thence to Maryville, and from there again back over the same route to New Market, Greenville and so through that entire winter of hard marching and hard service, until in the latter part of April 1864, the regiment and corps rejoined the army near Cleveland, Tennessee, preparatory to entering upon the Atlanta campaign. During all of the hardships of the East Tennessee campaign, through snow, and ice, and mud, and rain, Colonel Dick shared with the men of his command their trials, privations and hardships.

Entering upon the Atlanta campaign on May 7, 1864, he was always ready for duty, and was with his regiment day and night until on the 27th of May, 1864, in the battle of Pickett's Mills, Georgia, he received a severe flesh wound in the hip from a piece of shell, and was carried to the hospital. A leave of absence was granted him for thirty days and at the close of the period, although yet suffering from the wound, he was again at the head of his regiment for duty.

On through the Atlanta campaign to its close he was present every day taking his part in every engagement. Back through Georgia and Alabama into Tennessee, when the Confederate General Hood moved around the flank of Sherman's army—in the battles of Columbia, Spring Hill, and Franklin, and again at the glorious battle of Nashville, taking part in the overthrow, and annihilation of Hood's army, his voice was heard in command of the regiment.

From Nashville to Huntsville, Alabama, in the pursuit of the broken and scattered remnant of the Confederate army, he rejoiced with his command in the final destruction of an army before which the regiment had stood in battle array, and had fought on every field from the Ohio river to Lovejoy's, Georgia, covering a period of over two years. Then again into East Tennessee from Huntsville with the Fourth army corps, ready to co-operate with Grant's army, in the final issues of the war.

During all of this time, let it be said to the credit of the Eighty-sixth Indiana regiment, its Colonel had never been rebuked for failure to perform his duty, but on the contrary,

had been complimented by his superior officers for his faithfulness and efficiency. Not only Colonel Dick, but the regiment, and each company and member of the regiment, shared in the honor that was given to him. Honoring him, was and is honoring the regiment. Let the comrades of the Eighty-sixth Indiana look back over each and every event in the regiment from the time that Colonel George F. Dick took command, until the day the regiment was mustered out at the close of the war, and there is not one single incident, great or small, connected with his commandship for which any member of the regiment need blush or apologize. On the contrary all may justly feel proud that they were members of a regiment under such leadership. On March 13, 1865, in recognition of his services, he was brevetted a Brigadier General by Congress.

Thus far mention has been made of Colonel Dick as a military man, and commander only. A few words of him as a man and a citizen, and the pleasant duty is done. If Colonel Dick was a thorough and efficient officer in the field, he was at the same time a conscientious and upright man. Now and then charges were made against other officers, that whether true in the whole or in part, did not bring credit to those officers, either as officers or men. But during his whole term of service there was never anything discreditable charged against him. There was never by himself or on the part of any connected with his headquarters at any time or place, any intoxication or excess. He was always the courteous gentleman, as well as the thorough officer.

At the close of the war, wearing not only the honors of a Colonel, but of Brevet Brigadier General, he laid aside his sword and took up the peaceful pursuits of a private citizen. Much to the regret of his friends and comrades of Indiana, he removed his residence to Bloomington, Illinois, and has resided there ever since. In April, 1873, he was appointed Postmaster of Bloomington by President Grant, and held the position by reappointment for twelve years, or three full terms. During all of these twelve years in office his record for the faithful performance of duty was, as it had been in

the army, beyond all possibility of censure, complete and thorough.

After retiring from the position of Postmaster he engaged in business pursuits, and has been honored and respected by all who have known him. He has been, since the formation of the Eighty-sixth Indiana Regimental Association, the President of the Association, and has shown his love and appreciation for his former companions in arms by being present at each and every annual meeting.

If any one could possibly have a doubt as to the warm attachment that is felt for Colonel Dick by survivors of the regiment, it would need but a glance into one of the reunions of the regiment to have such doubt removed.

Colonel Dick's domestic relations were none the less happy than the ties that existed between him and his military family. He was married July 14, 1853, to Miss Anna Mayers, at Cincinnati, a woman of superior Christian virtues, and whose life abounded in deeds of kindness, charity and affection. To them nine children were born, eight of whom died in infancy. Mrs. Dick died November 30, 1878. In all his bereavements Colonel Dick was the same true man and bore them in quiet resignation. In more recent years he was married to Mrs. Emma Kimball, and the afternoon of his life is being spent in that rest which comes to the deserving.

The years are creeping on toward old age, but the heart of Colonel Dick beats as strongly as ever in love for the men of his command who followed the flag in its campaigns and battles, and his sympathies will ever flow to those who bear the scars won in honorable warfare, and with each Memorial day, bright, yet sad, with its garlands of roses, he remembers those whose life went out under the folds of the flag that the Nation might live.

In the long list of those faithful soldiers of the Nation in her hour of peril, none deserve a higher place than GEORGE FREDERICK DICK, Colonel Eighty-sixth Indiana Regiment.

ORVILLE S. HAMILTON.

In the opening chapters of this history, in the account of the organization, the fact was mentioned that Orville S. Hamilton was commissioned as Colonel. Those who had had practical experience in the army, doing actual service, were not long in learning that there were officers and there were officers. Much has been said by political demagogues in derision and attempted defamation of officers of the army, yet to all who were good soldiers this vituperation has injured the speaker rather than the parties sought to be injured. There were those, however, as a matter of fact, who were *commissioned* as officers and sent to the field, who, for various reasons should never have been selected for the positions which they were not able to fill. It does not necessarily follow that these were bad men, nor that they were not sincerely patriotic. In many instances they lacked simply the ability to learn military principles and failed utterly to master the drill, or were unable to impart their knowledge to those under them.

Every experienced soldier, whether officer or enlisted man, will very readily concede that wherever he met a company he could readily tell by the appearance of the organization whether or not it was well officered. True, it was and ever will be, that no one could be an officer without men, and it was equally true that no men could be good, reliable *soldiers* without thoroughly competent and reliable company officers. The men by their numbers gave the officer the opportunity to receive his commission, but the *officer* made the thoroughly efficient soldier. Take men in the mass, undrilled and undisciplined, and mankind, whether in bodies of a hundred or of thousands, are not dissimilar in the qualities necessary for good soldiers. Companies did effective work and won the name of brave soldiers because of this training and for the reason they had confidence in the man or men who commanded them. If this proposition be true in regard to the *company*, then it is true in more than a ten fold ratio when applied to the regiment. In all the history of the war the instance can scarcely be found where the

enlisted man, if he was a good soldier, found fault or complained of discipline or drill when he knew that his commander was competent on the drill ground, and brave, watchful and intelligent as to his duties when on the field in action. It was necessary, however, that all of these soldierly qualities, courage, firmness, and military knowledge should be combined in the man to make the officer. It did not take even the unpracticed eye of the newly organized Eighty-sixth Indiana very long to realize that, although a commission as Colonel had been issued to a man for that office, there was in fact no Colonel. There was a nominal commander only.

The story of the displacement of Colonel Hamilton in command of the regiment has never been told or printed. The special matters that led to the reliefment of Colonel Hamilton at Stone's River and placing Colonel Dick in command were then unknown and unsuspected by either. It is not believed that Colonel Hamilton up to the day of his death knew of the manner in which it was brought about. There were a number of line officers present that morning who were not taken by surprise when the change came. There are but a very few of the number alive to-day who were in the secret, but the time that has elapsed since that memorable day has removed the pledge of absolute secrecy then given from the lips of the few who remain. There was no mutiny, nor conspiracy to do a wrong, but the belief that the time to demand a change in the commandership of the regiment had crystalized into quiet action on the part of quite a number of the officers. Every officer was fully convinced that a great battle was at hand. Bragg had been driven down from the Ohio river through Kentucky and into Tennessee, and had taken his position on ground of his own choosing to give Rosecrans battle. It did not require a great military genius, to realize this fact, and that the battle would be hotly contested. Colonel Hamilton could *not* handle the regiment. It was believed that Colonel Dick could. The name of the regiment and the lives of the men were at stake. But little was known of the articles of war, although all

realized that care must be taken. The plan was arranged secretly. It was decided to go to General VanCleve, who was then commanding the division of which the regiment formed a part, lay the facts before him, ask him to remove Colonel Hamilton in some way, and place Colonel Dick in command. In conformity with these plans, before daylight of the morning of the opening of the battle these officers quietly assembled just outside of the bivouac of the regiment, and started for General VanCleve's headquarters not far distant. On the way, for some reason best known to the older heads, the youngest officer in years and as an officer, was selected to present the case to the General. On arrival at the General's tent it was found that he was already up and dressed for the duties of the day. The sentinel at the headquarters challenged as they approached. The countersign was given, and as they reached the tent the old General stepped out, and in his kindly manner asked the cause of the visitation. The officer selected to speak stepped forward and began his statement, but he only succeeded in uttering the first sentence which sufficiently disclosed the purport of the visit, when he interrupted and stopped any further words by saying, "Not another word, gentlemen, not another word. You certainly do not realize the dangerous position in which you are placing yourselves. Go back to your regiment, go at once." Crest fallen and sick at heart these officers started to return. After they had gone but a few steps an orderly came hurrying up and said the General wished to see the spokesman of the party. This officer on returning was told by the General that he would look after the interest of the regiment, that all would turn out for the best, and that he would be along the line at daylight. At daybreak the entire army was formed in line of battle, and so stood in line until after daylight, when it was discovered that General VanCleve, with his Assistant Adjutant General, were coming down the line and stopping at the different regiments when some command would be given, the movement executed and then resume its position in line as before. As it came nearer it could be better understood. The Colonel of each regiment

as he was reached was directed to give some certain command, this command being changed. The explanation of the movement was required to be given before the men were permitted to attempt the execution. General VanCleave and the brigade commander, Colonel Fyffe, finally reached the Eighty-sixth Indiana, when he stated to Colonel Hamilton that he was testing his regiment so that he might be satisfied that the officers and men could change their formation, if it should be necessary, in action. He then said: "Colonel, you will 'Change front forward on first company.' Give the commands. But before your regiment undertakes to execute the movement explain it fully so that there can be no mistake. Now give the command: 'Change front forward on first company.' Give the instructions as I have directed." Colonel Hamilton gave the command as directed, but there he stopped. Then was heard the voice of the old General: "Instruct your regiment, Colonel. They are new men. Instruct them, Colonel." Again the Colonel gave the command, "Change front forward on first company." And again he stopped more confused than before. Again came the words of the General, "Instruct your men; instruct your men." The third time the Colonel gave the command, but this time he was excited and confused beyond measure, and the sharp tones struck his ears: "Colonel, you *must* obey my orders; instruct your men how to execute the movement." The Colonel broke down completely, called in a confused and utterly dazed manner for the Lieutenant Colonel, and unbuckling his sword belt turned on his horse, gave the sword to the Assistant Adjutant General, dismounted, and the command of the regiment then by order of the General devolved upon the then Lieutenant Colonel Dick.

In what has been said of the Eighty-sixth Indiana regiment and its first Colonel, all intention to cast any reflection upon the bravery or honesty of purpose of Colonel Orville S. Hamilton is most emphatically disavowed. No one who knew Colonel Hamilton ever doubted either his bravery or his earnest desire to do all within his power, both as a man and an officer, to make his regiment all that it should have

been. More than this, the writer, from personal intercourse with him, was led to believe, and now believes, that Colonel Hamilton was of that proud disposition that led him to wish for the very highest position for the regiment that it was possible for any body of troops to attain. The only trouble with him was that there was no military genius of any kind in his make-up. He was a man of good strong mind, and reputed to be a good lawyer, but not one particle of that strength of mind was in a military direction. His mind and memory were sufficiently strong to memorize the tactics, but he could not understand why a military command was given in a set form, nor could he realize that there was a reason for every movement in the tactics, and therefore could not put any of his memorized tactics into practical use. He could give a command which he received, but could not call from the store house of his memory the manner of executing the command when given so as to make the manner of its execution understood by the new officers of his regiment so that they could execute, or cause to be executed, the movement for which the command had been given. As has been stated, Colonel Hamilton was a brave man, and all soldiers agree that bravery in an officer in the face of the enemy covers a multitude of short comings. At the battle of Perryville, alone in command of his regiment, in so far as the other field officers of the regiment were concerned, himself a new officer wholly without experience, and with a regiment in which both officers and men as a whole, were equally ignorant of their duties, and the manner in which those duties were to be performed, yet he never for an instant faltered in his efforts to do all he could, and for the sake of his regiment did not hesitate to ask assistance, even from one who did not hold a commission, in the formation of his line of battle, and then waited as calmly as the most perfect tactician and veteran, for the "shock of battle" which all believed was to come.

Afterward at the battle of Stone's River, when he had been relieved from the command of his regiment, not because of any violation of orders, nor yet because of any attempt to shirk his duty, for he was in his place ready to do to the

extent of his ability, but relieved because, he could not by reason of his non military mind apply military principles to the absolute needs of the occasion. But when relieved and entirely free to withdraw from the terrible battle that was then opening, and which so soon afterward struck his regiment with such terrible and deadly effect, instead of leaving the field, dismounted from his horse, sent the horse to the rear, and then securing a gun and cartridge box took a place with the men of his regiment and remained through the whole of the battle doing duty in the ranks as though he were an enlisted man. It is due to the honor of Colonel Hamilton, it is due to the honor and magnificent record of the Eighty-sixth Regiment of Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, that the *bravery* of Colonel Orville S. Hamilton should be chronicled with the history of the regiment. The fault should not be laid at his door that he was not a military man by nature, and he should not be censured because he could not become a military commander. The days of our battles are over, many, very many of our comrades sleep the soldiers' sleep on the fields they helped to make glorious, many more of them have answered the "last roll call" since "white winged peace" has come to our land, and we who write, and they who shall read that which is written, should ever give the credit which is due to every soldier who stood with us in those troublous and stormy days. Colonel Hamilton sleeps peacefully now in

---"that low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings."

And let us all say, as we can truthfully say, he was a *brave*, *courageous*, and *patriotic* man.

COMRADES KNOWN IN MARCHES MANY.

Comrades known in marches many
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
 Brothers ever let us be.

Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
 Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
 Brothers evermore to be.

And, if spared, and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder.
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
 Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner—
Crimson, white, and starry banner—
By the baptism of the banner,
 Children of one church are we.

Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us:
Still whatever fate betide us,
 Children of the Flag are we.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

ROSTER

—OF—

Officers and Enlisted Men

—OF THE—

EIGHTY-SIXTH INDIANA.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS, EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

CO.	NAMES AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Commission.	Date of Muster.	REMARKS.
	<i>Colonel.</i> ORVILLE S. HAMILTON . . .	Lebanon . . .	Sept. 6, 1862.	Sept. 6, 1862.	Mustered out Jan. 13, '63, for incompetency.
	GEORGE F. DICK <i>Lieutenant Colonel.</i>	Attica	Jan. 14, 1863.	Feb. 9, 1863.	Brevetted Brig. General, March 13, '65; mustered out with Regiment, Declined Oct. 21, '62.
	DIXON FLEMING	Attica	Sept. 6, 1862.	Nov. 1, 1862.	Promoted Colonel.
	GEORGE F. DICK	LaFayette	Oct. 21, 1862.	Feb. 9, 1863.	Resigned June 2, '63; cause, disability.
	JASPER M. DRESSER	LaFayette	Jan. 14, 1863.	Nov. 22, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	JACOB C. DICK <i>Major.</i>	Attica	June 3, 1863.		
	JASPER M. DRESSER	LaFayette	Sept. 6, 1862.	Sept. 6, 1862.	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.
	JACOB C. DICK	Attica	Jan. 14, 1863.	April 30, 1863.	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.
	PHILLIP GEMMER <i>Adjutant.</i>	Marshfield	June 13, 1863.	April 24, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	CARSON P. RODMAN	Lebanon	Aug. 18, 1862.	Aug. 21, 1862.	Promoted Captain Co. H.
	ERASMUS D. THOMAS <i>Quartermaster.</i>	Williamsport	May 29, 1863.	May 29, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	KERSEY BATEMAN	Attica	Aug. 12, 1862.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Resigned Sept. 2, '63; cause, disability.
	ROBERT UNDERWOOD <i>Chaplain.</i>	Oxford	Jan. 1, 1864.	July 16, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	WILLIAM S. HARKER	Frankfort	Sept. 7, 1862.	Sept. 7, 1862.	Resigned May 3, '63.
	DANIEL KEMPTON <i>Surgeon.</i>	Clinton County	July 1, 1863.	July 27, 1863.	Resigned Feb. 8, '64.
	JAMES S. ELLIOTT	Thorntown	Sept. 6, 1862.	Sept. 26, 1862.	Resigned Nov. 14, '62.
	JOSEPH JONES <i>Assistant Surgeon.</i>	Williamsport	Nov. 15, 1862.	Dec. 12, 1862.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	JOSEPH JONES	Williamsport	Aug. 14, 1862.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Promoted Surgeon.
	ALLEN M. WALTON	LaFayette	Sept. 6, 1862.	Sept. 6, 1862.	Discharged May 29, '64, for wounds received in action.
	FLAVIUS J. VAN VORHIS	Zionsville	Dec. 6, 1862.	Dec. 15, 1862.	Mustered out with Regiment.

