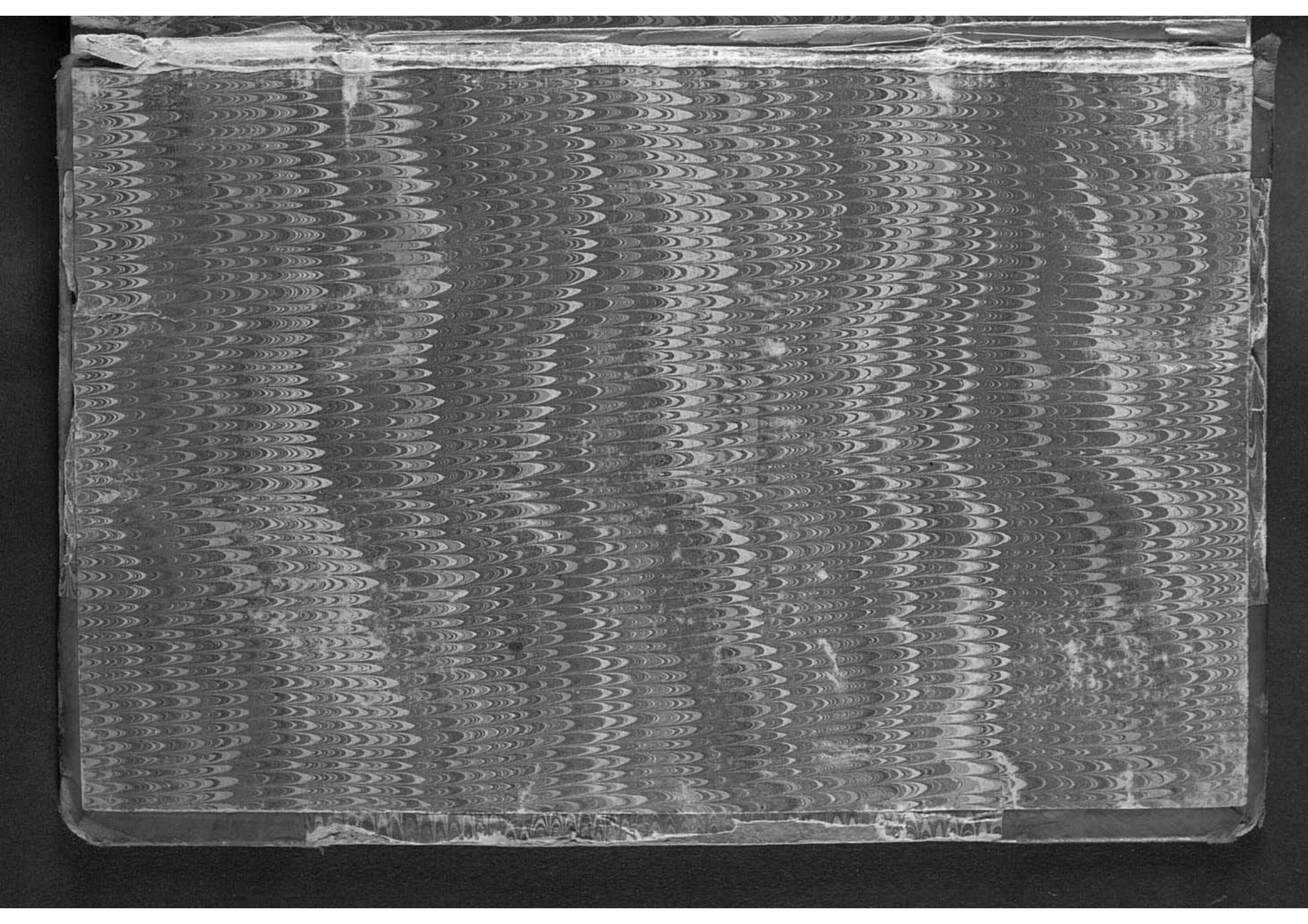

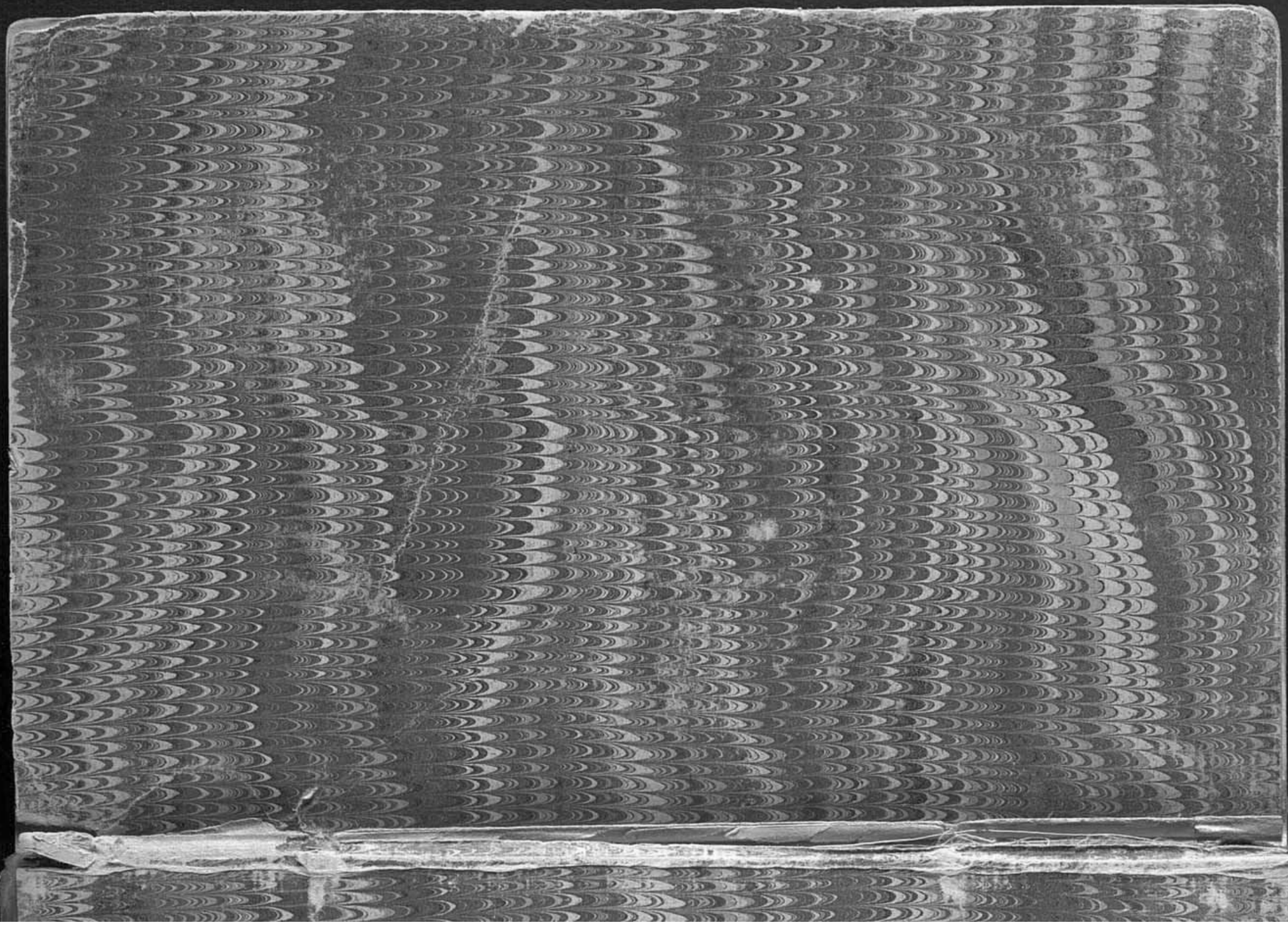

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THE STORY OF A REGIMENT:

A HISTORY OF THE CAMPAIGNS,

AND

ASSOCIATIONS IN THE FIELD,

OF

THE SIXTH REGIMENT

OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

BY E. Ebenezer HANNAFORD,

Formerly a Member of the Regiment, and later Adjutant of the 197th O. V. I.

For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY'S "HORATIUS."

CINCINNATI:

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To One Who,

(Under a merciful Providence,)

Has taught me to cease to wonder

"Why so Marvellous a Deliverance was Vouchsafed to Me,"

Amid the perils of some of the scenes which
I have attempted to describe,

This Volume is Dedicated,

In a spirit of gratitude for the past,

And hope for the future,

BY THE AUTHOR.

B.I.B. 9/15/43

PERSONAL.

IN bringing to a completion the product of many weary hours' labor, extended over a period of more than two years, it would be indecent should I omit to acknowledge the extent of my indebtedness to a large number of friends for their generous coöperation, in furnishing data and materials of various kinds, as well as for the constant encouragement and sympathy which have made possible what could never otherwise have been accomplished, notwithstanding that my task has truly been a labor of love. I desire to thank them all most heartily; and if any of them turn from this volume with a feeling of disappointment, it is no more than I have done very many times during its preparation, on account of the disparity between my design and the actual performance.

The map of the Cheat Mountain region was prepared expressly for this work by Mr. George B. Nicholson (to whom my warmest thanks are due for great and constant assistance, in many different ways), and is, I believe, the only one extant that is worth the trouble of referring to, in connection with the history of the campaign there in the fall of 1861. I regret that it has been impossible, from pecuniary considerations, to introduce more maps, as at one time I hoped that I should be justified in doing; but this is of the less consequence, as good maps of Kentucky, Tennessee, etc., can readily be procured almost anywhere.

Although to the fair-minded reader nothing of the kind will be necessary, it may not be improper for me to say that those chapters which relate to the battle of Shiloh were not written in a spirit of derogation of the character, or invaluable services elsewhere, of him who is now the first soldier of the Republic, and, indeed, the foremost one of all Ameri-

ca's great names belonging to the Present. General Grant's place in the confidence and esteem of his countrymen is too well assured to require for its continuance the distortion of a single historic fact. Probably no man now living could better *afford* to have the exact truth told concerning his public career, as a whole, than the present General-in-Chief of the armie sof the United States; and, to my mind, the simple fact that General Grant was able to rise superior to the adverse fortune which the Shiloh campaign seemed to have fastened upon him, and which would have destroyed forever the capacity for usefulness of any ordinary man, is one of the strongest proofs which he could possibly give of the possession of intellectual and moral power—in a word, of those traits of character which constitute real greatness.

In regard to General Badeau's Shiloh narrative, I should be sorry to be understood as implying that its misrepresentations are intentional. General Badeau was not present at that battle in any capacity, and it is both reasonable and charitable to suppose that he was himself misinformed by others.

E. HANNAFORD.

CINCINNATI, August, 1868.

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THE STORY OF A REGIMENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUTHRIE GREYS.

(1854-APRIL 18, 1861.)

IN the tumultuous rushing to arms which succeeded the fall of Fort Sumter, the country—that is to say, the loyal North—was conscious of great and lamentable unpreparedness for the war thus suddenly forced upon it. In fact, from the first hour of the tremendous conflict, the nation's salvation lay bound up in the patriotism, courage, and determination of the people. These grand attributes of a free community produced wonderful results. Even amid the wild enthusiasm and extravagant self-confidence of "Sumter times," they developed resources and capabilities of incalculable value, alike in a military and in a political point of view. As the contest deepened, and its full significance by degrees dawned upon the popular mind, they created vast armies and navies, colossal combinations, and new methods of warfare, with an energy and rapidity unparalleled in history.

The record of Ohio during the War of the Rebellion is an illustrious exemplification of the power inherent in great moral principles for effecting vast material results. The President's

first call for troops was issued on the 15th of April, 1861. The morning of the 19th saw two entire regiments *en route* from Columbus to the National Capital. Ohio's assigned quota, under the call, was thirteen thousand men. Within two weeks, says the report of Adjutant-General Buckingham for 1861, nearly thirty thousand had offered their services, and, it had become "a task of serious and embarrassing difficulty to decide which should be the favored ones." Yet the war had found Ohio "in no condition whatever to meet its requirements. Almost the entire organization of the militia was merely nominal. Very many of the high offices were vacant, and the system, if such it could be called, had no working power. The only bright spots in this melancholy picture were less than a dozen independent companies of volunteer infantry,* and seven or eight gun squads of artillery, called, by law, companies."

Two of the infantry companies here referred to—namely, the "Independent Guthrie Greys," of Cincinnati—became the nucleus of the Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry; whence it naturally came about that that regiment, at home, was long known by the old, familiar name of the Guthrie Greys, and perhaps many Cincinnatians still remember it best by that designation.

Early in the year 1854, a serious disaffection among the "Rover Guards," a well-remembered Cincinnati company of volunteer militia, culminated in the withdrawal of a number of its members, among whom were several of the officers, with

*The term "independent companies" here designates all companies other than those of the ordinary militia. The Guthrie Greys formed the only organization which ever availed itself of the provisions of the law, passed in March, 1859, legalizing an independent militia. That law we shall consider presently.

the determination of organizing a military corps which should be entirely independent of control by the authorities of the State or any militia officer appointed under its laws. Their first meeting, for this purpose, was held at the Rover Engine-house, on Fourth Street, being attended by just seven persons;* and, on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, the organization of the "Independent Guthrie Greys" was completed. The company assumed its name in compliment to the citizen who, by unanimous choice, became its first commander.

Captain Presley N. Guthrie, grandson of an officer in the revolutionary war, was not a novice in military affairs. Although reared to mercantile pursuits, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he was born, on the 4th of August, 1819, his taste for the profession of arms early manifested itself, and while still quite a young man he was chosen to the command of the "Duquesne Greys," a noted volunteer company of his native city. On the 11th of March, 1847, having previously applied for a position in the regular army, he was commissioned a captain in the Eleventh United States Infantry; a detachment of which, including Captain Guthrie's company, were the first reënforcements received by General Scott from the United States, cutting their way through hostile forces for a considerable portion of the distance between Vera Cruz and Puebla. Captain Guthrie was in the battles of Contreras, Cherubusco, and El Molino del Rey, and, for his gallantry and good conduct, received the brevet of Major. In the action last named, he was twice shot down, receiving severe and dangerous wounds.

*These were P. N. Guthrie, W. K. Bosley, Julian White, John H. Carter, James Bense, Samuel B. Neal, and T. A. Bosley. A roster of the Guthrie Grey organization is given in the Appendix.

The declaration of peace with Mexico was speedily followed by the disbandment of the new regiments of regular troops, of which the Eleventh Infantry was one. Upon his return to civil life, Captain Guthrie removed to Cincinnati, where, for a number of years, he was engaged as book-keeper in a mercantile house on Pearl Street. His military prestige accompanied him. He was a leading spirit in the company of Rover Guards, and at the period under consideration had recently been its captain.

The Guthrie Greys made their *début* on the Fourth of July following their organization, in a public parade, wherein thirty-five members participated.* Though on so modest a scale, numerically, the display attracted much attention, and resulted in decided benefit to the young company.

Captain Guthrie continued in command about a year, when

*None of the survivors but will recall, with lingering fondness, the keen enjoyments and the good fellowship of this occasion. Captain Guthrie resided in Covington. Thither the company repaired after the morning parade, and was most hospitably entertained, returning to Cincinnati late in the afternoon. The writer is indebted to Mr. John H. Carter for a complete "Roll of the Independent Guthrie Greys, on their first parade, July 4th, 1854," as follows. The stars indicate withdrawals from the Rover Guards:

Captain, P. N. Guthrie;* First Lieutenant, W. K. Bosley;* Second Lieutenant, Chas. G. Carter;* Third Lieutenant, Julian White;* Ensign, Alexander Lockwood.*

Orderly Sergeant, John H. Carter;* Second Sergeant, James Bense;* Third Sergeant, Walter J. Smith;* Fourth Sergeant, D. V. Bennett. Corporals, J. H. Anderson, S. B. Neal,* W. B. Carter,* J. D. Lovell.*

Privates, Trux. T. Swift,* W. Vandevier,* John H. Eagan,* C. J. F. Burley,* T. A. Bosley,* C. M. Chenoweth, Al. L. Smith, W. H. Vandewater, John Ellis, C. W. Sullivan, L. H. Kellogg, Geo. B. Weidler, W. M. Sheppard, Chas. Hofer, Frank Lewis, J. Ashcraft, W. Price, Chas. H. Brutton, W. McGeorge, John Baldwin, H. W. Diggins, Thatcher Lewis.

he was commissioned Captain in the Ninth Infantry (a new regiment which the Honorable Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, was just organizing), by President Pierce, with whom he was on terms of personal friendship, dating back to their service side by side in Mexico. In the fall of 1855, the Ninth Regiment was ordered to Washington Territory, and on arriving there was broken up into isolated detachments, most of which were distributed among the posts established for the protection of the frontier settlements. Captain Guthrie was assigned to the command at Muckleshute, a remote and illy-furnished outpost, where many hardships and privations had to be undergone; in addition to which the climate proved unfavorable, and after an absence of about eighteen months, he rejoined his family, in Covington, the doomed victim of consumption. He died on the 29th of December, 1857, and was buried with military honors by an escort of regulars from Newport Barracks, and a full parade of both the Guthrie Greys and Rover Guards.

Meanwhile, the Greys had become a strong organization, noted for its enterprise and *esprit de corps*. In addition to the active membership, the books showed a steadily increasing list of contributing members, who helped to furnish "the sinews of war," and, besides, were useful in molding a favorable public sentiment. On the 22d of February, 1856, which was celebrated by the most imposing pageant that Cincinnati had ever witnessed, the Greys turned out nearly one hundred strong, and bore a very conspicuous part in the military display on that occasion. About twenty-five active members joined the company a few days afterward.

By the close of the year 1858, the membership had become so numerous that a reorganization was deemed expedient, upon the basis of two companies instead of one. Thenceforward, it

was the battalion of Independent Guthrie Greys, composed of the first and second companies. The first meeting of the battalion, as such, was held on the evening of January 10th, 1859. The constitution, previously adopted, was prefaced by the following preamble:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of the State of Ohio, are deeply impressed with a conviction that a well-organized militia is the best and surest means of national defense, and of protecting the lives, liberty, and property of our fellow-citizens from lawless violence; and that, in order to give energy and direction to the martial spirit of the soldier, and more especially to preserve inviolate and sacred those rights and privileges which have been transmitted to us in the happy and admirable Government which we now enjoy, and to excel in military tactics, we should be governed by laws other than those of common militia. And the better to enable us to carry into effect the foregoing, we have formed a military corps, and do hereby consent and agree to be governed by the following constitution and by-laws."

The constitution provided for three distinct kinds of membership: active, contributing, and honorary life. For the first of these, any person of good moral character, a citizen of the United States, and at least twenty-one years of age, was eligible. Contributing members were required to possess similar qualifications; they were privileged to attend drills and open meetings, but had no voice in either. Honorary life members were principally those old and faithful members who had performed active duty in the battalion for five years and upward, and were exempt from all dues and assessments. Upon payment of arrearages and returning all equipments, an active or contributing member could resign at any time. The officers of the battalion were a major, adjutant, quartermaster,

paymaster (or treasurer), surgeon, judge-advocate, ensign, and sergeant-major. To these were added two civil officers, the recording and corresponding secretaries. The company officers—non-commissioned included—were a captain, three lieutenants, four sergeants, and four corporals. All officers were elected annually by ballot at the first stated meeting in April. Three days in each year were set apart for public parades—"the 19th day of April (being the anniversary of organization), the 4th of July, and the 22d of February." Special parades could be ordered at any time by the commanding officer, or by a three-fourths vote of the members.

The choice for major fell naturally, and without dissent, upon the gentleman who had been the company's efficient commandant for nearly four years, or since the departure of Captain Guthrie. Major William K. Bosley was born in Baltimore, January 1, 1825, and came to Cincinnati in October, 1839. Subsequently he held a position in the Post-office, after filling which for some time he engaged in the wall-paper business, holding an interest in the firm of Sharpless & Bosley, on Fourth Street. He first joined the old Light Guard company of militia, and next the Rover Guards, holding office in both, and upon his withdrawal from the latter, took a prominent part in the organization of the Greys.

At this period the battalion extended its influence to Columbus, leaving its impress upon the legislation of the State in the passage of "an act to organize and regulate an independent militia," which stands recorded upon the statute books as "House Bill No. 418, approved March 26th, 1859." Like other great bodies, the legislature was disposed to move slowly, but the committees which the battalion sent to Columbus labored assiduously, and the measure was finally carried. Under the provisions of this law, the battalion secured

two much-desired advantages.* These were, first, the same privileges regarding the use of the public arms as were enjoyed by the regular militia; and, second, the exemption of all contributing, as well as active, members from labor on the public highways and from all juror duty in State courts. The latter provision opened a rich source of revenue, enabling the corps to procure a completely appointed armory (in Day's building, at the corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets), and a handsome camp equipage, of both which the members were justly proud. Within two years the company property, held in common, amounted in value to several thousand dollars.

The form of organizing under the new law was gone through with on the 4th of April, 1859. At the same meeting the regular annual election was held, resulting in the choice of

*This bill furnishes internal evidence of an amount of tact and ingenuity, on the part of its framers, that would have done no discredit to veteran politicians. The following synopsis gives the main points not specified above: In counties having cities of more than 80,000 inhabitants (thus limiting the application of the statute to the county in which Cincinnati is situated), it was declared to be lawful to organize independent companies, squadrons, battalions, and regiments, provided, however, these organizations should be no charge to the State. Each battalion was to consist of from two to five companies, and each company of from forty to one hundred men, rank and file. Companies might enroll the same number of contributing members, and might uniform themselves in accordance with their own tastes. It was expressly enacted that these organizations should be "separate from and independent of all other military organizations and commands whatever in the State, and should be subject solely to the direct call of the Governor and the regularly constituted civil authorities," for the ordinary duties of militia. Parades and military exercises were required upon at least three set days in each year; also, an encampment, to continue not less than three days, during the months of July, August, or September.

David A. Enyart and James V. Guthrie as captains of the first and second companies, respectively, under Major Bosley.*

On July 11th of this year, began the well-remembered encampment of the Greys at Middletown, in Butler County, continuing eight days. A large number of invited guests were present, including several newspaper reporters from Cincinnati. The occasion passed off with great *eclat*, and was keenly enjoyed by all. The battalion participated in the ceremonies upon the reception of the legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, January 27th, 1860, and extended soldierly hospitalities to the Chicago Zouaves, when that famous company visited Cincinnati, under command of the lamented Ellsworth, in August of the same year. In February, 1861, it formed a portion of the escort of Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, on his passage through the Queen City toward Washington. It received many invitations from abroad to join with other corps in encampments, and to assist at various *fetes*, but these were always "respectfully declined." The following entry occurs in the minutes of the meeting, August 13th, 1860: "A communication from General Buckner, of the Kentucky militia, inviting the battalion to attend an encampment on the 23d instant, was read and received. On motion, the invitation was respectfully

* The other officers were as follows: Adjutant, John Woolley; Quartermaster, B. R. Wilson; Paymaster, Henry McAlpin; Surgeon, F. H. Ehrman; Ensign, W. S. Irwin; Judge-Advocate, E. M. Shoemaker; Sergeant-Major, A. G. Parker; Recording Secretary, John W. Morgan; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. Disney.

First Company—First Lieutenant, A. C. Christopher; Second Lieutenant, E. Loring; Third Lieutenant, M. A. Westcott.

Second Company—First Lieutenant, J. N. Oliver; Second Lieutenant, Julian White; Third Lieutenant, G. Shillito Smith.

declined." Before the close of the next year, General Buckner found many of the Greys, and not a few other Northern soldiers, more than willing to attend his encampments, even though invitations were wanting.

Only once were the Greys called upon to assist the civil authorities in preserving order. On the night of January 9th, 1861, two policemen, named Long and Hallam, were murdered, under circumstances which greatly excited all classes of citizens. The next evening a crowd of some thousands collected before the jail, at the corner of Hunt and Sycamore Streets, threatening to force the building and lynch the men charged with the crime. "By courage and firmness, however," says the *Gazette* of the next morning, "the officers of the jail prevented the crowd from carrying out its summary intentions, and the Guthrie Greys soon arriving, the assemblage dispersed." At the next meeting the battalion donated to the widows of the murdered policemen a considerable portion of the amount "paid it by the county commissioners for services rendered in defense of the jail." The money was at once paid over through the agency of Mayor Bishop.

As the annual election, on Monday, April 1st, of this year, drew near, the canvass for many of the offices grew quite animated. The successful candidates (being the officers at the breaking out of the war) were as follows:

Adjutant, E. Loring; Quartermaster, W. Byron Carter; Paymaster, G. H. Barbour; Surgeon, F. H. Ehrman; Judge-Advocate, J. V. Guthrie; Ensign, John C. Parker; Sergeant-Major, Charles C. Pierson; Recording Secretary, Charles E. Thorp; Corresponding Secretary, William Disney.

First Company—Captain, Marcus A. Westcott; First Lieutenant, John M. Wilson; Second Lieutenant, Henry McAlpin; First Sergeant, James M. Donovan; Sergeants, Frank

Tait, Ammi Baldwin, and Charles E. Thorp; Corporals, J. C. Guthrie, N. L. Anderson, L. S. Worthington, and B. R. Wilson.

Second Company—Captain, Julian White; First Lieutenant, J. Willis Wilmington; Second Lieutenant, Thomas S. Royse; First Sergeant, John H. Carter; Sergeants, Henry H. Tinker, Joseph A. Andrews, and Dudley S. Gregory; Corporals, Charles B. Russell, C. B. Frazier, John W. Morgan, and John Beesley, Jr.

Major Bosley declined a reëlection, and was transferred to the life honorary roll, after having commanded the corps for six consecutive years. The choice of a successor was by no means predetermined. The hostile attitude of the lately seceded States was a source of universal and growing anxiety; and though all, save a far-seeing few, still cherished the hope of a peaceful yet honorable way out of the national difficulties, the possibility of war continued every-where to be a theme of daily discussion. In this disturbed state of public affairs, it was natural that the Guthrie Greys should desire to have at their head a trained and experienced soldier. An entry in the minutes for Monday evening, February 4th, 1861, relates that "the name of G. B. McClellan was favorably reported upon by the committee for life honorary membership, and the candidate was unanimously elected." Captain McClellan, who was now in civil life, discharging the duties of Vice-President and Superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and a resident of Cincinnati, was nominated for Major immediately upon Major Bosley's formal declination of another candidacy, and at the election received every vote but two, which were blank. It is evident, however, that this honor was more than unsolicited, for the minutes which record the election, proceed: "Adjutant E. Loring presented a communi-

cation from G. B. McClellan, Esq., declaring his inability to accept the office of major in the battalion. The subject was referred to Comrade Loring, who stated that he would see Mr. McClellan, and get a final answer." This final answer was a courteous but positive iteration of his previous decision.

Six weeks later, this same "Mr. McClellan" controlled one of the largest military departments in the country, and within sixteen weeks found himself at the head of the Grand Army of the Potomac, there becoming the incarnation of the faith and hopes of eighteen millions of loyal people. Nor was this all. It was but seven months, to a day, when the highest military honors which had rewarded George Washington and Winfield Scott were thrust upon him, and Major-General McClellan became the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

During the early months of 1861, the political horizon continued to darken daily. Deep yet widely differing emotions had thrilled the hearts of the people, when Major Anderson, on the night of December 26th, 1860, transferred his little garrison from Moultrie to Fort Sumter. At first, the movement was not at all understood, and the North was but too willing to give credit to the weak and vacillating administration for a step taken in direct defiance of the rebellious spirit of South Carolina and her fellow-conspirators. For a short-lived hour of exultancy, loyal men abandoned themselves to the fond belief that they yet had a Government in something more than merely a name, and that Government a purpose. They were soon undeceived. But Major Anderson and his one brave, immortal act were tangible realities, and around it and him rallied the awakening enthusiasm of thousands and tens of thousands of true hearts the country over.

The first meeting of the Guthrie Greys held after this event —on the 7th of January, 1861—was a large and enthusiastic one. The following resolution was offered: "*Resolved,* That the armory of the I. G. G. be thrown open for the purpose of forming military companies to meet the emergencies of the times, and that the officers and members tender their services to assist in drilling the same. Also, that a committee be appointed to devise means for carrying out the above." Although this resolution failed of adoption, it was promptly voted, at the same meeting, "that this battalion fire a salute of one hundred guns on the Public Landing, in honor of Major Anderson and the Union," which was accordingly done next day.

A fortnight later, two nephews of the resolute soldier thus honored, upon application in due form, were unanimously elected members of the battalion. Nicholas L. Anderson was assigned to the first company, and his brother, William P. Anderson, to the second.

General Beauregard opening fire upon Fort Sumter on the morning of Friday, April 12th, the telegraph, late on Saturday night, flashed the result of the contest all over the startled land. What American, upon whose heart had fallen those words of omen, "Sumter surrendered," will ever forget the Sabbath day that followed? In the newspapers of Monday morning appeared the President's proclamation, calling out "the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000," for the period (as instructions from the War Department added) of three months, unless sooner discharged. At once the wild, passionate outburst of feeling, with which the North was now convulsed, found direction and definite purpose; and, although all have smiled since, while recalling the crude and fanciful notions of that period, time has

proven how true at heart that feeling was to the instincts of the loftiest patriotism. We have seen how grandly Ohio responded to the demands upon her, and yet she had no preëminence. The whole nation brought its best gifts—the service of its hands, its heart, its brain—and laid them down at the feet of the imperiled Government.

Governor Dennison's proclamation was prepared the same day, and telegraphed to all parts of the State. The Guthrie Greys assembled that evening in special meeting. Many old members attended, whose connection had lapsed into contributing or life honorary memberships, and several names were transferred back to the "active roll," by acclamation—Captain A. C. Christopher and Charles H. Heron being among them. Upon motion of the latter, and with but one dissenting voice, the battalion passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, Civil war has been inaugurated in our country by the forcible ejection of our soldiers from a Government fort, and the President has deemed it necessary to call out the militia of the several States, for the protection of the public property and the suppression of insurrection; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we, the Independent Guthrie Greys, of Cincinnati, hereby tender our services, as a military body, to the Governor of the State, to aid the President in the execution of the laws and the upholding of the Constitution and Government.

"*Resolved*, That our commandant be instructed to report us ready for duty on call of the Governor."

When the battalion re-assembled on Tuesday evening, which it did with Major Bosley once more in the chair, the armory was full. Its roster, at this date, included only seventy-nine

active members, all told,* and the first action now taken was the appointment of "a special committee to receive recruits to fill up the roster of the First and Second Companies." No reply had yet been received from the Governor, but, as there was every reason to expect that it would be a favorable one, preparations were begun with vigor for putting the corps into the field without delay, and in the best condition possible. Recruits came forward by scores and hundreds; the two companies were filled as rapidly as the names could be taken down, and by the evening of Wednesday, April 17th, the regiment of Guthrie Greys, then forming, had become a theme of general conversation throughout the city.

On the 18th, several volunteer companies left Cincinnati for Columbus, and being there assigned to the First and Second Regiments Ohio Volunteer Militia, almost without a halt were hurried off toward Washington. Meanwhile, new developments of treason and madder violence throughout the infatuated South, hour by hour fed the universal excitement, and kindled to fiercer heat the temper of the people. More than ten thousand men drilled nightly in Cincinnati during the week following the fall of Sumter. Practically, business was ignored; one great distinction, well-nigh obliterating every other, divided the citizens into two classes—they who were "going to camp," and those who staid at home. Thousands of the latter enrolled themselves in "home-guard" organizations, while the former found scores of companies open to their choice, and each cast in his lot with that one of the number which best pleased him. Under these circumstances, recruiting went forward with wonderful rapidity and ease. The making up of a picnic party or a pleasure excursion could

*See roster of the Independent Guthrie Greys, in Appendix.

hardly have been managed with more facility. In two or three weeks, when the mustering officer had molded the chaotic materials aggregated at Camps Harrison and Clay into some sort of defined shape, there stood forth six regiments—the Fifth, Sixth, Ninth and Tenth Ohio, and the First and Second Kentucky.