A	<i>Captain.</i>								
	AARON FRAZEE	Indianapolis	Aug. 3, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned Dec. 2, '63.				
	PERRY T. GORHAM	Indianapolis	March 1, 1864.	May 13, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.				
	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>								
GEORGE W. SMITH	Lebanon	Aug. 3, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Killed at battle of Stone River, Dec. 31, '62.					
	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>								
ROBERT A. WILLIAMSON	Lebanon	Jan. 4, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Resigned Oct. 19, '63.					
PERRY T. GORHAM	Indianapolis	Oct. 20, 1863.	Jan. 1, 1864.	Promoted Captain.					
WILLIAM KELSO	Thorntown	March 1, 1864.	May 13, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.					
	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>								
ROBERT A. WILLIAMSON	Lebanon	Aug. 3, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted First Lieutenant.					
PERRY T. GORHAM	Indianapolis	Jan. 4, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Promoted First Lieutenant.					
SAMUEL H. THOMPSON	Kirk's Cr's R'ds	June 1, 1865.		Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.					
	<i>Captain.</i>								
FRANCIS J. MATTLER	LaFayette	Aug. 25, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Dismissed Nov. 6, '63; restored Jan. 3, '64; dismissed Jan. 3, '65.					
	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>								
JEREMIAH HAUGH	Delphi	Nov. 7, 1863.	Jan. 31, 1865.	Mustered out with Regiment.					
	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>								
JOHN S. ARMITAGE	Delphi	Aug. 25, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862.	Dishonorably dismissed Jan. 15, '53.					
JEREMIAH HAUGH	Delphi	Jan. 16, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Promoted Captain.					
MATTHEW MCINERNEY	Delphi	Nov. 7, 1863.		Promoted Captain Co. H.					
JOHN L. BULLOCK	Delphi	March 1, 1865.	March 28, 1865.	Mustered out with Regiment.					
	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>								
JEREMIAH HAUGH	Delphi	Aug. 25, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted First Lieutenant.					
MATTHEW MCINERNEY	Delphi	Jan. 16, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Promoted First Lieutenant.					
JOHN T. WHITCHER	Pittsburg	June 1, 1865.		Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.					
	<i>Captain.</i>								
JACOB C. DICK	Attica	Aug. 13, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted Major.					
JAMES GREGORY	LaFayette	April 25, 1863.	April 30, 1863.	Resigned March 25, '64.					
THOMAS A. ODELL	West Point	March 26, 1864.	July 1, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.					
	<i>First Lieutenant</i>								
WILLIAM BURR	Attica	Aug. 13, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned Dec. 2, '63.					
CYRUS O. SYLVESTER	Attica	May 1, 1864.	July 16, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.					
	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>								
OLIVER BOORD	Chambersburg	Aug. 13, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned Feb. 3, '63.					
THEODORE F. BRANT	Attica	Feb. 4, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Resigned May 7, '64.					

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ROSTER OF OFFICERS, EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

CO.	NAMES AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Commission	Date of Muster.	REMARKS.
D	JAMES H. JACKSON <i>Captain.</i>	Rob Roy	June 1, 1865.		Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.
	LEWIS STEVENS <i>First Lieutenant.</i>	Rainsville	Aug. 19, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	JACKSON HICKSON	Rainsville	Aug. 13, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned May 23, '63.
	HARRIS J. GASS	Rainsville	May 25, 1863.	June 5, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	HARRIS J. GASS <i>Second Lieutenant.</i>	Rainsville	Aug. 13, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted First Lieutenant.
	JOSHUA G. DETURK	Rainsville	May 24, 1863.	June 5, 1863.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	PHILIP GEMMER <i>Captain.</i>	Marshfield	Aug. 14, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted Major.
	JOHN R. MOORE	Williamsport	Aug. 1, 1864.		Resigned Sept. 30, '64, as First Lieutenant.
	HARMON M. BILLINGS	West Lebanon	Oct. 15, 1864.	Feb. 16, 1865.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	GEORGE HITCHENS <i>First Lieutenant.</i>	Williamsport	Aug. 14, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned May 10, '63.
JOHN R. MOORE	Williamsport	May 11, 1863.	June 5, 1863.	Promoted Captain.	
MAHLON J. HAINES	Indianapolis	Aug. 1, 1864.	Oct. 17, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.	
JOHN R. MOORE <i>Second Lieutenant.</i>	Williamsport	Aug. 14, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted First Lieutenant.	
MAHLON J. HAINES	Indianapolis	May 30, 1863.	June 5, 1863.	Promoted First Lieutenant.	
STEPHEN CRONKHITE <i>Captain.</i>	Marshfield	June 1, 1865.		Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.	
WILLIAM S. SIMS	Lebanon	Aug. 14, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned Aug. 23, '64.	
WILSON H. LAYMAN <i>First Lieutenant.</i>	Crawfordsville	Aug. 24, 1864.	Nov. 7, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.	
JACOB PALMER	Lebanon	Aug. 14, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned Jan. 9, '63.	
ROBERT W. COOLMAN	Thorntown	Jan. 10, 1863.	April 3, 1863.	Resigned Oct. 23, '63.	
WILSON H. LAYMAN	Crawfordsville	Oct. 24, 1863.	Jan. 1, 1864.	Promoted Captain.	
HENRY W. NICHOLS	Northfield	Aug. 24, 1864.	Nov. 7, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.	
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<i>Second Lieutenant.</i> ROBERT W. COOLMAN . . . WILSON H. LAYMAN . . . ENOCH R. WORLEY . . .	Thortown . . . Crawfordsville . . . Northfield . . .	Aug. 14, 1862. Jan. 10, 1863. June 1, 1865.	Sept. 4, 1862. April 3, 1863.	Promoted First Lieutenant. Promoted First Lieutenant. Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.
<i>Captain.</i> JOHN SEAGER NELSON R. SMITH LITTLETON V. REAM <i>First Lieutenant.</i> SAMUEL DOUGLASS LOREN G. COWDREY	Jefferson Frankfort Michigantown Frankfort Michigantown	Aug. 19, 1862. Jan. 29, 1863. Aug. 4, 1863. Aug. 19, 1862. Nov. 1, 1863.	Sept. 4, 1862. Jan. 29, 1863. Nov. 5, 1863. Sept. 4, 1862. Dec. 15, 1863.	Resigned Dec. 28, '62. Discharged and dismissed July 25, '63. Mustered out with Regiment. Resigned July 25, '63. Honorable discharged on account of wounds Dec. 9, '64. Mustered out with Regiment.
THEODORE HESSER <i>Second Lieutenant.</i> NELSON R. SMITH LITTLETON V. REAM JOHN SNYDER	Frankfort Frankfort Michigantown Frankfort	Feb. 3, 1865. Aug. 19, 1862. Jan. 29, 1863. June 1, 1865.	Sept. 4, 1862. April 3, 1863.	Promoted Captain. Promoted Captain. Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.
<i>Captain.</i> MILTON BELL CARSON P. RODMAN MATTHEW MCINERNEY <i>First Lieutenant.</i> JAMES B. NEWTON URIAH THOMAS DAVID H. OLIVE	Michigantown Lebanon Delphi Frankfort Burgett's Cor. Lebanon	Aug. 19, 1862. Jan. 23, 1863. Nov. 29, 1864. Aug. 19, 1862. Jan. 23, 1863. July 18, 1863.	Sept. 4, 1862. April 26, 1863. Dec. 5, 1864. Sept. 4, 1862. April 26, 1863. Nov. 5, 1863.	Resigned Jan. 10, '63. Resigned Sept. 14, '64. Mustered out with Regiment. Resigned Jan. 22, '63. Resigned June 22, '63. Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Second Lieutenant.</i> URIAH THOMAS WILLIAM J. NEES JOHN M. CAST	Burgett's Cor. Middle Fork Frankfort	Aug. 19, 1862. Jan. 23, 1863. June 1, 1865.	Sept. 4, 1862. April 3, 1863.	Promoted First Lieutenant. Resigned July 17, '63. Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.
<i>Captain.</i> WILLIAM C. LAMBERT JAMES R. CARNAHAN	Stockwell Dayton	Aug. 22, 1862. Aug. 1, 1863.	Sept. 4, 1862. Sept. 4, 1863.	Dismissed by Court Martial June 18, '63. Mustered out with Regiment.

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ROSTER OF OFFICERS, EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

CO.	NAMES AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Commission.	Date of Muster.	REMARKS.
	<i>First Lieutenant.</i> JOHN GILLILAND	Linden	Aug. 22, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Returned as a deserter to 51st Ill. Vol. by sentence of Court Martial.
	THOMAS H. B. MCCAIN	Thorntown	Aug. 1, 1864.	Sept. 5, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	JAMES T. DOSTER	Colfax	Aug. 22, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died Dec. 19, '63, of disease.
	HENRY MOHLER	Rossville	June 1, 1865.		Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.
	<i>Captain.</i> WILLIAM M. SOUTHARD	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Killed at battle of Missionary Ridge Nov. 25, '63.
	ROBERT B. SPILMAN	Crawfordsville	March 31, 1864.	June 26, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>First Lieutenant.</i> WILLIAM H. LYNN	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Resigned Nov. 30, '62.
	JOHN M. YOUNT	Crawfordsville	Nov. 30, 1862.	Nov. 30, 1862.	Resigned March 4, '64.
	JESSE CARTER	LaFayette	March 31, 1864.		Discharged as First Sergeant April 25, '64.
	HUGH RILEY	Crawfordsville	Aug. 1, 1864.	Sept. 5, 1864.	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i> JOHN M. YOUNT	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23, 1862.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted First Lieutenant.
	JAMES R. CARNAHAN	Dayton	Nov. 30, 1862.	Dec. 22, 1862.	Promoted Captain Co. I.
	TIGLHMAN A. HOWARD	Crawfordsville	June 1, 1865.		Mustered out as First Sergeant with Regiment.

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EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

THREE YEARS' SERVICE.

REGIMENTAL NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster.	REMARKS.
<i>Sergeant Major.</i> Live, David H	Lebanon	Sept. 7, '62	Promoted First Lieutenant Co. H.
McCain, Thos. H. B	Thorntown	Nov. 4, '63	Promoted First Lieutenant Co. I.
McClair, Irwin M.	Thorntown	Sept. 3, '64	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Q. M. Sergeant.</i> Milman, Robert B	Crawfordsville ..	Sept. 4, '62	Promoted Captain Co. K.
Myer, Aaron H.	Mt. Pleasant	Sept. 1, '64	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Commissary Sergeant.</i> Underwood, Robert	Oxford	Sept. 4, '62	Promoted Quartermaster.
Wixon, Walter B.	Williamsport	Aug. 1, '64	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Principal Musicians.</i> Kennett, John S.	Prairie Edge	Sept. 4, '62	Mustered out with Regiment.
Kammell, Nathan	Stockwell	Sept. 4, '62	Mustered out with Regiment.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY A.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i> Lith, George W.	Northern Depot ..	Aug. 1	Discharged Jan. 2, '63.
<i>Sergeants.</i> Cochran, Perry T.	Indianapolis	Aug. 1	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
Clark, Henry	Northern Depot ..	Aug. 1	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 6, '62.
Connelley, William	Thorntown	Aug. 1	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Conyers, Robert W.	Kirks X Roads	Aug. 1	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
<i>Corporals.</i> Coombs, William E.	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 29, '62.
Conroy, Rilen T.	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Discharged June 11, '63.
Conroy, Thomas A.	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Discharged June 2, '63. ['63.
Conroy, Vinson H.	Reese's Mills	Aug. 1	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 2,
Conroy, Thomas S.	Elizaville	Aug. 1	Died Jan. 1, '63; wounds.
Conroy, Floyd N.	White Lick	Aug. 1	Died Jan. 12, '63; wounds. [12, '63.
Conroy, Stephen C.	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March
Conroy, Daniel	Kirks X Roads	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Groves, John C.....	Lawrence	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Duchiman, Wm. O.....	Northern Depot	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 25
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Jones, William	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged April 21, '63.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Abney, Manson C.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Allen, William	Fayette.....	Aug. 1	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 1, '6
Berry, William J.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Blevins, William.....	Boxley.....	Aug. 1	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan.
Boyd, William.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 26,
Campbell, Charles H.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Campbell, Oliver N.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Jan. 3
Canbe, Joseph F.....	Thorntown.....	Aug. 1	Died at Cleveland, O., Feb. 22, '63
Cave, Alonzo.....	Clarks Hill.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65. [ton. Nov
Carrol, Alonzo B.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Deserted Sept. 20, '63; died, Camp
Colbert, Jesse.....	Northern Depot	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 13, '65.
Coombs, George W.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Creamer, Marion F.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Apr
Demoss, Wilson.....	Thorntown.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 13, '63.
Dinsmore, James F.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died at New Albany, Ind., Feb. 13
Dinsmore, John.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged July 15, '63.
Dinsmore, Oliver J.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died at Indianapolis, Oct. 15, '64
Dinsmore, William F.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died Dec. 7, '63; wounds.
Edwards, John H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died at Annapolis, Md., Feb. 11,
Elder, Eli.....	Thorntown.....	Aug. 1	Discharged May 1, '63; wounds.
Evans, Elias.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Deserted; mustered out June 20
Fancher, John W.....	Northern Depot	Aug. 1	Mustered out May 30, '65.
Feeley, John A.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Died Jan. 18, '63; wounds.
Garrett, John.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Haller, Levi P.....	Reese's Mills.....	Aug. 1	Died at Cave City, Ky., Dec. 1, '6
Hammond, A. B.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged July 23, '63.
Harding, John.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Nov. 12, '63; wounds
Harding, Thomas J.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 13
Harmon, Robert J.....	Zionsville.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Jan. 2, '63.
Harris, William H.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Harpool, Marcellus H.....	Aug. 1	Deserted Sept. 19, '63.
Haynes, Hermon D.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Discharged by civil authority.
Hedge, Jeremlah.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Hedge, William.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	"
Higgins, George H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	"
Holeman, Aaron.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Transferred to V. R. C. —, '64.
Howard, Addison L.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Hoover, Milton.....	Zionsville.....	Aug. 1	"
Hysong, Aaron H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Transferred to Miss. Mar. Brig., F
Hysong, John A.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Deserted from hospital.
Jester, Elcana.....	Westfield.....	Aug. 1	Died at Cincinnati, O., Jan. 5, '63
Jester, Jacob.....	Westfield.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Jolly, Thomas J.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Mar. 21, '65; disabili
Kelly, Elijah.....	Thorntown.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Jan. 30, '63; accid. wo
Ketring, Abraham.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 13
Leach, Willis.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Lewis, Benjamin H.....	Berlin.....	Aug. 1	"
Lindsey, George E.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Dec. 7, '63; wounds. [
Martin, William F.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged May 13, '64. Died on
McCormick, John N.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Jan. 2, '63.
McCoy, George W.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Transferred to V. R. C., Dec. 1, '6
McKinsey, Jacob.....	Reese's Mills.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Jan. 9, '63; wounds.
Moore, Jacob S.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Mount, George N.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out May 15, '65.
Mount, John H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 1	Discharged April 1, '63; wounds.
Owings, Ephraim.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Oct. 12, '64.
Padgett, Henry.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Jan. 2, '63.
Padgett, James E.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Transferred V. R. C.; must'd out
Padgett, Jeremlah.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Dec. 10, '63.
Padgett, William.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville Tenn., Sept. 23
Powell, Edmund.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Oct. 23, '63.
Powell, John M.....	Elizaville.....	Aug. 1	Discharged Dec. 31, '62.
Pritchard, Joseph.....	Kirks X Roads.....	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
Reichard, Franklin	Kirks X Roads	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 4, '63.
Ross, James L	Jamestown	Aug. 1	Deserted from hospital.
Singleton, William	Kirks X Roads	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Sipes, James	Jamestown	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65. ['64.
Smith, Hiram	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Died in Andersonville prison, Mar. 17, '64.
Smith, John	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Transferred to V. R. C., July 29, '64.
Stoops, Benjamin F	Lawrence	Aug. 1	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 20 '63.
Stoops, Robert W	Lawrence	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Stowers, Richard A	Kirks X Roads	Aug. 1	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Thayer, Daniel	Lebanon	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65. [geant.
Thompson, Samuel H	Kirks X Roads	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65, as First Ser-
Trott, Abraham J	Whitestown	Aug. 1	Transferred to V. R. C., May 30, '64.
Vells, William B	Zionsville	Aug. 1	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 22, '63.
White, Henry	Whitestown	Aug. 1	Discharged Oct. 23, '62.
Wiley, George W	Thorntown	Aug. 1	Discharged Mar. 1, '64; wounds.
Wiley, William D	Thorntown	Aug. 1	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Wilhelm, Augustus	Northern Depot	Aug. 1	Died near Murfreesboro, April 14, '63.
Wright, Benjamin F	Northern Depot	Aug. 1	Discharged Oct. 23, '62.
<i>Recruits.</i>			
Brown, James M	Thorntown	Jan. 4, '64.	Transferred 51st Reg't., June 5, '65.
Brown, Robert S	Thorntown	Mar. 9, '64.	" " " " " "
Green, Joseph W	Lebanon	Mar. 9, '64.	Deserted March —, '64.
Griffin, Thomas J	Thorntown	Dec. 30 '64.	Transferred 51st Reg't., June 5, '65.
Hartin, Cornelius H	West Lebanon	Mar. 9, '64.	Trans. V. R. C.; must'd out Nov. 11, '65.
Purtell, Patrick	Thorntown	Oct. 5, '64.	Mustered out May 13, '65.
Whittaker, Alex. M	Thorntown	Jan. 4, '64.	Deserted March —, '64.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY B.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
McEnery, Matthew	Delphi	July 15	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Gist, Newton H	Delphi	July 15	Mustered out June 6, '65, as private.
Reed, James	Delphi	July 15	Discharged Feb. 14, '63.
Reintz, Lewis	Delphi	July 15	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Smiley, William L	Pittsburg	July 15	Deserted; mustered out May 11, '65.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Crowell, James M	Lockport	July 15	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 22, '62.
Fenny, Henry W	Pittsburg	July 15	Mustered out June 6, '65, as private.
Fitznagle, Frank H	Delphi	July 15	Deserted; mustered out May 10, '65.
Handler, Robert	Lockport	July 15	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Vatters, Charles	Buck Creek	July 15	Died Dec. 1, '63; wounds.
Bullock, John N	Delphi	July 15	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Houk, David	Lockport	July 15	Deserted March 1, '63.
York, Samuel	Prince William	July 15	Transferred to U.S. Vet. and Engineers.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Edgerly, James H	Pittsburg	July 20	Discharged March 25, '63.
Beaver, Henry	Monticello	July 20	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Levenson, James C	Prince William	July 20	Deserted Oct. 18, '62.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Armer, George E	Delphi	July 20	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
Armstrong, James F	Prince William	July 20	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Ashba, Benjamin A	Prince William	July 20	Died at Nashville, Oct. 1, '63. [29, '65.
Ashba, Jonathan	Prince William	July 20	Trans'd to V. R. C.; must'd out June
Baker, John	Delphi	July 20	Must'd out June 6, '65, as absent sick.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Bealer, Christian.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Deserted April 15, '63.
Bierman, Christian.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Died at Richmond, Va., Dec. 6, '63.
Blue, John.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Bowen, George W.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Discharged March 13, '63.
Bundy, Benjamin.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Casad, John A.....	Pittsburg.....	July 20.....	Died at Nashville, Jan. 21, '63; wounds.
Chittick, Jasper.....	Prince William.....	July 20.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Chittick, Andrew J.....	Prince William.....	July 20.....	" " " "
Clark, Hiram.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Died at Murfreesboro, Feb. 11, '63.
Cifford, Con.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Condon, Garrett.....	Delphi.....	July 20.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Copstick, John M.....	Prince William.....	July 20.....	" " " "
Crow, Thomas.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Died at Chattanooga, Oct. 28, '63.
Crowell, Richard C.....	Lockport.....	July 25.....	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Davis, Albert.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Died at Murfreesboro, Feb. 9, '63.
Denman, Joseph.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Deserted April 15, '63.
Dittmer, Frederick.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Donahoe, John.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Discharged March 17, '63.
Eisley, Barney.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '63.
Farrier, Robert.....	Camden.....	July 25.....	Discharged May 6, '63.
Felthoff, Henry.....	Prince William.....	July 25.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 4, '65.
German, John S.....	Lockport.....	July 25.....	Died at Nashville, Feb. 16, '63.
German, Southey K.....	Lockport.....	July 25.....	Died at Chattanooga, Nov. 4, '63.
Green, John.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Deserted Dec. 31, '63.
Grider, John M.....	Pittsburg.....	July 25.....	Deserted Oct. 6, '62.
Halffe, Joseph.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Died at Murfreesboro, Feb. 9, '63.
Hart, James J.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Hartsman, Henry.....	LaFayette.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Hauk, Jacob.....	Cleveland, O.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Hauk, George H.....	Lockport.....	July 25.....	" " " "
Hoover, Joseph.....	Colfax.....	July 25.....	" " " "
Huntley, James H.....	Prince William.....	July 25.....	Supposed to be dead.
Kekkefoet, Albert.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Kough, Richard.....	LaFayette.....	July 25.....	Transferred to V. R. C. March 17, '64.
Lunenburg, Fred'r k.....	Delphi.....	July 25.....	Died at Chattanooga, Nov. 26, '63.
Magee, John.....	N. Y. City.....	July 25.....	Discharged May 15, '65.
Marshall, Humphrey.....	Rockfield.....	July 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Miller, Frederick.....	Delphi.....	July 26.....	Discharged March 12, '63.
Misner, Usual.....	Prince William.....	July 26.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 29, '62.
Morton, Harrison P.....	Delphi.....	July 26.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
McMahon, Patrick.....	Delphi.....	July 26.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 27, '65.
McQuillen, William.....	Rockfield.....	July 26.....	Mustered out May 17, '65.
Ohime, John.....	LaFayette.....	July 26.....	Discharged Oct. 15, '62.
Oliver, Lemuel W.....	Pittsburg.....	July 27.....	Died in Danville Prison, Va., Dec. 6, '63.
Ratliff, Salathiel.....	Prince William.....	July 27.....	Mustered out June 7, '65.
Ratliff, John.....	Prince William.....	July 27.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Ratliff, Lewis C.....	Prince William.....	July 27.....	" " " "
Rogers, George.....	Idaville.....	July 27.....	" " " " ['62.
Rose, William.....	LaFayette.....	July 27.....	Died at Silver Springs, Tenn., Nov. 11, '64.
Rose, Benjamin F.....	Transitville.....	July 27.....	Killed at Kenesaw Mt., June 28, '64.
Saxon, Anthony M.....	Rockfield.....	July 27.....	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Saylor, Wilson.....	Prince William.....	July 27.....	Died at Stone's River, Nov. 20, '63.
Scott, Ellas.....	Prince William.....	July 27.....	Died at Bowling Green, Nov. 15, '62.
Sharp, James W. P.....	LaFayette.....	July 27.....	Mustered out June 17, '65.
Shay, Thomas.....	Crawfordsville.....	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Sples, Matthias.....	Prince William.....	Aug. 2.....	" " " "
Starne, Levi M.....	Prince William.....	Aug. 2.....	Discharged Oct. 23, '62. ['65.
Stoner, Abraham.....	Delphi.....	Aug. 2.....	Transf'd V. R. C.; must'd out June 29, '63.
Stoner, Cyrus.....	Rockfield.....	Aug. 2.....	Discharged March 12, '63.
Swartz, Samuel.....	Prince William.....	Aug. 2.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Aug. 1, '63.
Thirtyaere, John.....	Delphi.....	Aug. 2.....	Discharge Nov. 4, '62. [29, '65.
Tucker, Abraham.....	Rockfield.....	Aug. 2.....	Transf'd to V. R. C.; mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Tubberty, Thomas.....	LaFayette.....	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Turner, John W.....	Pittsburg.....	Aug. 2.....	Missing at Frankln, Tenn., Nov. 28, '64.
Welsh, John.....	Delphi.....	Aug. 2.....	Discharged March 17, '63. [capt.
Whitcher, John T.....	Pittsburg.....	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as First Ser-
White, John.....	Delphi.....	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Wolford, Henry.....	Francisville.....	Aug. 2.....	" " " "
Woster, John.....	Rockfield.....	Aug. 2.....	" " " "
York, Andrew J.....	Prince William.....	Aug. 2.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY C.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Dick, Solomon L.	Williamsport	Aug. 13.	Discharged Dec. 30, '62.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Brant, Theodore F.	Attica	Aug. 13	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
Mills, John L.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Dec. 5, '62. ['65.
Turman, Wilson L.	Attica	Aug. 13	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out July 1,
Johnson Ebenezer	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Nov. 20, '62.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Kiff, Newton W.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Dec. 5, '62.
Coffing, William I.	Portland	Aug. 13	Discharged Sept. 1, '63.
Grant, John A.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Feb. 19, '63.
Heglin, James	Attica	Aug. 13	Lost on Sultana, April 27, '65.
Pooler, Richard F.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Dec. 17, '62.
Odell, Thomas A.	West Point	Aug. 13	Promoted Captain.
Cooper, Jacob	Attica	Aug. 13	Died, wounds rec'd at Mission Ridge.
Haller, John E.	Attica	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Swarts, Eli	Attica	Aug. 13	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 14, '64.
Patterson, Charles	St. Louis, Mo	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Swarts, Daniel	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Jan. 5, '63.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Bethel, John	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Feb. 13, '63.
Bishop, Charles	Attica	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Blanchfill, Edward	Attica	Aug. 13	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Boord, William J.	Chambersburg	Aug. 13	" " " "
Boszor, Francis J.	Attica	Aug. 13	Died near Murfreesboro, May 9, '63.
Brewer, John W.	Attica	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Briney, Mark B.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Feb. 11, '63.
Brown, John D.	Independence	Aug. 13	Died at Nashville, Jan. 12, '63. ['65.
Brown, James H.	Buell	Aug. 13	Transf'd to V. R. C. must'd out June 30,
Butcher, James S.	Williamsport	Aug. 13	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 27, '65.
Clawson, John	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Clawson, Garrett	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Died at Murfreesboro, May 5, '65.
Coffenberry, N. L.	Independence	Aug. 13	Discharged, wounds rec'd Stone's River.
Conner, Charles	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Cox, John W.	Independence	Aug. 13	Deserted Oct. 18, '62.
Crane, Abner J.	Chambersburg	Aug. 13	Discharged Feb. 4, '63.
Crane, Ira J.	Chambersburg	Aug. 13	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 12, '63.
Crook, Francis M.	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 30, '65.
Dindot, William T.	Attica	Aug. 13	Deserted March 25, '63.
Dixon, George	Attica	Aug. 13	Lost on Sultana, April 27, '65.
Ellis, William	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Oct. 15, '63. ['62.
Gott, John W.	Attica	Aug. 13	Died in Barren County, Ky., Nov. 12,
Hall, James	Attica	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65. ['65.
Hall, Jeremiah	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out June 30,
Harlin, William W.	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Transferred to Miss. Marine Brigade.
Harbert, John	Attica	Aug. 13	Died at Murfreesboro, May 30, '63.
Hawkins, Van Buren	Chambersburg	Aug. 13	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 28, '63.
Haxton, Charles W.	New Albany	Aug. 13	Transf'd to Engineer Corps, Aug. 7, '64.
Haxton, Jeremiah	New Albany	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Hirsch, Wolf	Attica	Aug. 13	Transferred to V. R. C.; wounds.
Hoffman, John H.	Attica	Aug. 13	Died in Andersonville Prison.
Hogue, Andrew J.	Attica	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Hoshower, Aaron	Williamsport	Aug. 13	" " " "
Idle, Moses V.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Oct. 15, '62.
Jack, Aaron B.	Attica	Aug. 13	Discharged Dec. 15, '62. [grant.
Jackson, James H.	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65, as First Ser-
Jones, John	Attica	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Kilpatrick, Robert B.	LaFayette	Aug. 13	Discharged Aug. 25, '63.
Labaw, David L.	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Died at Murfreesboro, April 4, '63.
Labaw, Derrick V.	Rob Roy	Aug. 13	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Lamborn, Elwood.....		Aug. 13.....	Transferred to Engineers Corps.
Landon, Labon.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Died at Fishing Creek, Ky., Oct. 27, '64.
Landon, David.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 17, '62.
Landon, Jonathan.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged March 4, '63.
Landon, Francis M.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out May 30, '65.
Landers, Nathaniel B.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 18, '63.
Low, Samuel.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Marquis, William H.....	Rob Roy.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged Jan. 26, '63.
Martin, Wm. H. H.....	Chambersburg.....	Aug. 13.....	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
McCabe, Shepherd.....	LaFayette.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 17, '65.
McLean, Francis E.....	Covington.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
McLean, Henry H.....	Newtown.....	Aug. 13.....	Died at Columbia, Ky., Nov. 2, '62.
Meek, Thomas.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Millard, Harrison.....	Chambersburg.....	Aug. 13.....	" " "
Morehouse, Hartson.....	Rob Roy.....	Aug. 13.....	" " "
Morgan, Joseph.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 14, '63.
Norton, Asa.....	West Point.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged April 5, '63.
Odell, Alfred B.....	Williamsport.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Phipps, John W.....	Rob Roy.....	Aug. 13.....	" " " "
Pugh, George.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Died at Murfreesboro, Mar. 29, '63.
Remster, Phineas.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Died in Fountain Co., Ind., Sept. 12, '62.
Reedy, John.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged Oct. 15, '62.
Reynolds, Marcellus.....	Odell.....	Aug. 13.....	Supposed to have been lost on Sultana.
Roberts, William H.....	LaFayette.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged Feb. 7, '63.
Rolly, John.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Supposed to have been lost on Sultana.
Runkle, William.....		Aug. 13.....	" " " "
Schoolcraft, John.....		Aug. 13.....	Discharged
Sentman, Amos S.....	Covington.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged Feb. 17, '63.
Shafer, Jacob.....	Independence.....	Aug. 13.....	Deserted Oct. 18, '62.
Shelly, Philip.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 7, '65.
Shields, William.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Died Jan. 23, '63.
Shroyer, David.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Transferred to V. R. C., July 27, '64.
Sylvester, Cyrus O.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Simmerman, Jos. W.....	Williamsport.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Simmerman, M. V.....	Williamsport.....	Aug. 13.....	Supposed to have been lost on Sultana.
Slack, John.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Discharged. [30, '65.
Stephenson, Uriah.....		Aug. 13.....	Transf'd to V. R. C.; muster'd out June
Switzer, John.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Trullinger, Benjamin.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Warrick, George C.....	Portland.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 17, '65.
Wilson, Martin.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Young, William.....	Attica.....	Aug. 13.....	Transf'd to Engin'r Corps, July 20, '65.
<i>Recruits.</i>			
Myers, Albert.....	Homer.....	Dec. 21, '63	Transf'd to 51st Regiment, June 5, '65.
Tyler, Cidney.....		Dec. 21, '63	Mustered out July 2, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY D.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Gilger, Charles W. B.....	Warren county	Aug. 10.....	Died at Nashville, Jan. 14, '63; wounds.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Stephens, Reason.....	Warren county	Aug. 12.....	Discharged Feb. 18, '63. [wounds.
Jacobs, Jackson.....	Warren county	Aug. 10.....	Died at Stone's River, Jan. 1, '63;
Crabb, Vinton.....	Warren county	Aug. 10.....	Discharged March 26, '63. [Sergeant.
Graves, Thomas J.....	Warren county	Aug. 12.....	Discharged July 19, '64; wounds; First
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Vail, William F.....	Warren county	Aug. 30.....	Transferred to V. R. C., —, '64.
High, Anson.....	Warren county	Aug. 10.....	Died in Richmond Prison, Jan. 18, '63.
Sigler, William.....	Warren county	Aug. 9.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 1, '63.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Scanlon, Bartley	Warren county	Aug. 20	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Shaw, Daniel	Warren county	Aug. 12	Discharged Jan. 4, '65.
Shew, Cornelius C.	Warren county	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Smith, Isaiah	Warren county	Aug. 9	" " " " " "
Smith, Thomas W.	Warren county	Aug. 9	Transferred to V. R. C. Aug. 1, '63.
Smith, Samuel	Warren county	Aug. 12	Discharged March 1, '63.
Solomon, John	Warren county	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Stevens, Joseph W.	Warren county	Aug. 20	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 5, '65.
Stevens, David L.	Warren county	Aug. 11	Discharged March 20, '63.
Steffee, Henry	Warren county	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Story, Thomas E.	Warren county	Aug. 30	Transf'd to Engineer Corps. July 18, '64.
Stutzel, Lewis	Warren county	Aug. 12	Died at New Albany, Ind., Jan. 14, '63.
Sullivan, John	Warren county	Aug. 14	Deserted Nov. 27, '62.
Sullivan, Charles	Warren county	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Sweeney, Lisander	Warren county	Aug. 14	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 6, '65.
Thomas, Edmond	Warren county	Aug. 9	Deserted Feb. 20, '63.
Vanover, Samuel	Warren county	Aug. 19	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Volz, Jacob	Warren county	Aug. 12	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Waggoner, Samuel	Warren county	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Waggoner, John J.	Warren county	Aug. 12	Transferred to V. R. C., '64.
Whitesel, James M.	Warren county	Aug. 12	Discharged April 7, '63.
Wilkinson, Gideon	Warren county	Aug. 16	Missing at Chickamauga, Sept. 19, '63.
<i>Recruits.</i>			
Alexander, Samuel	Warren county	Mar. 24, '64	Died at Indianapolis April 7, '64.
Boyer, Landis	Warren county	Mar. 24, '64	Transf'd to 51st Regiment, June 5, '65.
Crabb, Joseph	Warren county	Nov. 30, '64	" " " " " "
Crabb, Washington	Warren county	Nov. 30, '64	" " " " " "
Egan, James	Warren county	April 9, '64	" " " " " "
Hodge, Willis	Warren county	Jan. 1, '64	" " " " " "
Ingersoll, Charles W.	Warren county	Mar. 5, '64	" " " " " "
Rock, Samuel F.	Warren county	Nov. 30, '64	" " " " " "
Sheets, Frederick	Warren county	Jan. 1, '64	Died at home, Nov. 8, '64.
Sellers, Isaac	Warren county	Jan. 1, '64	Died at Williamsport, Ind., Oct. 8, '64
Wallace, Clinton	Warren county	Mar. 24, '64	Transf'd to 51st Regiment, June 5, '65.
Wallace, Green	Warren county	Mar. 24, '64	" " " " " "
Wangh, James	Warren county	Mar. 24, '64	" " " " " "
Wangh, Van S.	Warren county	Mar. 3, '64	" " " " " "
Whitehead, James	Warren county	Mar. 1, '64	" " " " " "