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE-MONTHS' SERVICE.

(APRIL 19–JUNE 16, 1861.)

ON the afternoon of the 19th of April, 1861, the telegraph brought news of the murderous assault upon the Sixth Massachusetts, in its passage through Baltimore, which gave recruiting a greater impetus than ever, and before the Greys closed their armory that night they had enrolled about eight hundred names. In the evening, Colonel McCook's German regiment—now historically famous as the Ninth Ohio—paraded the streets, nine hundred and fifty strong, with three bands of music, and created the wildest enthusiasm. A few hours earlier, Major-General Lytle, commanding the "First Division Ohio Volunteer Militia," received telegraphic orders from Columbus to establish a camp of rendezvous near Cincinnati, to be named Camp Harrison. He promptly selected for this purpose the Cincinnati Trotting Park, distant from the city about seven miles, on the line of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, and began energetic preparations for organizing the new camp.

At that time the vacant Orphan Asylum lot, on Elm Street, was the customary city parade ground, and there, with a few other companies, the regiment of Greys assembled during Saturday forenoon, April 20th, and at 3 P. M., marched out the

Hamilton Road to Camp Harrison. The detachment was accompanied by Menter's Brass Band, which the Guthrie Greys succeeded in retaining by private contributions, until the regiment reorganized for three years. Reaching the park at dusk, the men were promptly dismissed to supper and the novelties of the first night in camp. Including two or three companies which had arrived by an afternoon train, the whole number present was about sixteen hundred. Of these, Companies A and B (the old organization) of the Greys, had their own tents and equipages; the remainder found shelter and a plentiful supply of fresh straw in the wooden buildings belonging to the grounds. The next day, Sabbath, an immense stream of visitors poured out from Cincinnati toward camp, where drilling went on vigorously till near sundown, when Major Bosley held a dress parade of the entire force. Destitute of arms and uniforms as they were, the men were no worse off than the majority of the officers, while the military acquirements of the recruits in very few instances extended much beyond the facings. But fourteen hundred men in line was, of itself, an imposing display for those days; the music furnished was of Menter's best, and all were in fine spirits; and the spectators seemed highly gratified with what they had witnessed of "the pomp, the pride, and circumstance of glorious war."

Visitors continued to throng the camp, the railroad company running a special train for the accommodation of those who wished to remain for dress parade; and, as admission was open to all, and few came empty-handed, soldier-life at Camp Harrison became simply a kind of protracted picnic. Says the Cincinnati *Gazette* of April 23d: "We found the road to camp dotted with carriages, protruding from which might be seen baskets and bottles, all filled with the good things of this life, to say nothing of the bundles transported in omnibuses and

railroad cars. Indeed, we fear that, while our volunteers are stationed so near the metropolis in which they have so many friends and relatives, they will not be permitted to experience much of real camp life, except so far as drills and orders are concerned. There is considerable patriotism shown in refusing to eat mess pork at the expense of Uncle Sam, when Davis' sugar-cured is furnished in abundance by the plethoric purses of loyal citizens, not to mention the enthusiasm excited by the fact that the gambrel of the deceased quadruped, in most cases, is handsomely bedecked with tri-colored ribbons, attached by the dainty fingers of loved ones." About the close of April, the command of Camp Harrison devolved upon Brigadier-General Joshua H. Bates—like General Lytle, a militia officer, and a prominent lawyer of Cincinnati. One of his first acts was to issue an order forbidding the influx of visitors, because seriously interfering with the requirements of military discipline, as it obviously was; but the regulation was only partially effectual, so that, in pleasant weather, crowds of wondering and admiring friends might always have been found in camp, repeating their good-byes at each successive visit, with unflagging fervor.

Meantime, the number of volunteers assembled at Camp Harrison had largely increased. Colonel McCook's German regiment came out on the 24th of April; the "Montgomery regiment" followed, but in detachments—for the Tenth Ohio was a somewhat heterogeneous body, and in its formation encountered unusual difficulties; other companies, afterward incorporated into the Fifth Ohio, also took up quarters in camp; and thus, by the beginning of May, the "Cincinnati Brigade" was completed. The duty of mustering these troops was assigned to Captain Gordon Granger, of the regular army, who arrived in Cincinnati on the 26th of April, and, hastening

out to Camp Harrison, mustered every company of the German regiment before tattoo. On Saturday, the 27th, the Guthrie Grey regiment was mustered; comparatively few were rejected, and they were indeed objects of universal commiseration. Many amusing stratagems were practiced for the conciliation of the inspector. One of the officers, an old member of the Guthrie Grey battalion, had been left at home, prostrated by an attack of fever. He was just convalescing, when word was brought that the mustering officer was in camp, and he must be on hand next day, if possible. Painting his cheeks to hide their pallor, he rode out to camp in a hack, managed to keep his feet throughout the inspection, and, passing muster without a query, afterward became one of the most efficient subalterns in the brigade.

The following is a roster of the Sixth Ohio in the three-months' service. The field officers were elected April 24th:

Field and Staff—Colonel, William K. Bosley; Lieutenant-Colonel, Eliphalet Loring; Major, Alexander C. Christopher; Adjutant, Nicholas L. Anderson; Quartermaster, Edward M. Shoemaker; Surgeon, Starling Loving; Assistant-Surgeon, Fisher W. Ames.

Company A—Captain, Marcus A. Westcott; First Lieutenant, John M. Wilson; Second Lieutenant, Henry McAlpin.

Company B—Captain, Julian White; First Lieutenant, J. Willis Wilmington; Second Lieutenant, Thomas S. Royse.

Company C—Captain, John C. Lane; First Lieutenant, John A. Asbury; Second Lieutenant, Charles H. Titus.

Company D—Captain, Frank H. Ehrman; First Lieutenant, John C. Parker; Second Lieutenant, Ezekiel H. Tatem.

Company E—Captain, Samuel C. Erwin; First Lieutenant, John F. Hoy; Second Lieutenant, Lewis S. Worthington.

Company F—Captain, G. Shillito Smith; First Lieutenant, Charles H. Brutton; Second Lieutenant, Charles H. Heron.

Company G—Captain, Anthony O. Russell; First Lieutenant, William S. Getty; Second Lieutenant, Jules J. Montagnier.

Company H—Captain, Henry H. Tinker; First Lieutenant, John W. Morgan; Second Lieutenant, Edgar M. Johnson.

Company I—Captain, James Bense; First Lieutenant, Richard Southgate; Second Lieutenant, Charles F. Porter.

Company K—Captain, Julius C. Guthrie; First Lieutenant, Frank M. Hulburd; Second Lieutenant, Augustus B. Billerbeck.

At this date the regiment numbered scarcely eight hundred men, or about two hundred and fifty less than the maximum strength prescribed by the War Department a few days later.* Colonel Bosley at once detailed a recruiting party, but although the Guthrie Grey armory in Cincinnati was again thrown open, and a number of recruits obtained, the strength of the Sixth Ohio, in the three-months' service, never much exceeded nine hundred men.

The first half of May was characterized by an unusual amount of wet and chilly weather. A rain, which set in on the evening of the 2d, and continued all the next day, was particularly the cause of great discomfort. The "shanties" leaked at almost every joint; they had no floors, and in many of them the men awoke during the night to find themselves lying in puddles of water; and, to add to the general discontent, some

* General Orders No. 15, dated May 4th, 1861, fixed the maximum at 1,046 men. It is impossible to give the exact strength of the three-months' regiment, as the only muster-rolls ever made out are either lost or buried among the files of the War Department at Washington.

changes in the commissary arrangements at camp, which took place just at this time, occasioned what the men considered a scarcity of rations. A year later, the same troops, under far more disadvantageous circumstances, would have made themselves perfectly comfortable, but now, officers and men were alike green, and their complaints were loud and bitter. Sympathizing friends repeated the story of their woes, and the Cincinnati papers discussed the sad details in lugubrious editorials. When the Sabbath came, May 5th, many congregations were appealed to from the pulpit for contributions of food and clothing for the suffering volunteers, and, within an hour, General Lytle's head-quarters were besieged by an anxious throng, laden with parcels, boxes, bundles, and baskets, and blankets by the hundred. Acceptable as the relief was, it had an injurious effect when continued for days after all need had passed away, and eventually the troops suffered in important soldierly qualities from the well-meant but injudicious pampering of friends.

The *ennui* which naturally succeeded as soon as the novelty of camp life wore off, was greatly relieved by the visits of friends and occasional passes to the city; for the rest, the men were thrown upon their own resources. These, among the Guthries, were ready and varied enough—boxing, fencing, gymnastic exercises, town-ball, base-ball, and other active sports; cards, checkers, and chess; amateur negro minstrel and circus performances, etc. For the more refined tastes, there were readings and recitations by a few admirable elocutionists, preëminent among whom was Corporal William E. Sheridan, who had given up a good situation at Pike's Opera House to enlist in Company B. In a lighter vein, private Alfred Burnett, of Company G, had no rival, and his "delineations" were never better received than here among his comrades at

Camp Harrison. Music and merriment regularly ruled the hour in many squads, until broken in upon by the sounds of tattoo; and, every thing considered, the "bully Ninth," with all the lager which patriotic Teutons supplied without stint, were hardly more at ease or better contented than were the Guthrie Greys.

For weeks the troops at Camp Harrison anxiously awaited marching orders. At first all eyes were turned toward Washington and the Potomac, but as the vast length of that line which marked the boundary of hostile territory, began to be realized, diverse and ever-shifting rumors associated with the Capital the Western names of Cairo and Missouri. It is creditable to both officers and men, that, in spite of considerable delay in obtaining arms and uniforms, a good degree of interest in the duties of camp routine was still kept up, and some progress made in forming soldiers out of raw volunteers. At length, on the 16th of May, 3,500 stand of arms were distributed at Camp Harrison, and the Greys received a full armament of 853 muskets, and were also furnished 414 uniforms of the distinctive pattern, in gray cloth, of the old battalion, which were paid for by private contributions. The regiment was now in buoyant spirits, which the reception of *bona fide* marching orders greatly heightened, though indicating nothing more than a removal to Camp Dennison. Starting at seven o'clock on Friday morning, May 17th, the Sixth Ohio marched through Cumminsville, and down Spring Grove Avenue to Brighton, and thence to the corner of Seventh and Elm Streets, where it was broken into column by platoon, stretching from curb to curb, and, with Menter's Band at the head, took up its line of march through the heart of Cincinnati.

A full regiment of armed men being a novel and imposing

spectacle for those days, the streets were thronged with cheering crowds along the entire route, and at the corner of Fourth and Vine Streets, where a densely-packed assemblage had gathered, the volunteers received a perfect ovation.* Says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, of the next morning: "The appearance of the regiment was decidedly soldier-like, imposing, and impressive. The step was regular and steady, the alignment of each platoon was well maintained, distances were well preserved, and the wheel and turn executed with a precision that proved the four weeks spent in camp had not been thrown away. Four companies were uniformed, two on each flank; the remainder wore shirts of uniform color, and nearly all were furnished with caps, so that the appearance of those not fully equipped was by no means unpleasing.

"As the head of the column arrived opposite the residence of Larz Anderson, Esq., at the corner of Pike and Third Streets, Colonel Anderson† appeared upon the steps, and exchanged salutes with the officers. When the colors approached, he passed out to the curb, and stood with uncovered head while they dipped, and so remained until the rear of the regiment had passed.

"At the depot an immense throng of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, greeted the volun-

* Mr. William P. Noble, the well-known artist in water-colors (who was an old member of the Greys, and, in 1860, a lieutenant in one of the companies), contributed a spirited sketch of this scene to *Harper's Weekly*. The line of march through the city was as follows: From the Brighton House down Central Avenue to Seventh, east on Seventh to Elm, south on Elm to Fourth, east on Fourth to Vine, south on Vine to Third, east on Third to Main, north on Main to Fourth, east on Fourth to Pike, south on Pike to Front, east on Front to the Little Miami Depot.

† This was the honored defender of Fort Sumter, who had arrived in Cincinnati on the preceding day.

teers. Each, anxious to see his own particular loved one, pushed, crowded, and elbowed about, regardless of the rights, liberties, and corns of his neighbors. In the general squabble, coats were torn, trowsers fractured, and hoops crushed like egg-shells. As the whistle sounded, pictures were given, pocket money supplied, and kisses exchanged. But finding that the cars did not move, many entered them, determined to have the last word possible. Among these was a bevy of young ladies who stuck to the B's closer than brothers, and adroitly managed to let the cars carry them off. Despite their protestations, it was easy to see that the girls were happy as little birds. Of course the good-by and kissing part of the programme was repeated *ad libitum*."

The regiment reached Camp Dennison about one o'clock, nearly an hour behind the Tenth Ohio, which had marched across the country, and felt quite proud of the achievement. The Fifth and Ninth regiments following next day, Camp Harrison was broken up, after an occupation of exactly four weeks.

Camp Dennison, situated on the Little Miami, Columbus and Xenia Railroad, fifteen miles from Cincinnati, was a well-chosen location, with the important advantages, among others, of accessibility, abundance of water, and ample space. The site was selected by General McClellan, then commanding the Department of the Ohio, and leased on the 27th of April. The camp was laid off by Captain Rosecrans, formerly a regular officer in the Engineer Corps, and, at the outbreak of the war, a fellow-townsman with General McClellan, upon whose staff he was now serving, though without regular appointment. The Camp Dennison regiments, and indeed the whole country, were to know more of him by and by. The first body of troops which rendezvoused at Camp Dennison

consisted of fifteen companies (the Eleventh Ohio and five companies of the Third), transferred thither from Columbus, on the 29th of April. The "Cincinnati Brigade" was officially designated the First. The Second Brigade, comprising the Fourth, Seventh, Eighth and Eleventh Ohio, and the Third Brigade, composed of the Third, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Ohio, were earlier on the ground. These brigades were respectively commanded by Brigadier-Generals Joshua H. Bates, Jacob D. Cox, and Newton Schleich (all of the old volunteer militia), and numbered, in all, a little over ten thousand men. To General Bates, as the senior officer, now fell the direction of affairs at Camp Dennison, and General Cox, who had previously discharged the duties of post commandant, returned to the command of his brigade.

The new-comers were assigned pleasant quarters on the opposite side of the railroad from the Second and Third Brigades, between the railroad track and the Little Miami River, which ran a few score rods directly in the rear. The Sixth Ohio took the right of the long line of cantonments, and the Ninth Ohio the left. All were soon perfectly at home in their new location; the Greys, from their peculiar uniforms, their prestige, and the decidedly chivalrous bearing of some of their number, becoming at once the observed of all observers. For a time, their dress parade was the event of the day for visitors at camp, but disintegration came with the three-years' question, and then their parades were deserted for the well-trodden drill-grounds of the Ninth Ohio.

In nothing, perhaps, was the refinement and spirit characteristic of the Guthrie regiment shown more pleasingly than in the neatness and taste with which the men fitted up their quarters at Camp Dennison. Many of the rough, wooden "shanties" were transformed into the likeness of pleasant

country cottages, by means of lattice-work porches, cornices of various patterns, pigeon-houses, and similar ornamentation. Nearly every squad had its own distinctive title, the most common names being those of somewhat obvious suggestion, like the "Astor House," the "Burnett," the "Major Anderson," the "Stars and Stripes," etc. Interspersed with these, however, were many less tame and common-place, such as the "Cradle," the "Charter Oak," the "Tigers," and the "Eagle's Nest."

On the 29th of May, John Bliven, a member of Company D, was drowned in the Little Miami River, and was buried next day. This was the first death in the Sixth Ohio. The general health of the regiment was excellent, from the very first.

Meantime, the tramp of Northern troops marching southward to confront rebellion on its own ground, came echoing from the hills of Western Virginia. About four o'clock in the afternoon of May 26th, General McClellan, at that hour at Camp Dennison, received a dispatch, informing him that the secessionists had burned two bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and were preparing to destroy several others westward to Wheeling. This startling intelligence hastened movements which had been in contemplation for some days. Returning at once to Cincinnati, General McClellan telegraphed orders for an advance into Western Virginia, following them immediately by two stirring proclamations—one to the Unionists of that region, and the other to the soldiers under his command. Next day, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Ohio crossed the Ohio River at Bellair, and, joining the First Virginia, which had rendezvoused at Camp Carlile, near Wheeling, the whole force moved out the Baltimore and Ohio

Railroad toward Grafton, under command of Colonel B. F. Kelley, of the regiment last named. Simultaneously, another column, under Colonel Steedman, of the Fourteenth Ohio, crossed at Marietta, took the cars at Parkersburg, and proceeded along the North-western Virginia Railroad toward the same place. Among the earliest of the reënforcements that Governors Morton and Dennison promptly began pushing forward, were the Sixth and Ninth Indiana, which left Indianapolis, May 30th.

Passing through Cincinnati in the afternoon, the Sixth Indiana reached Camp Dennison about sundown, and, shelterless, prepared to pass the night. The men were dusty and weary, and, worst of all, their haversacks were empty. In a short time, the camp was all astir, and especially the quarters of the Sixth Ohio, in which the men turned out *en masse*, furnished the Indianians a bountiful supper, and stuffed their haversacks with rations for the next day.* In those early days of the war, little things were great, so that the enthusiasm of the whole North was rekindled, when, a few days later, it read of the night march to Philippi which resulted in the surprise and rout of Colonel Porterfield's nondescript chivalry in the gray of an early summer morning. While the story possessed a fascination beyond romance for all the troops at Camp Dennison, the Guthries entered into it with the zest of a personal interest: their Indiana guests, of only three nights before, had had their full share in the adventure. Thenceforward, Western Virginia was the land of promise for the impatient volunteers.

*These hospitalities are gratefully acknowledged in the sketch of the Sixth Indiana, given in *Indiana's Roll of Honor*, Volume I.

CHAPTER III.

REORGANIZATION.

(MAY 24-JUNE 28, 1861.)

SEVERAL days before the date referred to at the close of the last chapter, Camp Dennison was thrown into a ferment of excitement by the broaching of the three-years' question—that of reënlistment "for three years or during the war." Reorganization was attended with many difficulties, which all the efforts of the State Executive and the functionaries at camp succeeded only partially in removing. One of the principal of these related to the appointment of officers. In the three-months' service the volunteers had exercised the privilege of militia to elect their own commanders, while, under the orders of the President, and in accordance with army regulations, the appointing power was now vested solely in the Governor of the State. There was much discussion and wide-spread dissatisfaction when these regulations came to be fully understood; and, as the true policy of the authorities evidently was to secure to the service as much as possible of the material which was now rapidly assuming the character of an army, it was wisely decided to retain the general organizations of the regiments, and, except when manifestly inexpedient, to consult the preferences of the men in granting commissions. There were other difficulties, mainly of individual operation, which

were not so easily obviated: personal jealousies and disappointments; the prospect of more rapid advancement in new organizations; the reaction, amounting to weariness, or even disgust, on the part of some fickle minds, whom the great wave of popular excitement in the first instance had carried into camp; and the urgent demands of domestic or other duties, in some instances even outweighing the promptings of a fervent patriotism.

Adjutant-General Buckingham graphically describes still another serious perplexity which the authorities experienced, as follows: "When the three-years' recruits began to come in, it was found that the presence of the three-months' men, who had declined to reënlist, was the cause of much inconvenience, and greatly tended to demoralize the entire force. The quarters were crowded, jealousies sprang up, doubts arose as to the rights of the different classes of troops, ill-feeling was engendered, and general insubordination, in most regiments, was the result. It became absolutely necessary to separate the three-months' men from the others. Instead of mustering them out of the service, however, as would seem to have been the proper method, no directions were received from the War Department as to the disposition to be made of them, though sought by the Governor and officers often and earnestly. At length the colonels of the regiments took the responsibility of sending their three-months' men home, on furlough, till further orders." The mismanagement that characterized this whole matter, for several months afterward exercised a most unfortunate effect upon recruiting in Ohio.

On the 29th of May, the German regiment—the staunch and trusty old Ninth Ohio—re-mustered almost to a man, thus becoming one of the very first regiments in the whole country

to commit itself to a three-years' service.* The Tenth Ohio mustered about one week later. At the evening dress parade of the Guthrie Greys, on the 24th of May, Adjutant Anderson made a short address, explaining the new call for troops, and urging the command, by every consideration of patriotism, to reënlist. But, in addition to the usual difficulties attending reorganization, it was soon discovered that the spirit of personal independence, and even the intelligence upon which the members prided themselves, were certain to prove great hindrances in regard to the Guthries. The regiment lost *prestige* rapidly. Many who were loud in their laudations a few weeks earlier, suddenly ranged themselves with its most unreasoning denouncers; in fact, it was only after the Sixth Ohio had been marching and fighting at the front, for many months continuously, that one class of patriotic souls, possessed in perfect quiet at home, began to comprehend the truth that these things could hardly be the work of "feather-bed soldiers."

For the Sixth Ohio, spite of all discouragements and prophecies of dissolution, did reorganize with full ranks—young men almost exclusively, in sound health, active and intelligent. On the 10th of June field officers were voted for, Colonel Bosley being reëlected after a spirited canvass, in which many had shown a strong preference for Hon. Stanley M. Matthews. Captain Gordon Granger and Professor Ormsby M. Mitchel, had also been spoken of for the colonelcy, but declined being candidates, and a few weeks afterward both were commissioned Brigadier-Generals. Company G (Captain Anthony O. Rus-

* The only complete three-years' organization mustered in at an earlier date, so far as the writer has any information upon the subject, was the Second Michigan Infantry, which mustered on the 25th of May, 1,017 strong.

sell's), which was the first one ready, was mustered into the three-years' service on Monday, June 17th, by Lieutenant T. W. Walker, of the regular army. By the evening of the next day the regimental organization was completed, though recruits continued to offer themselves for some days afterward, and were welcomed as long as any place remained for them.

Meanwhile the reorganized regiments began moving toward Western Virginia. The Ninth Ohio left for Clarksburg on the morning of Sunday, June 16th, accompanied by Captain Loomis' battery, from Coldwater, Michigan, which had been resting at Camp Dennison for the previous two weeks, and was destined to a long and brilliant career in the field. The Third and Fourth Ohio followed on the 21st, and a detachment of Burdsal's cavalry on the night of the 23d. General McClellan, whose escort the latter were to be, had preceded them in a special train, three days before, and was in personal command in the field. At noon of the 24th, the Tenth Ohio took its departure. "With their own new banner, presented them two days ago, waving above them, and escorted by the Sixth Ohio to the cars, the Montgomeries," says one account, "were a proud set of fellows, and as happy as if going to a wake." The Sixth daily grew more and more impatient; but, happily, the routine of drills and camp duty, into which the regiment had again settled, afforded neither officers nor men much time for idleness, while it was still enlivened by frequent interchanges of visits with friends, etc., as well as extraordinary occasions in the line of duty. On the 17th of June, General McClellan reviewed the First Brigade, which had just suffered the loss of the well-trained Ninth, and expressed himself well pleased with its progress in drill. A much greater event to the Sixth Ohio, however, was the reception, on the 24th, of a regimental banner, presented by Rev. Kingston Goddard,

rector of Christ Church, on behalf of the ladies of Cincinnati, and accepted, on the part of the regiment, by Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson. The banner, which was originally intended for the three-months' organization, was six feet square, made of the finest silk, and bore this inscription, in elegant embroidery: "Guthrie Greys, Sixth Regiment—Ohio." It was borne through all the campaigns of the regiment up to within three weeks of the battle of Stone River, then being replaced by another, the gift of the City of Cincinnati.

The following were the officers with whom the Sixth Ohio took the field, their commissions bearing date June 12th, although not received until some days later:

Field and Staff—Colonel, William K. Bosley; Lieutenant-Colonel, Nicholas L. Anderson; Major, Alexander C. Christopher; Adjutant, Charles H. Heron; Quartermaster, Edward M. Shoemaker; Surgeon, Starling Loving; Assistant-Surgeon, Fisher W. Ames.

Company A—Captain, Marcus A. Westcott; First Lieutenant, Henry McAlpin; Second Lieutenant, James M. Donovan.

Company B—Captain, Joseph A. Andrews; First Lieutenant, Charles B. Russell; Second Lieutenant, Thomas S. Royse.

Company C—Captain, J. Willis Wilmington; First Lieutenant, Frank H. Ehrman; Second Lieutenant, Charles Gilman. In this company none of the three-months' officers remained.

Company D—Captain, Ezekiel H. Tatem; First Lieutenant, John C. Parker; Second Lieutenant, Thomas H. Boylan.

Company E—Captain, Samuel C. Erwin; First Lieutenant, John F. Hoy; Second Lieutenant, George W. Morris.

Company F—Captain, Charles H. Brutton; First Lieuten-

ant, vacancy, occasioned by Lieutenant Heron's appointment as Adjutant; Second Lieutenant, Frank S. Schieffer.

Company G—Captain, Anthony O. Russell; First Lieutenant, William S. Getty; Second Lieutenant, Jules J. Montagnier—the same officers throughout as in the three-months' service.

Company H—Captain, Henry H. Tinker; First Lieutenant, John W. Morgan; Second Lieutenant, Solomon Bidwell.

Company I—Captain, James Bense; First Lieutenant, Richard Southgate; Second Lieutenant, Benjamin F. West.

Company K—Captain, Charles M. Clarke; First Lieutenant, Augustus B. Billerbeck; Second Lieutenant, Justin M. Thatcher.

Non-commissioned Staff—Sergeant-Major, William P. Anderson; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Charles C. Peck; Hospital Steward, John A. West; Chief Musicians, Jacob A. Fifer and Benjamin F. Phillips.

With the leading incidents in Colonel Bosley's career the reader is already acquainted.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas L. Anderson—a grandson of Nicholas Longworth, and a nephew of General Robert Anderson, and also of Colonel Charles Anderson, ex-Governor of Ohio—was born in Cincinnati, April 22d, 1838. He graduated with distinction at Harvard College, in 1858, after a four-years' course, and immediately went to Europe, where he remained about two years, improving the time in travel and studies at the German universities. Induced to return home in the winter of 1860-61, by the disturbed condition of affairs in this country, he began the study of the law, in the office of Hon. Stanley M. Matthews, in Cincinnati. His membership in the Guthrie Grey battalion, as also his connection with the three-

months' regiment, as adjutant, has been already noted. From this date onward, for three years of most honorable service at the front, Colonel Anderson's identity is merged in that of the regiment which he commanded.

Alexander C. Christopher, the first Major of the Sixth Ohio, is a life-long resident of Cincinnati, where he was born on the 20th of August, 1823. He was educated at the old Woodward College, the original of one of the Queen City's most honored educational institutions. From 1851 to 1858, he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was one of the earliest contributing members enrolled by the company of Guthrie Greys, but soon exchanged this connection for an active membership, which he resigned in March, 1861, after three or four years' continuous service as lieutenant and captain, and was then transferred to the life honorary roll. At the outbreak of the war, he held the office of deputy sheriff of Hamilton County, but promptly vacated it, to accompany the Guthrie Grey regiment to Camp Harrison, in the capacity of first lieutenant of Company D. A few days after going into camp, however, he was appointed major, and, at the reorganization of the regiment, was again elected by a unanimous vote.

Dr. Starling Loving is a native of Kentucky, but in early life removed to Columbus, Ohio, where he graduated at the Starling Medical College, in 1849; soon after which, he received the appointment of house surgeon to Bellevue Hospital, New York. This position he retained but a short time, in March, 1850, becoming assistant physician to Blackwell's Island Hospital. Here his health suffered so severely that, in November, 1851, he was compelled to resign; but, upon his return, after an absence of sixteen months in the West Indies, he was again appointed at Blackwell's Island Hospital, as house surgeon. From June, 1853, to the autumn of 1854,

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he was engaged, at Panama, as surgeon to the Panama Railroad Company. In December of the year last named, Dr. Loving returned to Columbus, where his professional attainments at once secured him a very large practice, and a foremost place among the medical fraternity of Ohio. After an examination by the State Medical Board, he was commissioned Surgeon of the Sixth Ohio, on the 2d of May, 1861, and joined it almost immediately. In the reorganization of the regiment, Dr. Loving discharged his duties as medical inspector of the recruits with great fidelity; and to his care in the selection of its materials, and the enforcement of hygienic regulations when it first took the field, its remarkable healthfulness must, in large measure, be attributed.

Dr. Fisher W. Ames was born in Cincinnati, November 21st, 1821, and received his education at Woodward High School. In 1842, he began the study of medicine, which he further prosecuted in the office of Dr. John P. Harrison, and finally graduated at the Ohio Medical College, of which institution that distinguished practitioner was then president. After practicing for two years in his native city, he emigrated to California, in the spring of 1849, and remained there rather more than two years, during most of which time he was a resident of Sacramento City, where he carried on the drug business, in connection with his professional duties. While at Sacramento he assisted in organizing the first Masonic lodge in California, working under a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Connecticut. Returning to Cincinnati, in September, 1851, Dr. Ames continued in active practice, with a few unimportant interruptions, until the breaking out of the war. His connection with the Sixth Ohio dated from the 24th of April, 1861.

Adjutant Charles Hetherington Heron was born in Edin-

burgh, Scotland, June 15th, 1834, and, when in his thirteenth year, emigrated to America. In 1851, after a residence of about four years in Trumbull County, Ohio, he came to Cincinnati, where he engaged in the wholesale hardware business, as clerk. Joining the company of Independent Guthrie Greys immediately upon its formation, he became one of its most active members, and remained closely identified with the history of that corps for several years, or until retired upon the life honorary roll. His reëlection as an active member, in April, 1861, together with his services in placing the Greys upon a war footing, has been adverted to in a preceding chapter. Upon the organization of the Sixth Ohio Regiment, he was elected second lieutenant of Company F, and at its reorganization for the three-years' service was advanced to a first lieutenancy. This was immediately followed by his appointment as adjutant, a position for which he possessed peculiar qualifications and which he filled with great acceptability to the regiment.

Lieutenant Edward M. Shoemaker, Regimental Quartermaster, was born on the 11th of January, 1826, in Cumberland County, New Jersey, whence his parents removed, in 1830, and settled in Cincinnati. For some time after his graduation at "Old Woodward," he was engaged in farming, living, meanwhile, with his parents, about two miles from the city. In 1848, he married the daughter of Peter Usher (widely known among the older merchants of Cincinnati as the pioneer in the coffee-roasting and spice-packing business at the West), and during the following year became a partner in the firm of Dixon & Shoemaker, Mr. Usher's successors. Disposing of his interest in that business in 1852, he was employed as passenger conductor on the Little Miami Railroad until the outbreak of the war. At that period he had been an active

member of the Guthrie Greys since 1856. In connection with Lieutenants Getty and Montagnier, he organized Company G, of the three-months' Sixth Ohio Regiment, and marched with it to Camp Harrison as captain, but almost immediately turned over the command to Captain A. O. Russell, an old Guthrie Grey, just arrived from the South, and, at Colonel Bosley's request, accepted the appointment of regimental quartermaster.

CHAPTER IV.

MOVING TO THE FRONT.

(JUNE 28-JULY 6, 1861.)