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY E.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Billings, Harmon M.	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Promoted Captain.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Anderon, Peter W.	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65. [geant.
Cronkhite, Stephen	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65, as First Ser-
Fisher, Abram	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Rosebraugh, Norman	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Shipp, John M.	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died at Murfreesboro, Feb. 3, '63.
Kiser, John W.	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Transf'd to Engineer Corps Aug. 7, '64.
Cronkhite, Hosea	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Anderson, William	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 15, '63.
Kellett, John	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65, as private.
Helms, Francis M.	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out June
Goodwin, James S.	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65. [30, '65.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Woodward, James H.	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Discharged Dec. 4, '63, for promotion.
Wolf, William	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>Wagoner.</i> er, George.....	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged March 24, '63.
<i>Privates.</i>			
erson, Joseph V	Independence	Sept. 4	Discharged Feb. 12, '63.
ndridge, John	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 15, '62.
ckshire, Edward H	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 24, '63.
tlett, Thomas J	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
rgs, Joseph C	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	" " " "
wn, William W	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged March 26, '63.
h, William F	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Died at Danville, Ky., Nov. 2, '62.
ll, Alexander W	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
ler, Henry M	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 26, '63.
lwell, John N	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
ithers, George	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	" " " "
ton, James H	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
rd, Samuel F	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged May 16, '65.
wford, William M	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Died at Camp Denison, O., Dec. 6, '62.
wford, James S	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Missing at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
wford, John H	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Died at Silver Springs, Tenn., Nov. 13, '62.
ukhite, Levi A	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65. [62.
ukhite, Luke	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died at Louisville, Aug. 9, '64; wounds.
ukhite, Henry C	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Killed at Mission Ridge Nov. 25, '63.
w, William H	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Died at Louisville, Ky., June 22, '63.
ross, Job	State Line	Sept. 4	Discharged March 11, '63.
ler, Robert C	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Discharged Feb. 14, '63.
ean, William	State Line	Sept. 4	Discharged June 26, '63.
ell, George O.	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Discharged March 8, '63.
ns, Oliver M	State Line	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 20, '63.
ning, William B	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
her, Henry B	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Hospital
amore, Marion	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged Dec. 11, '62. [Steward.
more, Milton	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, '63.
kins, William F	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
son, Campbell	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Discharged Feb. 26, '63.
er, Peter	State Line	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 1, '65.
er, Robert	State Line	Sept. 4	Discharged March 10, '63.
es, Mahlon J	Indianapolis	Sept. 4	Promoted First Lieutenant.
l, William J	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged Dec. 11, '63.
per, David D	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
ton, Francis M	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	" " " "
rderson, Benj. H	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 11, '63.
rdrieks, John D	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
h, Tilton H	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Missing at Chickamauga Sept. 20, '63.
n, William	Marshfield	Sept. 4	" " " "
chin, Daniel	State Line	Sept. 4	Deserted from hospital July 15, '64.
ater, William C	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 4, '63.
nson, James D	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 14, '63.
nson, John A	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died Jan. 8, '63; wounds received at
nson, Solomon	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged Feb. 13, '63 [Stone's River.
er, Joe H	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
er, Alexander	Marshfield	Sept. 4	" " " "
er, William W	Marshfield	Sept. 4	" " " "
aty, Solomon	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 23, '64.
wood, Wm W	Peru	Sept. 4	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, '65.
z, John	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Transf'd to Engineer Corps Aug. 16, '64.
oughtry, Fr. W	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged March 13, '63.
ett, Jasper	Attica	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
ett, Newton	Attica	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
rison, William H	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	" " " "
l, Henson T	Marshfield	Sept. 4	" " " "
erson, Lewis	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Discharged June 4, '63.
ro, Paul	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Missing at Chickamauga Sept. 20, '63.
ell, John	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Discharged July 23, '64.
son, Reuben W	Williamsport	Sept. 4	Discharged June 30, '63.
rgers, William	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
braugh, Samuel	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Jan. 15, '63.
sbury, Cyrus	West Lebanon	Sept. 4	Discharged Jan. 24, '63.
pson, Eleazer C	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
pson, Allen	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Discharged Feb. 3, '63.
rt, John D	Marshfield	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
Smith, Thomas J.....	Marshfield.....	Sept. 4	Trans'd to Engineer Corps Aug. 7, '63.
Snodgrass, Joseph H.....	West Lebanon.....	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Starry, Daniel L.....	Marshfield.....	Sept. 4	" " " " " "
Starry, Nicholas H.....	Marshfield.....	Sept. 4	Transferred to Signal Corps Oct. 22, '63.
Swank, James C.....	West Lebanon.....	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Swank, Watson C.....	Williamsport.....	Sept. 4	Died Oct. 30, '62.
Thomas, Erasmus D.....	Williamsport.....	Sept. 4	Promoted Adjutant. [30, '63]
Wagner, Frederick.....	Marshfield.....	Sept. 4	Trans'd to V. R. C.: must'd out Ju
Wheeler, John B.....	Williamsport.....	Sept. 4	Discharged Jan. 7, '63.
White, Cornelius V.....	Marshfield.....	Sept. 4	Mustered out Aug. 26, '65.
White, William H.....	Marshfield.....	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Wilson, John.....	Williamsport.....	Sept. 4	Died at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15, '62.
Wolf, George.....	Sullivan county.....	Sept. 4	Discharged July 15, '63.
Woodard, Harrison H.....	Williamsport.....	Sept. 4	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., May
<i>Recruit.</i>			
Hasler, George W.....	Marshfield.....	Apr. 15, '64	Trans'd to 51st Regiment. June 5, '64.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY F.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Wilson, John M.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Olive, David H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Promoted First Lieutenant Co. H.
Howard, James A.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, '63.
Nichols, William A.....	Zionsville.....	Aug. 11	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, '65.
Cameron, David D.....	Northfield.....	Aug. 11	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 21, '63.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Endicott, William C.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 12, '65.
Black, John D.....	Thorntown.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65, as private.
Stephens, William H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Discharged April 16, '63; wounds.
Stoddell, William C.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
Robinson, James F.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Died Nov. 27, '63; wounds.
Nichols, Henry M.....	Northfield.....	Aug. 11	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Van Eaton, Erastus.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Transferred to Engineer Corps.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Sullivan, John.....	Jefferson.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Miller, Mark D.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	" " " " " "
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Chaffee, Benjamin.....	Thorntown.....	Aug. 11	Discharged Feb. 4, '63.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Baldwin, George.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Died Jan. 15, '63; wounds.
Beard, John C.....	Zionsville.....	Aug. 11	Died Jan. 18, '63; wounds.
Beard, Milton.....	Whitestown.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Bradshaw, Stephen S.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 5, '65.
Brown, John W.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Died at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 18, '63.
Burk, John J.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Supposed to have been drowned.
Byroad, David.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Byroad, Peter.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Died at Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 5, '64.
Byroad, William.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Caldwell, Andrew J.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	" " " " " "
Chenoweth, Joseph.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn. May 18, '63.
Clark, Alfred D.....	Northfield.....	Aug. 11	Deserted Nov. 16, '62.
Clark, Joel N.....	Northfield.....	Aug. 11	Deserted Nov. 6, '62.
Clark, John H.....	Dublin.....	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Craner, Thomas J.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Dec. 2, '63.
Creamer, Robert H.....	Lebanon.....	Aug. 11	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Cunningham, Isaac	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged July 30, '63.
Cunningham, Sylv'r	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Deserted Nov. 6, '62.
Davis, Henry W	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Davis, Morgan	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Dennis, Andrew	Mechanicsburg	Aug. 11	Died at Camp Chase, O., March 4, '65.
Doughty, Allen H	Elmira, N. Y.	Aug. 11	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 28, '65.
Downing, James A	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged Feb. 2, '65. ['65.
Duchemin, Daniel T	Northfield	Aug. 11	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out May 19,
Duchemin, Eli D	Northfield	Aug. 11	Died at Chattanooga, Oct. 22, '64.
Elliott, Samuel	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged May 27, '63.
Floyd, Jacob	Zionsville	Aug. 11	Died at Indianapolis, Dec. 17, '62.
Franklin, John L	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June, 8 '63.
Gill, James, E	Northfield	Aug. 11	Discharged Feb. 24, '63. ['63.
Green, Robert W	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Feb. 22,
Hardwick, John S	Thorntown	Aug. 11	Discharged Sept. 21, '64.
Hayes, Patrick	Danville	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Hendricks, Mark D	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Deserted Feb. 1, '63.
Hickson, James W	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Honon, John	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out Aug. 1,
Ingram, Thomas	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged Feb. 24, '63. ['65.
Inlow, James	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65. ['65.
Kelly, John S	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., April 1,
Kent, John	Thorntown	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Kersey, Stephen J	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged April 9, '63.
Lane, Edward A. J	Zionsville	Aug. 11	Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 2, '63.
Lane, Jeremiah	Zionsville	Aug. 11	Discharged April 9, '63.
Lane, William H	Zionsville	Aug. 11	Died at Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 17, '65.
Lasley, Aaron	Northfield	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 13, '65.
Laymon, Wilson H	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
Martin, James A	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Martin, William H	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Deserted Dec. 31, '62.
McCoy, Martin M	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Died at Madison, Ind., Feb. 10, '65.
Miller, John	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Died in Camp, Dec. 16, '62.
Miller, Sylvanus S	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged Dec. 11, '63.
Nichols, Benjamin F	Northfield	Aug. 11	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 4, '63.
O'Leary, Patrick	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Deserted Oct. 1, '62.
Openchain, Johnson	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged March 28, '63.
Saunders, James W	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Transferred to V. R. C., April 28, '63.
Slagle, Benjamin	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Smith, Andrew J	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Supposed to be dead.
Smith, Isaac H	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Smith, John	Lebanon	Aug. 11	" " "
Smith, John R	Frankfort	Aug. 11	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 8, '63.
Smith, Sidney M	Northfield	Aug. 11	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10, '62.
Stephenson, Edwin P	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Stork, George	Keokuk, Iowa	Aug. 11	Mustered out Aug. 9, '65.
Thomas, John E	Thorntown	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Thornton, Robert B	Frankfort	Aug. 11	" " "
Tipton, Eli A	Northfield	Aug. 11	Died Nov. 27, '63; wounds.
Tipton, John G	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Discharged Dec. 5, '62.
Tolen, James O	Danville	Aug. 11	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Wantuyle, Jerome B	Thorntown	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Walter, Horace	Whitestown	Aug. 11	Deserted Aug. 31, '64.
Warren, Marion M	Thorntown	Aug. 11	Died at Columbia, Ky., Nov. 11, '64.
Warren, Seth C	Thorntown	Aug. 11	Transf'd to Mississippi Marine Brigade
Washburn, C. S. R	Boxley	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65. [River.
Wilkins, James M	Colfax	Aug. 11	Supposed to have been killed at Stone's
Willard, Henry H	Covington	Aug. 11	Deserted Nov. 26, '62. [Sergeant.
Worley, Enoch R	Northfield	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65 as First
Worley, John W	Northfield	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Welsh, John	Frankfort	Aug. 11	" " "
Wilson, Joshua F	Lebanon	Aug. 11	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 15, '64.
Wood, Oliver	Northfield	Aug. 11	Died Dec. 26, '63; wounds.
<i>Recruit.</i>			
Tipton, Winfield S	Northfield	Jan. 1, '64	Transf'd to 51st Regiment June 5, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY G.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Ream, Littleton V.	Michigantown	Aug. 7	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Hesser, Theodore	Frankfort	Aug. 3	Promoted First Lieutenant. [wounds.
Crawford, Isaac L.	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged Jan. —, '63; accidental
Douglass, John A.	Frankfort	Aug. 5	Transf'd V. R. C.; must'd out June 30, '65.
Snyder, John	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Must'd out June 6, '65, as 1st Sergeant.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Reed, Robert P.	Jefferson	Aug. 15	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Cain, Francis M.	Frankfort	Aug. 16	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 7, '63.
Luddington, Harvey	Michigantown	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 7, '65.
Weddle, Jacob	Michigantown	Aug. 7	Transferred to V. R. C. Oct. 14, '63.
Stotter, Howard	Frankfort	Aug. 5	Mustered out June 14, '65 as private.
Reed, William D.	Michigantown	Aug. 12	Died at Jeffersonville July 15, '64.
Elliott, Jesse	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Died at Louisville Nov. 25, '62 [wounds.
Reed, John	Jefferson	Aug. 12	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Aughe, Joseph W.	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Deserted Oct. 12, '62.
Slipes, James	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Norris, George W.	Michigantown	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Alexander, Abraham	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged Feb. 16, '63.
Alexander, James	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 23, '63.
Alexander, Alfred	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged May 6, '63.
Alexander, William	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged Oct. 17, '63.
Allen, Benjamin W.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Died at Nashville Feb. 28, '63.
Anderson, James W.	Cooperston, Ills	Aug. 5	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Bolt, Levi G.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Discharged April 11, '63.
Bolt, William J.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Died at Louisville Jan. 27, '64.
Bowers, William	Clinton county	Aug. 10	Died at Chattanooga Nov. 6, '63.
Blackburn, Joseph B	Berlin	Aug. 9	Mustered out June 6, '65; Corporal.
Brobst, Nathan	Frankfort	Aug. 9	Mustered out June 14, '65.
Boyer, Charles F.	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Died at Nashville Feb. 10, '63.
Boyer, James	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 9	Discharged April 18, '63.
Brafford, Jacob B.	Jefferson	Aug. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Bundy, Miles M.	Berlin	Aug. 7	Deserted from hospital Nov. 12, '62.
Burns, Joseph J.	Burnside	Aug. 5	Mustered out June 13, '65.
Cambridge, James	Michigantown	Aug. 9	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
Cook, Robert	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Discharged Nov. 23, '62.
Cook, George W.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Cook, Jesse	Frankfort	Aug. 15	" " " " " " " "
Collins, Silas T.	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Transf'd V. R. C. Dec. 12, '63; wounds.
Collins, George M.	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Cowdry, Loren G.	Michigantown	Aug. 10	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Cutts, Jeffrey O.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Discharged Dec. 9, '64; wounds.
Devoll, Allen	Frankfort	Aug. 8	Transf'd V. R. C.; must'd out July 24,
Devorse, Josiah	Michigantown	Aug. 15	Deserted Oct. 6, '62. [65]
Douglass, Martin	Frankfort	Aug. 16	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Doukey, Jehiel C.	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 9	Discharged May 15, '63.
Devolt, Thomas	Frankfort	Aug. 8	Deserted Aug. 25, '62; disch'd April
Edwards, William H	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65. [24, '64.
Edwards, Ephriam T	Michigantown	Aug. 10	" " " " " " " "
Elliott, Francis M.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Discharged Jan. 27, '63.
Elliott, John C.	Michigantown	Aug. 15	Died at Nashville Nov. 26, '62.
Fisher, Josephus	Berlin	Aug. 7	Died at Murfreesboro Feb. 19, '63.
Fisher, George M.	Berlin	Aug. 7	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Godby, William W.	Berlin	Aug. 9	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Gentry, Wyatt A.	Frankfort	Aug. 6	Mustered out June 6, '65 as Sergeant.
Grover, John C.	Michigantown	Aug. 8	Transf'd to Signal Corps June 3, '63.
Grover, James M.	Frankfort	Aug. 8	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Gue, Francis A.	Michigantown	Aug. 6	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Gue, Peter L.	Michigantown	Aug. 6	" " " " " " " "

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Early, Matthew	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Esser, Jacob A	Frankfort	Aug. 9	Discharged Feb. 28, '63.
Font, James L	Michigantown	Aug. 5	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 22, '62.
Jackson, Ninevah	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged May 11, '63.
King, John W	Clinton county	Aug. 15	Supposed to be dead.
Kirkpatrick, Andr'w	Russiaville	Aug. 10	Died at Mt. Vernon, Ky., Nov. 2, '62.
Kickerbocker, H	Frankfort	Aug. 7	Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 29, '63.
Kyger, James	Jefferson	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 7, '65.
Kayton, Irvin R	Michigantown	Aug. 6	Discharged Aug. 17, '64.
Kowring, Nathaniel	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 10	Discharged April 21, '63.
Lacy, Marcus M	Thorntown	Aug. 6	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Lalbie, Joshua	Michigantown	Aug. 6	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Lalbie, Jacob	Ladoga	Aug. 12	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Loore, Alonzo S. W	Michigantown	Aug. 12	" " "
Leaves, Daniel	Clinton county	Aug. 9	Mustered out Sept. 5, '65.
Lorris, George H	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Laxson, Benjamin F	Mortonsville	Aug. 10	Transferred to V. R. C., Feb. 15, '65.
Lickard Albert	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged April 11, '63.
Lickard, Porter	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Discharged July 21, '63.
Lrice, Zachariah	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 3	Discharged Sept —, '62.
Leed, James	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Deserted; discharged April 24, '64.
Lathson, Jonas H	Russiaville	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Laymond, Harlan	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 18	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 1, '63.
Leed, Robert	Jefferson	Aug. 15	Discharged May 11, '63.
Leed, Joseph G	Michigantown	Aug. 15	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Loush, John J	Frankfort	Aug. 13	Discharged Sept. 25, '63.
Lott, John O	Berlin	Aug. 9	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Lharp, George P	Michigantown	Aug. 9	Discharged Dec. 2, '63.
Lhaw, James L	Frankfort	Aug. 17	Discharged Sept. 8, '63.
Lkidmore, Solomon	Frankfort	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Lull, George W	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Transf'd to V. R. C., March 17, '64.
Lrp, Allen	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Mustered out June 14, '65.
Lest, John	Frankfort	Aug. 7	" " "
Lillis, Leander	Kokomo	Aug. 4	Died at Louisville, Ky., June 28, '63.
Lilliams, James T	Michigantown	Aug. 6	Discharged May 16, '63. [65.]
Liles, Joseph H	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 9	Transf'd V. R. C.; discharged March 11,
Lhiteman, A. W	Michigantown	Aug. 10	Discharged April 22, '63.
Lhittsell, William T	Jefferson	Aug. 9	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
Lills, Israel	Pickard's Mills	Aug. 7	Died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 6, '63.
Look, George	Frankfort	Aug. 16	Discharged April 10, '63.
<i>Recruits.</i>			
Lexander, John T	Pickard's Mills	Feb. 25, '65	Mustered out May 18, '65.
Lshley, Charles W	Colfax	Feb. 24, '65	Transferred to 51st Reg't, June 5, '65.
Leehdol, Andrew F	Walton	Feb. 24, '64	" " "
Leehdol, John	Walton	Feb. 24, '64	" " "
Looher, John W	Walton	Mar. 9, '64	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 16, '65.
Larter, David B	Mortonsville	Feb. 12, '64	Transferred to 51st Reg't, June 5, '65.
Larter, Nathaniel R	Mortonsville	Feb. 12, '64	" " "
Lordrey, Joseph A	Walton	Mar. 9, '64	" " "
Lwards, Alfred	Michigantown	Feb. 12, '64	" " "
Lnick, Justus	Walton	Mar. 9, '64	" " "
Lichols, Marshall F	Walton	Feb. 12, '64	Died at Indianapolis April 30, '64.
Lansopher, Levi S	Mortonsville	Feb. 16, '64	Transferred to 51st Reg't, June 5, '65
Lyant, Wesley C	Colfax	Feb. 24, '65	" " "

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY H.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Louglass, Isaac W	Michigantown	Aug. 4	Discharged Jan. 13, '63.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Laris, Thomas M	Michigantown	Aug. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 1, '63.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Lynch, John M.	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	Discharged Oct. 30, '62.
Douglass, William E	Michigantown	Aug. 12	Discharged March 28, '63.
Roush, Timothy S.	Geetingsville	Aug. 12	Killed at Stone's River, Dec. 31, '62.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Nees, William J.	Middle Fork	Aug. 22	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
Paxton, Benjamin W	Mortonville	Aug. 22	Died at Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 31, '65.
Hobson, William P.	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 12	Transferred V. R. C., Aug. 1, '63.
Barnes, David R.	Michigantown	Aug. 14	Died at home May 1, '64.
Pence, David P.	Frankfort	Aug. 14	Discharged Feb. 8, '63.
Trulock, William H.	Rossville	Aug. 22	Mustered out June 6, '65, as private.
Gallagher, Fielding.	Michigantown	Aug. 22	Discharged May 28, '63.
Cast, John M.	Frankfort	Aug. 22	Mustered out June 6, '65, as 1st Srg't
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Mellenger, William A	Rossville	Aug. 22	Mustered out May 17, '65.
Packer, John D.	Mulberry	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
McQuade, David	Michigantown	Aug. 14	Discharged May 8, '65.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Ashpaugh, William	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Bacon, Joel M.	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 14	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 29, '62.
Baker, Alonzo	Berlin	Aug. 14	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, '65.
Baker, George W.	Berlin	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Barnes, James A.	Michigantown	Aug. 11	" " " "
Barnes, William W.	Michigantown	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Boyce, Allen W.	Michigantown	Aug. 13	Transferred V. R. C., Aug. '63.
Brammell, James W	Michigantown	Aug. 13	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Feb. 24, '63.
Burgett, William M.	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Cambridge, John	Michigantown	Aug. 10	" " " "
Carney, Michael	Rossville	Aug. 15	Discharged Jan. 3, '63.
Carter, Jesse W.	Mortonville	Aug. 15	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Cash, John	Burget's Corner	Aug. 15	Discharged March 9, '63.
Cassman, Ethan H.	Michigantown	Aug. 12	Died at Louisville Dec. 8, '62.
Cassman, Theodore L	Michigantown	Aug. 12	Mustered out June 17, '65.
Colson, William	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 16, '63.
Cox, Perry	Michigantown	Aug. 10	Transferred V. R. C., Nov. 1, '63.
Crane, David	Frankfort	Aug. 10	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Elder, Richard	Middle Fork	Aug. 16	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Elder, John	Middle Fork	Aug. 16	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Fisher, John W.	Rossville	Aug. 16	" " " "
Friend, Paul I.	Mortonsville	Aug. 17	" " " "
Friend, Leander W.	Mortonsville	Aug. 17	" " " "
Galbreath, Richard	Michigantown	Aug. 17	" " " "
Goff, Amos, Sr.	Michigantown	Aug. 14	Discharged Nov. 22, '62.
Goff, Amos Jr.	Michigantown	Aug. 13	Discharged April 7, '63.
Grose, Jefferson	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 13	Deserted Feb. 1, '63.
Gum, Harrison N.	Burnside	Aug. 10	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., March 2, '64.
Hill, Atkinson	Michigantown	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Holler, Noah	Rossville	Aug. 14	Deserted Oct. 15, '62.
Jackson, Henry	Michigantown	Aug. 14	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 8, '63.
Jenkins, Howard	Michigantown	Aug. 18	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Johnson, Claiborne	Frankfort	Aug. 18	Died at Chattanooga March 31, '64.
Kemper, Samuel	Rossville	Aug. 15	Transf'd to 51st Reg't to make up lost [time].
Kimball, Andrew	Burnside	Aug. 14	Discharged Oct. 28, '62.
Leach, Calvin F.	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 13	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
London, Alexander.	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 17	Discharged Jan. 31, '63.
Ledy, Levi	Berlin	Aug. 12	Died at Nashville, Jan. 9, '63; wounds.
Mann, John W.	Michigantown	Aug. 12	Mustered out June 6, '65.
McAdams, William F	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	" " " "
McCamish, George W	Rossville	Aug. 20	Discharged May 6, '63.
McDaniel, John	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 21	Deserted Nov. 1, '63.
McClelland, Jeff'rson	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 21	Killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, '63.
Miller, John A.	Michigantown	Aug. 20	Deserted Nov. 5, '63.
Michaels, Isaac	Michigantown	Aug. 20	Discharged Aug. 24, '63.
Morrison, Hiram	Middle Fork	Aug. 18	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 16, '63.
Morrison, James M.	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 27, '64.
Orr, Matthew E.	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 15	Discharged July 19, '63; wounds.
Ostler, Jacob	Michigantown	Aug. 15	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Packer, Charles.	Mulberry	Aug. 12	Died at Bull's Gap, Tenn., April 6, '64.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster, 1862.	REMARKS.
Parks, Thomas B	Rossville	Aug. 14	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Parker, Luke	Michigantown	Aug. 14	" " "
Petrie, Henry	Michigantown	Aug. 14	" " "
Price, David F	Frankfort	Aug. 14	Discharged Oct. 17, '63.
Redwine, James C	Middle Fork	Aug. 14	Deserted Oct. 16, '62.
Rodgers, John	Middle Fork	Aug. 17	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Rollins, Henry	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 20	Died at Nashville July 26, '63.
Roush, Sebastian	Geetingsville	Aug. 20	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Rowe, Jesse	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 21	Discharged April 3, '63. [30, 65.
Rude, Angus	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 17	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out June
Ryan, James F	Berlin	Aug. 22	Died at Louisville, Ky., April 14, '63.
Rhaw, James N	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 22	Died at Kingston, Ga., Aug. 15, '64; w'ds.
Rmith, James J	Michigantown	Aug. 22	Deserted in face of enemy, Dec. 31, '62.
Rodgrass, Samuel	Berlin	Aug. 15	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 15, '64.
Rroup, Jephth	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 12	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 9, '62.
Rroup, William	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 12	Died at Mt. Vernon, Ky., Nov. 1, '62.
Rwisher, Manasseh	Kirkland	Aug. 12	Died at Indianapolis June 11, '64.
Rhompson, James W	Middle Fork	Aug. 12	Transf'd to Engineer Corps Aug. 7, '64.
Rharp, Mahlon E	Rossville	Aug. 16	Discharged Jan. 3, '63.
Rhom, Peter C	Michigantown	Aug. 16	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Ricen, Moses B	Middle Fork	Aug. 14	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 17, '63.
Ricen, Francis M	Middle Fork	Aug. 18	Discharged Dec. 30, '62.
Rownsend, Henry S. L	Middle Fork	Aug. 19	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 24, '63.
Rnger, Thomas	Middle Fork	Aug. 19	Died at Chattanooga Jan. 24, '64.
Rakeley, Corydon W	Michigantown	Aug. 14	Discharged June 16, '63.
Rellman, Elijah	Berlin	Aug. 14	Discharged May 4, '63.
Rest, William	Frankfort	Aug. 15	Discharged May 21, '63.
Rhiteman, James M	Middle Fork	Aug. 18	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Rhiteman, Wm. H. H	Middle Fork	Aug. 18	Mustered out June 6, '65.
RWilson, Jethro	Rossville	Aug. 19	Died at Nashville, Jan. 9, '65; wounds.
RWilson, John W	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 20	Mustered out June 6, '65.
RWordon, John	Burget's Corn'r	Aug. 19	" " "
<i>Recruit.</i>			
Elder, William	Middle Fork	Jan. 6, '64	Transf'd to 51st Regiment, June 5, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY I.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster, 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Belknap, Myron H	Frankfort	Sept. 4	Disch'd Apr. 19, '64; w'ds rec'd, Mis. R'dg.
<i>Sergants.</i>			
Heaton, John O	LaFayette	Sept. 4	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out July
Compton, Benjamin	Thornstown	Sept. 4	Discharged Aug. 28, '63. [5, '65.
Rhinehart, Allen	Clark's Hill	Sept. 4	Discharged March 5, '63.
Rosby, John W	Stockwell	Sept. 4	Mustered out May 26, '65, as private.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Belknap, Leonidas H	Frankfort	Sept. 4	Discharged April 19, '64.
Welsh, Jesse	Thornstown	Sept. 4	" " "
Wells, Wesley E	Stockwell	Sept. 4	Discharged.
Storms, George	Stockwell	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
McCain, Thos. H. B	Thornstown	Sept. 4	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Mohler, Henry	Rossville	Sept. 4	Must'd out June 6, '65, as 1st Sergeant.
Bratford, James M	Jefferson	Sept. 4	Died Dec. 20, '62.
Huffman, Absalom	Clark's Hill	Sept. 4	Died Dec. 16, '63; wounds.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Hammell, Nathan	Stockwell	Sept. 4	Must'd out June 6, '65, as Prin. Musician.
Moore, James	Stockwell	Sept. 4	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 14, '63.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Cartmill, William.....	Stockwell	Sept. 4.....	Died Feb. 10, '63.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Adair, Irwin M.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant
Bailey, Silas.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65. [Major.]
Bailey, Tighlman.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	" " "
Bazzle, Jacob D.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	" " "
Boyer, John.....	Linden.....	Sept. 4.....	" " "
Bush, John.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged March 19, '63.
Campbell, Samuel.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Jan. 3, '65. [10, '63.]
Cartmill, Jacob.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn, March
Chizzum, George W.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out May 25, '65.
Cones, Francis M.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Jan. 23, '63.
Conrad, William H.....	Darlington.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Cosby, Thomas.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Jan. 8, '63.
Crick, John F.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 14, '63.
Custer, Jephtha.....	Shannondale.....	Sept. 4.....	Killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, '63.
Dame, Andrew.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Missing at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, '63.
Darrough, James A.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Davis, James H.....	Rossville.....	Sept. 4.....	Died Jan. 18, '63.
Decker, Jacob.....	Wyandotte.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Decker, Thomas.....	Wyandotte.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Deford, William.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Died Jan. 11, '63.
Doster, John.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 14, '63.
Dukes, Jacob.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Fleming, Jacob.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Transferred to V. R. C., April 3, '65.
Gant, Jefferson.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Gant, Henry B.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Jan. 25, '63; wounds.
Gibson, William.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Jan. 15, '63.
Gregory, James.....	LaFayette.....	Sept. 4.....	Promoted Captain Co. C.
Grimes, Wesley.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Died Dec. 26, '62. ['65.]
Harmon, Henry.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out June 30,
Hayden, James B.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Helm, Samuel.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	" " "
Horney, Daniel.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Dec. 20, '63.
Huffman, George T.....	Darlington.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Irons, John B.....	Darlington.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Lane, John.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 7, '63.
Lane, Samuel.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged July 10, '63. [July 25, '64]
Lukens, Joseph.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Transf'd to U. S. Vet. U. S. Engineers,
Lytle, Benjamin F.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Lytle, Edward.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Feb. 13, '63.
Lytle, James A.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Sept. 25, '63.
Menaugh, James.....	Colfax.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out Aug. 24, '65.
Michael, John.....	Linden.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Michael, William.....	Linden.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Mikesell, John W.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 5.....	Discharged June 18, '63.
Mitchell, Robert.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged June 25, '64.
North, Zachariah.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Parker, John T.....	Mulberry.....	Sept. 4.....	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 11, '62.
Parker, Jonathan.....	Mulberry.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Parvis, George.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 14, '63.
Patton, George.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Dec. 1, '64; wounds.
Peterson, Paris H.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Killed at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, '63.
Pitman, William.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Jan. 3, '63.
Rash, Andrew.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Rash, Lorin.....	Crawfordsville.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 28, '65.
Rash, Perry.....	Crawfordsville.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Sheets, Joseph.....	Wyandotte.....	Sept. 4.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Dec. 12, '64.
Skaggs, Silas N.....	Stockwell.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Slane, Lane.....	Lebanon.....	Sept. 4.....	" " "
Snavely, Jacob.....	Thorntown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged March 5, '63.
Stackhouse, Samuel.....	Whitestown.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged June 29, '63.
Starkey, Daniel.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Discharged Feb. 1, '63.
Stinson, Henry.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Stook, John H.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Died Jan. 18, '63; wounds.
Sutton, James H.....	Jefferson.....	Sept. 4.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Switzer, William B.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 16, '64.
Timmons, Andrew.....	Clark's Hill.....	Sept. 4.....	Deserted Nov. 8, '62.
Van Vorhis, F. J.....	Zionsville.....	Sept. 4.....	Promoted to Asst. Surgeon Dec. 6, '62.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Vise, William I	Frankfort	Sept. 4	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 13, '63.
Waddell, Campbell	Stockwell	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Watkins, Enoch	Colfax	Sept. 4	Discharged March 31, '63.
Williams, Robert	Clark's Hill	Sept. 4	Mustered out June 6, '65.
<i>Recruits.</i>			
Marsh, Warren W	Kokomo	Nov. 14, '65	Transferred to 51st Reg't., June 5, '65.
Edder, William	Kokomo	Nov. 14, '65	Transferred to 51st Reg't., Jan. 5, '65.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY K.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster 1862.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>			
Carnahan, James R	Dayton	Aug. 25	Promoted Second Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>			
Ristine, Harley G	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11	Discharged Feb. 13, '63.
Holloway, George W	Crawfordsville	Aug. 17	Deserted Jan. 20, '63.
Snyder, Benjamin F	Crawfordsville	Aug. 12	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Carter, Jesse	LaFayette	Aug. 25	Discharged April 25, '64; wounds.
<i>Corporals.</i>			
Blair, John W., Jr	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11	Discharged Feb. 3, '63.
Spilman, Robert B	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11	Promoted Captain.
Barton, William	Crawfordsville	Aug. 15	Deserted Nov. 20, '62.
Sater, Aaron H	Mt. Pleasant	Aug. 20	Must'd out June 6, '65, as Q.M. Sergeant.
McClelland, Alfred J	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11	Discharged Jan. 14, '63.
Engle, John B	Crawfordsville	Aug. 15	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Underwood, Robert	Oxford	Aug. 23	Promoted Quartermaster.
<i>Musicians.</i>			
Naylor, Charles	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22	Died at Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 1, '62.
Bennett, John S	Prairie Edge	Aug. 20	Must'd out May 25, '65, as Prin Musician
<i>Wagoner.</i>			
Vanhook, Andrew J	Crawfordsville	Aug. 18	Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 1, 63.
<i>Privates.</i>			
Allhands, George	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16	Discharged May 12, '63.
Baldwin, William J	Crawfordsville	Aug. 18	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Ball, Oliver	Crawfordsville	Aug. 18	" " " "
Beard, Thomas J	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22	Discharged Jan. 14, '63.
Bone, Joseph S	LaFayette	Aug. 20	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Bone, William H	LaFayette	Aug. 20	" " " "
Burk, George W	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23	" " " "
Carroll, Joseph S	Crawfordsville	Aug. 25	Discharged Dec. 29, '63.
Carter, Edwin R	Brookston	Aug. 25	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Curtis, John	Crawfordsville	Aug. 26	Deserted from 51st Reg't; returned to
Dice, William A	Crawfordsville	Aug. 28	Mustered out June 6, '65. [Regiment.
Edwards, James G	Crawfordsville	Aug. 28	Discharged Jan. 10, '63.
Engle, Talton	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20	Discharged Dec. 31, '64.
Farley, William	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16	Sent to penitentiary by civil authority
Ferguson, John	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16	Mustered out June 6, '65. [for bigamy.
Ferguson, Isaac W	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16	" " " "
Forbes, William J	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20	Discharged Feb. 26, '63.
Galey, William L	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Galloway, George	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20	Died at Indianapolis Sept. 5, '62.
Green, James	Crawfordsville	Aug. 13	"Transf" to the 19th U.S. Inf'y, Dec. 4, '62.
Green, Bartholmew	Crawfordsville	Aug. 13	Died Jan. 9, '63; wounds rec'd at Stone's
Griffith, Thomas B	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11	Mustered out June 6, '65. [River.
Gwinn, John W	Crawfordsville	Aug. 28	Discharged Jan. 14, '63.
Hall, Henry C	Crawfordsville	Aug. 29	Discharged Jan. 13, '63.
Harrington, James A	Crawfordsville	Aug. 24	Mustered out June 6, '65.