THE much wished-for marching orders coming at last, they were read at dress parade, on Saturday, June 29th, amid the inauspicious surroundings of a dark and lowering sky, and a camp so strangely quiet as to seem almost deserted. Three days' rations being issued immediately afterward, the suppressed din of packing up, with the flare of camp fires, at which negro cooks were exhausting the resources of culinary science, as applied in boiling hams and the like abstruse processes, continued far on into the night. Before morning rain began falling, and the Sabbath dawned upon a cheerless scene of fog, and mud, and universal wet; nevertheless, a few friends ventured out from Cincinnati to take their last farewells and see the regiment off. The forenoon wore tediously away; for although a train of cars stood ready at the station, it was assigned to the Thirteenth Ohio (Colonel William Sooy Smith's regiment), which started about eleven o'clock, destined for the Kanawha region, by way of Marietta and Parkersburg. On the preceding evening, the remaining detachment of Burdsal's cavalry company, numbering about forty men, had gone forward, under command of Lieutenant Minor Milliken, what with their horses and cumbrous equipage quite filling a special train.

At 1 o'clock the welcome command "Fall in!" passed along the companies, and the regiment was then escorted to the depot by the Fifth Ohio, a gallant command, which, although the most tardy in taking the field, returned at last with such a bead-roll of slain heroes as, happily, no other regiment could rival in the original Cincinnati Brigade. There was some delay in embarking, though without confusion, and, meantime, the sky cleared, permitting the sun to shine out freshly once more. The crowd of soldiers and citizens collected at the rail-road crossing seemed far from demonstrative at first, yet when the long train moved slowly off, there was no lack of hearty cheers, the waving of hats, and the flutter of handkerchiefs. The Sixth was now fairly *en route* for the seat of war, supplied with a number of wagons and almost a full allowance of equipage, excepting tents. The regiment, at this date, had an aggregate strength of 1,031 men.*

The weather was exhilarating, and still more so the occasion, all the circumstances of which seemed conspiring to make the

* These figures have been obtained from a laborious examination of the final muster-out rolls on file at the Adjutant-General's office at Columbus. Complete sets of the original muster-in rolls are not now in existence, unless it be at Washington. It is doubtful, however, whether even these would furnish perfectly reliable data, from the fact that nearly every company received a greater or less number of recruits after its muster as a body, in some cases as much as four days subsequently; and it would evidence a degree of exactness rarely attained at that period of the war, if these additional names should all appear upon the original rolls. This seems to be the proper place for correcting two inaccuracies that occur in the report of the Adjutant-General of Ohio, for 1863, and which have been copied into that for 1865, namely, the statement that the Sixth started for the field on the first of July, and the graver error of putting the original strength of the regiment at 931 men. Possibly this number has reference to the three-months' term, but such is not the connection.

trip a delightful one, at least as far as Columbus. Every-where along the road the appearance of the ponderous train was the signal for lively manifestations of good-will and patriotism. No member of the regiment, between whom and home the lengthening miles were stretching further and further every moment, but will recollect the enthusiasm and delight of the sable populace of Xenia, and the buckets of delicious ice-water which accompanied the welcome of the citizens of London. It was just dark when the train clattered over the bridge spanning the Scioto, and entered Columbus. Indulging a pleasant fancy, which had its origin in some vague report before the regiment was fairly out of Camp Dennison, the hungry troops had pictured to themselves a bounteous supper here awaiting them. But, "alas, hope is not prophecy!" Great was the disappointment, therefore, when it became evident, as it speedily did, that the regiment was wholly unheralded, and provided for with nothing, save redoubled guards to keep it on board the cars.

About nine o'clock the train crept through the Columbus depot, and while it rumbled along in the damp and darkness, over the Central Ohio Railroad, a thousand weary forms, knotting themselves into all sorts of unimagined shapes, resolutely strove to sleep, in spite of aches and cramps, and joltings incessant. Thus Newark and Zanesville were passed. Many were still soundly napping when the train halted at Cambridge, an hour after daylight, to wood and water. Squads of unbreakfasted adventurers at once began exploring the vicinity, but finding no place to enter, soon returned to the cars, with a very pronounced opinion that the metropolis of Guernsey County was a tumble-down, unenterprising country town. But these unpleasant impressions were wholly effaced at the next stopping-place, the village of Belmont, where the train was delayed for four hours while a bridge was repairing at Glen-

coe, nine miles east, that Lieutenant Milliken's cavalry train had broken through the night before. Who of the Sixth, that recalls the reminiscences of Belmont—synonym for hospitality and charming, Union-loving lassies—can do so without a feeling of gratitude and pride? The loyal villagers, equally open with heart and house, made it a day of doom for untold quantities of coffee and biscuits, butter and eggs, spread upon their hospitable boards; and while, with marvelous rapidity, these were disappearing, flowers and flirtations, produced as if by magic, became the animating experience of hundreds of boys in blue. One wealthy citizen entertained more than a hundred Guthries, after which Sheridan, (at that time First Sergeant of Company F,) from the capacious verandah, recited "Shamus O'Brien" and other selections, to the intense gratification of a large crowd assembled below. Music and singing lent their aid to the enjoyments of the hour, but suddenly the locomotive whistle screamed, and all was ended. Yet not all, for not only were addresses and fervent good-byes exchanged—many of them audibly ratified by other means than words—but letters post-marked "Belmont" followed the Sixth through all its wanderings; nor would it be surprising if some of its members were in receipt of the same delicate missives to this day.

As the train rounded the curve by which Bellair is entered, the hills of Virginia came in sight, the shadows already creeping up their sides, for it was nearly seven o'clock. Disembarking at once, the companies in succession were ferried across the Ohio, and many earnest congratulations passed from mouth to mouth, that at length the regiment stood upon the "sacred soil"—the now disputed soil—of the Old Dominion. At Bellair, Company B waited four hours to exchange its old muskets for an armament of Enfield rifles, to which, as being a flank-

ing company, it was entitled; so that it was within an hour of midnight when it rejoined its comrades, where they lay under their stacked arms, shivering but snoring, on the floor of the freight depot at Benwood, on the Virginia shore. Between one and two o'clock in the morning the sleepers were roused, and forming in line as rapidly as the darkness and confusion would permit, the men clambered into the freight cars backed up to receive them. Fifty-six thousand rounds of ammunition were next taken on board, and soon every man was busy in manipulating his first supply of cartridges. Though rumors of guerrillas were rife, no guards were seen until reaching Cameron, from whence, eastward, the Twentieth Ohio was found scattered along the railroad, with detachments, nearer Grafton, from one or two other commands. A short delay at Cameron afforded sufficient time for some of the Sixth to become the guests of the little garrison, veterans of a five-weeks' campaign, whose adventures furnished the principal theme of discussion for an hour afterward. As the day advanced, the sun shone out with power, the fogs lifted from the valleys, and the almost alpine character of the scenery—wild, rugged hill-sides, crowned with the dark green verdure of pine and hemlock, with now and then a little glen, where a hamlet of frame, or, oftener, log-built houses, clustered cosily, and the clear sparkle of a purling mountain stream, seldom out of sight for a whole mile together—formed a panorama of Nature, in her robust and untamed beauty, such as few members of the regiment were familiar with. In spite of gnawing hunger and extreme weariness, it was impossible not to admire and enjoy it.

A mile and a half before reaching Grafton, the eastward-bound traveler over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad passes through a dingy, scattering hill-side village on the banks of the beautiful little stream whose windings he has been follow-

ing for many miles, and which is here spanned by a substantial covered bridge. This is the Tygart's Valley River, and the village rising above it is Fetterman, Taylor County, West Virginia. Thus far in its journeyings toward the goal of every true soldier's aspiration, the front, the Sixth Ohio came, about one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, July 2d. The trains halted and the regiment disembarked, to take up its quarters in the deserted houses that stood open and tenantless all around. Two-thirds of the men had gone without breakfast, and many had tasted nothing since leaving Belmont. The quartermaster's car was at once besieged by company commissaries, with their clamorous squads, come for their stores and cooking utensils, and by four o'clock the tardiest mess upon the ground was rejoicing over a hearty meal. Tattoo sounded early, and the weary troops gladly turned in for the night.

The next day was one of drill and general activity, with no end of rumors. Details for picket duty and for guard over prisoners at Grafton were sent away soon after sunrise. Canteens were distributed, and, for the first time, the companies practiced in actual firing. Letters were written home by the hundred, and at night, a day's rations were issued, preparatory to marching at daylight. Home, the Fourth, Philippi, and the promised fight on the morrow—such was the strange jumble of ideas with which the men lay down to rest, and which Fancy wove into dreams scarcely more novel and strange than their waking experiences. A heavy fog obscuring the morning, as usual, the Fourth dawned gloomily, but when the sun climbed above the hills behind the village, the mists began to clear up, and it was a beautifully fresh summer morning when, at seven o'clock, the regiment embarked on a long train of freight cars, and started for Grafton. At the latter place the train made a short stop, and then, creaking cautiously over the splendid

iron bridge across the Tygart Valley River, moved out on the North-western Virginia Railroad, four miles upon which brought it to Webster, where the regiment left the cars and swung out upon its first march.

From what motives is hardly apparent, but it is certainly true that the situation at the front had been greatly misrepresented; so much so, indeed, that the wildest notions of the raw troops found some sort of corroboration in the reports brought back from Philippi. The column, disposed as if an ambuscade were expected at every turn, pushed rapidly forward. The men were encumbered with heavy knapsacks, sufficiently betraying their inexperience in marching; but although the day was excessively hot, and the road covered with dust, only three short halts were called throughout the march of fourteen miles. Just at twelve o'clock the roar of artillery broke out in the direction of Philippi, still four miles distant, and a cavalryman, who was met soon afterward, declared that fighting had begun, and reënforcements were urgently needed; upon receiving which assurance, the troops were pushed forward at a merciless pace. In vain they emptied their knapsacks of every superfluous article, strewing the road-side with gray jackets, extra clothing, etc. Overcome by heat and fatigue, hundreds fell out by the road-side, until at length the column was completely disorganized. Reaching the infantry outposts a mile from Philippi, Colonel Bosley learned that the firing was simply a national salute in honor of the day, there having been no unusual demonstrations at the front of any kind; notwithstanding which it was deemed best to push on to the end of the journey. Welcome, indeed, were the first glimpses of the white tents composing the camp of the Indiana troops, past which what remained of the regiment was soon straggling, and, descending the hill just beyond,

crossed the Tygart's Valley River by the covered bridge, and entered Philippi. As at Fetterman, there was no lack of abandoned dwellings, and of these the foot-sore trampers took possession without ceremony. The stragglers had all reported before retreat.

Rations ran out at supper time, and as some of the company wagons failed to come up that night, or even the next day, there was real destitution. Happily, among the regiments encamped at Philippi was the Sixth Indiana, the members of which had not forgotten their entertainment by the Guthrie Greys at Camp Dennison, as their generosity in this hour of need abundantly proved; besides which and the sutler's shop there was another and more mysterious source of supply. Plentiful in number were the guards and vigilant the patrols on Friday, the 5th; yet potatoes, corn-meal, and the like substantial products of the land were not wanting at the dinner of many Guthrie messes.

Resting in its comfortable though widely separated quarters, the Sixth Ohio lay two entire days at Philippi, which was now the front. The air was full of rumors; scouts and spies were continually coming in, and after reporting at headquarters were hardly allowed time to rest before being ordered away upon another expedition. A heavy picket was kept out in every direction, especially upon all the approaches from Laurel Hill, only fourteen miles away, where lay the main body of the enemy; and on all sides appeared indications that lively work was close at hand. Movements were, indeed, on foot, which, within ten days, were to result in the utter rout of the rebel army, and, by that means effecting the deliverance of Western Virginia from the reign of terror threatened by both the Confederate and the old State Governments, were to

secure the permanent ascendancy of the Union cause throughout this mountain region.

Soon after the passage of the State ordinance of secession, Governor Letcher appointed Robert E. Lee to the command of all the Virginia forces, with the rank of Major-General, in reward for the treason which had led that officer to resign a colonelcy in the United States cavalry service, a short time before; but the direction of military operations, in all that portion of the State lying east of the Alleghanies, being at once assumed by the Confederate Government, to General Lee was left but little more than the defense of the highland regions of Western Virginia. On the 3d of May, a date coincident with President Lincoln's first call for three-years' troops, Governor Letcher issued a proclamation calling out the militia in such numbers as "the commanding general of the military forces of the State" might deem the public exigencies, from time to time, to require; and, in pursuance of the policy thus foreshadowed, General Lee soon afterward sent Colonel Porterfield to Western Virginia, with written instructions to call for volunteers and receive them to the number of five thousand, with which force he was to hold the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to overawe the predominant Union sentiment in that section of the State. Colonel Porterfield established himself at Grafton, and immediately began operations. But two-thirds of the militia remained true to the old flag, and he had succeeded in getting together less than a thousand men, all told, when, at the end of May, Colonel Kelley's advance from Wheeling compelled him to relinquish his hold upon the railroad and retire to Philippi; at which place, being surprised and completely routed on the morning of June 3d, he

gathered up what he could of his scattered forces and retreated, first to Beverly and then to Huttonsville.

The ill-starred Porterfield was replaced by Brigadier-General Robert S. Garnett, recently an officer of fine standing in the United States army, who brought with him the considerable reënforcement of six thousand men. The new commander at once chose a strong position at Laurel Hill, and vigorously began the work of fortifying it. In this task he was still engaged when the Sixth Ohio reached the front.

Meanwhile, the Union generals were not idle. McClellan took command, in person, on the 20th of June, and at the end of two weeks found himself at the head of nearly twenty-five thousand men, with several additional regiments within call, at the camps of rendezvous in Ohio and Indiana. The force available for offensive operations, however, very little, if at all, exceeded one-half that number; for not only were large detachments required for the protection of long lines of communication, and for outlying posts, but the brigade which General Cox was moving up the Kanawha Valley was so remotely coöperative that, for all practical purposes, it was to be regarded as an independent column. Corresponding, though less numerous, deductions reduced the rebel strength to certainly less than ten thousand effectives;* but, as usual it was greatly magnified by reports current in the Union army; and while conscription was daily swelling his ranks, Garnett had the signal advantages of choice of position and of maintaining a contest purely defensive. General McClellan could not fail to perceive the blunder that his antagonist had made in ad-

* Pollard asserts that it was less than 5,000 infantry, with ten pieces of artillery and four companies of cavalry. McClellan, in his dispatch to Colonel Townsend, from Beverly, July 12th, says: "The provision returns here show Garnett's force to have been 10,000 men."

Rowlesburg
W. Union
B & O R.R.
Fetterman
Evansville
Preston
Taylor
Webster
Maryland
Potomac R.
Buffalo Cr.
Cheat R.
Licking Cr.
Horse Shoe Run
St George
Tucker
Harrison
Clarksburg
N.W. Va. R.R.
West Fork
Monongahela
Elk Cr.
Milford
Cove Cr.
Tygarts Valley R.
Tygarts Valley
Telers Cr.
Jane Lew
Barbour
Phillippi
Miller
Mallorsburg
Tracker's Cr.
Weston
Clover R.
Blackwater Cr.
Barricks Ford
Knights Ford
Red Cr.
Laurel Hill
Lorentz
Turkey R.
Buckhannon
Buckhannon R.
Middle Fork
Bealington
New Interest
Leedsville
Shafers Mt.
Main Cheat R.
Otter Cr.
Laurel Fork
Dry Fork
Mountains
Bridge
Queens Mill
Roaring Run
Leading Run
Beverly
Frenchtown
Upshur
Randolph
Pendleton
Lewis
Webster
Hutchinsville
Pass
Mill Cr.
Fork
Shafers Mountain
Glade
Middle Mountain
Allegheny
Hunting Ground
Circle Ville
Holly R.
Elkswatr Run
Point Mt.
Mill
Flats
Mountain
Crab Bottom
Brady's
Marshalls Store
Mingo
Travellers Repose
Camp Barton
Elk R.
Addison
Greenbrier
Green Bank
Big Spring
Gauley R.
Turnpike to Staunton
Monterey
Great
Gaultown
Highland
Sulphur Spring
Mathews
Jacksons Riv.
Pocahontas
Hillsboro
Huntersville
Greenbrier R.
Beech Cr.
Warm Springs
Cheat Mountain
Region &c.
Prepared for
The Story of a Regiment.
By G.B. Nicholson, Civil Engr.

vancing to Laurel Hill, which, although itself a strong position, easily admitted of being flanked, and shaped his plans accordingly.

The Laurel Hill range, an offshoot of the Alleghanies, and one of the spurs which give to this part of West Virginia its extremely broken character, is crossed at some distance southeastward from Philippi by the main turnpike leading from Wheeling to Staunton, a highway which was long the principal line of communication between the region east of the mountains and that whose water-shed is toward the Ohio River. It was for the purpose of barring this important avenue against any hostile body moving directly down it from the direction of Grafton, that Garnett had planted his army upon it at the base of the eastern slope of Laurel Hill, and he indulged in no extravagant confidence if, in this fastness, he felt perfectly secure against any assault directly upon his front. But elsewhere, upon his left flank, he had left a vulnerable point almost unguarded, as, indeed, it was not easy to avoid doing, without dangerously weakening his command by too great distribution. Several miles south of his position at that time, Rich Mountain, which is a continuation of the same general range as that upon which the main rebel army was posted, affords passage to the turnpike leading eastwardly from Weston and Buckhannon to Beverly. This last place is situated at the junction of the two roads just named (the one from Rich Mountain, and the other from Laurel Hill), which here approach each other at a sharp angle, and by the winding turnpike is about five miles from the crest of Rich Mountain; from the rebel camp at Laurel Hill it was about sixteen. Garnett's line both of communication and retreat thus lying directly through Beverly, toward Huttonsville and beyond, in the direction of Staunton, General McClellan resolved to seize

upon it, after having blockaded the other known avenues of escape, with the expectation of compelling him either to fight on more equal ground, in which alternative he must certainly be overpowered, or to surrender at discretion.

Two coöperative columns were accordingly organized, the heavier one at Clarksburg, under the personal direction of the commander-in-chief, and the other under General Morris, at Philippi. With the former, in which were the Third, Ninth and Tenth Ohio—old friends of the Sixth—McClellan advanced to Buckhannon on the 2d of July, and there remained until the 8th. The plan of campaign contemplated a sufficiently rapid movement of this force to the rear of Laurel Hill to cut off the enemy's retreat, during the time that the smaller column, by demonstrating heavily upon Garnett's immediate front, should have been misleading him into the belief that the main attack was to be expected from that quarter. The latter was the task assigned to the brigade at Philippi, consisting, on the 6th of July, of the following troops, besides the Sixth Ohio: Sixth Indiana, Colonel Thomas T. Crittenden; Seventh Indiana, Colonel Ebenezer Dumont; Ninth Indiana, Colonel Robert H. Milroy; Fourteenth Ohio, Colonel James B. Steedman; detachments from Colonel Dickey's Fifteenth, and Colonel Irvine's Sixteenth Ohio, and also from the Second Virginia; and Colonel James Barnett's battery, nominally a regiment, from Cleveland, Ohio. The only three-years' organization in the entire body was the Sixth Ohio, which General McClellan had ordered to reënforce General Morris, upon that officer's request for more troops, with some reluctance, having originally designed it for operations elsewhere.

Brigadier-General Thomas A. Morris was born in Nicholas County, Kentucky, December 26th, 1811, the third son in the

family of Morris and Rachel Morris. In the fall of 1821, his father, unwilling to rear his family amid the baneful influences of slavery, removed to Indianapolis, where, at the age of twelve years, young Morris was placed in the office of the *Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide*, the first newspaper established in that city, and the original of the present *State Journal*. After an apprenticeship of three years to "the art preservative," he returned to school, and in June, 1830, entered the military academy at West Point, graduating, four years later, fourth in his class; soon after which he was assigned to the First Artillery, with the customary brevet of second lieutenant, and, for a short time, was stationed at Fortress Monroe. The winter of 1834–5 he spent with his company, at Fort King, Florida; in the spring succeeding which, he was detailed by the War Department on engineering duty, and ordered to the assistance of Captain Ogden, on the Cumberland Road, in Indiana. After discharging this duty for some time, he left the army to accept the position of Resident Engineer in the service of his adopted State, and in this capacity superintended the construction of the Central Canal and a portion of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad. The whole distance upon the latter, from Vernon to Indianapolis, remaining unfinished when the State abandoned her plans for internal improvement, it was completed by a company which he was actively instrumental in forming, under his direction as chief engineer. He held the same responsible office in the location and construction of three other important roads in succession, viz., the Terre Haute and Indianapolis, the Bellefontaine, and the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroads, and, upon the opening of the latter, became its president and superintendent, the arduous duties of which positions he discharged with great acceptance for several years, or until compelled to resign

by the requirements of private business. Being among the first to tender his services upon the President's call for troops, he received from Governor Morton the appointment of quarter-master-general of Indiana, and, as soon as the first five regiments had been mustered at Indianapolis, was intrusted with their command, with the rank of brigadier-general in the State service. A few days later his brigade was ordered to Western Virginia, most of it reporting at Grafton, where his command was increased by the addition of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Ohio. The columns which effected the surprise of Philippi on the morning of the 3d of June, were organized from his forces, all of whom were soon afterward moved forward to that place. But Philippi, in turn, was now to become a post in the rear.

CHAPTER V.

LAUREL HILL.

(JULY 7-13, 1861.)

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock on the night of July 6th, the Sixth Ohio was quietly roused, and ordered to hasten preparations for a forced march. It was a moonless night, and even the twinkling of the stars was hidden by the usual chilly fog. Most of the men were still sipping and cooling their cups of coffee, when, amid the darkness, came the tramp of regiments from the main camp on the hill-side beyond the river, wending their way through the streets of Philippi. They swung out rapidly on the Beverly turnpike, toward Laurel Hill, moving in silence unbroken save by their own footfalls, and at intervals by the low tones of command. The Sixth Ohio fell in at once, and, after tedious waiting, finally started, at two o'clock of what was now Sunday morning. The Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth Indiana, the Fourteenth Ohio, and Barnett's battery were in advance, with three companies from the Fifteenth Ohio, three from the Sixteenth Ohio, and one company from the Second Virginia somewhere in the column, and a train of wagons following close in the rear. The expedition was under the personal command of General Morris, Captain Henry W. Benham (then serving upon his staff, although Chief Engineer of the department), directing the

movements of the advance. McClellan was still at Buckhannon.

Day had broken over the distant mountain tops to the eastward, when the regiment halted, after a steady tramp of six miles, not quite half-way to Laurel Hill. The remainder of the march was made more slowly, for the country abounded in the choicest sites for ambuscades, and, besides this, the artillery teams began to flag, proving too light for the hilly roads. At 8 A. M., near the junction of the narrow road leading off on the left toward Morgantown, and half a mile from the hamlet of Bealington, the skirmishers came upon the rebel outposts, and drove them in, which was quickly followed by the seizure of the commanding positions just beyond—within two miles of the enemy's main fortifications by the sinuosities of the turnpike, and in a direct line considerably nearer. The summit of the Wheat Hill rising upon the left—so called because its slopes were green and waving with a growth of wheat—was quickly occupied by the Sixth Indiana, while the Seventh and Ninth Indiana took position somewhat lower, upon a plateau that commanded Bealington, supporting a section of Barnett's battery; in front of which a redoubt was hastily thrown up, as a part of the dispositions made to hold the ground at all hazards. Facing this elevation, upon the right of the turnpike, and sloping down toward it, is another hill of semicircular outline, upon which the Fourteenth Ohio was posted. General Morris established his head-quarters at the house of Mr. Elliott, at the intersection of the Morgantown road, the approaches by which were guarded by the Sixteenth Ohio detachment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton, with one piece of artillery; while immediately in the rear of head-quarters were the three companies of the Fifteenth Ohio, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickey. The Sixth Ohio was

designated as the reserve, and about nine o'clock, filed off to the right, into a meadow lying between the turnpike and the Tygart's Valley River. Long-roll had been heard from the direction of the rebel camp, ensconced behind hills and thick woods, and, while the skirmish lines were keeping up a rattling fire, the regiment stacked arms, unslung knapsacks, and prepared for action; but, after waiting an hour in the hot sun, during which time a score of exciting rumors ran the length of the lines, the men were dismissed to rest until evening, when a strong picket was thrown out, the Sixth Ohio furnishing the heavy detail of five companies. The night was cloudless and starlighted, with less fog than usual. Between nine and ten o'clock the sharp report of a rifle was heard from the outposts, followed by another and another, until, within a few moments, the signal had been carried along the whole northern and western picket line. Springing from their blankets, the men hurriedly began forming in line, but the pickets did not come in, and, all growing quiet again, they lay down to sleep behind their gun-stacks, and were only once more disturbed during the night.

While for four days longer General Morris confronted the rebels, impatiently awaiting the result of McClellan's coöperative movement, he found it extremely difficult to control the untrained eagerness of his troops. During this period, which was one of constant activity and vigilance, the skirmishing at the front sometimes swelled almost to the proportions of a battle; amid all which, however, the reserve was held in irksome waiting. Monday morning brought a mail, the first welcome words from home that the Sixth Ohio had received since leaving Camp Dennison, and tents being distributed in the afternoon, they were pitched just before a heavy thundershower reached the camp. The rest of the baggage was not

brought up until Thursday. Two or three false alarms occurred during the day, and about sundown a miniature battle was really fought, though hidden entirely from the sight of the expectant reserves, by the Wheat Hill. On Tuesday, the 9th, a wet and disagreeable day, the rebels attempted an offensive demonstration, but with so little spirit that the Fourteenth Ohio and Ninth Indiana easily beat them off, and pursued them beyond their first line of rifle-pits. Wednesday was more quiet, the rebels permitting the Indiana skirmishers to hold undisputed possession of the woods in front of the Wheat Hill. During another rain-storm in the afternoon, Colonel Steedman succeeded in lodging his regiment upon a commanding hill considerably nearer the enemy, but, before night-fall, had such a fight to hold it that the entire brigade was put under arms for a short time. Thursday, the 11th, was a gloomy day throughout, with more rain. The rebels were strangely silent, for General Garnett knew what the Union commander could only surmise, namely, that the issue of the campaign was even then being decided at Rich Mountain.

Unknown to General McClellan, a picked body of men from the Third Ohio, in Schleich's brigade, on the 5th of July, had been pushed forward from Buckhannon, on a reconnoissance, under the command of Captain O. A. Lawson. At Middle Fork Bridge, between Buckhannon and Rich Mountain, this party, on the next day, encountered the rebel pickets in strong force, and, after a sharp fight, were obliged to retire, leaving upon the field the dead body of Corporal Samuel W. Johns, a brave and most patriotic young man from Hamilton, Ohio. Fearing that this ill-advised expedition might have led the enemy to divine his purposes, McClellan broke camp on Monday, the 8th, and moved forward to Roaring Run, where, on

the afternoon of the 9th, he drove the rebels into their intrenchments at the foot of Rich Mountain, and went into bivouac for the night. The whole of Wednesday, the 10th, was spent in cautiously feeling the enemy in his front—in reality, a force of not exceeding two thousand men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pegram, of the Twentieth Virginia. At length a fortuitous circumstance disclosed to the alert Rosecrans the best method of attack, the plan being simply to pass around the enemy's left flank and strike him in the rear. Taking a pathless route through the woods, which were dripping with a cold rain, Rosecrans' brigade, at daylight on the 11th, filed off to the right, under the guidance of Mr. David L. Hart, a young loyalist, whose father's farm was situated upon the summit, within the rebel lines; and, although it failed of effecting a surprise, owing to the capture of an orderly whom McClellan had sent after Rosecrans with written instructions, the movement proved a complete success. The afternoon was rapidly waning, when, after a wet and exhausting march, the column approached the turnpike, near the Hart homestead on the crest of Rich Mountain, and found a detachment of the enemy there awaiting it. A short but spirited engagement ensued, resulting in the rout of the rebels and their retreat in confusion toward the main body, leaving Rosecrans in possession of the key-point of the entire position, with an unobstructed road to Beverly. The only course that now remained for Pegram was a speedy flight, which, however, was not an easy undertaking, since a whole brigade lay directly across his only line of retreat that was at all practicable for horses and artillery. Under cover of night, he abandoned his camp and equipage, and struck off across the mountains, with the intention of rejoining his commander-in-chief at Laurel Hill. But Garnett, apprised of the

disaster which had befallen his lieutenant, or perhaps anticipating it, was already preparing to evacuate that position with the utmost haste, his purpose being to fall back rapidly upon Beverly, gather in his reserves which were there stationed, and, uniting with Pegram's forces from Rich Mountain, to retire through Huttonsville to the Cheat Mountain passes beyond, where he would again stand at bay, under circumstances more favorable for defensive operations. In this plan every thing depended upon such celerity of movement as would pass his forces through Beverly, sixteen miles distant, before it should be occupied by the Union troops, now almost in sight of it, upon Rich Mountain.

Throughout that wet and dreary night, of almost Egyptian darkness, the Indiana pickets in front of the Wheat Hill could distinctly hear the sound of trains in motion, the swearing of teamsters, and the shouts of excited voices, in the direction of the rebel camp, though no one knew whether it indicated reenforcements and preparations for an attack, or a precipitate evacuation.

At daylight, when the night scouts hastened to report at head-quarters, as usual, their statements were found to be utterly contradictory, and many of the officers suspected a feint or ambuscade. Before the middle of the forenoon, however, all doubts were dispelled. Garnett was in full flight; and soon after this discovery, a courier arrived from McClellan with the news of Rosecrans' success at Rich Mountain. The Ninth Indiana and other regiments being ordered forward to occupy the deserted intrenchments, by noon the rebel camp swarmed with curious soldiers, prying into every nook and corner, collecting relics, and confiscating to their own use all sorts of portable spoil. "It was a scene of indescribable confusion; a miscellany of tents thrown down and torn in pieces; tent poles,

some half burned; camp-kettles, mess-pans, plates, spoons, knives and forks, and all the utensils common to camps; camp-stools, cots, and blankets; champagne baskets and bottles, flasks, decanters, flagons; hospital stores, bandages, lint, litters, and stretchers; seedy boots and shoes, old clothes, stockings; and an endless litter of papers, letters, boxes, barrels, etc. Many valuable camp equipages had been tied up, but they could not load them, or else they had no time. Fifty barrels of flour, as many of hard biscuit, and a quantity of corn in the ear were found in one place; in another, whole bundles of stockings, pants, coats, and blankets, which they had not leisure to destroy; and in a pasture close by were seventy-five or a hundred sheep which they had impressed."* Sharing fully in the general elation, the Sixth Ohio lay restlessly awaiting orders; at length, near the middle of the afternoon, the right wing was sent for, and somewhat later the left wing, Company K, however, remaining behind as camp guard. As it sank behind dark thunder clouds slowly rising in the west, the sun was hardly more than an hour high when the regiment reformed within the rebel breastworks for a night march. Happily Garnett had not been allowed so long a start as this, the Fourteenth Ohio, the Seventh and Ninth Indiana, and a section of Barnett's battery having gone forward several hours before, under command of Captain Benham.

Leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Este, of the Fourteenth Ohio, with about seven hundred men, in charge of the various camps, General Morris followed with the rest of the brigade, constituting the reserve, as it is designated in official reports, and comprising the Sixth Ohio, Sixth Indiana, the three companies of the Sixteenth Ohio, another section of artillery, and the

* Correspondence Cincinnati *Commercial* signed "P."

general's body-guard. As the night was fast closing around, and time was precious, this force moved rapidly, finding the road strewn for miles with playing cards, and articles of clothing and equipage which the enemy had thrown aside in his hurried retreat. About dark the threatened rain began; the men were soon wet through, and the road, which from the outset had been rough and broken, became ankle-deep in slippery mud. Couriers were met returning to Laurel Hill on various errands, all of them laden with the same animating tidings from the advance, to the effect that Benham had gained several hours upon the enemy, and McClellan had already been communicated with at Beverly. Garnett's plans, in truth, had totally miscarried. His reserve had fled toward Huttonsville without the show of effort to detain Rosecrans' victorious column descending from Rich Mountain. He had ordered trees felled across the road leading out in the latter direction, but instead of doing this, some inconceivably stupid subordinate had blockaded the turnpike between Beverly and Laurel Hill, and he had thus been forced, after pushing the head of his column to within three miles of Beverly, to retrace his steps to Leedsville,* a hamlet about eight miles from Laurel Hill; near which place, taking the Leading Creek road, he had struck off north-eastward across the mountains, with the hope of escaping into Hardy County by a route leading through Saint George, a village magnified by map-makers as the seat of justice for Tucker County. Already exhausted by their night's work, and now just entering upon a long forced march over narrow and ill-kept mountain roads, the fugitives had a dreary prospect before them, and could they have seen the vigor of the pursuit, they would have realized still more keenly the perils of their situation. It was to little purpose that the rebels had labored hard in felling timber at various points

* Leedsville is really about two miles south of the point indicated on map.

behind them, Benham's axemen quickly hewing a pathway through every obstruction; but the blockade at the entrance of the Leading Creek road threatened to occasion a serious delay until a guide was found who conducted the column around it, when the troops again pressed forward. Night fell prematurely for the work in hand, and they were compelled to halt; pickets were thrown out, and the main force lay down by the road-side, or crouched under the dripping laurel bushes to rest, but few of them to sleep. Hours later, the regiments in the rear came up, and were dismissed to the same comfortless experience.

It rained nearly all night, and at dawn, when the troops were roused again, a dense, chilly fog hung like a pall over the earth. By four o'clock the advance was in motion; but what with the time lost in standing shivering in line, and in making a thrice-welcome cup of coffee, it was near seven before the reserve fairly started. Within the first mile the mist changed to a cold, drizzling rain, before long increasing to a persistent, pouring mountain storm. The march of that eagerly pursuing column is memorable among the earlier exploits of the war. It was performed by green troops, inured to none of the hardships and fatigues of active campaigning, and as yet only learning the soldierly lessons of patience and self-reliance by which alone they are made endurable. To the inclemency of the weather and the weariness consequent upon the rapid march of the previous day, and a night passed shelterless in the rain, were added the severities of hunger, many of the men having been permitted to start without their haversacks, and the whole provision train consisting of four light wagons.

Following the roadway, whose bottom had become a soft, sticky paste, the troops twice forded Leading Creek, and at length struck a turnpike, as the natives denominate it, on

which, for a few miles, they were enabled to make better progress. As they passed through the little village of New Interest, on the border of Randolph County, the rain descended in torrents; but without losing time in making their inquiries, they ascertained from the citizens, who stood gaping in their doorways, that Garnett's force was only three or four hours' march ahead, and this intelligence was more than confirmed by the reports sent back by the advance. About the middle of the forenoon they reached a point where the route of the fugitives deflected abruptly to the right, across the mountains, toward the Cheat River, which, in that part of its course, is known as Shafer's Fork. Debouching from the mountains into the Cheat bottoms, Garnett's forces would strike a better road, along which they could move more rapidly down the river to Saint George; but their path over the mountains was a mere by-road, rough, narrow, and difficult, and here the pursuit became an extraordinary test of the men's endurance. Indescribably bad already, the road grew worse and worse; the storm continued, with no sign of slackening, which, however, was of less consequence, as all had been soaking wet for hours; rushing down the mountain sides the water poured into the roadway and converted it into a channel down which crawled a current of liquid mud more than shoe-top deep; and, faint with hunger as they were, some of the weaker ones crept aside into the bushes, and lay down to rest. Still the column toiled onward. Benham had fairly closed in upon Garnett's rear-guard, and every mile showed increasing evidences of the disorganization which prevailed in the enemy's ranks. The advance had quickly cleared away the trees thrown across their path at various difficult passages, until coming up with a body of pickets protecting the axemen, they had fired upon them and driven them rapidly. The

rebel teamsters had thrown out hundreds of tents, tent poles, litters, camp-kettles, etc., to lighten their loads, and in two or three places heavy four-horse wagons had been upset and left hanging almost in mid-air above deep gorges, down which the trunks of trees and a dense underbrush alone prevented them from rolling. Some of the scared and sore-pressed fugitives had cast aside and trodden into the mire various articles of wearing apparel and even their accouterments. Fleet-footed as the flying Army of North-western Virginia was, the tread of disaster was keeping it constant company.

CHAPTER VI.

CARRICK'S FORD.

(JULY 13-20, 1861.)

EMERGING from the woods, the reserve at length descended the mountain side into the fertile meadow lands bordering Cheat River, where the remains of a camp were smoldering, at which a body of rebels had halted to cook the meal they so much needed, but which the advance had broken up in confusion. Just beyond this it forded the river at Kahler's—the current more than knee-deep, swift, and cold—and a short distance further on passed a second and much wider ford. Meanwhile tidings from the front were growing more and more exciting. Several shots had been heard distinctly, and now firing broke out afresh, this time the roar of artillery less than two miles distant. The endurance of all had been terribly tried, until the men were falling out almost by squads; but now—forward! fast and faster forward! It was, indeed, the sound of conflict, the action magnified by contemporaneous history as the battle of Carrick's Ford, which Captain Benham's official report to General Morris describes as follows:

"At the ford, near 'Kahler's,' and at about one-half the distance to another ford, which we met with about half a mile further on,

we saw the baggage train of the enemy, apparently at rest. This I proposed to attack as soon as strengthened by the arrival of Steedman's second battalion, with Dumont's regiment, when the thoughtless firing of a musket at our ford set the train rapidly in motion, and long lines of infantry were formed in order of battle to protect it. In a few minutes, however, the arrival of Barnett's artillery, with Dumont close upon it, enabled the command to push forward in its original order. But the train and its guard had retired, leaving only a few skirmishers to meet us at the second ford, where, however, quite a brisk firing was kept up by the advance regiments, and the artillery opened for some minutes, to clear the adjacent woods the more completely of the enemy. [Here six companies of Colonel Ramsey's Georgia regiment were cut off, but eventually succeeded in escaping through the woods.] We then continued our march rapidly to this (Carrick's) ford, and, as we approached it, we came upon their train, the last half of it just crossing the river. The enemy was found to have taken a strong position, with his forces upon a precipitous bank of some fifty to eighty feet in height, upon the opposite side of the stream, while our own troops were upon the low land, nearly level with the river. Steedman's regiment, in the advance, opened its fire most gallantly upon them, which was immediately returned by their strong force of infantry and their cannon; upon which Barnett's artillery was ordered up, and opened upon them with excellent effect. As I soon perceived a position by which their left could be turned, six companies of Dumont's regiment were ordered to cross the river about three hundred yards above them, to pass up the hill obliquely from our right to their left, and take them in the rear. By some mistake (possibly in the transmission of the order) this command crossed at about double this distance, and turned at first to the right, which delayed the effect of the movement. After fifteen minutes, however, the error was rectified, and the hill being reported as impracticable, this command, now increased to the whole regiment, was ordered down to the ford under close cover

of the hill on the side of the enemy, and then to take the latter directly in front and right at the road. The firing of Steedman's regiment and of Milroy's—now well up and in action—with repeated and rapid discharges of the artillery during the movement, decided the action at once. As Dumont reached the road, having passed along and under their whole front, the firing ceased, and the enemy fled in great confusion. Dumont's regiment, pursuing them about one-half mile further, had a brisk skirmishing with their rear for the first half of that distance, during which General Garnett was killed.

"The enemy would still have been followed up most closely, and probably to the capture of a large portion of their scattered army, but that this was absolutely impossible with our fatigued and exhausted troops, who had already marched some eighteen miles or more, in an almost incessant and violent rain, and the greater part of them without food since the evening, and a portion of them even from the noon of yesterday—so warm had been the pursuit of the enemy in their hasty retreat from Laurel Mountain, twenty-seven miles distant. The troops were, therefore, halted for food and rest, at about two o'clock P. M.

"The result proves to be the capture of about forty loaded wagons and teams, being nearly all their baggage train, as we learn, and including a large amount of new clothing, camp equipage, and other stores; their Head-quarter papers and military chest; also, two stands of colors; also, a third flag, taken since, and one fine rifled piece of artillery; while the commanding general, Robert S. Garnett, is killed—his body being now cared for by us—and fifteen or twenty more of the enemy are killed, and we have nearly fifty prisoners. Our own loss is two killed and six wounded, one dangerously.

"In concluding this report, I feel it my duty to state that, just as the action was closing, the head regiment of the body of troops under yourself (though starting, as I learn, some three hours later), the Sixth Indiana, Colonel Crittenden, came up to the field

in excellent order, but, unfortunately, too late to aid us in the battle."

Provoking though it was to have been "too late," the reserve was no less thankful than the advance to halt for the night, having marched not less than thirty miles since 5 P. M. of the previous day. The rain had now ceased; it was nearly three o'clock. The beeves that were sacrificed to appease the god of hunger; the blazing fires that were made to steam off the wet pack which the clothes of all had become under Nature's hydropathic bounty; the jokes that were circulated—the only dry things possible amid the prevailing humidity; the hearty exchange of congratulations, that were so much more plentiful than hard tack, in the mouths of all; the musings upon the battle-field "where valor fought in other times;" the exultations of victory, with the proud thought of what *they* would say at home; the pity and the awe of gazing for the first time upon the faces of the dead slain in battle—these reminiscences, and more, are they not all laid up in the treasure-house of many a memory which, through long years to come, will delight to wander back to that Saturday, July 13th, and its bivouac between the fog-wreathed mountains on the banks of Cheat?

Garnett, who was the first general officer killed during the war, fell bravely attempting to rally his men at the ford immediately below the house of Mr. James Carrick, or about one-fourth of a mile from that where the main fighting took place. "Not a Virginian stood by him when he fell," says an able letter-writer,* expressing the common sentiment of the victors; "the whole cowardly crew had fled, and, of all that army of four thousand, but one was with his general—a slight, boy-

* "Agate," of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, Mr. John Whitelaw Reid.

ish figure, with scarcely the down of approaching manhood on his face, and wearing the Georgia uniform and button. Bravely he had stood by his general to the last; and when Garnett fell, he fell too. There they lay, in that wild region on the banks of the Cheat, with 'back to the field and face to the foe.' There, on that rugged bank, had come the solemn issue. They met it courageously, and fell as brave men fall." Though the criticism here implied is not wholly just, in view of the fact that Colonel Taliaferro's Twenty-third Virginia constituted the rear-guard (which Garnett was in the act of rallying when shot) it is unquestionably true that the rebels were so badly demoralized as to show no stomach for the fight. Even Pollard, prince of romancers (who has the effrontery to characterize the battle as a gallant little affair on the part of the rebels, and to call the retreat a success), is forced to a confession of some doubts whether the position at the ford might not have been longer maintained.*

The troops slept late on Sunday morning, and, after breakfast, details were made to bury the dead, among whom were one or

*The vigor of the pursuit greatly astonished the rebels, and converted their retreat into a genuine stampede. Says a Southern newspaper account, written, as the reader will perceive, under the misapprehension that McClellan personally directed the pursuit: "Without allowing his tired soldiers a moment's respite, General George B. McClellan hotly pursued our army, and although continually checked and kept at bay, by our gallant reserve, still continued the attack with unabated energy. Without hesitation, he boldly gave battle at every point; and although the fighting can not be called more than skirmishing on a large scale, it, nevertheless, lasted throughout the day. In the evening the news came in that a company of a Georgia regiment had been cut off by the enemy and made prisoners. This little episode is known by the name of the battle of Carrick's Ford. General McClellan followed it up, and drove our troops from their covered position across the river, and captured the greater portion of our

two of the Union wounded, and two or three rebels, who had died during the night. The brave young Georgian was honored with a separate burial, in Mr. Carrick's orchard, and a headboard, on which was penciled this inscription: "Name unknown. A brave fellow, who shared his general's fate, and fell fighting at his side, while his companions fled." A little before noon Major Gordon started for Rowlesburg, with General Garnett's body, which, together with his sword and personal effects, was afterward sent to Washington and thence through the lines to his mourning family at Richmond. An hour later, the brigade set out upon its return to Laurel Hill, Companies C and H, of the Sixth Ohio, remaining behind as part of a detachment in charge of the prisoners and captured trains. Notwithstanding that Cheat River was forded four times before sundown, the march was a pleasant one, the roads having wonderfully improved, and the sun shining brightly again. General Morris had been notified that Brigadier-General Hill—a three-months' officer, holding his commission from the State of Ohio—was in rapid motion southward from

baggage. The activity displayed by General McClellan on this occasion is deserving of high praise. Nothing seemed to stand in his way; despite the heavy, intermittent rain, and the execrable roads, his troops displayed a fortitude and energy that commands admiration. For two days, with indefatigable determination, he followed close upon our heels. Whenever we sought a few moments' rest, we were aroused by the fire of his riflemen at our outposts, and the bullets, which were flying about in all directions, made our position any thing but comfortable. General McClellan, who might feel well satisfied with the result of the day, here gave up the pursuit. Having defeated and demoralized our army, he remained master of a large number of prisoners, with the greater portion of our guns and baggage as booty. Verily could he report to Washington: 'Our success is complete; secession in this part of the country is stopped.'"

Rowlesburg to intercept the flying enemy; but at Saint George, where the troops encamped for the night, ten miles from Carrick's Ford, he was met by the intelligence that Garnett's forces had succeeded in making their escape. At half past four o'clock on Monday morning, the march was resumed, and once more fording Cheat River, at this point unusually wide, the brigade began that exhausting march of thirty odd miles, which every surviving participant so well remembers as "the return from Carrick's Ford." At nightfall, when the men, faint with hunger, began straggling into camp, they scarcely retained the semblance of organization, and some did not come in before midnight.

General McClellan's immediate command, meanwhile, had not been idle. Beverly was occupied on the morning of July 12th, the day after the battle of Rich Mountain, and in the afternoon Lieutenant-Colonel Pegram and six hundred of his men surrendered as prisoners of war, worn out with their fruitless night march to Laurel Hill, and their aimless wanderings among the mountains, which were now within the Union lines. Next day McClellan moved on to Huttonsville, where the retreating rebels had burnt the bridge over the Tygart's Valley River, and from thence, on Sunday, telegraphed to Washington the crowning victory of Carrick's Ford. On Monday he advanced the Third and Ninth Ohio, Loomis' battery, and other troops several miles further, or nearly to the summit of Cheat Mountain, which he then began fortifying. As for the fugitive remnant of the Army of Northwestern Virginia, after abandoning their remaining artillery and baggage, the rebels had turned sharply off at Horseshoe Run, not quite half way to Saint George, climbed several successive mountain ranges, and passed through the corner of

Maryland into Hardy County, with the intention of seeking refuge with General Joseph E. Johnston, then occupying the Shenandoah Valley. Finding that the pursuit had been given up, however, they rested a short time in the vicinity of Petersburg, and then marched southward, under Colonel Ramsey, to unite with General H. R. Jackson's force at Monterey, in Highland County, the quarter toward which Garnett's reserves had originally retreated from Beverly.

It is foreign to the scope and purpose of this volume to attempt any review of McClellan's campaign in Western Virginia, which was thus terminated. He was the commander-in-chief under whom the "Army of Occupation" marched to victories, which were not trifling as regards their moral effect at least, much as they may be dwarfed by comparison with the many stupendous achievements of later date; and upon this limited field he showed more vigor and decision than at any other period in his whole career. Yet no unbiased student can fail to mark in how singularly great degree the results of even this campaign were due to purely fortuitous circumstances: to the mistakes of his opponent, conspicuously in taking position so far beyond Beverly, in the rear of which place such a flanking movement as was the advance from Buckhannon must have proved extremely difficult, if not impossible; to the enterprise and emulative daring of subordinates; and to his great preponderance in that most important particular, "the heavy battalions." Two years later there was scarcely a six-months' colonel in either of the contending armies, who might not properly have deemed himself insulted had he been judged incapable of planning a campaign, and prosecuting it successfully, under conditions equally favorable.

About ten days after the action of Carrick's Ford, the three-months' volunteers, happy and sunburnt, marched to the rear,

and took cars for home. The infantry regiments all reorganized, and were in the field again weeks before the next winter's snow fell. The Fourteenth Ohio, rendezvousing at Toledo, and retaining its old commander, was sent into Kentucky, while the officers and men of Barnett's battery "gave to the country the benefits of their excellent drill, acquired during their many years' practice, as well as their experience in the field during their short but active campaign in Virginia, by becoming officers" in several of the batteries which afterward composed the First Regiment Ohio Volunteer Artillery,* with Colonel Barnett at the head of its roster. The Seventh and Ninth Indiana rejoined the Sixth Ohio at Elkwater, under circumstances which form a part of our narrative in a soon succeeding chapter, nearly simultaneously with which the Sixth Indiana completed its reorganization, and was hurried across the Ohio to reënforce "crazy Sherman," where he lay at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, a grim barrier across Buckner's approach to Louisville. We shall find it again marching and fighting in close companionship with the Sixth Ohio, a little more than two years later.

Holding a three-months' commission merely, General Morris, after conducting the three-months' Indiana regiments to Indianapolis, was honorably discharged, on the 27th of July. A few weeks later, President Lincoln, through a mutual friend, tendered him a major-generalship, which he accepted, but from some cause (supposed to be the disfavor of General McClellan, who had meantime become the chief repository of military power at Washington) the commission was withheld; and when, in the fall of 1862, he was again offered an ap-

* Adjutant-General Buckingham's Report for 1861.

pointment—first as brigadier-general, and afterward as major-general—he declined it on the ground that self-respect forbade the acceptance of any other commission than that originally tendered and then withheld without any assigned cause, especially as a large number of junior officers had been given ranking positions in the interim. Resuming the duties of Chief Engineer on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, he supervised the construction of the Ohio portion from Lawrenceburg to Cincinnati, and has since been chosen one of the board of directors of that road, in addition to his services in the former connection.

CHAPTER VII.

BEVERLY.

(JULY 21-AUGUST 29, 1861.)

AT 8 A. M., on Sunday, July 21st, the Sixth Ohio again moved forward, crossing the Laurel Hill range by the same zig-zag road through a wide expanse of forest solitudes, by which it made its night march in pursuit of Garnett, and, as it descended the slope of the mountain, met the Eighth and Tenth Indiana—three-months' men—homeward bound and happy. The noonday halt was a long one, so that the sun was setting just as the regiment came in sight of Beverly, lying directly below it, in a fertile vale that stretched away in quiet beauty toward Cheat Mountain, several miles beyond. The troops were covered with dust, weary and foot-sore, from their march of twenty miles, but when the field music began playing, the ranks closed up at once, and marched through the town in handsome style, past General McClellan, who stood in front of head-quarters at the Valley House, watching the regiment file by. It was dark before the tents were pitched, in a meadow half a mile beyond Beverly, near the camp of the Fourth Ohio and McClellan's body-guard. Somewhat after midnight rain began falling. Were the very heavens in pity, weeping over the nation's calamity?—for at that very hour of this sultry Sabbath night the rain-drops were plashing on the

upturned faces of the dead at Bull Run. On Tuesday morning, General McClellan left for Washington, to which point he had been summoned in haste, for reasons which became only too evident when rumors shaped themselves, as they soon did, into the sure and heavy tidings of disaster. A few hours afterward the Sixth Ohio moved back to the northern outskirts of Beverly, where, in a pleasant, though somewhat restricted camping ground, it remained until advanced to Elkwater, five and a half weeks later. Company A fronted upon the turnpike, while, a few rods in rear of the encampment, flowed that fast friend of the Sixth Ohio, the Tygart's Valley River, here a slender stream compared with its volume at Fetterman, sixty-two miles below. The right of Companies B and G rested on the village grave-yard, and on the left the regimental lines included a two-story brick school-house, for a short time used as a place of confinement for rebel prisoners, and afterward as guard quarters. Westward, across the river, with a stretch of fertile bottom-land between, rose the dark green heights of Rich Mountain; seven miles away, to the south-eastward, appeared the dimmer outlines of the Cheat Mountain range.

General Rosecrans, upon whom the command of the department now devolved, immediately transferred head-quarters to Grafton, whence, on the 25th of July, he issued an order dividing the little "Army of Occupation" into four brigades, of which the First comprised the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Indiana, the Third Ohio, Burdsal's cavalry, and Loomis' battery, together with "the depot of Beverly, consisting of the Sixth Ohio, detachments of the First and Second Virginia Regiments, and Bracken's cavalry;" the Tenth Ohio was assigned to the Second Brigade, and the Ninth Ohio to the Third, while the First and Second Kentucky were placed

in the Fourth, General Cox's "Brigade of the Kanawha." The withdrawal of the three-months' regiments materially weakened the army in Western Virginia, now composed of Ohio troops mainly;* and the disastrous issue of the Bull Run campaign having concentrated the nation's attention upon the imperiled capital, for some weeks the region of the Potomac continued to absorb nearly all the reënforcements which the North was enabled to hurry to the field. Elated by their triumph at Manassas, the rebel authorities were swift to seize this fancied opportunity for reconquering Western Virginia, and driving the Union forces beyond the Ohio. General Floyd's brigade, which had originally been ordered to Jackson River, in Highland County, for the relief of Garnett's retreating army, was diverted to the Kanawha Valley, there beginning aggressive movements immediately, but was more than replaced upon the former line of operations by heavy reënforcements, under the personal command of General Robert E. Lee, which were pushed forward, with very little delay, to within a day's march of the Union positions at the Cheat Mountain Gaps. It may be easily understood that, so far from being the routine of camp and garrison life merely, the duty devolving upon Rosecrans' army was arduous and exacting, as the Union forces were widely scattered, and many parts of the country infested with rebel guerrillas, both of which circumstances made heavy details necessary to guard communications; at the same time, it was essential that a bold front should be maintained at every exposed point, and the enemy's superiority in numbers neutralized

*Adjutant-General Buckingham's Report says that on the 1st of August, the entire force of three-years' troops which Ohio had sent into the field, was serving in Western Virginia.

by unceasing vigilance, and wisely improving every advantage afforded by a choice of positions. To the First Brigade was assigned the important service of holding the Cheat Mountain Gaps, barring the enemy's only practicable approaches to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad down the Tygart's Valley, and of protecting the line back to Grafton from any incursions from beyond the Alleghanies. The command of this brigade was given to General Reynolds, an officer every way worthy of the high confidence reposed in him by the department commander.

General Joseph Jones Reynolds, though born in Kentucky, became an adopted son of Indiana many years before the outbreak of the rebellion, and graduated at West Point Military Academy, in 1843, in the same class with General Grant, but leaving the army after a comparatively short service, settled in Lafayette, Indiana. Beginning the labor of raising troops immediately upon the President's first call, he was commissioned Colonel of the Tenth Indiana, and placed in command of Camp Morton, where the organization of the three-months' regiments was perfected, and they were then turned over, as we have seen, to the command of General Morris. On the 17th of May he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, at that date having held a similar rank in the State service for just one week; and about the same time the surplus men who had been recruited under the three-months' call were organized into another brigade, consisting of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana. With this command (which is believed to have been the first organized three-years' brigade in the field), General Reynolds, in July, repaired to Western Virginia—the Thirteenth Indiana reaching there in time to take part in the battle of Rich Mountain,

where it was the only three-years' organization actually engaged.

Beverly, where the Sixth Ohio remained until the end of August, was a post of considerable importance, not only as being a depot of supplies, but also because numerous paths, practicable for both cavalry and infantry, centered there from beyond the mountains, and thus rendered it a somewhat vulnerable point upon Reynolds' line of communications. Colonel Bosley was appointed to the command of the post, that of the regiment thereupon devolving upon Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson. Among other duties intrusted to the Sixth Ohio was that of scouting the neighboring mountains, around to the front of Cheat Mountain Summit, which, although attended with some danger, and an amount of fatigue and exposure almost indescribable, was exceedingly popular with the men, for whom it possessed all the charms of novelty and excitement, combined with fine opportunities for winning distinction. No one thought of regular details when a scouting party was organized; volunteers crowded about head-quarters in such numbers that to be one of those selected was deemed quite a mark of favor. At first, the scouts undertaken were in small parties, under the guidance of men possessing experience in this branch of service, the most noted of whom was John L. Thomas, a member of the Tenth Indiana, who had voluntarily remained behind when his regiment returned home, and taken up his quarters with Company G, of the Sixth Ohio. In a short time, however, the regiment could point to a band of scouts, in its own ranks, as daring and efficient as any in the department—Choate and Martin, both of Company I, and others. On the 5th of August, a few picked men from Company E started upon a scout, under Sergeant Leonard E. Boice, and succeeded in capturing six prisoners; among the rest, a colonel

of Virginia militia, just returned from Richmond, and an old bald-headed citizen, who had important letters upon his person, and sketches of the Union camps concealed in the soles of his shoes.

The date last given marks one of the most eventful days of this period. In the morning, Company D struck tents and moved back toward Leedsville, to protect the Unionists of that vicinity, and guard what was considered a somewhat exposed point on the line of communications, while the day was brought to a close by a terrible accident. The scout Thomas, standing in one of the tents of Company G, was loading his piece, preparatory to a night tour beyond the pickets, when, by some means, it exploded, and the charge taking effect among a group in Company K, which was just forming for dress parade, private George Yeager received a severe flesh wound, and Corporal Harvey S. Ford was shot through both legs and fearfully mangled. The latter underwent amputation next morning, at the skillful hands of Surgeon Loving, and received every possible attention, in spite of which he died, from the effects of gangrene and exhaustion, on the morning of the 9th, and was buried in the afternoon. This was the first death in the three-years' regiment. Though immediately arrested, to answer for his alleged carelessness, Thomas was released before the next morning, and came and went, as usual, for two weeks longer, when he was released from further service by an affair of still more tragic character.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, August 17th, intelligence reached Beverly that a small body of rebel cavalry had crossed the eastern one of the Alleghanian ranges, from Pendleton County, and, having collected a drove of beeves from the farms of resident Unionists, were then in bivouac in Dry Fork Valley, distant between thirty and forty miles; upon which an

expedition was set on foot, for the capture of this force and their stolen beeves, consisting of one hundred men from the Sixth Ohio and Second Virginia, under command of Captain Clarke, of the former. Starting at nine o'clock the same night, the detachment, on Sunday morning, fell in with a party of Sixth Ohio scouts, sent out two days before, who joined company and went back with it. Under a hard rain, the men toiled on all day over the mountains, following narrow ravines knee-deep in water; creeping, with painful care, along bridle-paths, in single file; surrounded by trackless forests of pine and hemlock; and almost constantly shut in by a dense, impenetrable growth of laurel bushes. Several tributaries of Cheat River, though foaming now and furious from the rain, were safely crossed by various expedients, until, late in the afternoon, they came to Laurel Fork, without having discovered any signs of an enemy. The foremost of the party had nearly gained the further bank, when a sharp and sudden volley of musketry was poured into them from the thickets beyond, instantly killing Corporal Michael Lee, of the Second Virginia, and mortally wounding a private belonging to the same regiment; at the same time, T. C. Tryon, a member of Company K, of the Sixth Ohio, had two fingers of the left hand shot off, and Thomas was shot through the body above the hips, notwithstanding which he ran across the river toward the enemy, and raised his gun to fire; but the cap snapped, and he fell to the earth. The troops quickly returned the volley from the middle of the stream (probably without effect), and continued searching for the guerrillas until dark, but there was neither sight nor further sound of any other human beings near. Abruptly terminated by this disaster, the expedition next day returned to Beverly, after hastily burying Thomas, who died during the night, in the

same grave with Corporal Lee, and leaving Tryon and the wounded Virginian at a solitary log cabin among the mountains.*

On the 22d (the Sixth Ohio having, meantime, made a march to Huttonsville), Hospital Steward West, with an ambulance and strong escort, was dispatched to bring back the wounded men; he found the Virginian already dead and buried, but Tryon was doing well, and seemed overjoyed at the sight of friends. In order to save a tedious detour at one point on the homeward march, the guards were induced to leave the road for a short distance, having met no signs of bushwhackers all day, but scarcely were they out of sight when the ambulance was fired into; one of the horses fell dead, the driver was shot through the arm, and Tryon sprang out and scrambled into the laurel bushes, swam Cheat River twice, and found his way back to camp on foot. Alarmed by the firing, the guards hastened to the spot, but could not find any enemy. That night a force of two hundred and fifty men went out, under command of the major of the Second Virginia, to beat up these outlaws in their own lair, and punish them as they deserved. It penetrated eight miles further east than any previous expedition had done, burnt down the houses of two or three notorious rebels, and was fired into, on its return, though without receiving any damage. The fourteen crack shots who were left behind, in ambush, to retaliate, returned to camp two days later, with the report that not a living soul had come in sight in all that time.

During its sojourn at Beverly, the Sixth Ohio made good progress in drill and discipline, under the judicious manage-

*A graphic letter describing this expedition, by William Reed Bartlett, of Company B, Sixth Ohio, was published in the Cincinnati *Times*.

ment of Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, and was kept well provided for in the way of supplies. For a short time after the Carrick's Ford expedition, many of the men suffered considerably from bowel disorders, but Surgeon Loving was assiduous in his labors to improve the sanitary condition of the regiment, and soon had the satisfaction of finding the sick rate greatly reduced; so that, before its removal to Elkwater, the Sixth Ohio had become what it remained to the last day of its service, namely, one of the most healthy commands, if not the very healthiest, in the Union army. Changes began early among the commissioned officers. On the 3d of August, Second Lieutenant Donovan, of Company A, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and transferred to Company E, *vice* Lieutenant Hoy, previously discharged for physical disability. Sergeant-Major William P. Anderson was subsequently promoted to the Second Lieutenancy thus vacated, and detailed for duty on General Reynolds' staff, being replaced in the former position by the genial and universally popular "Sherry"—Orderly-Sergeant William E. Sheridan, of Company F.

Meanwhile, the enemy's attitude was becoming more and more threatening in front of the Cheat Mountain Gaps; and, although such a strengthening of those positions as the aspect of affairs demanded was not possible, with the comparatively small force at his diposal, General Rosecrans managed to reenforce Reynolds' brigade, about the middle of August, with the Seventeenth Indiana, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Ohio Regiments, and one or two batteries of artillery, all of which were promptly moved to the front. An attack upon his pickets, on the night of August 19th, led General Reynolds to believe that Lee's entire army was on foot, and orders were immediately telegraphed Colonel Bosley to hasten forward the

Sixth Ohio. Taps had beaten, and the regiment was settling down into the quiet of slumber, when it was roused by the hurried command to fall in for a march to the front. It was a dark night, and the road, although a passably good Virginia turnpike, was very heavy, from the effects of late rains, not to mention the ponds of water which the troops encountered almost every mile, some of them more than knee-deep. Between two and three o'clock, after marching for two hours in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm, the regiment reached Mill Creek, a swift little stream about two miles from Huttonsville, and there rested till morning, word having come that the flood had swept away the new bridge over the Tygart's Valley River, without which, crossing was simply impossible. In their wet and bedrabbled condition, the men were soon chilled through; fires were, nevertheless, forbidden, as being unsafe, so long as the enemy's movements remained undeveloped. As soon as day dawned, however, groups of numb and shivering wretches began drying themselves before glorious bonfires, and, after a good breakfast, all were ready to resume the march on what was now a beautifully bright morning. Passing through the straggling little hamlet of Huttonsville, the regiment halted on the banks of the Tygart's Valley River, where it lay all that day and night, awaiting orders and looking eagerly toward the head-quarters flag, floating from a tree-top over the camp at "the Pass," somewhat less than half-way to the Summit; but as the supposed emergency which summoned it from Beverly had passed away, on the next day it returned to its old quarters.