NAME AND RANK.	Residence.	Date of Muster. 1862.	REMARKS.
Harris, Alexander.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 24.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Harris, Peter.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	Discharged Oct. 14, '62.
Howard, Tilghman A.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 25.....	Must'd out June 6, '65, as 1st Sergeant.
Jester, Alexander.....	LaFayette.....	Aug. 22.....	Died at Somerset, Ky., Oct. 28, '62.
Kelly, John [1st].....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Kelly, John [2d].....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 29.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Larue, Garrett.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	Transf'd to Engineers Corps Aug. 7, '64.
Lawson, Branson H.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Linn, Joseph R.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 28.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Sergeant.
Long, Samuel K.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23.....	Discharged Jan. 15, '65.
Lynch, Patrick.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 12.....	Transf'd to the 19th U.S. Infantry Dec.
Lytle, William F.....	LaFayette.....	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 6, '65. [Dec. 4, '62.
Moore, John D.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 10, '65.
Moore, Harvey H. M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 24.....	Mustered out June 6, '65 as Corporal.
Murray, Hiram M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 25.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Osborn, Warren.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 26.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 25, '62.
Oxley, Joseph H.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23.....	Discharged March 7, '63; wounds.
Pattison, Joseph C.....	LaFayette.....	Aug. 23.....	Killed at Brownsboro, Ala., by R.R. ac-
Peed, Henry.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 23.....	Must'd out June 6, '65. [cident Jan. 23, '65.
Peed, Oliver H.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22.....	" " "
Pickerill, James L.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22.....	Discharged Feb. 27, '63.
Potts, Elisha.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 25.....	Discharged Dec 13, '64.
Prine, James M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 24.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Reilly, Hugh.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 28.....	Promoted First Lieutenant.
Sanders, William W.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 29.....	Killed at Nashville Dec. 15, '94.
Slattery, John.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 29.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Smith, Charles.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	Discharged March 9, '63.
Smith, Elisha.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 19.....	Died at Chattanooga, Feb. 4, '65.
Swank, Wilson.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 15.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Swank, James R.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 17.....	" " "
Swank, John.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	Discharged April 27, '63.
Swindler, Henry H.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 2, '63.
Thomas, James R.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 18.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Thompson, John M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	Discharged Feb. 5, '63.
Urmston, Jonathan T.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	Died Oct. 21, '63; wounds.
Vanhorn, John S.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 18.....	Mustered out June 6, '65, as Corporal.
Wainscott, Elias.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 6, '65.
Wainscott, Francis M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	" " "
Walker, Samuel M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 15.....	" " "
Walker, Adam H.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	" " "
Walker, Albert B.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 17.....	" " "
Ward, Dennis.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22.....	Transf'd to V.R.C.; must'd out July 7,
Ward, William W.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22.....	Mustered out June 6, '65. ['65.
Watson, James.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	" " "
Wetherald, Isaac B.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 17.....	" " "
Welch, Morris.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 19.....	Transf'd to V. R. C.; must'd out June
Whitted, William.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 22.....	Discharged July 10, '63. [30, '65.
Willey, Foster C.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 20.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 29, '63.
Williams, James.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 25.....	Mustered out May 17, '65.
Williams, Martin L.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 26.....	Killed at Stone's River Dec. 31, '62.
Wisong, William M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 11.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn. Dec. 27, '62.
Wisong, Francis M.....	Crawfordsville	Aug. 16.....	Mustered out June 28, '65.

THE CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,

And true lovers' knots I ween:

The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—

We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack, fine as silk,

But whate'er the tippie has been,

We shared it together in bane or bliss.

And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—

We have drunk from the same canteen.

The rich and the great sit down to dine.

And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,

From glasses of crystal and green:

But I guess in their potations they miss

The warmth of regard to be found in this—

We have drunk from the same canteen.

We have shared our blankets and tents together,

And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,

And hungry and full have we been:

Had days of battle and days of rest,

But this memory I cling to and love the best—

We have drunk from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,

With my blood flowing fast, and with little hope

Upon which my faint spirit could lean,

Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,

And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,

We drunk from the some canteen.

MILES O'REILLY.

THE EIGHTY-SIXTH'S ROLL OF HONOR.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE SERVICE
DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Cause.	Place.	Date of Death.
Southard William M	Captain	K	Killed	Mission Ridge	Nov.25,'63
Smith, George W	First Lieut'nt	A	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31,'62
Doster, James T	Second Lieut.	I	Disease	Colfax	Dec. 19,'63
Armer, George E.	Private	B	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31,'62
Ashba, Benjamin A	Private	B	Wounds	Nashville	Oct. 1,'63
Alexander, Samuel	Private	D	Disease	Indianapolis	April 7,'64
Anderson, William	Corporal	E	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 15,'63
Alexander, James	Private	G	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 23,'63
Allen, Benjamin W	Private	G	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 28,'63
Blevins, William	Private	A	Wounds	Murfreesboro	Jan. 5,'63
Boyd, William	Private	A	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Nov.26,'62
Biernan, Christian	Private	B	Disease	Richmond, Va	Dec. 6,'63
Blanchfill, Edward	Private	C	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31,'62
Boord, William J	Private	C	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31,'62
Boszor, Francis J	Private	C	Disease	Murfreesboro	May 9,'63
Brown, John D	Private	C	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 12,'63
Butcher, James S	Private	C	Disease	Nashville	Mar.27,'65
Brady, Elias	Musician	D	Disease	Chattanooga	Dec. 11,'63
Beaver, John	Private	D	Disease	Annapolis, Md	Feb. 10,'63
Bainbridge, John	Private	E	Disease	Bowling Green	Nov.15,'62
Barkshire, Edward H	Private	E	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 24,'63
Bush, William F	Private	E	Disease	Danville, Ky	Nov. 2,'62
Butler, Henry M	Private	E	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 26,'63
Baldwin, George	Private	F	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 15,'63
Beard, John C	Private	F	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 18,'63
Brown, John W	Private	F	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Nov.18,'62
Burk, John J	Private	F			
Byroad, Peter	Private	F	Disease	Atlanta, Ga	Oct. 5,'64
Bolt, William J	Private	G	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Jan. 27,'64
Bowers, William	Private	G	Disease	Chattanooga	Nov. 6,'63
Boyer, Charles F	Private	G	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 10,'63
Bacon, Joel M	Private	H	Disease	Nashville	Dec. 29,'62
Brammell, James W	Private	H	Disease	Bowling Green	Feb. 24,'63
Barus, David R	Corporal	H	Disease	At home	May 1,'64
Brafford, James M	Corporal	I	Disease		Dec. 20,'62
Clark, Henry	Sergeant	A	Disease	Bowling Green	Dec. 6,'62
Coombs, William	Corporal	A	Disease	Nashville	Dec. 29,'62
Campbell, Oliver N	Private	A	Disease	Bowling Green	Jan. 3,'63
Canbe, Joseph F	Private	A	Disease	Cleveland, O	Feb. 22,'63
Creamer, Marion F	Private	A	Disease	Murfreesboro	Apr. 16,'63
Casard, John A	Private	B	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 21,'63
Clark, Hiram	Private	B	Disease	Murfreesboro	Feb. 11,'63
Crow, Thomas	Private	B	Wounds	Chattanooga	Oct. 28,'63
Crowell, Richard C	Private	B	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31,'62
Crowell, James M	Corporal	B	Disease	Nashville	Dec. 22,'62
Cooper, Jacob	Corporal	C	Wounds	Mission Ridge	
Clawson, Garrett	Private	C	Disease	Murfreesboro	May 5,'63
Crane, Ira J	Private	C	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 12,'63
Coats, Archibald	Private	D	Disease	Silver Springs	Nov.18,'62

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Cause.	Place.	Date of Death.
Clinton, James H.	Private	E	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Crawford, William M	Private	E	Disease	Camp Denison	Dec. 6, '62
Crawford, John H.	Private	E	Disease	Silver Springs	Nov. 13, '62
Cronkhite, Luke	Private	E	Wounds	Louisville, Ky	Aug. 9, '64
Cronkhite, Henry	Private	E	Killed	Mission Ridge	Nov. 25, '63
Crow, William H.	Private	E	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Jun. 22, '63
Cameron, David B	Sergeant	F	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 21, '63
Chenoweth, Joseph	Private	F	Disease	Murfreesboro	May 18, '63
Cramer, Thomas J	Private	F	Disease	Bowling Green	Dec. 2, '62
Creamer, Robert H.	Private	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Cambridge, James	Private	G	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Cassman, Ethan A	Private	H	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Dec. 8, '62
Colson, William	Private	H	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 16, '62
Cartmill, Jacob	Private	I	Disease	Murfreesboro	Mar. 10, '63
Custer, Jephtha	Private	I	Killed	Mission Ridge	Nov. 25, '63
Cartmill, William	Wagoner	I	Disease	Feb. 10, '63	
Duchemin, William O	Musician	A	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 25, '63
Dinsmore, James F	Private	A	Disease	New Albany	Feb. 15, '63
Dinsmore, Oliver J.	Private	A	Disease	Indianapolis	Oct. 15, '64
Davis, Albert	Private	B	Disease	Murfreesboro	Feb. 9, '63
Dixon, George	Private	C	Explosion	Stmr. Sultana	Apr. 27, '65
Davis, Henry W	Private	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Dennis, Andrew	Private	F	Disease	Camp Chase	Mar. 4, '65
Duchemin, Eli D	Private	F	Wounds	Chattanooga	Oct. 22, '64
Davis, James H	Private	I	Disease	Jan. 18, '63	
Deford, William	Private	I	Disease	Jan. 11, '63	
Edwards, John H.	Private	A	Disease	Annapolis, Md	Feb. 11, '63
Evans, Oliver M	Private	E		Nashville	Jan. 20, '63
Elliott, Jesse	Corporal	G	Disease	Louisville	Nov. 25, '62
Elliott, John C	Private	G	Disease	Nashville	Nov. 26, '62
Feeley, John A.	Private	A	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 18, '63
Freeman, Thomas J	Private	D	Disease	Bowling Green	Nov. 18, '62
Fisher, Abram	Sergeant	E	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Fleming, William B	Private	E	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Floyd, Jacob	Private	F	Disease	Indianapolis	Dec. 17, '62
Franklin, John L	Private	F	Disease	Murfreesboro	Jun. 8, '63
Fisher, Josephus	Private	G	Disease	Murfreesboro	Feb. 19, '63
German, John S	Private	B	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 15, '63
German, Southy K	Private	B	Disease	Chattanooga	Nov. 4, '63
Gott, John W.	Private	C	Disease	Barren co., Ky	Nov. 12, '62
Gilger, Charles W. B	Sergeant	D	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 14, '63
Good, Samuel S	Corporal	D	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 17, '63
Gerard, Joshua	Private	D	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 6, '63
Guest, James	Private	D	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 26, '63
Griner, Peter	Private	E	Disease	Nashville	Mar. 1, '65
Gallamore, Milton	Private	E	Killed	Mission Ridge	Nov. 25, '63
Green, Robert W.	Private	F	Disease	Murfreesboro	Feb. 22, '63
Gum, Harrison N	Private	H	Disease	Nashville	Mar. 2, '64
Grimes, Wesley	Private	I	Disease	Nashville	Dec. 26, '64
Galloway, George	Private	K	Disease	Indianapolis	Sept. 5, '62
Green, Bartholomew	Private	K	Wounds	Stone's River	Jan. 9, '63
Hardesty, Vinson H	Corporal	A	Disease	Murfreesboro	April 2, '63
Hester, Thomas	Corporal	A	Wounds	Murfreesboro	Jan. 1, '63
Hysong, Stephen C	Corporal	A	Disease	Murfreesboro	Mar. 12, '63
Haller, Levi P	Private	A	Disease	Cave City, Ky	Dec. 1, '62
Harding, Thomas J.	Private	A	Disease	Nashville	Mar. 12, '63
Heintz, Lewis	Sergeant	B	Killed	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Haiffe, Joseph	Private	B	Disease	Murfreesboro	Feb. 9, '63
Huntley, James H.	Private	B			
Heglin, James	Corporal	C	Explosion	Stmr. Sultana	Apr. 27, '65
Harbert, John	Private	C	Disease	Murfreesboro	May 30, '63
Hawkins, VanBuren	Private	C	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 28, '63
Hoffman, John H.	Private	C	Disease	Andersonville	
High, Anson	Corporal	D	Disease	Richmond, Va.	Jan. 18, '63
Hanks, Wallace B	Private	D	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 14, '63
Hickman, Nathan	Private	D	Disease	Nashville	Mar. 30, '63
Henderson, Benj. H	Private	E	Disease	Nashville	Jan. 11, '63
Hunter, William C	Private	E	Disease	Nashville	Feb. 4, '63
Howard, James A.	Sergeant	F	Killed	Chickamauga	Sep. 20, '63
Hunt, James L	Private	G	Disease	Louisville	Dec. 22, '62
Huffman, Absalom	Corporal	I	Wounds	Mission Ridge	Dec. 16, '63

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Cause.	Place.	Date of Death.
Jester, Elcana.....	Private.....	A	Disease.....	Cincinnati, O	Jan. 5, '63
Jacobs, Jackson.....	Sergeant.....	D	Wounds.....	Stone's River	Jan. 1, '63
Johnson, James D.....	Private.....	E	Disease.....	Nashville	Jan. 14, '63
Johnson, John A.....	Private.....	E	Wounds.....	Stone's River	Jan. 8, '63
Jackson, Henry.....	Private.....	H	Disease.....	Nashville	Mar. 8, '63
Johnson, Clayborn.....	Private.....	H	Disease.....	Chattanooga	Mar. 31, '64
Jester, Alexander.....	Private.....	K	Disease.....	Somerset, Ky	Oct. 28, '62
Ketring, Abraham.....	Private.....	A	Disease.....	Nashville	Jan. 18, '63
Krise, John.....	Private.....	D	Disease.....	Nashville	Mar. 22, '63
Kelly, John S.....	Private.....	F	Disease.....	Chattanooga	April 1, '65
Kirkpatrick, Andrew.....	Private.....	G	Disease.....	Mt. Vernon	Nov. 2, '63
King, John W.....	Private.....	G			
Lunenburg, Freder'k.....	Private.....	B	Wounds.....	Chattanooga	Nov. 26, '63
Labaw, David L.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Murfreesboro	April 4, '63
Labaw, Derrick V.....	Private.....	C	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Landon, Labon.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Fishing Creek	Oct. 27, '62
Landon, David.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Louisville	Nov. 17, '62
Landers, Nathaniel B.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Nashville	Jan. 18, '63
Lamb, William.....	Private.....	D	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Lighty, Solomon.....	Private.....	E	Disease.....	Knoxville	Jan. 23, '64
Lane, William H.....	Private.....	F	Disease.....	Huntsville	Feb. 17, '65
Leidy, Levi.....	Private.....	H	Wounds.....	Nashville	Jan. 9, '63
Lane, John.....	Private.....	I	Disease.....	Louisville	Jan. 7, '63
Myers, Robert W.....	Sergeant.....	A	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Misner, Usual.....	Private.....	B	Disease.....	Louisville	Dec. 29, '62
Martin, William H. H.....	Private.....	C	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
McLean, Henry H.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Columbia	Nov. 2, '62
Morgan, Joseph.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Nashville	Feb. 14, '63
McWherter, Robert.....	Private.....	D	Wounds.....	Nashville	Jan. 14, '63
McCartney, Thomas J.....	Private.....	D	Killed.....	Peach Tree Creek	July 22, '64
McCoy, Martin M.....	Private.....	F	Disease.....	Madison, Ind	Feb. 10, '65
Miller, John.....	Private.....	F	Disease.....		Dec. 16, '62
McClelland, Jeffers'n.....	Private.....	H	Killed.....	Mission Ridge	Nov. 25, '63
Morrison, Hiram.....	Private.....	H	Disease.....	Gallatin	Feb. 16, '63
Morrison, James M.....	Private.....	H	Disease.....	Knoxville	Oct. 27, '64
Nichols, Benjamin F.....	Private.....	F	Disease.....	Nashville	Feb. 4, '63
Nichols, Marshall F.....	Private.....	G	Disease.....	Indianapolis	Apr. 30, '64
North, Zachariah.....	Private.....	I	Disease.....	Madison, Ind	June, '65
Naylor, Charles.....	Musician.....	K	Disease.....	Bowling Green	Nov. 1, '62
Oliver, Lemuel W.....	Private.....	B	Disease.....	Danville, Va	Dec. 6, '63
Oglesby, William.....	Private.....	D	Disease.....	Murfreesboro	Mar. 22, '63
Osborn, Warren.....	Private.....	K	Disease.....	Danville, Va	Dec. 25, '62
Padgett, William.....	Private.....	A	Wounds.....	Nashville	Sep. 25, '64
Pugh, George.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Murfreesboro	Mar. 29, '63
Pringle, Nathan C.....	Private.....	D	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Pye, William.....	Corporal.....	D	Disease.....	Perryville	Oct. 28, '62
Paris, Thomas M.....	Sergeant.....	H	Disease.....	Nashville	Jan. 1, '63
Paxton, Benjamin W.....	Corporal.....	H	Disease.....	Huntsville	Jun. 31, '65
Packer, Charles.....	Private.....	H	Disease.....	Bull's Gap	Apr. 6, '63
Peterson, Paris H.....	Private.....	I	Killed.....	Mission Ridge	Nov. 25, '63
Parker, John T.....	Private.....	I	Disease.....	Louisville	Dec. 11, '62
Pattison, Joseph O.....	Private.....	K	Killed.....	Brownsboro	Jan. 23, '65
Riehard, Franklin.....	Private.....	A	Disease.....	Nashville	Feb. 4, '63
Rose, William.....	Private.....	B	Disease.....	Silver Springs	Nov. 11, '62
Rose, Benjamin F.....	Private.....	B	Killed.....	Kenesaw	Jun. 28, '64
Remster, Phineas A.....	Private.....	C	Killed.....	Pountain co	Sep. 12, '62
Reynolds, Marcellus.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Memphis	Apr. 29, '63
Rolly, John.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Memphis	Apr. 25, '65
Runkle, William.....	Private.....	C	Disease.....	Memphis	Apr. 25, '65
Rulson, James A.....	Private.....	D	Disease.....	Mission Ridge	Nov. 26, '63
Richards, John.....	Private.....	D	Wounds.....	Andersonville	Sep. 25, '64
Rosebrough, Samuel.....	Private.....	E	Disease.....	Gallatin	Jan. 15, '63
Robinson, James F.....	Corporal.....	F	Wounds.....	Mission Ridge	Nov. 27, '62
Reed, William D.....	Corporal.....	G	Wounds.....	Jeffersonville	July 15, '64
Roush, Timoth S.....	Sergeant.....	H	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Rollins, Henry.....	Private.....	H	Killed.....	Nashville	July 26, '63
Ryan, James F.....	Private.....	H	Disease.....	Louisville	Apr. 14, '63
Smith, Hiram.....	Private.....	A	Disease.....	Andersonville	Mar. 17, '64
Stoops, Benjamin F.....	Private.....	A	Disease.....	Chattanooga	Nov. 20, '63
Stowers, Richard A.....	Private.....	A	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62
Saxon, Anthony M.....	Private.....	B	Killed.....	Stone's River	Dec. 31, '62

NAME.	Rank.	Co.	Cause.	Place.	Date of Death.
Saylor, Wilson	Private	B	Disease	Stone's River	Nov.20,'63
Scott, Elias	Private	B	Disease	Bowling Green	Nov.15,'62
Shields, William	Private	C	Disease	Nashville	Mar.23,'63
Simmerman, M. V.	Private	C	Drowned	Stmr. Sultana	Apr.27,'65
Stultzel, Lewis	Private	D	Disease	New Albany	Jan.14,'63
Sweeney, Lisander	Private	D	Disease	Nashville	Mar. 6,'65
Sheets, Frederick	Private	D	Disease	At home	Nov. 8,'64
Sellers, Isaac	Private	D	Disease	Williamsport	Oct. 8,'64
Shippo, John M.	Corporal	E	Disease	Murfreesboro	Feb. 3,'63
Swank, Watson C.	Private	E	Disease		Oct.30,'62
Stoddell, William C.	Corporal	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Smith, Andrew J.	Private	F			
Smith, John R.	Private	F	Disease	Nashville	Jun. 8,'63
Smith, Sidney M.	Private	F	Disease	Nashville	Dec.10,'62
Stephenson, Edwin P.	Private	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Shaw, Joseph H.	Private	H	Wounds	Kingston, Ga	Aug.15,'64
Stroup, Jephtha	Private	H	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Dec. 9,'62
Stroup, William	Private	H	Disease	Mt. Vernon	Nov. 1,'62
Swisher, Manasseh	Private	H	Disease	Indianapolis	Jun.11,'64
Stook, John H.	Private	I	Wounds	Stone's River	Jan.18,'63
Sanders, Williams W.	Private	K	Killed	Nashville	Dec.15,'64
Smith, Elisha	Private	K	Disease	Chattanooga	Feb. 4,'65
Trullinger, Benj.	Private	C	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Taylor, Sidney	Private	C			
Tipton, Eli A.	Private	F	Wounds	Mission Ridge	Nov.27,'63
Tolen, James O.	Private	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Ticen, Moses B.	Private	H	Disease	Nashville	Jan.17,'63
Townsend, Henry S. L.	Private	H	Disease	Nashville	Jan.24,'63
Unger, Thomas	Private	H	Disease	Chattanooga	Jan.24,'64
Urmston, Jonathan T.	Private	K	Wounds	Chattanooga	Oct. 21,'63
Vise, William I.	Private	I	Disease	Nashville	Mar.13,'63
Worrell, Floyd N.	Corporal	A	Wounds	Nashville	Jan.12,'63
Wells, William B.	Private	A	Wounds	Nashville	Jan.22,'63
Wilhelm, Augustus	Private	A	Disease	Murfreesboro	Apr.14,'63
Watters, Charles	Corporal	B	Wounds	Chattanooga	Dec. 1,'63
Wilson, John	Private	E	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Nov.15,'62
Woodard, Harrison H.	Private	E	Disease	Murfreesboro	May14,'63
Wilson, John M.	1st Sergeant	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Warren, Marion M.	Private	F	Disease	Columbia	Nov.11,'64
Wilkins, James M.	Private	F	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Wood, Oliver	Private	F	Wounds	Mission Ridge	Dec.26,'63
Willis, Leander	Private	G	Disease	Louisville, Ky	Jun.28,'63
Whitesell, William T.	Private	G	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Wills, Israel	Private	G	Disease	Chattanooga	Nov. 6,'63
Wilson, Jethro	Private	H	Wounds	Nashville	Jan. 9,'65
Willey, Foster C.	Private	K	Disease	Nashville	Jan.29,'63
Williams, Martin L.	Private	K	Killed	Stone's River	Dec.31,'62
Wisong, Martin M.	Private	K	Disease	Nashville	Dec.27,'62
Anderson, William	Private	E	Disease	Nashville	Jan.15,'63

APPENDIX.

THE COLORS OF THE EIGHTY-SIXTH INDIANA.

As a part of the equipments of the Eighty-sixth Indiana when it was mustered into the service of the United States it drew a stand of colors, issued by the Governor of the State. This stand of colors consisted of two silk flags. One was the regulation stars and stripes, and the other a plain blue, sometimes and usually called the banner. The color-bearers held the rank of Sergeant, and it was considered a position of high honor. A color-guard was detailed from each company who marched with the colors in the center of the regiment, whose duty it was to defend them in battle. When the regiment was thrown into the vortex at Stone's River in falling back its color-bearers were both shot down, and the colors left on the field. The regiment was then without colors of its own.

On the 15th of June, 1863, while in camp at Murfreesboro the regiment was made the recipient of a beautiful silk banner, the donors being the patriotic citizens of Warren county, a county that had furnished two companies in the regimental organization. The banner was brought from Indiana by William Crow, of West Lebanon, and mainly through whom the money was obtained with which to make the purchase. Joseph Poole, of Attica, was present, and was selected by Mr. Crow to make the presentation speech. His speech was warm-hearted, loyal and full of patriotic sentiment, and sank deep into the heart of every member of the Eighty-sixth. Colonel Dick spoke in response and said:

“MY HONORED SIR:—In behalf of the Eighty-sixth Indiana Regiment I return my grateful acknowledgments to our kinds friends at home for this noble present. It is a beautiful present. In the name of the Eighty-sixth I accept this banner. Tell our friends when you return home the army is loyal. It is in the field for a high and noble purpose. The life blood of our nation hangs upon the virtue of the American people. Are the American people true to their destiny—equal to the issue? The country bequeathed to us by our forefathers is dearer to the Army of the Cumberland than all other earthly ties. Life is nothing, treasure is nothing, in the great struggle; what are all other considerations to a country saved? This war will end. An offended Deity will have emptied his vials of wrath upon this nation and be satisfied. Peace will come in the natural order of things. Hardships, troubles and trials, carnage and blood—all these lay in the path of the soldier, and over them he has to walk before peace comes. Peace will never come until conquered by the indomitable power of loyal arms. * * Until peace is made this noble banner shall float over the Eighty-sixth. Around it we will rally like the Spartan band of brothers. This day, here, we pledge our lives, our sacred honor for its protection. It will be returned to our friends at home, soiled, worn, torn, riddled and battle-slained, it may be, but this, in the name of the regiment, I promise: this beautiful banner shall never be dishonored. Again, in the name of the Eighty-sixth, I thank you for this kind present. We thank the generous donors for this noble gift, and thank you, sir, for the kind words you have been pleased to express.”

Turning to the color-guard Colonel Dick said:

“This day I present to you this banner. It is a generous, noble gift from your friends at home. Will you honor that present? Will you, wherever you go, love and protect that banner? Will you uphold it during this righteous war? Knowing you so well I need not ask this of you. Come weal, come woe, come life, come death, be soldiers and men. Trust in God and a good cause. In carrying, keeping, protecting this beautiful banner a higher power will protect you.

Receive it, cling to it as the mariner clings to his compass, cling to it until the last earthly hope expires. Love it, and protect it, and as you do this you will be rewarded by men and angels."

After the color-guards had again taken their places in line, the regiment gave three long, loud and hearty cheers in approval of all the Colonel had said, and an expression of thanks to the friends who made the offering.

While the Eighty-sixth lay in camp at McMinnville, Tennessee, during the months of July and August, 1863, the ladies of Boone county procured and sent to Captain William S. Sims, and by him to be presented to the regiment, in their behalf, a beautiful silk American flag. On the 2d day of September, the eve of the departure of the regiment to engage in the Chickamauga campaign, this flag was formally presented by Captain Sims, as follows:

SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT:—Having been called upon by the ladies and citizens of Boone county, to perform a duty of no ordinary magnitude, to that of presenting to you a flag, bearing upon its folds the stars and stripes, together with the inscription, "Presented to the 86th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers." Having learned that you were without a regimental flag, you having lost yours at Stone's River, where you won for yourselves imperishable honors in that dreadful struggle, they have sent you this flag. It will be chronicled in history for children unborn to read of your deeds of daring at Stone's River where you lost your colors. On behalf of the citizens of Boone county, and especially the ladies, I tender you this beautiful flag, the emblem of American Independence, the banner of Liberty, which our fathers first unfurled with full determination that it shall be respected abroad and revered at home. Take it and bear it on to victory. Let your watchword be, "Victory or we perish." When the din of battle shall surround you and the conflict grows hot, you need only give one glance at this flag, to know and remember that you have the prayers of all the good and loyal, who will continue to sing—

"May the Star Spangled Banner continue to wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Colonel George F. Dick received the flag and gracefully replied to the address of Captain Sims. In part he said:

“HONORED SIR:—In accepting for the Eighty-sixth Regiment this beautiful emblem of our nationality I desire to return to the ladies and citizens of Boone county, who have thus kindly remembered them our most grateful acknowledgments for this appropriate and elegant present. During the twelve months that this regiment has been in the service of our common country, it has been constantly in the field and at the front. During the march, in the camp, and upon the hotly contested battle-field, all the powers of endurance and all the manly courage of the officers and men of the Eighty-sixth have been severely tested. That such has been their deportment under all the trying circumstances in which they have been placed, as to command the admiration of their friends at home, and to elicit from them such beautiful testimonials as that with which they are this day honored, is to them the proudest solace of their hearts. The heart of every member of this command swells with gratitude to the donors of these beautiful colors, for the unmistakable testimony of their appreciation of their services in behalf of the noblest government God ever gave man.”

Turning to the color-bearers Colonel Dick said:

“COLOR-BEARERS:—This beautiful flag has been presented to our regiment by the ladies and citizens of Boone county, in consideration of the services rendered by us in aid to crush the rebellion, and more particularly, for your conduct during the hard fought battle of Stone’s River. To you we entrust it. In honoring, protecting, carrying and maintaining this flag, you guard and sustain the reputation, the fame, the glory of our regiment. Take, then, this flag, the emblem of our glorious nationality. Carry it amid the noise and din of the bloody strife. Welcome death beneath its glorious folds. Sink to your last happy rest with its folds for a winding sheet; but let not the touch of the traitor mar its beauty or its glory. Fair ladies will then welcome you with smiles, aged patriots will greet you with their

blessings, and generations yet unborn will teach their children to lisp your praise.”