On the 24th of August, detachments of the Ninth and Twenty-third Ohio passed through Beverly, and there were many pleasant reunions between members of the Sixth and old friends in those commands. New friends, but fast ones, were soon to be found among comrades at Elkwater.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO ELKWATER.

(AUGUST 29-SEPTEMBER 9, 1861.)

ON the afternoon of Thursday, August 29th, the Sixth Ohio received orders to break camp, and move to the front, at Elkwater, where another alarm had occurred; upon which the pickets and other outlying guards were immediately relieved by details from the Second Virginia, two days' rations were distributed, and about half past four o'clock the regiment started, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, Colonel Bosley remaining at Beverly as commandant of the post, with Lieutenant Henry McAlpin, of Company A, as Post Adjutant. Company D was still at Leedsville; Captain Tatem was no longer with it, however, but lay the victim of a raging fever at the house of Mrs. Arnold,* in Beverly, occupying the same apartment with Adjutant Heron, who had also been stricken down by the same disease. It was eighteen

*This lady, although a sister of Stonewall Jackson, merits an honorable place among the noble characters whose loyalty and self-sacrifice almost redeems the local history of many a doubtful border district during the rebellion. After the withdrawal of the troops from the Cheat Mountain region, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were more than once made to feel the weight of rebel vengeance, in the devastation of their property about Beverly, and other outrages, which finally obliged them to remove within

miles to Elkwater, over a road in no better condition than when the regiment marched to Huttonsville, ten days before; and that night there was no moon till late, the sky meanwhile remaining overcast and threatening. On reaching Mill Creek, between nine and ten o'clock, a halt was called to allow the men to get supper. Gladly would they have bivouacked there, but, for the sake of the comrades who might be in peril, the column again pushed forward—slipping, stumbling, groping in the darkness, yet in good heart and well closed up. At length the moon rose over Cheat Mountain, the clouds rolled away, and the last three miles of the march were made more comfortably, the regiment reaching Elkwater about 2 A. M. Not a single tent had been brought along from Beverly, but, fortunately, the left wing of the Ninth Ohio (under marching orders to rejoin the right wing elsewhere), when it departed on the previous morning, had allowed its tents to remain standing, and, taking possession of these, the men slept soundly until awakened by the next day's sunrise.

During the forenoon the tents of the friendly Ninth were packed up and sent after their owners, and as those of the Sixth did not arrive, the men were driven to such makeshifts as their ingenuity could devise for shelter, first from the scorching sun, and then from the cold, drizzling rain with which the day closed. A dreary night followed, officers sharing equally with the men in all its discomforts. On Saturday morning a detail of one hundred men, with a suitable comple-

the lines of permanent Union occupation. Mrs. Arnold's ministrations among the sick and wounded at Beverly were such as only a true-hearted woman knows how to offer—such as they who receive them can never forget. Captain Tatem, in a letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, dated September 15th, did honor to himself by referring to them as they deserved.

ment of officers, was made from Companies B and K to work upon the fortifications. It returned in the evening to find the regimental equipage all come up, and camp pitched in a beautiful maple grove close upon the banks of Elkwater; but the other companies were not there, having been sent out immediately after dinner to relieve an Indiana regiment on picket duty at Brady's Gate, ten miles toward the enemy, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson leading the way on foot.

In order to clearly understand the eventful campaign upon which the Sixth Ohio had now fairly entered, it will be necessary to take a somewhat careful survey of its surroundings.

Nature has relieved the wild and rugged aspect of the Cheat Mountain region—a veritable *terra incognita* to the Union forces which first occupied it—by two or three beautiful little valleys; and to these the efforts of man have added some traces of civilization along the two highways into which the turnpike from Grafton subdivides at Huttonsville. One of these highways, climbing the Cheat Mountain range, deflects south-eastwardly toward Staunton; the other continues in a general direction nearly due south to Huntersville, the seat of justice for Pocahontas County, and at the period under consideration the chief depot of supplies for Lee's army.

After as thorough an examination of the country as was then possible, General Reynolds became satisfied that Huttonsville, or its immediate vicinity (at the junction of the two roads above mentioned), was the proper station for any force that purposed defending the territory wrested from the rebels in the Rich Mountain campaign, and preventing the enemy's march down the valley toward the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. But General McClellan had already posted the Fourteenth Indiana and a few cavalrymen upon the summit of

Cheat Mountain, a day's march beyond, on the Staunton turnpike, and had caused extensive fortifications there to be commenced. To abandon this position would have had the appearance of a retrograde movement, discouraging to the Union sentiment of Western Virginia, if not to the entire North, and must have proved not a little distasteful to the victors of Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill. For these reasons* General Reynolds decided to retain the advanced post at the Summit, and at the same time to establish another camp on the Huntersville turnpike, at Stalnaker's, a short distance above the place where the Tygart's Valley River receives its tributary, Elkwater Fork—Colonel Nathan Kimball, of the Fourteenth Indiana, commanding at the former, and Colonel George D. Wagner, of the Fifteenth Indiana, at Elkwater. Brigade head-quarters were situated at the Pass, so-called, at the base of Cheat Mountain, not quite one-third of the distance from Huttonsville to the Summit, which, in all, is about thirteen miles.

Between Elkwater and the Summit there was at first no other means of passage than the route along the turnpikes, by way of Huttonsville and the Pass. The two roads, in fact, form the sides of a triangle, of which the points were Huttonsville and the two camps—Elkwater, however, being not more than half as far from Huttonsville as Cheat Mountain Summit is. Greater facility of communication was soon obtained by cutting a path through the woods, which intersected both turnpikes at no great distance in the rear of the camps, and which, although impassable for wagons or artillery, proved a great convenience to the infantry, and was especially valuable as affording a means of promptly reënforcing one camp from

* The writer's authority for this statement is General Reynolds himself.

the other in case of a sudden attack. The front between Elkwater and the Summit was, perhaps, eight miles, as a bird would fly; but such is the broken nature of the country that it was barely practicable to connect the two camps by so much as a chain of outposts. Every exertion was used to fortify the advanced positions as rapidly as possible, and in directing this labor very valuable service was rendered by Lieutenants Merrill and Bowen, young officers of the Topographical Engineers, then serving on General Reynolds' staff.

The Elkwater defenses were planned with great care. It was an admirably chosen position. Bold spurs of Cheat Mountain (of which that known to the troops as Elkwater Peak is the highest) here jut out toward the Rich Mountain range, leaving between the opposing steeps a vale, scarcely one-third of a mile in width, that affords outlet for the Elkwater and a convenient passage for the Huntersville turnpike. For miles back from this valley, in each direction, the country is rugged and mountainous—a wooded wilderness, with only here and there a little clearing hewn out from the forest, to give scant room for the inevitable log-cabin and its "patch" of ground for corn or potatoes. The turnpike winds along at the very foot of the hills which form the outlying sentinels of Rich Mountain, while Elkwater Fork runs close under the shadows of the Peak and neighboring heights. Between the river and the road lay a beautiful meadow, which was traversed by formidable earthworks, consisting of a regular parapet, with a ditch in front, and embrasures at favorable points for artillery. On the further side of Elkwater, and a few yards in advance of the earthworks, was "Rich Mountain Battery," half-hidden in the shadows of the forest rising behind and above it, and so located that its cannon could sweep the meadow in front of the parapet and enfilade the ditch. There were log breastworks on

the Peak also, but this elevation was so nearly inaccessible that it was regarded rather as a post of observation than a part of the line to be defended. The hill-sides across the valley (on the Rich Mountain side) were fortified with greater care, however, by means of rude redans or open field-works, composed of logs and filled in with earth and stones. These were the works upon which the Sixth Ohio chiefly expended its energies. "Fort Marrow," situated upon a hill above the turnpike, commanded a suspicious-looking ravine leading into camp from the westward, and was now garrisoned by Company A, of the Third Ohio, to which was afterward added a small detachment of Loomis' artillery. Acres of forests, covering the hill-side on either hand, were felled in the construction of breast-works and in clearing away what might prove a cover to the enemy; and altogether, it was evident that, while still not complete, the defenses had cost no small expenditure of brawn and muscle by the troops who had preceded the Sixth Ohio to Elkwater.

Those troops were the Fifteenth Indiana, Colonel Wagner; the Third Ohio, Colonel Isaac H. Marrow, of Columbus; the Seventeenth Indiana, Colonel Milo S. Hascall; the Coldwater (Michigan) Battery, Captain C. O. Loomis; and, possibly, one or two inconsiderable detachments from other commands. The cordial welcome which the Third Ohio, especially, gave the Sixth led to a firm and lasting friendship between the two regiments. Colonel Kimball's forces on the Summit consisted of his own splendid regiment, the Fourteenth Indiana; the Twenty-fourth Ohio, Colonel Jacob Ammen; the Twenty-fifth Ohio, Colonel James A. Jones; Daum's Wheeling Battery, and a detachment of Bracken's cavalry. At the Pass, in addition to General Reynolds' cavalry escort, were Colonel Jeremiah C. Sullivan's Thirteenth Indiana, and a section of artillery.

The camp of the Sixth Ohio was not quite so close to the intrenchments as might have been desired, yet as near them as was possible under the most liberal construction of General Reynolds' orders, which were for the regiment to take position between Huttonsville and Elkwater. A high and almost precipitous hill frowned down upon it on the right. Across the river, to the left, was a fertile stretch of bottom-land, forming "Crouch's farm," which figures so conspicuously in rebel descriptions of the Union stronghold at Cheat Mountain. The house of 'Squire Stalnaker*—a name and fame never to be forgotten by any campaigner at Elkwater—was situated between the camp of the Sixth and that of the Third Ohio, with the Indiana camps and the breastworks still further beyond.

Brady's Gate, the advanced picket station to which, as before mentioned, seven companies of the Sixth Ohio were ordered on the last day of August, was not situated directly on the Huntersville road, but somewhat to the right of it, upon an old turpike, abandoned several years before, that led off toward Point Mountain. The usual and most direct route to the Gate was by a rough wagon path up Elkwater Run, a brawling mountain stream which crosses the turnpike rather more than a mile beyond where the breastworks were, and empties into Elkwater Fork a few yards to the left of the road, and nearly opposite the mouth of Stewart's Run. Point Mountain had been strongly picketed by Union troops for some time past, the practice being to send out an entire regiment, and relieve it every three or four days by another from camp. From this commanding position the men of the Sixth Ohio could see great numbers of rebel pickets running about, with

* A very common name in several of the mountain counties of West Virginia. The map of Virginia, originally published in Jefferson's Notes, spells it "Sthalmaker."

no apparent effort at concealment, in the vale below and on the slopes beyond. The enemy's main camp, though hidden behind intervening hills, was known to be not far distant, and on a clear day the cloud of dim blue smoke from its thousands of fires was easily discernible. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson's detachment remained at Point Mountain, keeping a watchful eye upon every movement along the enemy's outposts, for four days, when it was relieved by the Fifteenth Indiana, and, in the midst of a drenching rain, returned to Elkwater. A supply of old United States muskets, rifled by Miles Greenwood, of Cincinnati, and designed to replace the smooth-bore Springfield muskets issued the eight interior companies at Camp Dennison, awaited the men at camp, and the exchange was accordingly effected next day, calling forth many expressions of gratitude toward Mr. Larz Anderson, to whose exertions the regiment was largely indebted for its superior armament. Compared with the Enfield rifles, with which the flanking companies were armed, the Greenwood rifled muskets—caliber .69—were rather cumbrous and homely in appearance, but nevertheless proved serviceable and efficient weapons.

Companies B and K, which had meanwhile continued busily at work upon the breastworks, on the evening of September 4th, received marching orders. Proceeding next morning to the camp of the Third Ohio, they fell in behind Companies A and H, of that regiment, and the whole force, under Captain O. A. Lawson, immediately started, with the object of breaking up a camp of bushwhackers among the mountains, somewhere in the vicinity of Bulltown, in Braxton County. As the country to be passed over was as wild as the scouting grounds east of Beverly, and almost equally broken, the ordinary means of transportation, of course, were unavailable; two days' rations, therefore, were stowed in the men's haver-

sacks, while a couple of sorry-looking pack-horses carried provisions for two days more. For several miles the party followed the windings of Elkwater Run (which they forded twenty-three times in all), in the midst of a heavy rain that had begun falling twenty-four hours before. Shortly after the brief halt for dinner, the main party left the valley, and took a bridle-path, which, with its opening concealed by laurel bushes, struck abruptly off to the right over the mountains. Lieutenant Russell, of the Sixth Ohio, who had been placed in charge of the "provision train," was delayed a few minutes in re-adjusting the badly-packed load which one of the animals carried, and, missing the trail, continued up the Run toward Brady's Gate, where the mistake was discovered, but too late to think of overtaking the expedition that night; and, finally, after a stay of thirty-eight hours with the pickets at the Gate, Lieutenant Russell and his little squad of five men returned to camp. His absence caused the main party half a day's delay, and not a little uneasiness. As the sequel proved, however, nothing would have been lost and much hard marching saved, had it occasioned the total abandonment of the expedition; for, when they halted at dark on the second day out, the men learned with chagrin that the work they came to perform had already been done by a small party sent out from Buckhannon. Entirely out of rations, the troops next morning headed for Elkwater, and, by dint of terrible marching, succeeded in reaching it about eleven o'clock that night. Many amusing incidents occurred upon the "Bulltown scout." At one house, on the mountains, near which the expedition stopped to rest, a woman of middle age came out who had never seen an American flag. Captain Clarke bade her bring out the whole family, a numerous race of tow-headed fledgelings; which done, he had the flag unfurled with all the dramatic

accessories which the occasion could afford, greatly to the wonder and delight of the unsophisticated female and her brood.

On the same night that the Bulltown expeditionists were painfully picking their homeward way, in perfect darkness, through the mountain solitudes, a detail of fifty men from the Sixth Ohio was groping, rather than marching, to the picket stations, four miles or more up Stewart's Run, whither it had been ordered to relieve a detachment from one of the Indiana regiments. It was originally composed of men from two or three different companies, of which Company I was one, but nearly the whole remaining force of the latter being sent out a day or two later, the other detachments returned to camp. Stewart's Run is a tiny tributary of Elkwater Fork, that wound its way down a narrow valley running along the front of Elkwater camp, at the distance of somewhat more than a mile from the fortifications, and extending, perhaps, two-thirds of the distance to the Summit, eight or ten miles away. Unfortunately, no definite instructions were transmitted Captain Bense, who had charge of the pickets, nor was he enabled to obtain any accurate information regarding the topography of the country. Scouts, who were sent out next day, reported no signs of an enemy immediately in front, but while they were gone upon a second expedition,* Lee's advance cut them off from Elkwater, and captured Captain Bense, with nearly his entire party.

At camp, meanwhile, the labor of fortifying went on vigorously. It was something new to most of the Sixth Ohio, city bred and accustomed to duties of quite another character;

*An interesting narrative of this remarkable scout is given in Part II, in the chapter entitled "Cheat Mountain Campaigning."

yet there was no repining. The men jested about their pioneer style of life, and, with great satisfaction, beheld their stronghold daily growing more and more nearly impregnable. Company D rejoined the regiment on Monday, the 9th. The time had come when General Reynolds was likely to need every available man at the front.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DISCOMFITURE OF LEE.

(SEPTEMBER 9-17, 1861.)

THE beginning of the second week in September found General Lee's advance at Marshall's Store, twelve miles out on the Huntersville (or, as it is otherwise termed, the Marlin) turnpike, and only four miles from the junction of the Point Mountain turnpike, leading off to Brady's Gate and beyond. On Monday, the 9th, a reconnoissance, under Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Owen, of the Fifteenth Indiana, developed the enemy in considerable numbers a mile before reaching the Store, and some sharp skirmishing ensued, after which the Union forces leisurely returned to Elkwater. About eleven o'clock, on Wednesday, the 11th, a wet and dreary day, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson received orders to hurry two additional companies out the turnpike, in the direction whither Captain Erwin's E and another company had already been dispatched, under Major Christopher. The facts were that Colonel Hascall's regiment had been attacked that morning on Point Mountain, and at that hour was retreating before overpowering numbers down Elkwater Run. A little later, the head of Lee's main column had struck Companies D and F, of the Fifteenth Indiana, posted at the Point Mountain junction, under Captain Templeton, and, after shooting down one-

half of the little party upon the first picket-post, was forcing them back upon Major Christopher's supports, at Conrad's Mill, two miles nearer camp and about six miles from the breastworks. The rebel column was steadily pushing down the valley and closing in upon Elkwater.

Long-roll was soon beating, and, with no time for inquiry, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson hastened to get the residue of the regiment into the trenches; before which disposition was completed, however, Companies D and B—the latter strengthened by a detail of twenty men from Company A—were far beyond the breastworks. Arrived at the Ford—the point where Elkwater Run crossed the turnpike, more than a mile in advance of the fortifications—Company D, under Lieutenant Parker, crossed Elkwater Fork and moved up Stewart's Run, to the support of Company I's pickets, who were still on duty far up the ravine. While Company B, meantime, was waiting at the Ford for orders, a body of pickets, and with them Major Christopher's detachment, filed moodily by, on their return to camp, and soon afterward an ambulance came back with a precious freight of wounded. In conjunction with Company H, of the Fifteenth Indiana, it was finally ordered to picket the turnpike, which was promptly done, the outposts extending more than half way to Conrad's Mill, or to within rifle-shot of those of the enemy.

While the main body of General Lee's army was cautiously feeling its way down the valley to Conrad's, where, at an early hour, it went into bivouac for the night, General Anderson's brigade of Tennesseeans, after leaving the column in the morning, moved rapidly to the head of Stewart's Run, shot down two of Captain Bense's pickets, and surrounded and captured nearly all the rest, including that officer, and Lieutenants Gilman and Schieffer, who were on duty with him. Counter-

marching up the Run, it then toiled along the defiles and over the spurs of Cheat Mountain, through a rugged and all but impenetrable wilderness, toward a point between Elkwater and the Summit, at which it was to unite with several regiments,* detached from the forces of General H. R. Jackson, who had moved his command close up to the pickets on the Staunton turnpike, and was threatening Kimball's front. Upon the result of this movement depended Lee's whole plan of campaign, and all the high hopes which had been excited in the breasts of his officers, together with the sanguine expectations of the cabinet at Richmond. Strengthened by the coöperative brigade sent him by Jackson, Anderson was to seize and hold the Staunton turnpike, in rear of the Summit, thus completing the investment of that stronghold; in addition to which, as it would seem, he was to make a real or feint attack upon the fortifications. The sound of Anderson's guns had been agreed upon as the signal for Lee to hurl his masses upon Elkwater, and crush its unsupported garrison, of half a brigade, at one blow. Succeeding in that endeavor, as it was almost impossible not to do, Kimball could readily be brought to terms, leaving an unobstructed passage down the valley to Grafton; Rosecrans, instead of pressing Floyd in the Gauley region, would be forced to a right-about, in hot haste, for the banks of the Ohio; and, before snow should fall, the conquest of Western Virginia would be an accomplished fact. Truly, these were great expectations; yet to count upon the success of at least the first steps to their realization, was by no means extravagant, since not only did Lee's army, of above twelve thou-

* These were the Third Arkansas, Twenty-third, Thirty-first and Thirty-seventh Virginia Regiments, and two battalions of Virginia troops—in all, about 2,500 men.

sand effective men, outnumber Reynolds' forces more than two to one, but the rebel commander was confident of turning to good account the subdivision of the latter,* in much the same way as that by which McClellan had defeated Garnett in the Rich Mountain campaign.

Scarcely had General Anderson's brigade, by herculean exertions, gained the desired point on the Staunton turnpike, when night closed in, dark and rainy; but, though few of those wet and weary troops could have retraced their route over the pathless steeps, they were all there, secreted in the dense forest, and ready to strike the premeditated blow on Kimball's rear. Peering through the gloom, they could descry the camp-fires at Elkwater, four miles or more away toward their left and rear; facing in the opposite direction they found themselves confronting Kimball's pickets, who did not discover their proximity, however, until next morning, such was the extreme caution which characterized their movements. Up to this point, the execution of Lee's plans had been perfectly successful in all essential particulars.

Meanwhile, the Union pickets on the front of Elkwater had been re-posted as night came on, the better to guard against surprise, and about an hour later two companies of the Third Ohio came up and took their station in a narrow belt of timber

*Pollard says: "General Lee was confident that he would be able, by strategic movements, to dislodge the enemy from his stronghold, capture his forces, and then march his victorious army into the heart of Northwestern Virginia, releasing the people there from the fetters with which, for two months, they had been bound. The prospect of such a conquest of the enemy was eminently pleasant. . . . . General Lee's plan, finished drawings of which were sent to the War Department, at Richmond, was said to have been one of the best laid schemes that ever illustrated the consummation of the rules of strategy, or ever went awry on account of practical failures in its execution."

crowning the hill immediately to the left of the Ford, and upon the further bank of Elkwater Fork—an important position in the advanced line of the Elkwater defenses (that at the Ford), as it commanded perfectly the *debouchure* of Stewart's Run and the approaches down the Huntersville turnpike. It was a dreadfully stormy night, without sign of moon or star, but it passed without disturbance, save for a single false alarm which occurred about nine o'clock. Toward morning the rain ceased, and a chilly north-west wind sprang up. Sleepless and shelterless, the pickets waited wearily for the approach of daylight; at last, it came—

"Prime cheerer, Light,
Of all material things the first and best!"

Never was dawn more welcome than it was to the guards who stretched their shivering forms in the gray light of that Thursday morning, September 12th, and then by turns hastened to the reserve posts, where stubborn fires were already beginning to smolder, there to warm and dry themselves—haply, also, to boil the cup of coffee that each so much needed. Contrary to all expectation, for hours no stir was visible behind the rebel picket-posts. About 11 A. M., however, a squad of mounted scouts came back upon the gallop, reporting the rebel columns again in motion, and were shortly followed by the appearance of a moving mass of gray, with long lines of bright steel gleaming in the sunshine, and five brass field-pieces in plain sight. The outposts were immediately called in, and, under the direction of Major Keifer, of the Third Ohio, preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception should he attempt to force the position at the Ford. Company B, of the Sixth Ohio, was deployed as skirmishers across a meadow, a short distance in front, with orders for the men to

conceal themselves as much as possible by lying down in the weeds and tall grass, the line being extended on the right, toward a high wooded hill, by a company of the Seventeenth Indiana, posted behind a rail-fence, while other companies of the same command were picketing Elkwater Run. Stewart's Run, upon the other flank, was still held by Company D, of the Sixth Ohio, and the hill-side beyond Elkwater Fork by the two companies of the Third Ohio.

At camp, meanwhile, long-roll had again brought the troops to the fortifications, soon after which Companies G and K, of the Sixth Ohio, were sent forward on a reconnoissance; but Colonel Marrow (who had just taken command at the Ford), considering his force sufficiently strong without them, they had barely come in sight of the enemy, when they were ordered to return. It was late in the afternoon before the regiments at the breastworks were dismissed to quarters.

After pushing forward a strong line of skirmishers, Lee had again halted, and, while he waited anxiously for the signal guns of Anderson's assault, was improving the time in reconnoitering; discovering which fact, the Union pickets cautiously advanced and began a bickering combat with his outposts. Taking advantage of the protection afforded by a rail-fence, Orderly Sergeant Semple and a few men of Company B, of the Sixth Ohio, crept forward some distance, and were annoying the enemy considerably by the accuracy of their fire, when, suddenly, a company clad in gray appeared upon their right flank, within most beautiful rifle range, and moving rapidly toward them. Some of the men raised their guns to fire, but Sergeant Semple bade them desist, until they were sure who the party were; since, at that period, the Indiana regiments in the brigade all wore a gray uniform, and at a distance could easily be mistaken for the enemy. As soon as the gray coats had

gained a secure shelter, such a volley was poured in from thence upon them as speedily removed all doubts, but some of the Seventeenth Indiana coming up from another direction at this juncture, the rebels were glad to beat a hasty retreat. Another party of the Sixth, which had succeeded in reaching an apple orchard half a mile in advance of the Ford, was particularly attentive to a pair of splendidly mounted officers, who were seen riding along the rebel front taking observations with a field-glass. Wheeling their horses about, they quickly trotted back out of sight, and scarcely had they done so when a puff of blue smoke shot up from behind a screen of bushes, and a shell went crashing through the apple-trees overhead. In company with the colonels of his Elkwater regiments, General Reynolds, just arrived from head-quarters at the Pass, was at that moment at the extreme front, reconnoitering the enemy's position. Turning to an orderly, he dispatched a hurried note to Captain Loomis. Delighted to receive permission to let slip the dogs of war under his charge, that officer soon had a ten-pound Parrott unlimbering at the Ford, and began hurling shell at the enemy, who, strangely cautious, made no reply.

As the afternoon waned, it became evident that Lee had given up all intention of attacking that day. Company B's skirmishers were called in, and, together with Company D, which had come down Stewart's Run upon the double-quick, when the firing at the Ford broke out, was ordered into position for the night upon the hill-side, where one company of the Third Ohio still remained. The sun's last rays had just faded from the neighboring heights when the troops at the Ford heard a tremendous cheering from the direction of camp, so loud and long-continued that the rebels must have heard it likewise and wondered at its meaning, and in a few minutes a horse-

man was seen to shoot out from behind the intrenchments and dash along the turnpike at full speed. Almost standing up in the stirrups, he was waving his hat wildly above his head—as well one might who brought, at such a time, intelligence of victory: Carnifex Ferry * had been fought and won!

Inspiriting though these tidings were, there was much in the attitude of affairs immediately around Elkwater to occasion anxiety. All communication with the Summit had been cut off since the night before; Lieutenant Merrill, riding leisurely along the Staunton turnpike, had been captured early in the morning, only a short distance beyond Colonel Sullivan's pickets from the Pass; large bodies of the enemy were known to be somewhere among the mountains between the Union camps; and heavy volleys of musketry had been heard at different times from the direction of the Summit, with what significance could only be surmised. Satisfied, however, that Kimball, within his mountain fortress, would be able to hold out against any odds the enemy could direct upon him, General Reynolds was chiefly concerned lest the rebel commander should concentrate his forces and fall at once on Elkwater, the left flank of which was peculiarly vulnerable. But the Thirteenth Indiana was resolutely holding the Pass, with the con-

* The action at Carnifex Ferry was fought on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 10th, Floyd making good his escape during the night. Rosecrans' official dispatch to the War Department is a remarkably plain and matter-of-fact document, but the affair, nevertheless, received such a coloring from newspaper and other accounts that it went forth to the country, not merely as a tangible success, which it undoubtedly was, but as a victory of great importance, which it was not, in any point of view. When the first news of Carnifex reached Elkwater, it was speedily subjected to the most absurd exaggeration—to the extent even that Rosecrans had captured several thousand prisoners, and was then pressing hard on the rear of Lee's forces in front of Cheat Mountain.

siderable reënforcement of the Second Virginia, Colonel Moss commanding, on its way thither, by a forced night march from Beverly. At whatever cost, the Cheat Mountain Gaps were to be held. The alternative of retreat was a thought which no officer or man of Reynolds' little division entertained for a moment.

Night folded the beleaguered camp under her peaceful wing. At the Ford, pickets had been carefully posted, and the supports on the hill-side, worn by the loss of the previous night's rest, early lay down under the trees and slept undisturbed. In camp the day had been well-nigh as busy and exciting as at the front. Quartermasters had packed their stores in readiness for immediate transportation; hospital tents and supplies, with ambulances along-side, were moved up nearer the scene of conflict that was to be, and wagon trains were got ready to start as soon as it might become necessary. In the evening, seven companies of the Third Ohio, and Companies E, G, and K, of the Sixth Ohio, the whole force under Colonel Marrow, received orders to march at 3 A. M. next day, to force a passage to the Summit, and re-open communication at all hazards. The Thirteenth Indiana and Second Virginia were to coöperate in this movement from the Pass.

It was five o'clock on the morning of Friday, September 13th, before Colonel Marrow's detachment got fairly under way, less than two miles from camp striking a mountain path strewn with blankets and cast-off clothing, which led the troops to suspect the rebels were retreating. The advance was, nevertheless, continued with great caution, with the Sixth Ohio companies thrown forward as skirmishers, until authentic information of the enemy's movements could be obtained, as it soon was. General Anderson's attack upon Kimball's rear had been met by a most gallant resistance, and now his ex-

hausted battalions were in panic-stricken flight toward Jackson's camp on the south-eastern slopes of Cheat Mountain. Passing a gory and horrible scene where a body of rebels had been repulsed on Thursday, the expedition kept on to the Summit, and, having fully accomplished its object, on the next day returned to Elkwater.*

On Friday morning, the troops at the Ford were in line of battle before day-break, waiting in vain for the expected assault. A skirmish party from the Fifteenth Indiana was sent out during the forenoon for the purpose of feeling the enemy, and, if possible, to dislodge his pickets from the apple orchard before referred to. This work it did handsomely, with no further loss than one man wounded in the arm, after which the party filled their pockets with apples, and leisurely returned to the Ford. Meanwhile, Loomis had again opened out on the head of the rebel column, with such effect as to cause it to withdraw out of range in considerable haste, the rebel guns making no answer, though plainly visible from the tree-tops on the eminence where the Sixth Ohio supports were stationed. As no tidings had yet been received from the Summit, few surmised the real cause of the enemy's inactivity, namely, the miscarriage of General Anderson's expedition, from which, forecasting the failure of the campaign, Lee was already wavering in his purpose of attacking Elkwater.

* For a fuller account of this expedition the reader is referred to the chapter entitled "Cheat Mountain Campaigning," in Part II. The march to the Summit was repeated on Monday, the 16th of September, by Companies C, E, G and K, of the Sixth Ohio, and four companies of the Third Ohio, under Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, who was charged with the duty of guarding a supply train sent up from the Pass. By that time, however, Jackson was preparing to withdraw from Kimball's front, and Lee had already retired beyond Marshall's Store.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the troops on the hill-side were startled by a sharp volley of musketry on the right, a short distance up Elkwater Run, down which a squad of the Seventeenth Indiana were seen coming a few minutes afterward, carrying a rude litter, on which lay the dead body of a rebel officer. The corpse was brought to camp and there recognized by Captain Loomis and Lieutenant William P. Anderson, as that of John A. Washington, once the sordid possessor of Mount Vernon, whose treason had given him a lieutenant-colonel's rank upon the staff of General Lee. Reconnoitering in company with two other officers, he had ridden directly into a body of pickets secreted among the bushes, and fell from his saddle at their first volley, pierced through the breast with three bullets, his companions making their escape, although one of them with a severe wound. Colonel Washington lived a short time, but never spoke, except to feebly ask for water. Upon his person were found maps of the Cheat Mountain region and various plans, together with a printed scrap, originally published in a Northern newspaper, giving the strength of General Reynolds' command, and minutely describing the Elkwater fortifications.

Another lovely morning dawned, in the same quiet as that of the preceding day. It had been decided to return the body of Colonel Washington to his friends, and soon after breakfast, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder, of the Seventeenth Indiana, to whom this duty had been intrusted, rode forward under a flag of truce, followed by an ambulance bearing the corpse. A short distance out, he met Lieutenant-Colonel Stark, of a Louisiana regiment, coming toward the Union lines with a message of inquiry from General Lee in regard to the fate of his subordinate. Lieutenant-Colonel Stark was visibly af-

fected at the sight of the dead body, but speedily recovering his composure, the

> "Foemen, side by side,
> Sat peaceful down, like brothers tried,"

and conversed together at some length, without once touching upon the subject of the war. It was ten o'clock before Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder repassed the Union outposts. The long-continued reticence of the enemy now began to be interpreted as betokening retreat, notwithstanding which, considerable bodies of the rebels could still be seen hovering close upon the front, so long as daylight remained. A corporal of the Sixth Ohio, undertaking a scout beyond Stewart's Run, upon private account, narrowly escaped capture, which he did simply by superior soundness in wind and limb.