And the banner presented by the patriotic citizens of Warren county, and the flag given by the ladies and citizens of Boone county were the colors that waved over the Eighty-sixth on Chickamauga's crimsoned field and around which its heroic men rallied and brought them off unstained and unslid. It was this banner and this flag that led the way to the embattled heights of Missionary Ridge and which the Eighty-sixth followed to the crest, the first upon the Ridge. It was this banner and this flag that won for the heroic men of the Eighty-sixth imperishable renown and added new luster to the American arms. It was this flag, “the fairest blossom in all the flowery kingdom,” that received through its folds on that glorious day eighty-eight musket shots and two through its staff. Let the regiment and its colors go to glory together.

On the 30th of April, 1864, the regimental stand of colors which had been carried up Missionary Ridge and literally shot to pieces in the hands of the color-bearers were sent to Governor Oliver P. Morton to be placed in the State Library for preservation.

These colors being now unserviceable the Eighty-sixth was kindly and patriotically remembered by its friends in Clinton county, that county being represented by two full companies and a part of a third company. These liberty-loving people through Sergeant John M. Cast, of Company H, sent to their boys, both a banner and a national flag, the material of which was of beautiful silk. The banner bore the inscription, “Eighty-sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers. Presented by Clinton County.” The flag was the regulation stars and stripes. No data can be found to show that these colors were ever presented to the regiment in a formal manner, but that they were accepted is attested by the fact that they were carried through all the battles and skirmishes of the Atlanta campaign, through the campaigns of Franklin and Nashville, and were the colors which waved over the Eighty-sixth when it closed its glorious career. Faded and

worn, and with not a star dimmed nor a stripe sullied they were placed in the hands of Governor Morton on the 10th day of June, 1865, by him to be deposited in the State Capitol for permanent safe keeping where they now rest secure, among the other flags and banners of Indiana's gallant regiments.

Of the colors of the Eighty-sixth regiment deposited in the State Library, Adjutant General Terrell, in his Reports, says:

“National Flag: silk: badly worn and stained: inscribed ‘Presented to the Eighty-sixth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, by the citizens Boone County:’ staff broken lower half gone.”

“National Flag: silk: faded, worn and torn; no inscription; staff good.”

“Regimental Flag: blue silk: worn torn and faded: inscribed ‘86th Regiment Indiana Volunteers.,’ ‘Presented by Clinton County;’ coat-of-arms all gone but head of eagle: staff good.”

On the Fourth of July, 1866, the scarred battle-flags borne by the Indiana regiments and batteries during the war were formally presented to Governor Morton for permanent preservation in the State capitol. The presentation address was delivered by Major General Lew Wallace, in the course of which, in speaking of the honorable name that Indiana had acquired and the many different engagements in which Indiana regiments were “first” said: The *first* to show their stars from the embattled crest of Missionary Ridge, were those of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana.”

The members of the Eighty-sixth therefore feel a pardonable pride in the history of their colors. Is it to be wondered that they love and prize the flag? They feel, having offered their lives in its defense, that it is the symbol of progress, of political and religious freedom. As their fathers left it as a precious legacy to them, so they feel that they have left one of no less value to their children.

THE FOURTH CORPS—A LETTER FROM GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

The original Fourth army corps was organized March 13, 1862, with General E. D. Keyes in command, and was a part of the Army of the Potomac. Its divisions became divided, and the corps was officially discontinued in August, 1862. On October 9, 1863, the new Fourth corps was organized by the consolidation of the Twentieth and Twenty-first. This corps was composed of fighting regiments. Of the regiments in the Western armies, take the ones that sustained the greatest losses in battle, and it will be found that more of them were in the Fourth corps than in any other. This statement is made upon the authority of William F. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War." The command was first given to General Gordon Granger, the man who marched his division to Chickamauga with no other orders or direction than "the sound of the enemy's cannon." The three divisions of this new corps were placed under the commands of Generals Palmer, Sheridan and Wood. Soon after its organization the corps went into the action of Missionary Ridge, where it distinguished itself by its brilliant and successful charge up the heights. During the following winter the corps marched to the relief of Knoxville, a campaign memorable for the suffering, hunger and hardships endured by the men. In April, 1864, General O. O. Howard was placed in command of the corps, and in May moved on the Atlanta campaign, with Generals Stanley, Newton and Wood in command of the divisions. Before the close of the campaign General Howard was assigned to the command of the Army of the Mississippi, and General Stanley placed in command of the corps, with Generals Kimball, Wagner and

Wood in command of the divisions. After the evacuation of Atlanta the corps marched northward in pursuit of Hood. At the battle of Franklin General Stanley was severely wounded, and General Thomas J. Wood succeeded to his place. General Wood had served with honor in the armies of the Ohio and the Cumberland from the commencement of the war. He commanded the Fourth corps in its last battle—its last victory, at Nashville. His division generals in that engagement were Kimball, Elliott and Beatty.

The distinguishing badge of the Fourth corps was an equilateral triangle. The colors, red, white and blue, indicated the divisions—first, second and third respectively—as, a red triangle, First division; a white triangle, Second division; a blue triangle, the Third division. The badges were worn by every soldier and marked the tents and wagons of the corps.

The Eighty-sixth ever had a warm admiration for General O. O. Howard. This prompted one of the members of the committee on Regimental History to write that distinguished officer. In reply General Howard sent the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST, }
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK. }

J. A. Barnes, Late Private Company II, Eighty-sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Perrysville, Indiana.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have had such extracts as we can find concerning your regiment, the Eighty-sixth Indiana, made as a slight record of service. The Fourth corps, of which this regiment forms a part, always dwells in my recollection as a grand whole. Its three divisions, Stanley's, Newton's, and Thomas John Wood's were finely organized and as well cared for as any divisions in the army. Certainly without the least exaggeration the Fourth corps bore the noblest part in all the campaign. Its duty was a bloody one, most arduous, always destined to hammer away at the center of opposition, with very little opportunity for brilliant fighting, and almost none for independent action, till Franklin. Cheerful, hearty, brave, strong, self-confident, it gave to its officers a most loyal and effective service.

Hoping that the extracts may suit you and that the Eighty-sixth Indiana may be appreciated by our children and children's children for

the part it bore in saving our common country from division and utter ruin.

I remain Your Veteran Comrade,

O. O. HOWARD,
Major General U. S. Army.

The extracts referred to by General Howard are taken from the reports of General Beatty and Colonel George F. Dick of the assault upon Missionary Ridge and will explain themselves. They will be found on pages 269 and 270 of this volume.

THE STORMING OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

An animated discussion has been going on for years among soldiers of all grades, especially among those of the Fourth and Fourteenth army corps, as to which regiment or regiments first reached the summit of Missionary Ridge on that memorable 25th of November, 1863. The authors of this volume have set forth the claim, which at first no person disputed, that the two regiments which first gained the crest of the Ridge were the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana. The claim has been fully substantiated by conclusive corroborative evidence, not only by officers and soldiers on both sides, but by disinterested eye-witnesses of the battle. On page 265 reference is given to the reports of Generals Bate and Bragg, and quotations made therefrom, to show where their lines were first broken. General Bate says it was in the line of General Patton Anderson's division where a section of Dent's battery was located. This is corroborated by General Bragg. Since those pages were printed the authors have been able to secure a statement from Captain Dent, the officer in command of the battery whose guns were captured by these two regiments. Captain Dent was present at the dedication of Chickamauga Park, and visited Missionary Ridge, the scene of the assault. On the ground where his battery was captured he made the

statement which follows to W. H. Montgomery, the Guardian Tennessee Division Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park. Mr. Montgomery has kindly forwarded the Captain's statement which is here given:

"He had two guns on top of the hill south of what is called Shallow Ford Road, and four guns north of the road. The four guns north of the road enfiladed the lines of Wood's division (left) at the assault of Missionary Ridge near the top of ridge. The two guns south of road could not be used in front of the left of Wood's division after the lines got under cover of ridge. They were used to rake the front of the four guns north when the lines of Wood were near the top or in exposed places. He did great execution with the four guns. One instance near the top. He struck a tree and knocked it down and as it rolled down the hill it caught a man and turned him up in the air. When he saw this and it did not create a panic he knew nothing would prevent the lines from going to the top. When his two guns were captured he turned on them but could not keep them from coming down on his four guns. His only way to escape was down the road and he was cut off this way. So he abandoned all but the gun on the north (or farthest away). He tried to run this gun straight down the hill, but ran on a stump and while the men were trying to lift the gun over his horses were shot and he lost this gun also. This battery was on the left of Wood's division."

Mr. Montgomery accompanied the statement with a rough sketch or drawing showing the exact positions of the guns of this battery which it is to be regretted cannot be used. The ground referred to, is that which is accepted by the Commission as the point where Wood's left—the Eighty-sixth and Seventy-ninth Indiana—went up the Ridge. Dent's statement, with Bate's, Bragg's and others, and the location by the Commission, fixes the seal upon these two regiments as the first to mount the crest of the Ridge on that Volcanic Day, November 25, 1863.

* * * * *

The following extracts from General Boynton's book,

“The Chickamauga National Military Park,” will be of interest to every member of the Eighty-sixth regiment, and for that reason they are here inserted:

“The declaration was current at the time of the battle, and has been persistently maintained in various histories since, that the successful storming of Missionary Ridge by General Thomas’ corps was made possible because General Sherman’s attack at the north end of the Ridge had drawn large forces from Thomas’ front, and so enabled him to break through. *As a matter of fact, not a soldier or a gun left the Confederate center to go to their right after Sherman’s assault began.* The movements on the Ridge which led to this belief were those of the troops which had abandoned Lookout and were on their way to the Confederate right. Most of these reached their destination by 9 a. m. *The exact opposite is true,* that soon after Gen. Thomas moved against the Confederate center, that is, about an hour before sunset, Brown’s, Cumming’s, and Maney’s brigades were dispatched by General Cleburne from Tunnel Hill to the assistance of the forces opposing Thomas, Cleburne himself accompanying them. Brown’s brigade reached Cheatham’s line before the close of the action, and, supported by Cumming’s, participated in the effort to check Baird’s northward advance along the crest of the Ridge.” Page 294.

* * * * *

“The advance on Orchard Knob, the attack on Lookout Mountain, and Hooker’s movement on Rossville Gap, were not contemplated in General Grant’s orders for battle. The key movement of that plan was the occupation of the north end of Missionary Ridge to the Tunnel by General Sherman before the enemy could concentrate there. At 3 o’clock the attack at that point had failed, and General Grant, then on Orchard Knob, his headquarters during the day, ordered a demonstration at the center against the enemy’s works at the foot of the Ridge, to relieve the pressure upon General Sherman. General Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, and General Gordon Granger, commanding the Fourth corps, also had their headquarters on Orchard Knob.

* * * Baird, who had been ordered to Sherman and had joined him at the Tunnel, was just returning to the center when the order for the demonstration against the Ridge was given, and quickly formed as the left of the advance." Page 132.

* * * * *

"The first troops on the crest appear to have been those in Thomas J. Wood's division." Page 134.

"Contrary to prevailing impressions, no Confederate troops left the front of the Army of the Cumberland to oppose General Sherman, after the battle of Tunnel Hill opened. It is true, instead, that troops left Sherman's front soon after the movement of General Thomas' line began." Page 216 and 218.

* * * * *

"Wood's right crowned the Ridge about the crossing of the Bird's Mill Road."—*Boynton*. Wood's left mounted the Ridge on the knoll—and on its northern slope—just south of the Shallow Ford Road where a section of Dent's battery was located, as he himself states. The Commissioners of the Park have properly located both Wood's left and Dent's battery. This point was known in Beatty's brigade as Signal Hill.

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HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, FOURTH ARMY CORPS, }
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., NOV. 27th, 1863. }

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD DIVISION, FOURTH ARMY CORPS—ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND:—A Glorious Victory, under the providence of God, has crowned our arms. In producing this great result, your valor has been most signally displayed.

Ordered on Monday afternoon to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's position, you converted a reconnoissance into a substantial attack, most gallantly carrying a position strong by nature and intrenched. But your crowning glory was achieved on Wednesday afternoon. You were ordered to carry the line of intrenchments at the foot of Missionary Ridge, for the purpose of making a diversion in favor of our troops engaged on the left. This you did, but you were not content to stop at the base of the Ridge. Your enthusiasm bore you on in splendid style, carrying the rifle pits which crowned the summit—capturing many pieces of artillery, small arms and prisoners. The enemy began to retire in disorder.

Your achievement in carrying the rugged, fortified heights of Missionary Ridge, displayed a gallantry and steadiness under fire, and produced results unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

Your conduct was witnessed by many officers distinguished on other battle-fields. Their admiration and appreciation of your services are unbounded.

I return you my most heartfelt thanks.

THOMAS J. WOOD,
Brigadier General Volunteers Commanding.

GENERAL T. J. WOOD TO GOVERNOR MORTON.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION FOURTH ARMY CORPS, }
CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, JUNE 9, 1865. }

To His Excellency Governor O. P. Morton:

SIR:—Yesterday two noble and gallant regiments, tried defenders and victors of the Union; the Seventy-ninth Indiana, Brevet Brigadier General Fred Knefler, commanding, and the Eighty-sixth Indiana, Brevet Brigadier General George F. Dick, commanding, and late of my division, started to their homes in Indiana. The noble, generous, thorough, self-sacrificing patriotism evinced by the gallant people of Indiana throughout the whole of this war, is her earnest of the reception that awaits these war-worn defenders of the Union, on their arrival in their beloved State. I know I need not ask anything on this score, but I feel it to be my duty, as it certainly is my pleasure, to inform you, as the representative head of the State, how well these regiments have performed their duty, and how worthy they are of the admiration and gratitude of their fellow-citizens of Indiana.

On every battle-field these noble regiments have been in the front of the conflict, where death and danger were thickest. On the march and in camp they have been faithful, intelligent, obedient soldiers. Their conduct in all situations has shed luster on themselves, their State and their country. Ever faithful, their services have been productive of the greatest good to our beloved government and country. "Dead on the field of honor," their gallant soldiers have been offered as a tribute to the cause of free government and the perpetuity of the Union, on every battle-field on which the old Army of the Ohio and the Army of the Cumberland have adorned the history of the country with noble deeds. Such noble and valuable services entitle the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana to be greeted by the admiring and grateful fellow-citizens with the swelling notes of "See, the conquering heroes come."

With the kindest regards to you, personally, and with the warmest wishes for the prosperity of the people of the noble State over which you have the honor to preside, I am, my dear Governor, Your friend and obedient servant,

THOMAS J. WOOD,
Major General of Volunteers.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEA.

[From the Chattanooga Times.]

General Fullerton, who was General Gordon Granger's chief of staff in the battle, was talking to an English general in England just after the war, and finding that the Englishman knew very little about most of our battles, spoke to him of Chickamauga as the longest battle of modern history, twenty hours long, as compared with the eight hours of Waterloo, and even the eight hours of Gettysburg; gave him the unprecedented percentage of casualties, and wound up by telling him that 30,000 men had been killed and wounded in the battle, which, he said, was more than had been killed and wounded in the British army in a century, Waterloo and the Crimea included. This made the English general gasp out the only explanation that occurred to him in the form of the question, "Did you kill the prisoners?"

ARMY RATIONS FOR ONE HUNDRED MEN.

The army rations for one hundred men consists of the following: Pork, 75 pounds, or bacon 75 pounds; flour, 112½ pounds, or 75 pounds pilot bread and 100 pounds in the field; beans, 8 quarts; rice, 10 pounds; coffee, 6 pounds; sugar, 12 pounds; vinegar, 4 quarts; candles, 1½ pounds; soap, 4 pounds; salt, 2 quarts.

ERRATA.

Page 45, line 1, "27th" should read 21st.

Page 101, line 3, "left" should read rig' t.

Page 120, lines 11 and 16, "Holstein" should read Holston.

Page 132, line 10, "William J. Ness" should read William J. Nees.

Page 155, line 3, "Sand mountain" should read Raccoon mountain.

Page 155, line 18, "Chattanooga creek" should read Chickamauga creek.

Page 160, line 21, "Lookout valley" should read Chattanooga valley.

Page 174, line 21, "Granger" should read McCook.

Page 207, line 21, "20th" should read 21st.

Page 225, line 7, "5th" should read 1st.

Page 225, line 14, "3d" should read 2d.

Page 267, lines 1 and 2, "Fifty-ninth Ohio" should read Eighty-ninth Ohio.

Page 293, line 32, "6th of December" should read 7th of December.

Page 342, line 8, "Fourth" should read Fourteenth.

Page 378, line 15, "passed" should read pressed.

Page 431, line 17, "Seventh Kentucky" should read Seventeenth Kentucky.

Page 446, line 38, "Shay" should read Elder.

Page 456, line 13, "southeasterly" should read north-easterly.