When Sunday morning broke, no enemy was in sight. General Jackson did, indeed, make another futile demonstration on the Summit later in the day; but his commander-in-chief was thoroughly disheartened and had abandoned the contest. That Lee was misled by prisoners and the report of Anderson's demoralized troops, as to the strength of the forces opposed to him, admits of no doubt. It is no less certain that had he thrown the whole weight of his main column upon Elkwater, even after the rout of Anderson's brigade, his plans for dislodging Reynolds from the Cheat Mountain Gaps might have been successfully carried out in all essential particulars. But Lee's genius was not of the Stonewall Jackson type, quick to decide, daring and impetuous in execution. Nature richly endowed him as a defensive strategist, but the correlative traits of a master in war he never possessed. The keen disappointment that was felt at Richmond, at the result of the Cheat Mountain campaign, is most valuable testimony to the extent

of the services there rendered the Union cause by General Reynolds' little command.

The following is General Reynolds' official report:

HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE I. V. M.,
ELKWATER, Sept. 17, 1861.

George L. Hartsuff, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department Ohio.

SIR: The operations of this brigade for the past few days may be summed up as follows: On the 12th inst. the enemy, nine thousand strong, with eight to twelve pieces of artillery, under command of General R. E. Lee, advanced on this position by the Huntersville turnpike. Our advanced pickets—portions of the Fifteenth Indiana and Sixth Ohio—gradually fell back to our main picket station; two companies of the Seventeenth Indiana, under Colonel Hascall, checking the enemy's advance at the Point Mountain turnpike, and then falling back on the regiment, which occupied a very advanced position on our right front, and which was now ordered in. The enemy threw into the woods on our left front three regiments, who made their way to the right and rear of Cheat Mountain, took a position on the road leading to Huttonsville, broke the telegraph wire, and cut off our communication with Colonel Kimball's Fourteenth Indiana on Cheat Summit. Simultaneously, another force of the enemy, of about equal strength, advanced by the Staunton pike on the front of Cheat Mountain, and threw two regiments to the right and rear of Cheat Summit, which united with the three regiments from the other column of the enemy. (The two posts, Cheat Summit and Elkwater, are seven (?) miles apart by a bridle-path over the mountain, and eighteen miles by the wagon road, *via* Huttonsville—"Cheat Mountain Pass," the former head-quarters of the brigade, being at the foot of the mountain, ten miles from the Summit). The enemy, advancing toward the Pass, by which he might possibly have gained the rear or left of Elkwater, was met there by three companies of the Thirteenth Indiana, ordered up for that purpose, and by one company of the Fourteenth Indi-

ana from the Summit. These four companies engaged and held in check greatly superior numbers of the enemy, foiled him in his attempt to obtain the rear or left of Elkwater, and threw him into the right and rear of Cheat Mountain, the companies retiring to the Pass, at the foot of the mountains.

The enemy, about five thousand strong, was closed in on Cheat Summit, and became engaged with detachments of the Fourteenth Indiana and Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Ohio, from the Summit—in all, only about three hundred men—who, deployed in the woods, held in check and killed many of the enemy, who did not at any time succeed in getting sufficiently near the field redoubt to give Daum's battery an opportunity of firing into him. So matters rested at dark on the 12th, with heavy forces in front and in plain sight of both posts, communication cut off, and the supply train for the mountain, loaded with provisions which were needed, waiting for an opportunity to pass up the road. Determined to force a communication with Cheat Summit, I ordered the Thirteenth Indiana, under Colonel Sullivan, to cut their way, if necessary, by the mail road, and the greater part of the Third Ohio and Second Virginia, under Colonels Marrow and Moss respectively, to do the same by the path; the two commands starting at three o'clock A. M., on the 13th—the former from Cheat Mountain Pass, and the latter from Elkwater, so as to fall upon the enemy, if possible, simultaneously. Early on the 13th, the small force of about three hundred from the Summit engaged the enemy, and with such effect that, notwithstanding his greatly superior numbers, he retired in great haste and disorder, leaving large quantities of clothing and equipments on the ground; and our relieving forces, failing to catch the enemy, marched to the Summit, securing the provision train, and re-opening our communication.

While this was taking place on the mountain, and as yet unknown to us, the enemy, under Lee, advanced on Elkwater, apparently for a general attack. One rifled ten-pound Parrott gun,

from Loomis' battery, was run to the front three-fourths of a mile, and delivered a few shots at the enemy, doing fine execution, causing him to withdraw out of convenient range. Our relative positions remained unchanged until near dark, when we learned the result of the movement on the mountain, as above stated, and the enemy retired somewhat for the night.

On the 14th, early, the enemy was again in position in front of Elkwater, and a few rounds, supported by a company of the Fifteenth Indiana, were again administered, which caused him to withdraw as before.* The forces that had been before repulsed from Cheat returned, and were again driven back by a comparatively small force from the mountain. The Seventeenth Indiana was ordered up the path to open communication and make way for another supply train; but, as before, found the little band from the Summit had already done the work. During the afternoon of the 14th, the enemy withdrew from before Elkwater, and is now principally concentrated some ten miles from this post, at or near his main camp. On the 15th, he appeared in stronger force than at any previous time in front of Cheat, and attempted a flank movement by the left, but was driven back by the ever-vigilant and gallant garrison of the field redoubt on the Summit. To-day, the enemy has also retired from the front of Cheat, but to what precise position I am not yet informed.

The results of these affairs are, that we have killed near one hundred of the enemy, including Colonel John A. Washington, aid-de-camp to General Lee, and have taken about twenty prisoners. We have lost nine killed, including Lieutenant Junod, Fourteenth Indiana, two missing, and about sixty prisoners, including Captain James Bense and Lieutenants Gilman and

* The date here given is erroneous. The writer was one of the detachment on the hill-side above the Ford, and is very positive that the events referred to in this sentence, took place on Friday, the 13th, as before narrated.

Schieffer, of the Sixth Ohio, and Lieutenant Merrill, of the Engineers.

I append the reports of Colonel Kimball, Fourteenth Indiana; Captain Higgins, Twenty-fourth Ohio; and Lieutenant-Colonel Owens and Colonel Wagner, of the Fifteenth Indiana.

J. J. REYNOLDS,
Brigadier-General Commanding First Brigade.

Of the reports above enumerated, Colonel Wagner's is the only one possessing sufficient interest in connection with our narrative to justify its introduction here. Omitting a few details in regard to the killed and wounded of the Fifteenth Indiana, it is as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTEENTH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLS., Sept. 12, 1861.

Brigadier-General J. J. Reynolds,

SIR: On the 9th of the present month, I ordered Captain Templeton to take Companies D and F, and take possession of, and hold the Point Mountain pike, supported by Major Christopher, of the Sixth Regiment, Ohio, with one hundred men, at Conrad's Mills, two miles in the rear. The first was about eight miles in advance of my camp, and four miles from the enemy's encampment.

On the morning of the 11th, Captain Templeton's pickets were attacked by the enemy's column advancing down the road; they fell back on the main force—the enemy still advancing in force. Captain Templeton dispatched a dragoon for reënforcements. I immediately sent the left wing of the Fifteenth Indiana, under command of Major Wood, with orders to hold the position; but soon after, a scout (who had been posted three miles east of Captain Templeton, with instructions to report to me any movement of the enemy on the left flank) came in and reported a column of two thousand troops marching in this direction, with the evident intention of cutting off Captain Templeton and Major Christopher

I immediately sent orders for the entire force to fall back on the main force, which they did in good order, bringing off their wounded—having two men killed, one taken prisoner, and three wounded. . . . . At this time, you arrived on the ground, and took command. Let me say that officers and men all did their duty, and I must be allowed to commend to your notice Sergeant Thompson, of Company D, who had command of the first party engaged, as well as the men with him, who stood and fought until half of the party were shot down before they would fall back.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

G. D. WAGNER,

Colonel Fifteenth Ind. Vols.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAMPAIGN DRAWS TO A CLOSE.

(SEPTEMBER 18-OCTOBER 8, 1861.)

THE repulse of Lee's army brought a welcome feeling of relief to the troops of General Reynolds' little division; and, indeed, there was cause for rejoicing, and even for exultation, in the fact that a substantial success had been achieved, at a cost far less than the most sanguine dared count upon one week before. As has been shown, however, it was not wholly a bloodless victory; the Sixth Ohio, in consequence of the unfortunate affair up Stewart's Run, being the principal sufferer at Elkwater.

The line which Captain Bense, with his fifty men, had been sent out to picket, was not less than three or four miles in length; and not only was it entirely unsupported and the position an isolated one, but the troops there stationed had not even been accustomed to keep up regular communication with camp. When Anderson's brigade came pouring down the valley, the outermost picket-post was held by two Swiss, Gregoire Yehle and Jacob Helflicker, who stood their ground manfully, but were quickly shot down, and left in the woods where they fell. Yehle was killed instantly. Helflicker was found a week afterward at a log hut further up the Run, with a portion of his skull shot away, but still alive, although in-

sensible. His wound presented a sickening spectacle, from the operations of vermin, to destroy which the woman who, with her family, tenanted the hovel, had poured in turpentine, the only remedy she had. Dr. Loving had the wounded man brought back to the regimental hospital, where, in a few weeks, he partially regained the use of his faculties, and continued to improve until the regiment was ordered to Kentucky, yet eventually died of his wounds, in a general hospital at Cincinnati.

The force captured up Stewart's Run, consisted of three officers and forty-seven enlisted men, as follows. Lieutenant Gilman had performed valuable service during the scouting expeditions from Beverly, and, in fact, all the unfortunate officers were accounted brave and competent. The enlisted men were all from Company I:

Captain James Bense, Company I.
Second Lieutenant Charles Gilman, Company C.
Second Lieutenant Frank S. Schieffer, Company F.

1st Serg't	Wesley B. McLane,	Private	Joseph Dreher,
"	John Hanley,	"	Fred'k Ellerman,
"	Ferd. McDonough,	"	Samuel Erminger,
Corporal	Chas. Fahlbusch,	"	Robert Finley,
"	Henry S. Gibson,	"	Wm. Forristall,
"	William Langenheim,	"	Antoine Frave,
"	Thomas Long,	"	August Grass,
"	John Williams,	"	Edwin Green,
Private	B. Frank Brahm,	"	Henry Harmyer,
"	Adolph Bruner,	"	Fred'k W. Heckert,
"	Henry Buddenbaum,	"	Otto Hof,
"	George Burner,	"	David Hummell,
"	James Carson,	"	William Jurgens,
"	Michael Connell,	"	Jacob Landis,

Private	George S. La Rue,	Private	Orlando M. Smith,
"	Jacob Lesie,	"	Christian Schweitzer,
"	John Little,	"	Wm. Y. Thoburn,
"	Thomas Marshall,	"	Wm. C. Weber,
"	Eli Miller,	"	Sylvester Weber,
"	Hiram Mosier,	"	William Wenzel,
"	John Oysterboy,	"	James Wilson,
"	John L. Rea,	"	William Yager,
"	Timothy Ryan,	"	John Zimmerman.
"	Matthias Seibert,		

Under a strong guard, the prisoners were marched to the first night's resting-place of Anderson's brigade on the mountains, from whence, almost looking down upon their own tents at Elkwater, they eagerly watched, through all that dismal night, for some opportunity to escape. Once they raised the cry of "Bear! bear!" and in the confusion that followed, private Edward Hof gave his guard the slip, sprang down a steep ledge of rocks, and late next day got back to camp, half dead with hunger and fatigue. The ruse was repeated in various forms, but without further success. Next day the captives were sent back to the main army in front of Elkwater. To all inquiries respecting the strength and position of the Union forces, they answered evasively or else with exaggerations that were any thing but calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemy. On Saturday they were marched southward, and turning their backs upon Elkwater, found themselves fairly *en route* for Richmond, the party including, besides the Sixth Ohio pickets, Lieutenant Merrill and a squad from the Thirteenth Indiana, captured by Anderson's forces on Cheat Mountain. Throughout their weary and foot-sore march, the prisoners every-where excited much curiosity, and were sometimes the objects of coarse and bitter vituperation, as at one point, for

example, where an old gray-haired planter met the column, and, with terrible oaths, asked the privilege of shooting at the Yankees at fifty cents a shot. Dr. Fletcher,* who had been captured a few weeks previous, was at Huntersville when the prisoners passed through there, and entreated to be taken along with the rest, notwithstanding that he was yet suffering from the effects of a severe attack of illness. Upon the urgent representations of Captain Bense and the other officers, a well-dispositioned mule was pressed into service, and, thus mounted, the invalid made the journey with comparative comfort. Since then, Dr. Fletcher has publicly acknowledged the kindness of his fellow-captives in the warmest terms. By the time the prisoners reached the railroad, which they finally did at a point between Covington and Staunton, they were worn out with hard marching, and suffering greatly from hunger. At Staunton, however, a substantial supper was furnished them, and a day or two later saw the whole party within the well-guarded walls of a rebel prison at Richmond. Their place of confinement was an old tobacco warehouse, ("Libby Prison" being at that time a name and doom unknown,) where, for the present, we must leave them.

The importance of retaining a firm hold upon the Cheat Mountain region was generally appreciated at the North, now that it had been so nearly lost; and scarcely had Lee's army settled down again in its old quarters when General Reynolds began to receive heavy reënforcements from Ohio and Indiana.

*Dr. William Fletcher, of Indianapolis, an efficient and daring scout during the first months of the war, was originally a volunteer aid to General McClellan, but at the time of his capture was performing duty on the staff of General Reynolds. His services were purely voluntary, as he neither held a commission nor received any pay.

Before the 24th of September, the Ninth and Seventh Indiana—reorganized under their old commanders, Colonels Milroy and Dumont, respectively—Howe's splendidly appointed company of regular artillery, and two companies of the First Ohio Cavalry, had reached Elkwater; the Thirty-second Ohio, Colonel Thomas H. Ford commanding, had come up as far as Huttonsville, and were in camp there; while Beverly was garrisoned by Company H, of the Fifth Ohio. The removal of brigade head-quarters to Elkwater had been followed by the transfer of the Thirteenth Indiana, with the Second Virginia, to the same post, the camp at the Pass being broken up. Heartily though all at Elkwater welcomed these accessions to their numbers, there was an unmistakable feeling of disappointment, so far as the Sixth Ohio was concerned, when it came to be seen what a change reorganization had brought about in its old comrades, the Seventh and Ninth Indiana, in which, though many wore upon the sleeve the honorable badge of reënlistment, the large majority were green troops. Both commands, nevertheless, possessed a terrible capacity for fighting, as many a hard-fought field, from the James River to the Chattahoochee, afterward bore most glorious testimony.

On the 26th of September an expedition left Camp Elkwater, upon a reconnoissance in force, consisting of the Thirteenth Indiana and Sixth Ohio regiments—the latter turning out near eight hundred strong—a section of Loomis' artillery, under Lieutenant Gilham, and a small detachment of Bracken's cavalry, the whole under command of Colonel Sullivan, of the Thirteenth Indiana. Five miles beyond the fortifications it was overtaken by a pouring rain, soon after which darkness came on, and the main body halted for the night near Conrad's Mill—Companies B and G, of the Sixth Ohio, and two others, being thrown forward to picket the passes and cross-roads to

the distance of about two miles further. Again moving forward, after a night of unceasing rain, the main column cautiously felt its way along the turnpike, while Companies C and F, of the Sixth Ohio, and Company C, of the Thirteenth Indiana, were moved up by a circuitous route, with instructions to fall upon the enemy's flank should he attempt to make a stand at Marshall's Store, where he was reported to have a strong outpost; but the column reunited at that point without firing a shot, the rebel pickets having been called in and concentrated nearer their principal camp, which was at Big Spring, six miles beyond. Major Foster, of the Thirteenth Indiana, was then ordered forward with six companies of infantry and one piece of artillery to reconnoiter the rebel position upon Mingo Flats, which is an elevated plateau, well cleared of timber, about two miles beyond Marshall's Store. The road had been terribly cut up, and, under the heavy rain which was still falling, hourly grew worse, so that it was only with great difficulty that Lieutenant Gilham succeeded in getting his piece forward. About eleven o'clock, however, the pickets were encountered and driven in, which was quickly followed by the sound of long-roll from the rebel camp beyond, and the appearance of considerable numbers of the enemy moving into position. There was some further skirmishing, but with very little effect—not enough to disturb Colonel Sullivan and other officers, as they rode to the front and deliberately examined the rebel position; and, meanwhile, the storm increased, with the accompaniment of a cold north-east wind. For an hour and a half the troops stood shivering in the rain, awaiting orders, then faced about, and, with quickened step, set out for camp. At Marshall's Store, where the main body had been resting meantime, the column was hurriedly reformed, the Sixth Ohio in advance, and the left of the regiment in front.

The Tygart's Valley River was a brawling streamlet, scarcely knee-deep, when the troops forded it that morning—once about two miles below Marshall's Store, and again just on reaching that hamlet. But now it had swollen out of its banks, and ran a current so swift and strong that fording was dangerous in the extreme. Captain Russell, of the Sixth Ohio, lost his footing, but was rescued by a cavalryman; Quartermaster Shoemaker, who was swept from his horse, narrowly escaped drowning; and several guns were lost during the perilous passage by the troops. Fortunately, a tottering foot-log, bridging the deepest part of the stream, was still in position, and of this availing themselves, most of the men succeeded in crossing without serious accident. While the head of the column was thus tediously filing over, a party in the rear burnt to the ground the mill and store which, together with a little frame church, constituted the principal part of the village, both buildings being the property of the Marshall from whom the place takes its name—a wealthy and notorious secessionist, at that time absent with Lee's army.

"The next ford," says the diary of a private soldier in the Sixth Ohio, "we reached about half-past two o'clock, but fording was out of the question. Our pretty little mountain stream had become a fierce and roaring torrent, over one's head in depth, and covering the narrow vale from hill to hill. It was still rising with fearful rapidity, and the rain at no time falling faster. For a minute or more we stood on the bank in boding uncertainty. Field, staff, and cavalrymen, there were soon several horsemen at the head of the column, yet none who would venture into the untried depths of that rushing flood, until Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson rode forward. 'Let me try it,' I heard him say, dashing into the current as he spoke. 'Hold his head up stream!' shouted a dozen voices from the

shore, but the roar of the waters must have drowned the sound before it reached him. Carefully and steadily he moved on, steed and rider seeming to understand perfectly their part, their peril, and each other. The main bed of the stream was far toward the opposite bank, which was almost gained, when down went the gray, at a single step, eight inches below the belly-girths. I held my breath, and so did all, as with two or three desperate plunges the horse regained his footing, and the rider his balance; and in another moment the noble gray stood dripping on the bank. Wet and wretched though we were, off went our hats, and we cheered with a will.

"There was a foot-log here, too, the further end of it resting on a number of old, half-imbedded logs which, although high and dry enough at an ordinary stage of water, were now rapidly being submerged. Creeping along the base of the hill, we managed to get out, one by one, upon the log, and began crossing. I passed over next behind Captain Andrews. We soon saw that the frail bridge could not last much longer, and by gestures tried to warn those upon the other side not to follow, but in vain. Companies B and G had all come over, and Company K was following as rapidly as possible, when one of the men belonging to it fell from the swaying log into the middle of the stream, and was swept out of sight in an instant. His horror-stricken comrades from either shore saw him reel—a sudden plunge into the flood, a momentary glimpse of an empty haversack floating on the surface, and that was all. His name was Frank Guhra, an unmarried German, known throughout the regiment as probably the smallest man in its ranks. No one attempted to cross after this, and a few minutes later the pier-logs lifted, and the foot-bridge went careening down the rapids."

Upon one side of the now impassable torrent were Lieuten-

ant-Colonel Anderson, a portion of the regimental staff, and about two hundred men of the Sixth Ohio; upon the other, the main party rested, with the wagons, ambulances, and artillery. It was evident that both detachments must pass the night where they were, which, in consideration of the largely superior force that the rebels were believed to have only a few miles in the rear, was not exactly a comfortable prospect. Giving little thought to the situation, however, the men built blazing fires, cooked their pork, and prepared to snatch what sleep might be possible amid such surroundings. Toward evening, the rain ceased, the wind veered around to the westward, and although the night was black darkness itself, the storm was at an end.

When daylight came, it revealed the fact that the waters had fallen considerably, and the troops immediately resumed their homeward journey, traces of the storm appearing upon all sides. The road had been almost washed away at some points, and at others was buried beneath huge land-slides. In more than one place the river had cut out for itself an entirely new channel; one of the fords was blockaded by two large pine trees, torn up by the roots, and a perfect raft of smaller drift; and at the last ford, three miles from the breastworks, the stream was still so deep that the column was obliged to wait four hours before it could safely cross. Late in the afternoon the weary and bedraggled troops reached Camp Elkwater, where a most distressing sight met the Sixth Ohio. The river had risen to such an extent the previous night that it covered the vale from the turnpike almost to Crouch's, or until the beautiful camp in the maple grove was four feet under water. A dirty stain, far up the outside of every tent, marked the greatest height of the waters, whose receding had left a slimy deposit on the greensward two inches in depth. The flood

came on suddenly, and rose with unexampled rapidity—such that the few guards left at camp had with difficulty succeeded in saving a part of the regimental stores and camp equipage, the remainder either floating away or being ruined by the water. Some of the officers lost their mess-chests, with contents, and one or two entire companies of the right wing were in the same predicament, but happily, although there were several narrow escapes recounted, no lives had been lost. Fresh, clean straw had been furnished the tents, which were cold and damp; a good supper put new heart into all, and, having dried their blankets thoroughly, the men sought them early, and slept soundly. A bright and glorious day—a quiet, Sabbath day—succeeded, and all was well again at Elkwater.

The testimony of rebel deserters, the reports of scouts, and the information Colonel Sullivan had gleaned upon this reconnoissance, all concurred in picturing the rebel force yet remaining at Mingo Flats as much demoralized and suffering greatly from disease, and these circumstances, taken in connection with the lateness of the season, convinced General Reynolds that Elkwater was not likely to be again attacked. Facing Cheat Mountain Summit, however, and distant from it about twelve miles, General Jackson still held a strongly-fortified position at "Camp Bartow," near the point on the Monterey turnpike indicated on the maps as "Traveler's Repose," which is merely a noted tavern in the Greenbrier Valley, lying between Greenbrier Mountain and the principal range of the Alleghanies. Regarding this camp as a standing menace, the troops on the Summit longed to drive back or capture the brigade there posted; a soldierly impulse that General Reynolds was quite willing to gratify as far as possible, and the more so as he was anxious to ascertain definitely the enemy's position and strength. At the same time the idea of permanently occupying Camp Bar-

tow, and thus still further lengthening a line of communication and supplies already inconveniently long, was not to be entertained for a moment; in accordance with which views an armed reconnoissance was planned, resulting in the battle of Greenbrier, so-called, fought on Thursday, the 3d of October. This affair was simply a brilliant artillery duel, the infantry having little to do after driving in the enemy's pickets. Of the Elkwater forces, there were present the Seventh, Ninth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana Regiments, and the batteries of Howe and Loomis. The Third and Sixth Ohio and the Second Virginia Regiments were left at camp, with orders to maintain a bold front on the Huntersville turnpike, and to hold themselves in readiness to march to the Summit at a moment's notice, if called upon. The movement on Greenbrier was inconsequential, and the Elkwater detachments next day returned to their own camp, where their arrival was attended with a tragedy of the saddest character.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon," writes a member of the Sixth Ohio, "our camp was startled by the report of a gun from the direction of the river, back of Company H's quarters. I was sitting at the foot of the maple-tree overshadowing our tent, making an entry in my diary, when, lifting my eyes, I saw a crowd of men running toward the spot in great haste and confusion. 'Somebody shot!' they cried, upon which I jumped up and ran with the rest. The mournful particulars were as follows: A young man, belonging to the Seventeenth Indiana, who had fallen a short distance behind his company on its return from Greenbrier, was fording the river, and had reached the middle of the stream, when a water-snake suddenly darted out from between his feet. Without stopping to take a second thought, he raised his gun and fired. Lieutenant Bidwell, of the Sixth Ohio, with several others, was watching

him from the bank, and exclaimed, 'Do n't point that gun this way!' but it was too late. The ball glanced from the water's surface, struck the unhappy officer in the right breast, and, obliquing upward, passed entirely through his body. He staggered a moment, then fell into the arms of a bystander. Blood was already flowing from his mouth and nostrils; he never spoke more, and in five minutes was a corpse."

Thus Death, coming in unsuspected guise, cut down, in the flower of his years and usefulness, an officer of unusual promise. Lieutenant Solomon J. Bidwell, born in Bath, New York, in 1829, came to Cincinnati in 1857, and in March, 1861, joined the Independent Guthrie Greys, leaving a good situation in the Job Room of the *Enquirer* newspaper, during the following month, in order to take the field with that organization. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, in a private letter, referred to his death in these words: "A fearful accident has just occurred. Lieutenant Bidwell, noted for his cool daring and prompt energy, the pride of his company, and a favorite with all, was shot dead by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of an Indianian. I heard the report, and hurried to the spot; he was already dead, and the unhappy homicide was weeping beside him. Poor fellow! Sadly should we have regretted his loss upon the field of battle; but now regret is mingled with feelings of the keenest pity. Brave, energetic, generous, and obliging, he yet died an inglorious death. Happy had the end come amid hail-shot and the exploding shells of the enemy; thrice miserable to fall by the hand of a friend." The body, in charge of a suitable escort, was promptly forwarded to Cincinnati, where a young widow and infant child remained to mourn his loss.

On Sunday, October 6th, the Third and Sixth Ohio, and a portion of the Second Virginia (being the regiments left at

Elkwater during the Greenbrier expedition) were ordered out upon another reconnoissance, accompanied by Captain Robinson's Company A, First Ohio Cavalry, and three pieces from Loomis' battery, all under command of Colonel Marrow. Starting about three in the afternoon, over the same route as before, the expedition was promptly favored with the usual rain-storm, though it fortunately turned out to be no more than a hard shower, so far as that day was concerned. It reached its place of bivouac, near Logan's, two-thirds of the distance to Marshall's Store, about eight o'clock, long before which hour it was quite dark, and a wagon, with four men in it—as also a member of Company E, Sixth Ohio, at another place—had fallen over a precipice twenty feet in perpendicular height. Strange to relate, neither men nor horses received serious injury, notwithstanding that the wagon, containing forage for the teams, was completely wrecked. With Company K, of the Sixth, and a company of the Third Ohio thrown forward as advance guard, the column next morning moved on to Mingo Flats, where the infantry and artillery were necessarily halted on account of the almost impassable condition of the roads beyond. No enemy was near, the rebels having fled ten days before, alarmed by the approach of the last reconnoitering party, which they mistook for the vanguard of a larger force attempting to surround them. A portion of the cavalry, with most of the mounted officers present, rode forward to Big Springs, four miles further, where the enemy's main camp had long been situated, and found abundant evidence that the rebel retreat was a hurried one. Many tents had been burnt or cut into pieces, cooking utensils were strewn over the ground, gashed with great holes or pounded into shapeless masses, and stores of all kinds had been destroyed, to the value of thousands of dollars. At one place a stack of arms had been piled

together and burnt, and near by a quantity of amunition had been thrown into the creek. Laden with prizes and relics of various descriptions, the horsemen returned to Mingo Flats, whereupon the entire command set out for camp, in the midst of a cold drizzle that steadily increased to a pouring rain, continuing until near daylight next morning. The troops bivouacked in a narrow belt of pine woods, where the night passed wretchedly, in spite of a good supper and roaring fires, and on the following day returned to camp.

About this time Colonel Kimball's scouts discovered that Jackson had fallen back from Greenbrier. The bulk of Lee's army, in fact, had been put *en route* for another and more promising field of action, and fifty miles or more of mountain roads now stretched between General Reynolds' division and the rebel rear-guard. The campaign was ended.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TIME GROWS SHORT AT ELKWATER.

(OCTOBER 8-NOVEMBER 16, 1861.)

ABOUT two hours after the return of Colonel Marrow's expedition, as narrated in the last chapter, a cavalcade was seen coming up the turnpike, foremost in which rode the long-looked-for paymaster. The news spread like wild-fire, and in two minutes nearly the whole regiment was out by the road-side, filling the air with loud huzzas. The paymaster was Major Hazleton, and the goodly train with him consisted of Colonel Bosley, who had seized this favorable opportunity to ride up from Beverly and see the regiment; Messrs. Leonard Swartz and Theodore Marsh, well-known and gladly-recognized citizens of Cincinnati; and Captain Menken's Company C, First Ohio Cavalry, constituting the escort of the entire party.

The troops were paid partly in Treasury notes, which many of them now handled for the first time, and partly in gold—the only payment in specie which they ever received. Only a portion of the three-months' men in the regiment obtained pay for their services during that term; nor have some of them fared more justly to this day. Messrs. Swartz and Marsh had been dispatched—the one by the Commissioners of Hamilton County, and the other by the City Council of Cincinnati—to

receive the funds which, under the allotment system, the Cincinnati troops serving in Western Virginia might wish to send home. Nearly two-thirds of the members of the Sixth availed themselves of this convenient method of remitting to their friends; and, after a stay of just one week, the commissioners returned to Beverly, much gratified with the result of their visit to Elkwater. The two representatives of the press, C. D. Miller and William G. Crippen ("Invisible Green"), who, for a fortnight had been writing up the Cheat Mountain campaign for the Cincinnati *Commercial* and *Times*, started home about the same time.

This seems to be an appropriate connection for adverting to the talent for newspaper correspondence that existed within the regiment itself, but which, after being conspicuously developed at Elkwater, and again by the tedium of Camp Wickliffe life, ceased to be exercised when the regiment entered upon the campaign before Corinth, and seemed to be forgotten entirely amid the weary marches and countermarches which filled the summer and fall of 1862. Several of the officers and a number of the men had been *attaches* of the various newspaper offices in Cincinnati, whence, perhaps, the origin of this wide-spread taste for paragraphing for the press. Thousands of the friends of the regiment will recollect with what interest they read the letters of "J. J. M." (Lieutenant Jules J. Montagnier); "J. A. C." (Corporal J. Addison Colwell, of Company G); and "Alf Burnett," to the Cincinnati *Daily Press;* of the lamented Captain Tatem, over the familiar signature of "Zeke," contributed first to the *Enquirer*, then to the *Times*, and, lastly, to the *Gazette;* and of Captain Wilmington, as "Nemo" and "Haversack," writing for the *Commercial* and *Enquirer* respectively. Of the *excerpta* from private correspondence that were published from time to time, the letters

of Sergeant George B. Nicholson, of Company K, were especially admired for their graphic and truthful descriptions, several of them being printed almost entire by the *Commercial*.* While the regiment was at Camp Wickliffe, the latter added to its list of correspondents, the unknown authors of several communications signed "Orderly" and "High Private." Sergeant Herman E. W. Backus, of Company K, from Elkwater contributed a series of letters to the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, which were originally written in English, and, of course, required translation before they became available for use in that journal.

Illy timing with the paymaster's welcome advent, came the announcement of a special order that dashed to the ground the high hopes the Sixth Ohio was beginning to entertain of a speedy transfer to Kentucky (where armies were now marshaling and the shock of arms seemed close at hand), and divided the Cheat Mountain division into three brigades, respectively commanded by General Reynolds and the two new brigadiers, Milroy and Dumont. To the last named was assigned the Third and Sixth Ohio, the Second Virginia, and his own regiment, the Seventh Indiana. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Indiana, which remained under Reynolds, soon afterward moved back to Huttonsville, and Dumont's brigade was left alone in its glory, and in what was vastly more tangible—the ever-deepening mud of Elkwater.

Active campaigning being over, the routine duties of camp life began to receive greater attention, company and battalion drills were resumed, guard mounting was reëstablished in

* At least two or three of these were copied from the *Commercial* into Frank Moore's *Rebellion Record*.

due form, and dress parades were daily held at retreat, with as much regularity as the weather would permit. The monotony which from this time forth characterized affairs at Elkwater, contrasted strikingly with the previous activity, and soon grew irksome indeed. Practically, the troops were thrown entirely upon their own resources for recreation during the long, dull weeks of October and November; for who could expect that the young ladies at Crouch's and Esquire Stalnaker's could or would furnish entertainment for a whole brigade? —and no other families were accessible from camp, except to the lucky wight who was armed with a pass. Chestnutting and exploring expeditions; trout fishing and bathing; chuck-a-luck, seven-up, and what not modes of gambling besides; checker-playing, with chess—kingliest of games; these, and the like, commanded general attention, and were practiced daily. But pipe-making was the supreme passion. Thicker even than the bushwhackers they sheltered during the war are the laurel bushes that grow on every mountain side and by every running stream throughout West Virginia. These the men dug up by the hundred, and from the roots made handsome and durable pipes, many of which were sent home, and are, doubtless, still preserved as valued souvenirs of the soldier-life of those loved ones whose handiwork they were. To illustrate the spirit of emulation which carried the art of pipe-carving to great perfection in the Sixth Ohio, it may be mentioned that one of the field officers gave a private in Company I a sum amounting to nearly two months' pay for a pipe finished in a style of superlative elegance. One event of perpetual anticipation and ever new delight, at this period, was the distribution of the mail, which at first was sent up daily by mounted carrier from Huttonsville, but, as the roads grew worse, came only tri-weekly, until, one night, unable to endure

even this service, the wretched mail-horse in despair lay down and died, after which the mail-bags had to take their chances for reaching Elkwater along with hard-tack and sutler's stores. Oftentimes they were brought up by the regimental ox-team, which, in consequence, became the object of general affection, under the favorite title of "Peck's Mail Express."

On the 13th of October, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson received a note from Captain Bense, announcing the arrival of himself and fellow-prisoners at Richmond. "We have seen a little of life," it said, "since we left camp, and expect to see more. Give our respects to the regiment. We are all in good spirits."

On the 12th of October, Captain Westcott and Sergeant J. F. Graham, of Company E, started for Cincinnati. Dr. Loving resigned at the same date, and soon afterward returned to his home and practice in Columbus, followed by the respect and good wishes of the entire command. Lieutenant Billerbeck resigned about the same time, and left the regiment on the 18th.

In the midst of the glories of Indian summer, there were many presages of winter; and, while the nights grew cold, and "the melancholy days, saddest of the year," came on apace, the Sixth Ohio, in common with other troops on the Cheat Mountain front, was sadly in need of clothing, since the depot quartermasters neither had supplies on hand nor seemed able to procure any. As early as the 1st of October, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson telegraphed Governor Dennison as follows:

HUTTONSVILLE, VA., October 1, 1861.

Governor Dennison:

The Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteers is in a freezing condition; forced marches innumerable, and constant service have rendered

the men ragged. The severe cold of the mountain paralyzes them. Can not we be relieved by our State? Utterly without pay for five months' actual service, can not we at least be saved from destitution? In clothing we want overcoats, trousers, and blankets. We have none of these, and two hundred and twelve men do duty in their drawers alone. Sleep is never enjoyed at night, on account of the cold.

N. L. ANDERSON,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

This urgent appeal had the desired effect of enlisting the active exertions of the State Executive on behalf of the half-clad soldiery in Western Virginia. Governor Dennison promptly replied as follows:

COLUMBUS, October 1, 1861.

N. L. Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteers, Huttonsville, Va.:

I have sent a copy of your telegram to Quartermaster-General Meigs, and to General Rosecrans, to whom, Captain Dickerson writes me, he has sent clothing and blankets for all Ohio troops in Virginia. Communicate with General Rosecrans. If not supplied, advise me.

W. DENNISON.

In answer to the Governor's telegram, General Rosecrans gave the following epitome of the state of affairs:

TOP OF BIG SEWALL, VA., October 3, 1861.

Governor Dennison:

Line just opened last evening. Captain Dickerson has given me some information in general terms as to clothing. Presume it is at Grafton or Wheeling; have telegraphed to ascertain, and ordered supplies to be sent down the line so soon as transportation can be got. Provisions and ammunition have taken all we could spare. Roads horrid throughout all Western Virginia. Trains do not average more than nine or ten miles a day, or carry over

seven hundred and fifty pounds, besides feed for wagon. Cold, exposure, and hard fare use up our transportation very rapidly. We shall, by some means, soon supply our troops with clothing.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Brigadier-General.

Ten days having elapsed without any satisfactory assurances of speedy relief, Quartermaster Shoemaker was dispatched to Cincinnati, with instructions not to return until the needed supplies had been obtained. But, meantime, the quick sympathies of the Cincinnati public had been aroused on behalf of the Cheat Mountain division, and the feeling having taken a practical shape in regard to the "Guthrie Greys," as the Sixth Ohio was still popularly known at home, the result is gratefully recorded by the regimental letter-writers in numerous paragraphs, like the following:

"Messrs. Larz Anderson and John Stetinius arrived a week ago, bringing with them the contributions, public and private, to our regiment, which consisted of blankets, shirts, drawers, stockings, gloves, etc., and were much needed by all. They were hailed with delight. Mr. Anderson, who has ever exhibited the warmest interest in the welfare of our regiment, never comes without laying us under new obligations for his kindness; and when he left, the other evening, the boys, getting a glimpse of his unostentatious departure, cheered till he had disappeared in the distance. To all our friends, in fact, who have contributed so much to our comfort, do we wish to return our sincere thanks. They have not only clothed the naked, but have warmed the hearts of those who felt they were neglected, and given them energy to encounter new dangers and hardships in the cause we all feel to be sacred."*

*J. A. C., October 28, 1861.

It was a raw, gloomy day, when the Cincinnati donations were distributed, and the wind blew in cold, wintry gusts, while in the intervals between, great fugitive flakes of snow came sailing drearily to the earth; but the men of the Sixth Ohio, that day, were happy as kings.

"A few days more," says another correspondent,* "brought us our energetic quartermaster, Lieutenant Shoemaker, with full supplies of clothing, which it may not be improper for the citizens of Cincinnati to know he was enabled to get through General Mitchel, whose requisition upon Captain Dickerson [Depot Quartermaster at Cincinnati] was promptly and cheerfully made. It is also due to Governor Dennison to say that he manifested the greatest anxiety to have the necessities of the regiment relieved, and that he forcibly and effectively represented our wants to General Mitchel."

There was now no better clad regiment in the department. A few days of beautiful autumn weather succeeded, and, in the midst of these fortuitous circumstances, Major Slemmer appeared at Elkwater to inspect the regiments of Dumont's brigade. Not only because it was the first regular and systematic inspection by a specially appointed inspecting officer, as it was to the Sixth Ohio and most of the other regiments, but in the belief, as well, that a favorable report would greatly increase the chances for a transfer to Kentucky, great preparations were made for the occasion, which finally occurred on the 29th of October, and passed off with credit to the entire command.

For the greater part of two or three weeks, about this time, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson was absent on court-martial duty

*J. J. M., October 30, 1861. The quotation is condensed from the original text to a limited extent.

at Huttonsville, and Major Christopher was thus left in command of the regiment. On the 31st of October, Dr. Loving's successor as surgeon reached Elkwater, then and there beginning a long and faithful service at the front, which is interwoven into the very texture of the regiment's subsequent history.

Alfred Henry Stephens was born September 26th, 1818, and studied medicine with Dr. A. H. Baker, graduating, in the spring of 1846, at the Ohio Medical College, in Cincinnati. He was practicing in Preble County, Ohio, when the rebellion first "raised its hideous front," and, warmly sympathizing with the national cause, proffered his services to Governor Dennison, by whom he was invited to present himself before the State Board of Medical Examiners, at Columbus, which he accordingly did, on the 10th of September. The character of the examination may be inferred from the fact that, out of one hundred and eighty candidates, only thirty-five were passed for surgeons, and about fifty-five for assistant surgeons. Being among the former class, Dr. Stephens was mustered as Surgeon of the Forty-fifth Ohio, on the 11th of October, and immediately started for Gallipolis, whither he had been ordered to follow Surgeon-General (afterward Brigadier-General) McMillan, and where he found that his services were urgently needed, in consequence of a large number of sick and wounded soldiers having been suddenly and unexpectedly thrown into that post from the army in West Virginia. He remained there about two weeks, hard at work, and prescribing daily for two hundred patients, when, on the morning of October 20th, he received a dispatch from Assistant Adjutant-General Rodney Mason, announcing his transfer to the Sixth Ohio, with instructions to report at Camp Elkwater without delay.

"This little telegram," says Dr. Stephens,* whom we must now permit to tell his own story, "naturally gave me a desire to know something of the character of the Sixth Ohio. Upon inquiring of certain among my patients, who professed to be well informed on the subject, what was my surprise and sorrow to be told that it was known in the field as the 'Calico Regiment;' in short, that the officers and men were clerks of dry goods houses and fancy stores of Cincinnati, or fast young men about town, who had been induced to join the army with the understanding that they were all to have easy places, with little to do, and plenty to eat and drink! With no very favorable impression of my new regiment, I obtained transportation, and, without adventure, reached Grafton, where I was fortunate enough to meet Lieutenant-Colonel Beatty, of the Third Ohio (afterward Brigadier-General), through whose kindness I was given a wagon and again started on my way rejoicing, to be landed on the third day at Huttonsville. Here I found Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, of the Sixth—a boy in appearance, but a man in every thing that constitutes a soldier. Colonel Anderson sent a note to Major Christopher, who was temporarily in charge of the regiment, asking him to 'send up transportation for three hundred pounds of Doctor!' The next day I was accordingly deposited at Elkwater, in the midst of the famed 'Calico Regiment,' and left to form quite new opinions of its qualities.

"This camp will remain indelibly impressed on the memory of every man of the Sixth, for its enormity of mud and for the characteristics of the natives. The Stalnaker family, especially, what member of the regiment will ever forget?

"I found in the regimental hospital, which was tolerably

*Private manuscript.

well supplied with medicines and such dietetics as the Government furnished, fourteen sick and two wounded. The latter were private Helflicker, the victim of the Stewart's Run disaster, and Hannibal M. Hopkins, a member of Company H, who was badly crushed by the falling of a tree, on the 6th of October, but eventually recovered. The sanitary condition of the camp was as good as it well could be in that locality. On comparing the health of the Sixth with that of the other commands, I was surprised to find that it had less than half the number in hospital that the next healthiest regiment had, and only one-fourth as many out-patients. Dr. Ames, assistant surgeon, had been in charge since the resignation of Dr. Loving."

The remarkable healthfulness of the Sixth Ohio, which uniformly secured for it the favorable notice of its brigade commanders and others, did not escape the attention of General Reynolds, who touches upon what was undoubtedly one of its principal causes, in these words:* "In camp, the Sixth was noted for its cheerfulness, and, although not always quiet, could by no means be called disorderly. Its members seemed fully to appreciate the fact that fiddling is far better than physic for exorcising the blues." There were two deaths by disease during the regiment's five months' service in West Virginia, namely, private Charles Vanway, of Company D, who died on the 22d of October, and was buried next day, the chaplain of the Seventh Indiana officiating at the funeral, and private Hermann Volkers, of Company C, who died on the night of the 24th. Major Christopher read the Episcopal burial service at the grave of the latter, with marked impressiveness.

*Private manuscript.

While so nearly exempt from the inroads of disease, however, the regiment was losing a number of its best soldiers from another cause, but that a most honorable one, namely, discharges for promotion. More than thirty men were taken from the ranks of the Sixth Ohio, during the first six months of its service, to officer other regiments, of which number fully two-thirds were from Company A. In some instances these appointments were to positions in the regular army.

On the 29th of October, the Thirteenth Indiana passed through Elkwater, upon a scouting expedition, with five days' rations. It was out nine days, however, in that time marching one hundred and eighty miles and penetrating far beyond the Union lines, but without encountering any enemy, except a few straggling bands of guerrillas, and finally returned to its camp near Huttonsville, by way of Middle Fork Bridge and Beverly.

Kindly did autumn linger among the mountains of West Virginia; yet the time soon came when the most hopeful heart at Elkwater could not but realize that winter was closing in. Drill grounds became spreading acres of mud, and camp, in spite of ditching and abundant drainage, was scarcely better, while the roads were bottomless. The teams grew thin and thinner up to the very day when they were finally exchanged for the hardier race of mules, many of whom died that winter, (in spite of the farmer's proverb that "a mule never dies,") and left their skeletons, half-buried in mud, to bleach along the road-sides. At last, on the morning of the 4th of November, as the troops looked toward Cheat Mountain, they saw it white and glistening with snow.

On the 6th of November, Company G struck tents and went to Beverly, there relieving Company H, of the Fifth Ohio; which regiment moved eastward, to a career of thrice-deserved

renown, and the Sixth saw no more of it until a few weeks before Hooker's immortal battle "among the clouds," where, for the first time, the two commands fought within sound of each other's guns.

The Third Ohio had already began building log-huts for winter-quarters, never ceasing, however, to hope for orders that should take the regiment far enough away before they were ready for occupancy. The men of the Sixth contented themselves with building sod fire-places, and in other ways fitting up their canvas tents as comfortably as possible. Oh, for the word that should liberate them from that bleak and isolated region, and restore them to life and action again in a land of civilization! If Kentucky were only made their destination, they would be sure to go by way of Cincinnati, where, of course, a few hours' halt would be allowed them, and once more they would see their homes, with all the loved ones who made home dear. It was a pleasant, pleasant dream, but would it be realized?

On the 15th of November, a snow-storm came sweeping down upon Elkwater, and the weather then turned cold. Still no marching orders.

CHAPTER XII.

VIRGINIA, FAREWELL!

(NOVEMBER 17-DECEMBER 7, 1861.)

BY the third week in November, the log-huts of the Third Ohio were rapidly approaching completion, and other regiments were beginning to wish that they had exercised the same degree of forethought, when suddenly all was changed at Elkwater. Soon after dark, on Sunday night, November 17th, prolonged and deafening cheers, with the roll of drums, were heard from the camp of the Third Ohio, which regiment, as was soon ascertained, had received marching orders. When would the same glorious tidings greet the Sixth? That evening nothing else could be talked of; and even an hour after taps the animated voices of little groups might be heard around the smoldering fires, out in the cold, calm moonlight, or within the closed tents, all discussing the same absorbing topic.

The Third Ohio was stirring bright and early next morning; but it had not yet filed down the road, when another tremendous outburst of cheers announced that the Sixth also was ordered to Kentucky, and, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson rejoining the regiment from Huttonsville about 10 A. M., preparations for the march went on briskly. The tents were inspected and condemned by a board constituted for that pur-

pose, and, when the regiment moved next day, they were left standing in camp. Of the sick, a portion were sent to general hospital at Beverly; the rest remained at Elkwater a few days longer, under charge of Dr. Ames. It was a busy, happy day for the Sixth Ohio. How the men reveled in their anticipations of the future; of that so near at hand, especially —only a few days more at farthest—when they would proudly march through Cincinnati, and be reunited, for a brief season, with the dear ones, from whom they had been separated so many months. Oh, how long, in retrospect, those weary months did seem! A frosty, moonlight evening succeeded, and with what zest the men hailed the approach of their last night at Elkwater! Camp was hilarious—with such a scene as the old maples, rising gaunt and bare overhead, had never before witnessed. The band of the Seventh Indiana, which came over to serenade the officers, played "Home, Sweet Home!"—not once merely, nor twice, but over and over again; and surely never did that sweetest of all airs seem so touchingly beautiful as then.

Tuesday morning, November 19th, was cold, but clear, and the ground frozen hard. Though reveille beat early, the regiment did not get fairly under way until near ten o'clock, the men carrying heavy knapsacks, plethoric now with winter clothing and many little extras from home. Under a bright sun, the ground thawed rapidly, and the road grew very heavy, so that it was noon before the column reached Huttonsville. As it passed the camp of the Thirteenth Indiana, after a short halt for dinner, the men of that regiment crowded out to the guard-line and cheered it heartily. Gallant, ragged veterans of the Thirteenth, whose destiny led them to fields far eastward, where they achieved a proud fame throughout the Army of the Potomac—the Sixth Ohio never saw them

afterward. On such a march straggling was inevitable. From dark until near midnight, squads of weary soldiery were plodding into Beverly, while numbers lay down at the bridge, three miles out, and elsewhere along the road, and slept until morning.

Comfortably quartered in empty houses, the regiment rested at Beverly during the whole of Wednesday, and, additional wagons having been obtained, the men's knapsacks were sent forward to Clarksburg, under the escort of Company G, which, from its having come to Beverly some time before, had escaped the laborious march from Elkwater.

Reaching Beverly on Monday evening, the Third Ohio, on the following morning, had pushed on toward Buckhannon, in light marching order, by which means it was now two days in advance of the Sixth. The Twenty-fourth Ohio started from Cheat Mountain Summit on the same day that the Third left Elkwater, but did not pass Beverly until the second evening. Other regiments were soon afterward moved to the rear, most of them to reënforce General Buell in Kentucky; and the Cheat Mountain district, although held by Milroy's brigade until early in the following spring, never became the theater of important military operations again.

General Dumont subsequently served in Kentucky and Tennessee, and finally resigned to take a seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress, to which he was elected from the Sixth District of Indiana, in October, 1862.

Resigning in January, 1862, General Reynolds returned to Indiana, where he spent several months in assisting to raise and organize new regiments for the field, and, by request of Governor Morton and Major-General H. G. Wright, was present, in an advisory capacity, at both Louisville and Cincinnati,

when those cities were threatened by the rebels, in September, 1862. On the 29th of November, 1862, after having declined a re-appointment as Brigadier-General, he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, and, reporting promptly to General Rosecrans, was at once assigned to the command of the Twelfth Division of the Army of the Cumberland—then in the "Centre," under General Thomas. During the Stone River campaign, his division, although not ordered up with the main army, did good service by executing a coöperative movement from Gallatin into Kentucky for the protection of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. From January to October, 1863, he commanded the Fourth Division, of the Fourteenth Army Corps, by which the affair at Hoover's Gap, in the advance upon Tullahoma, was mainly fought. Of General Reynolds' services at Chickamauga, which were most conspicuous and intrepid, we shall have occasion to speak in the regular course of our narrative.

At the reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland, upon the accession of General Thomas to its command, in October, 1863, General Reynolds was appointed Chief of Staff; in which capacity, he took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge and other engagements before Chattanooga, on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of November following. In December, he was ordered to the Department of the Gulf, and remained in command of the defenses of New Orleans during the first five and a half months of 1864. From the 16th of June to August, 1864, he commanded the "U. S. Forces in the Field," in the Department of the Gulf, being principally engaged in organizing troops to operate against Mobile, and, during this period, was assigned (in July) to the command of the Nineteenth Corps, two divisions of which (originally intended for Mobile) were soon afterward embarked for the Army of the Potomac.

From the remainder of the Nineteenth Corps, and the former Thirteenth Corps, General Reynolds then organized about fifteen hundred men, and transferred them to Major-General Gordon Granger, to coöperate in the capture of Forts Gaines and Morgan, in Mobile Bay. The last three months of 1864 found him in command of the troops stationed along the Mississippi, from Memphis to the Gulf, whose duty it was to prevent the rebel forces west of the river from crossing to the assistance of their sore-pressed comrades further east. By assignment of the President, he commanded, during a portion of this time, the Military Division of West Mississippi, Major-General Canby having been temporarily disabled by a wound. He was next assigned to the Department of Arkansas, and the Seventh Army Corps; and this command (except in so far as it was modified by the disbandment of the Seventh Corps at the close of the war) he held until the summer of 1866. General Reynolds' later service has been in the South-west, principally in the States of Louisiana and Texas.

At Beverly, Colonel Bosley re-assumed command of the Sixth Ohio, and Captain Tatem and Adjutant Heron rejoined it also, from absence in Cincinnati, upon sick leave. The duties of the latter officer had been very ably discharged, during the interim, by Lieutenant Donovan.

By sunrise of Thursday, November 21st, the regiment was again in motion, the men being in buoyant spirits, and about ten o'clock reached Hart's farm, on the summit of Rich Mountain, where it halted for a few minutes upon the battle-ground. Some of the rude breastworks thrown up by the rebels still remained, and the scars of cannon-shot, with the marks of axes used by relic-hunters to cut out bullets from the trees, were visible on all sides. The column rested for dinner at Roaring

Run, the sun shining warm and pleasant, and, after three hours more of leisurely marching, went into bivouac in the woods, about half way to Buckhannon, where, as the night was cold, and the men had no axes for chopping fire-wood, the best sleep that any obtained was a succession of shivering naps.

When reveille blew, at 3 A. M., of what was now November 22d, the moon was shining brightly, and over a hard-frozen road the troops set out rapidly, passing Middle Fork Bridge, where the patriot Johns was killed on the 6th of July, in the gray of twilight, and, after toiling up the long, steep hill beyond, they were just beginning to descend the western slope when the rising sun flashed upon the scene, in gorgeous and unclouded splendor. They reached Buckhannon about noon, after a march of nearly sixteen miles. Quartered in the public buildings of the town, a Methodist Church among the number, they rejoiced to find themselves again in a community where intelligence and loyalty predominated, and were soon quite at home. In the evening, two days' rations were issued, consisting, in part, of a small allowance of fresh bread—a luxury indeed to men who had lived upon hard-tack and slap-jacks for four months and a half; and during the night a blustering nor'-wester began to blow, driving before it a cold, white sleet.

Of the two or three turnpike routes from Buckhannon to Clarksburg, that by way of Weston, thirty-eight miles in all, is the least direct; and, for that very reason having been less worn by Government trains, it was at this time decidedly the preferable one. Both the Third and Twenty-fourth Ohio went directly through Weston; but the Sixth, on the 23d, merely sent its trains thither, while the main body struck across the country to Jane Lew, which is the singular name

of a hamlet situated on the turnpike between Clarksburg and Weston, and distant from the latter place about seven miles. The Twenty-fourth, for the last thirty-six hours, had been leading the Sixth by but half a day's journey, and as the latter saved at least six miles by this piece of strategy, it was only by terrible marching that Colonel Ammen succeeded in keeping the advance, which told the more severely on his men, as they all carried knapsacks, and bivouacked regularly in the open air. At Jane Lew, the left wing of the Sixth quartered in Mitchell's mill, and the right wing in various houses near by; the day's march had been a light and comfortable one of sixteen miles.

The following day, November 24th, was Sunday. The weather had grown cold since the storm of Friday night, and when the column formed at day-break, the ground was covered with a light snow, and great feathery flakes were falling still. Sixteen miles more to Clarksburg! Thanks to a road in good condition, the season of the year and the weather being taken into consideration, the regiment completed the distance a few minutes after twelve o'clock, and, after standing for some time in a dense snow-storm, was dismissed to the quarters provided in the court-house and other public buildings; at the former of which the knapsacks were found piled up in the rotunda, quite safe under the guardianship of Company G.

The Third Ohio reached Clarksburg the day previous, and, after having been paid off by Major Hazleton, who sat up all night to finish the task, about two hours before the arrival of the Sixth it had started, by rail, for Parkersburg, there to take boat for Louisville. As for the Twenty-fourth Ohio, which, at dark on Saturday evening, went into bivouac by the roadside, about six miles from Jane Lew, it had been roused at

1 A. M., and by daylight was in Clarksburg, where it marched through the town to a bleak hill-side, and was immediately surrounded by a strong regimental guard. It passed the night in neighboring houses and a train of freight cars standing on the railroad track close by, and on Monday embarked for Parkersburg.

During the day last named, the Sixth Ohio was paid off, for the two months ending October 31st, and on Tuesday it took the cars also. By eleven o'clock that night, the last company of the left wing was safely aboard the Capitola, a small "up-river" and Kanawha packet, lying at the Parkersburg wharf; the right wing, having started from Clarksburg somewhat earlier than the left, had been swarming the decks of the Goody Friends, a rather larger boat, for two hours past. Two or three hours were consumed in loading the regimental baggage and taking on a supply of quartermaster's and commissary stores; so that it was some time after midnight before the boats got under way, the Capitola leading, with Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson aboard, in charge of the left wing. Colonel Bosley was with the right wing, on the Goody Friends. Major Christopher had obtained a short leave of absence, and started homeward by rail. At daylight of Wednesday, which opened with a drizzling rain, and a dreary prospect of bare, brown hill-sides rising upon either shore, the boats stopped at Mason City for coal. Between nine and ten o'clock, the Goody Friends came up along-side the Capitola, and the two boats were lashed together, after which, three days' rations were distributed, and also a full supply of shoes and socks. Approaching Gallipolis, the boats again parted company, the Goody Friends making a landing there, to enable Colonel Bosley to telegraph General Buell, with a request that the regiment might stop a short time at Cincinnati.

As both the Third and Twenty-fourth Ohio had had several hours in the Queen City, although neither of them was raised in that section of the State, it was thought to be impossible that the members of the Sixth—Cincinnati's own regiment—would be denied the same privilege. There was already a vast army in Kentucky, no immediate danger threatened in that quarter, a few hundred men could not be missed for a day or two, or even more; surely the regiment would stop, must stop, at Cincinnati. Thus the men encouraged each other in their fond hopes, and, in spite of the weather, in spite of their manifold discomforts, crowded together and cramped for room as they were, with very inadequate accommodations for cooking, they overflowed with good humor, and were as full of plans and pranks as school-boys going home at holiday.

Home and friends!—for a little respite, at least, to be seen, possessed, enjoyed once more! How the hours lengthened that still kept asunder the long-separated, the dearer-loved than ever! Yes, and *they* at home were waiting too! A thousand letters had sent to Ohio the glad news of marching orders before ever the Sixth left Elkwater; a score of telegraphic messages had sped the tidings of its progress since; and every body in Cincinnati knew by this time that the regiment was coming. For the brothers, sons, friends, and lovers that would march in its ranks through the streets to-morrow, what turkeys were shedding their heart's best blood, what dinners were cooking, what festivities were preparing! There were nimble fingers, too, putting the last finishing touches upon numberless little presents; there were prayers ascending, hearts throbbing with fond anticipation, and eyes dimmed with tears of thankfulness and joy. How sluggishly the boats were floating down stream, when they should have plowed through the current with every ounce of steam on that the boilers would bear!

But the boats *did* move. About 2 P. M., the village of Guyandotte appeared in sight; it had lately been the scene of some guerrilla savagery, which a mass of blackened ruins told had already been settled for. Somewhat later the boats passed the mouth of the Big Sandy River, the boundary between Virginia and Kentucky.

> "And now Virginia's mountain tops
> Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
> And now they fade away."

Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, sacred soil of Southern chivalry, farewell, farewell! Kentucky spread away upon the left, the much-talked-of, the long-wished-for Kentucky! Late in the day the sky cleared, and, like a conqueror crowned and canopied with glory, the sun sank to rest behind the Kentucky hills. His last rays lingered on the furnace chimneys of Ironton; but these, too, were soon lost in twilight and the distance, and long before the boats passed Portsmouth, it was dark night.

The day following was Thanksgiving-day—Thursday, November 28th. "Dawn found us," says the diary we have before quoted from, "at anchor, in the middle of the river, just opposite Glenn's saw-mill, in Fulton. Some of the men were in plain sight of their homes; a few had even exchanged greetings across the water with friends on shore. I saw a skiff put out from the bank, and a little fellow, hardly ten years old, come pulling toward us for dear life.

"'Ike! mother says for you to come back with me, and get some breakfast! It's all waitin' now; come!'

"'Can't do it, Johnny,' sang out a Company H boy at my side—'can't do it! they won't let us off right here. Tell mother to wait till supper time!'

"The boy made no reply, but paddled slowly, and I thought sadly, back to shore.

"Cincinnati was right below us. We still had no orders from our officers, yet nearly all were sanguine of our being permitted to land, as the Third and Twenty-fourth had been, and having at least half a day with our friends. Even the few who, up to last night, had tried to reason their comrades out of the hope, were now as eager as any in their preparations for a parade through the streets of Cincinnati. Blankets were rolled up and strapped on the knapsacks, accouterments were rubbed clean, uniforms brushed, shoes polished, paper collars and new neck-ties produced and put on; and, as the boats started again, under full steam, some even shouldered their knapsacks, and, with gun in hand, stood on the deck, ready to leap ashore the moment the boat should touch the wharf. We could hear the bells ringing to announce our approach, and a crowd, that grew deeper and denser every minute, was already assembled at the landing to give us welcome. . . . . Oh, bitter, bitter disappointment! Five minutes the boats stopped on the Covington side; then they swung round again, stood out into the middle of the stream, and, in full view of the hundreds on shore, steamed madly down toward Louisville. Threats and curses there were many, it is true; but, for the most part, they were

'Curses not loud, but deep.'

I heard of instances where full-grown men—married men and fathers—wept aloud. I saw no such exhibitions, but I did see desperation written on the faces of scores and scores; and those, too, of the very best men in the regiment. Not a cheer from the Guthries all that long, long day; gloom and sullen dejection brooded on almost every countenance."

In sympathy with the hour, as it almost seemed, a cold, driz-

zling rain set in, about 10 A. M., and, continuing nearly all day, was succeeded by a dense fog, which compelled the boats to lay up for a considerable time during the night. Next morning the Sixth disembarked at Louisville, and marched, first to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Depot, where a substantial meal was provided by the Subsistence Committee (an organization of loyal citizens of Louisville), and afterward to Camp Jenkins, an extensive camp of rendezvous, nearly five miles out on the plank road, where the regiment filed into an old corn-field that was shoe-top deep in mud, and was ordered to stack arms, unsling knapsacks, and await the arrival of tents and equipage from Louisville. The raw, drizzling rain, already falling, soon turned into a cold, biting sleet. Singly, in pairs and by squads, the men began leaving the dreary scene, in search of shelter and more comfortable quarters for the night, and the consequence was that when, at dusk, the tents actually did arrive, scarcely a corporal's guard remained to put them up. Some of the men were sharing the hospitalities of acquaintances in other regiments, but the large majority were in Louisville, or miles on their way toward home.

In Cincinnati, the friends of the regiment had felt the disappointment of the day before almost as keenly as had the men themselves. Says an editorial paragraph in the *Commercial*, of November 29th: "It was sad to see them returning from the landing, disappointed in their confident expectations of meeting the gallant fellows who have been so long absent. Many ladies wept bitterly, to be obliged to return home with the little packages of comforts prepared for the boys, and some of the scenes were most touching." The Ninth and Tenth Ohio, from the Kanawha region, were close behind the Sixth in its passage down the river, and they were permitted not only to land, but to spend two or three days in Cincinnati. Hardly

had the Goody Friends and Capitola passed out of sight, below Cincinnati, when the friends of the Sixth began rendezvousing on the Superior, the noon mail-boat, determined to see their soldier boys before the regiment should leave Louisville. Those who were unable to pay fare the mail company transported free, so that the boat was crowded. It passed the regiment during the night; and when the troops filed ashore in the morning, not a few were at once taken possession of and spirited away—some with permission from their officers, and some without—to hotels and elsewhere, to enjoy a happy reunion with loving ones from home, and spend a few hours in their dear society. As there was, in addition to these, the inevitable proportion of stragglers from the ranks, which a body of troops *in transitu* is sure to leave behind in passing through a large city, not much more than half of the regiment went out to Camp Jenkins on Friday, November 30th.

For nearly a week the Sixth Ohio remained in the demoralized condition consequent upon the events we have described, which was undoubtedly made worse by the fact that the men were all in funds. The "stampede at Louisville"—to use the term by which it was long known in the regiment—was a time that exceedingly few survivors of the Sixth Ohio will ever forget. First and last, nearly one-half of the regiment must have been smuggled home, in various disguises, with the active connivance, in most cases, of sympathizing steamboatmen and railroad conductors; and friends, meanwhile, were continually coming and going at camp. In Louisville, the "P. P's."—the "Provisional Patrols," a body of home-guards whom Western Virginia campaigners were in duty bound to hold in profound contempt—in Louisville, those maintainers of "good order and military discipline," had a lively time indeed. The city abound-

ing with stragglers from the two-score regiments or more encamped in its environs, the patrols seldom encountered such obstreperous customers as certain squads of the Sixth Ohio could furnish at that period. But while the regiment, as a body, felt that they had been unjustly treated, the patriotism of its individual members never wavered. In a few days the Sixth Ohio re-assembled—every man of it save six. In view of all the circumstances of the case, together with the previous good character of the command, the escapade was overlooked; and although a cloud now overshadowed the regiment, it very soon lifted, as we shall see.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW ASSOCIATIONS.

(DECEMBER 6–18, 1861.)

CAMP JENKINS—or, as it was officially designated, Camp Buell—was low and flat, and but poorly supplied with water, being merely a temporary place of rendezvous, under the command of General O. M. Mitchel, for such of General Buell's heavy reënforcements as could not be quartered in other camps in the environs of Louisville. Of the regiments here assembled, a considerable portion were new, *en route* to the front for the first time; and among this number were two, soon to be associated with the Sixth, namely, Colonel W. B. Hazen's Forty-first Ohio, from the Western Reserve, and the Fifty-first Ohio, recruited mainly in Tuscarawas and Coshocton Counties, but commanded by Colonel Stanley M. Matthews, of Cincinnati, the same gentleman who had received a large number of votes, at Camp Dennison, for the colonelcy of the Sixth. A few of the remaining commands had had a spice of active campaigning, under the iron-willed Nelson, in Eastern Kentucky, and in this list were the Second and Thirty-third Ohio Infantry, the former of which, reorganized for the three-years' service, under Colonel L. A. Harris, of Cincinnati, contained many personal friends of members of the Sixth. The regiments from Western Virginia were the veterans,

par excellence, of all the troops in camp. There were several of them, besides the Sixth Ohio, in the immediate vicinity of Louisville. The Ninth Ohio was directly across the river, at Camp Joe Holt, near Jeffersonville, Indiana; the Tenth Ohio was quartered in some neighboring camp; the Seventeenth Indiana had gone out to the Oakland Race Course; and the Third and Twenty-fourth Ohio, as also the Fifteenth Indiana, were with the Sixth Ohio at Camp Buell.

The Third and Sixth Ohio, fast friends still, were encamped upon contiguous grounds, and in both regiments the desire to have them brigaded together was almost universal. This feeling, however, was not to be gratified. The Third, being assigned to General Mitchel's division, in a few days went forward, by rail, to Bacon Creek, near Green River, and its eventful history subsequent to this period has comparatively little in common with that of the Sixth Ohio. The latter, on the 6th of December, found itself incorporated with the "Fifteenth Brigade, Army of the Ohio," commanded by Colonel Milo S. Hascall, of the Seventeenth Indiana, and comprising, in addition to that officer's own regiment and the Sixth Ohio, the Fifteenth Indiana and Forty-first Ohio. Lieutenant Edward R. Kerstetter, Adjutant of the Seventeenth Indiana, was announced as acting assistant adjutant-general on Colonel Hascall's staff, to which an aid-de-camp was added a few days later, in the person of Lieutenant Montagnier, of Company G, Sixth Ohio, a versatile and accomplished officer.

Milo S. Hascall was born in Genesee County, New York, in August, 1829, and in the spring of 1848, entered the military academy at West Point, as a cadet from one of the congressional districts in Indiana, to which State he had removed during the preceding September. He graduated in 1852,

fourteenth in a class of ninety-six. Among his class-mates were Generals Sheridan, David S. Stanley, A. McDowell McCook, Crook, Charles R. Woods, Hartsuff and Slocum.* Young Hascall remained in the army as second lieutenant, until September, 1854, when he resigned, and, returning to his adopted State, began the study of the law, in the practice of which profession he was engaged when the rebellion broke out. Throwing his entire energies into the struggle for the nation's preservation, he was speedily promoted from a captaincy in the Seventeenth Indiana to the command of that body, which he led into Western Virginia, in July, 1861. The services of his regiment in that quarter have been outlined in previous chapters.

Before spring opened, the Sixth Ohio, as we shall see, was transferred to another brigade, soon after which Colonel Hascall was appointed brigadier-general, and in due time was confirmed as such, to rank from March 25th, 1862. At Stone River, his division commander, General Thomas J. Wood, having been wounded, General Hascall had command of the extreme left, consisting of four brigades, during the last three days of the battle; and it was with true soldierly pride that he called attention, in his official report, to the fact that his division "held its original position, and every other position assigned to it, during the whole four days." Soon after this engagement, he was ordered to Indianapolis, to assume command of the District of Indiana; but, after remaining there less than five months, he again went into the field, in command of a division of the Twenty-third Army Corps. He took a prominent part in General Burnside's movement into East

*Ohio was represented in this class by five members. They were the five first-named in the list above given—a brilliant galaxy indeed.

Tennessee, and later operations in that region, including the siege of Knoxville. During the Atlanta campaign, his division, then serving under General Schofield, shared with the remainder of Sherman's army in nearly five months of marching and fighting, almost without intermission. In October, 1864 (several weeks subsequent to the fall of Atlanta), General Hascall resigned, after a continuous service of three years and six months, and somewhat later engaged in the banking business at Goshen, Elkhart County, Indiana, which is his home at the date of this writing.

We now return to affairs at Camp Buell. To its dismay, the Fifteenth Brigade was assigned to the Fourth Division, Army of the Ohio, commanded by Brigadier-General William Nelson, whom, as yet, the troops knew only from his fearful portraiture—a monstrous sort of anamorphosis—by the men composing his late command in Eastern Kentucky. General Nelson's staff was announced as follows: "J. Mills Kendrick, Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, acting assistant adjutant-general; E. E. Colburn, Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, acting division quartermaster; John M. Duke, Jr., Colonel Marshall's regiment Kentucky Volunteers, aid-de-camp." Shortly afterward, Lieutenant Richard Southgate, of Company I, Sixth Ohio, was detailed as an additional aid-de-camp.

Lack of transportation detained the Fifteenth Brigade at Camp Buell two or three days longer than was originally intended, none of the Western Virginia regiments in it having brought their wagons or teams further than Philippi or Clarksburg. On the evening of December 9th, marching orders were at length received, and were followed, some hours after dark, by the appearance of the much desired transportation, consisting of twelve six-mule teams for each regiment—

one wagon for each company and two wagons for the regimental and head-quarters baggage. Dr. Stephens had previously drawn a sufficient supply of hospital tents and stores for the wants of the regiment, which were characteristically limited, and the few sick he had sent to general hospital at Louisville.

On Tuesday morning, December 10th, the Fifteenth Brigade set out on the march to Camp Wickliffe, which was to be the winter's home of the Fourth Division. It was accompanied by the Fifty-first Ohio, the whole force of five regiments being under the personal conduct of General Nelson. The men carried provisions for one day, while four days' rations more were packed in the wagons. Passing through Louisville, where its appearance was remarked as very soldierly, the column struck out upon the Bardstown turnpike at a swinging gait, the Forty-first Ohio in the advance, and the Sixth Ohio coming next. The weather was warm for the season, and, in spite of orders and a strong rear-guard, there was considerable straggling before nightfall.

After the first day, the march was characterized by admirable system and good order, almost every detail receiving General Nelson's personal attention, in greater or less degree. The starting of the troops and trains in the morning, the timing of the halts, the order and general style of the march, the preservation of distances, the enforcement of regulations against straggling, the selection of camping grounds, the posting of interior guards as well as of the pickets, and other matters of minutiæ not a few, the indefatigable commander insisted upon having executed precisely in accordance with orders, and, as far as possible, under his own eye. The troops instinctively felt that they had a *leader*, and, although they still feared him to be a harsh, unbending disciplinarian, he had already

secured their confidence and was rapidly gaining their esteem. Upon this march the Sixth Ohio began to attract General Nelson's notice, by its excellent marching qualities; for, "while some regiments," as a medical officer writes, "were transporting several ambulance loads of flagging soldiers, almost every man of the Sixth kept squarely 'on his pins.'"

It was late in the afternoon, on the date last given, when the Fifteenth Brigade reached its camping place, about sixteen miles from Camp Buell, and ten miles from Louisville. The wagon train of the Sixth Ohio, with the tents and regimental baggage, did not come up until long after dark; meantime, the men had grown weary of waiting for it, and as the evening was warm and the sky quite clear, they wrapped their blankets about them and lay down to sleep in the open air. About midnight they were awakened by a hard shower of rain, to which succeeded a cold, north-west wind. They shivered out the remainder of the night, and, gladly making a start at daylight, on the next day marched about fourteen miles, passing through Mt. Washington, in Bullitt County, a small place of decided secession sympathies, and halted for the night just within the limits of Nelson County, about half a mile south of the East Fork of Salt River. The night was cold, with severe frost.

On the 12th, the brigade passed through Bardstown, and, after a tiresome march of sixteen miles, went into bivouac on Beech Fork shortly before sundown.

On the 13th, an easy stage of twelve miles brought it to within half a mile of New Haven, where it encamped, early in the afternoon, on a thinly-wooded knoll on the right of the turnpike. New Haven is a sprightly little town on the Lebanon branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, in Nelson County, but nearly on the boundary line of the county of La Rue. The turnpike which approaches it from Bardstown, by a south-westerly

course, leads out from it, in a more southerly direction, toward Munfordville, in Hart County, where it unites with the main turnpike—the old stage route—from Louisville to Nashville. Immediately beyond the town, as the traveler journeys southward, he begins the toilsome ascent of an elevated ridge, which, in fact, is a continuation of the range known as Muldraugh's Hills, and forms one of those extensive barrens that characterize this portion of Kentucky. These barrens are mostly overgrown with dwarfish forests of black-jack, post-oak, etc., and from their infertility remain but sparsely settled.

On the south-western slope of the ridge above mentioned, where the head-waters of Nolin Creek take their rise, the country, although less populous and wealthy than in the vicinity of Bardstown, again assumes an aspect of thrift and cultivation. It was here, at a point on the turnpike about twelve miles from New Haven, that General Nelson had selected a camping ground for his division until it should be ordered forward, in a general advance of the Army of the Ohio; and here arriving at one o'clock, on the afternoon of Saturday, December 14th, the Fifteenth Brigade was at the end of its journey. Next day, another brigade—the Tenth, under command of Colonel Ammen—came up, and went into camp on the opposite side of the turnpike. It consisted of the Twenty-fourth and Fifty-first Ohio and the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth Indiana, of which the two regiments last named had been acting for some time past as a corps of observation in the region about New Haven, and were entire strangers to the rest of the division. A third brigade had been promised General Nelson, but it did not join the others until about three weeks later.

The new camp received its name in honor of Ex-Governor C. A. Wickliffe, a gentleman of advanced years, who was, at this period, a member of the lower house of the National Congress,

but whose subsequent course indicated a sad declension from the outspoken loyalty which he originally professed. The location of the camp was excellent, the grounds being high and rolling, abundantly supplied with wood and water, and adjacent to large and pleasant drill grounds. With reference to the country in front, toward the enemy, it was, for all purposes of observation, a commanding position; while its communications with the supply depot at New Haven were short, safe, and easy; at the same time, it was within ready supporting distance of the forces which General Buell had assembled along the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, at various convenient points near Green River. Those forces, which consisted of the two strong divisions of McCook and Mitchel, numerically designated the Second and Third, were on the right of Camp Wickliffe, and thirty-six hours' march nearer the enemy, who was lying between Green River and Bowling Green. The rebel commander (Albert Sidney Johnston) had fortified the latter position with great labor, designing to hold it, as being the key-point of Central Kentucky and the main outwork for defending the rich and fertile regions of Middle Tennessee. The First Division, under General Thomas, was a considerable distance to the left of the Fourth, with headquarters and its base of supplies at Lebanon, which is the terminus of the branch railroad that passes through New Haven. It formed the left of Buell's coöperative columns in Central Kentucky. For the present, its duty was simply that of occupation, keeping a close watch, meanwhile, upon the movements of the rebel General Zollicoffer, who had recently crossed the Cumberland River from Mill Spring, in Wayne County, and begun intrenching himself on the northern bank of that stream, the better to maintain which surveillance, Schoepf's brigade had been thrown forward to Somerset, in Pulaski County.

The Fourth Division, remaining for several weeks longer with-

out artillery or any considerable body of cavalry, was scarcely prepared for an aggressive campaign. But, while watching the front toward Green River and guarding the left flank of the forces about Munfordville, it was being molded by discipline and laborious drill into that body of veterans whose renown not merely became the pride of the lion-hearted commander who made the Fourth Division what it was, but shed a luster on the history of the whole army.*

The 15th of December was a bright, spring-like Sabbath day, and very pleasant was the rest which came with it for the tired and foot-sore men of the Fifteenth Brigade. General Nelson, however, impatient to begin the task of drilling, had already issued a general order, instituting the following calls for duty, throughout the division:

Reveille, at 6 A. M.

Between reveille and breakfast, quarters to be policed and arms cleaned.

Breakfast, 7 A. M.

Fatigue and sick call, 7:30 A. M.

Officers' drill [under direction of brigade commanders], 8 to 9 A. M.

Squad drill for privates [under non-commissioned officers], at same hour.

Guard mounting, 8 A. M.

Drill call [battalion drill with knapsacks], 9:30 A. M.

Recall from drill, 11:30 A. M.

Orderly call and recall from fatigue, 11:40 A. M.

*One interesting circumstance which we must not forget to mention in connection with Camp Wickliffe is, that about five miles west of it, and a short distance within the limits of La Rue County, the log-cabin was pointed out in which Abraham Lincoln was born. We believe it is still standing.

Dinner call, 12 M.
Fatigue call, 12:30 P. M.
Drill call [brigade or division drill], 1 P. M.
Recall from drill, 4 P. M.
Retreat and dress parade, sunset.
Supper, 5:30 P. M.
Tattoo, 8 P. M.
Taps, 8:10 P. M.

Such was the life upon which the Fourth Division entered on the 16th of December, 1861. It was busy, exacting, laborious, but it made soldiers out of untrained volunteers with wonderful precision and rapidity.

Upon the 18th of December, the troops at Camp Wickliffe received intelligence of the repulse, at Woodsonville, of a considerable body of Texan Rangers, by Colonel Willich's Thirty-second Indiana—a spirited little action, fought on the 17th, which kindled the enthusiasm of Buell's entire army.

The following changes took place among the officers of the Sixth Ohio, about ten days after the regiment reached Camp Wickliffe: First Lieutenant Thatcher, promoted from second lieutenant of Company K, was transferred to Company F; First Lieutenant Charles C. Peck, promoted from quartermaster-sergeant, and Second Lieutenant Edward M. Gettier, promoted from private in Company B, were assigned to Company K; and Coporal Robert W. Wise, of Company E, was appointed to the vacant position of quartermaster-sergeant. About the same time, Second Lieutenant William E. Sheridan, promoted from sergeant-major, was assigned to Company H; and Harry Gee, first sergeant of Company K, was appointed his successor as sergeant-major.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAMP WICKLIFFE.

(DECEMBER 14, 1861-FEBRUARY 13, 1862.)

THE Sixth Ohio remained at Camp Wickliffe two months, to a day. The events which that period embraces could be recorded most easily, perhaps, precisely in their chronological order. But this would be to burden the narrative with needless repetitions, and make it as wearisome as

"The thrice-told tale of garrulous old age."

The better method of treating any aggregation of such subjects as are most of those which fall within the scope of this chapter, seems to be to select the leading incidents and present them in those groupings and with those accessories that will bring into the boldest relief the features which possess an enduring interest; and, if in some parts of the recital there should appear a lack of connection, the reader should remember that many of the occurrences tending to break the monotony of camp life are purely episodical in their character, and that, at best, the writer who truthfully describes military experience in the intervals between active campaigning, is, by the very nature of his subject, limited to the functions of a mere chronicler.

For more than two weeks after the establishment of Camp

Wickliffe, the weather continued remarkably favorable for drill purposes, and was improved to the utmost. "We have drills of all sorts," says a private letter of this period; "squad drill, company drill, battalion drill, brigade drill; officer's drill, skirmish drill, and drills in the bayonet exercise; drill in quick-time, drill at double-quick, and drill upon the run; drill with knapsacks, and drill without them; drill to the tap of the drum, drill with bugle calls, and drill at the route step; drill in the morning, drill till noon, and drill up to the hour for evening dress parade;—an incessant round of drill, drill, drill!" Even after the storms of winter came on, the morning must have been bleak indeed, or the drill-grounds shoe-top deep in mud, before the order ever came, "No drills to-day." Occasionally, the exercises were varied by an inspection, or, if an afternoon was particularly fine, by a grand review. On several nights, and those, of course, as dark and dreary as the season could afford, the long-roll was beaten, and, although the alarms invariably proved false, or, more strictly speaking, accidental, the alacrity and full ranks with which the Sixth Ohio always formed in line at such times pleased General Nelson greatly.

"The winter holidays" are words of little import to a soldier; nevertheless, the season brought some rest to the Fourth Division. Drills were omitted upon both Christmas day and New Year's, and sociability ruled the hour, General Nelson himself setting the example.* The 8th of January, the anni-

* Among the many reminiscences of Camp Wickliffe, an especially pleasant one to some of the officers will be the evening spent at Colonel Hascall's head-quarters, on the 30th of December. It was the first time that a majority of those present had seen General Nelson unbend in social intercourse. "We found him a genial gentleman," writes one of the party, "a ready speaker, full of anecdote and wit; one who has traveled all

versary of the battle of New Orleans, was also kept as a holiday. "The name and services of Andrew Jackson," said the order directing its observance, "are now, more than ever, precious to the heart of every patriot. It was the Union established by the Federal Constitution for which he fought and labored. He defended it against a foreign foe; he saved it from domestic traitors, and, warning his countrymen against the treason he had baffled, predicted the renewal of its plottings, which survived him. On the present generation has devolved the sacred duty of emulating his patriotism and of completing his work. It is to us, arrayed for the cause so dear to him, that his great injunction is pronounced: 'The Federal Union—it must and shall be preserved!'"

The Fourth Division was not long in discovering the terrible earnestness of its commander in every thing to which he put his hand, from the giant task of crushing rebellion to the posting of a single sentinel. His tireless energy permeated every department of military administration. Says a newspaper correspondent,* writing from Camp Wickliffe: "There is no measure to General Nelson's industry. This morning at daylight he mounted his horse, without waiting for breakfast, and dashed away on a ride of miles to secure some houses for

over the world, and speaks fluently half a dozen languages." The evening's enjoyment was heightened by the admirable recitations of those notabilities of the Sixth Ohio, Lieutenant Sheridan and Alf. Burnett. A medical officer of the division, a personal friend of General Nelson, relates that on their return from Colonel Hascall's head-quarters, the General spoke particularly of the intelligence and varied talent to be found in the Sixth Ohio, concluding with the following unique but characteristic commendation: "They are the biggest *rascals* in my division, sir; the smartest boys in the army!"

*"Orderly," February 2, 1862.

the sick of the Fifty-first Ohio. He finds out infractions of orders, inefficiency of officers, want of punctuality on the part of sentinels and pickets—in a word, every thing that is not in accordance with his orders—in a way that is astonishing to every body. And if to-morrow you should introduce a man within ten miles of this encampment, ten chances to one General Nelson would tell you at once to which side he belongs, and especially what, if any thing, he has done to help the rebels. He is the 'Index Rerum' of these things, as well as of all information touching roads, rivers, bridges, and creeks. That he will have his troops well fed and clothed, his quartermasters well know; that he will have his sick kindly cared for and made comfortable, his surgeons well know; and if there is a screw found loose in either department, the screw-driver sticks where it properly belongs."

"General Nelson," writes another correspondent,* "has been dealing destruction among negligent and incompetent officers, so many of whom have been placed under arrest that his quarters present the appearance of *a second-hand sword store.* He is daily becoming more popular with the men. Troops with ordinary intelligence soon learn that a general who holds *officers* responsible for dereliction from duty, and who sees that his soldiers are fed with wholesome food and properly clothed, and that the sick are cared for, is their true friend, notwithstanding the strictness which may characterize his requirements regarding military discipline."

Few have been the troops whose health and comfort were the object of more painstaking solicitude than was extended the Fourth Division while at Camp Wickliffe. For example, not only were the men furnished regular supplies of fresh meat,

* "Nemo," January 8, 1862.

but they had also the benefits of a General Order from Division Head-quarters, prescribing the best mode of preparing soup therefrom.* Other orders protected them against the impositions of pie-peddlers and the division bakeries. Nor could sutlers complain of being overlooked, so long as they were remembered in orders, such as the following, which bears date January 25th, 1862: "The Brigadier-General learned yesterday, to his great indignation, that, on several occasions, wagoners had either neglected or refused to bring to camp, hospital supplies and comforts for the sick from New Haven, but had left them there and hurried forward sutler's goods in preference. No sutler's goods will, upon any pretense, be allowed in a Government wagon. The guard of the Forty-first Ohio will stop every wagon coming from New Haven and search it under the inspection of the officer of the guard, and, if any sutler's goods are found therein, they will arrest the teamster, and also the wagon-master, and report their names to these head-quarters for trial by court-martial. The goods will be held subject to further orders." About New Year's, in accordance with instructions from Department Head-quarters, a general inspection of blankets was held in each regiment, and all that were found to be under the regulation weight were replaced by a better article. Among all the comforts of Camp Wickliffe life, however, none was greater than the regularity and promptitude of the mails.

The attention which General Nelson gave the hospital arrangements of his division, has been so far indicated in preceding paragraphs, that little more need here be added, save to mention the efficiency of the medical department, under the

*General Nelson's somewhat famous "beef-soup order" will be found in full in the chapter in Part II, entitled "Training under Nelson."

management of Dr. William H. Mussey, Medical Director of the Division, a kind-hearted and most faithful officer. Dr. J. Taylor Bradford, brigade surgeon of the Tenth Brigade, and a warm personal friend of General Nelson, was scarcely less active in devising means for improving the sanitary condition of the command, which was far from satisfactory. A few days of comparative inaction developed among the men camp diarrhea and rheumatism. Measles next appeared and swept over the camp, and in two or three regiments typhoid fever committed ravages, while, in others, small-pox, with its loathsome clasp, was soon at work, creating a degree of real terror. The Forty-first Ohio was the first, and, for some time, the principal sufferer. It was encamped upon the same ridge with the Sixth Ohio, and in close proximity; the men of both regiments went to the same stream for water; the same care was taken in policing their respective grounds; and if either regiment had the advantage in regard to the supply of tents and camp equipage it belonged to the Forty-first. But the latter was comparatively a new regiment, and the discipline of its commander, which eventually brought it to the highest standard of efficiency and gave it rank with the very flower of the army, at first proved a severe and exhausting ordeal. These causes, in connection with others, swelled its sick list to an alarming magnitude; though, somewhat later, an Indiana regiment took precedence of it in this unenviable particular.

Meantime, the health of the Sixth was such as to excite general marvel and win golden opinions for the regiment at division head-quarters. Statistics prove that, for healthfulness, the Sixth Ohio had no rival among the troops serving in the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River,

during the winter of 1861–2, and, at no period, was much surpassed by any regiment in the entire army.*

It did not lose a man by death at Camp Wickliffe, and there is reason to believe that its rate of mortality from disease continued to the day of its muster-out lower than that of any other

*In support of this statement there is abundance of wholly disinterested testimony. One authority we must be pardoned for quoting at length. In an able and carefully-digested paper, entitled "Sanitary Condition of the Army," which appeared in "the Atlantic Monthly," for October, 1862, Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Boston, Massachusetts, gives the following interesting statistics: "The excellent reports of the inquiries of the Sanitary Commission give much important and trustworthy information in regard to the amount and kind of sickness in the present army of the United States. Most of the encampments of all the corps have been examined by their inspectors, and their returns show that the average number of sick, during the seven months ending with February last, was, among the troops who were recruited in New England 74.6, among those from the Middle States 56.6, and, during six months ending with January, among those from the Western States, 104.3 in 1,000 men. From an examination of 217 regiments, during two months ending the middle of February [exactly covering the period of the occupation of Camp Wickliffe], the rate of sickness among the troops in the Eastern Sanitary Department was 74, in the Central Department, Western Virginia and Ohio, 90, and in the Western, 107 in 1,000. The highest rate in Eastern Virginia was 281 per 1,000, in the Fifth Vermont; and the lowest 9, in the Seventh Massachusetts. In the Central Department, the highest was 260, in the Forty-first Ohio; and the lowest 17, in the Sixth Ohio. In the Western Department, [west of the Mississipi,] the highest was 340, in the Forty-second Illinois; and the lowest 15, in the Thirty-sixth Illinois."

The medical records of the Fourth Division, for the period under consideration, show that, while some regiments were reporting from 200 to 390 sick, for several days together, the Sixth Ohio rarely had as many as 25 excused from duty, and sometimes as low as 5 or 6. The standing of the Fifty-first Ohio and Thirty-fourth Indiana, in point of healthfulness, was also very good.

organization in the field. Dr. Stephens relates the following conversation which took place one day at Camp Wickliffe, between General Nelson and himself:

"How many men in your hospital to-day, Doctor?"

"One, sir."

"How many excused from duty?"

"Four, sir."

"Devilish strange, sir! devilish strange! I have just come back from two of the regiments right above you, and in them it takes all the well to wait on the sick and bury the dead. How do you account for such a difference in the health of my regiments, Doctor?"

"Partly, General, by the fact that ours is a city regiment. Our men have always been used to taking care of themselves, they are independent and self-reliant, they never get home-sick. Then, too, the city-bred are generally less regular in their habits than men brought up in the country, and more accustomed to keeping all sorts of hours, as soldiers have to do. But I think the principal reason, General, why our boys are so healthy is that they all *like clean water*. They bathe at all hours and in all seasons, while a great many others seem never to think of doing such a thing, unless actually suffering from heat."

"That is true, sir. I have often noticed it myself. Wherever there is a puddle of water, you will find a squad of Sixth Ohio men, with their soap and towels, even when it is cold enough to freeze the water on their backs."

The neat appearance of the Sixth Ohio on inspection, and the unusual cleanliness of its camp, propitiated General Nelson's favor still further, and on one occasion drew from him the decided compliment of ordering the colonel of a neighboring regiment to send a sergeant from each of his companies to visit

and take pattern from the camp of the Sixth Ohio—an order which was reluctantly obeyed.

Early in January, the division received the considerable accession of four new regiments, namely, the Sixth Kentucky, and the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Fiftieth Indiana. The first three were associated with the Forty-first Ohio, to constitute the Nineteenth Brigade, under the command of Colonel Hazen, while the Fiftieth Indiana replaced that officer's own regiment in the Fifteenth Brigade. Two companies of the Michigan Mechanics and Engineers (the organization which was afterward known as the "First Michigan Engineer Corps"), under command of Major Enos Hopkins, had arrived a few days earlier, and were attached, for drill purposes, to the Forty-first Ohio. Two companies of cavalry, composed principally of Germans, had also joined the division, for courier and outpost duty.

In the second week of January, General Nelson had a congestive chill, which confined him to his room at the neighboring farm-house (Mr. McDougal's) for some days. Colonel Hascall, who was ill at the same time, obtained a short leave of absence, and thus Colonel Bosley, as ranking officer, was temporarily left in command of the brigade.

Immediately upon the arrival of his third brigade, as above mentioned, General Nelson ordered an exchange of arms throughout the division, "so that no regiment should have rifles of different calibers." Accordingly, on the 12th of January, the Sixth Ohio transferred three hundred and eighty-three of its "Greenwood muskets" to the Fiftieth Indiana, and two hundred and seventy-four to the Fifteenth Indiana, receiving, in exchange, Enfield and Belgian rifles. Many of the latter were in bad condition, and never proved equal, in point of serviceability, to the old "flint-locks altered." On the

following day, the regiment received a supply of Sibley, in place of the English bell tents—five for each company. Although considerable crowding was still necessary, this exchange was, upon the whole, a very desirable one.

The regimental order-book of the Sixth Ohio shows that several boards of survey were appointed at Camp Wickliffe, principally for the examination of various stores in the possession of Quartermaster Shoemaker, but their proceedings were comparatively unimportant. Of courts-martial, there were two. The first, which was in session during the last week of December, consisted of Captains Westcott and Clarke, and Lieutenants Getty, Morgan, and Royse, with Captain Erwin as Judge Advocate. The second met on the 3d of January, and was composed of Captain Clarke, and Lieutenants Morgan and Royse, Captain Tatem acting as Judge Advocate. Thirty-three cases in all were tried by these courts, several of them resulting in acquittals. The offenses charged were unauthorized absence from camp, roll-call, or drill, and the like derelictions, none of them calling for any severer punishment than a little extra duty, forfeiture of a few dollars of pay, or confinement in the guard-house on bread and water.

On the 4th of January, Adjutant Heron started for Cincinnati, upon a seven days' leave of absence, granted, as the order expressly stated, "for his attention to duty while passing through Cincinnati." General Reynolds' military household having been broken up, Lieutenant William P. Anderson reported at Camp Wickliffe, on the 2d of February, and was immediately detailed as aid-de-camp on General Nelson's staff. About the same time Philip Cobb succeeded Andy Hall as sutler of the Sixth Ohio.

Early in 1862, Lieutenant Jesse Merrill, an officer of the

Seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, who had proven very efficient in the signal corps of the Army of the Potomac, was ordered West to extend the system throughout the Army of the Ohio. The excellent detail furnished by the Sixth Ohio for this service consisted of Second Lieutenant Sheridan, Corporal Robert Howdon, Company E; and privates William F. Doepke and Frederick H. Alms, Company D.

On the 26th of January, in compliance with orders for the detail of a recruiting party from each regiment in the division, the following members of the Sixth Ohio were ordered to report, without delay, to Major N. C. Macrae, Superintendent of Recruiting Service for the State of Ohio, namely, Lieutenants Royse and Morris; Sergeant J. W. Easley, Company G; Sergeant S. Austin Thayer, Company B; Corporal John Crotty, Company C; and private Charles M. Thompson, Company A. Upon reaching Columbus, Sergeant Thayer found a commission awaiting him in another command; and the rest of the party, having quite failed of success, in March were ordered to the regiment.

One of the Stewart's Run prisoners, private Matthias Siebert, returned to the regiment during the last week in January, having secured his early release by stratagem. While acting as nurse in a prisoners' hospital, Siebert one day saw the announcement in a Richmond paper that a large number of Union prisoners were about to be exchanged, those captured at Manassas to go first. He contrived to pass himself off for one of the favored class, and in a few days was on his way to Washington. Another of the Company I captives, private Eli Miller, rejoined the regiment soon afterward.

Toward the close of January, the oft-repeated rumors of a forward movement began to assume definite shape. Acting

under instructions, of course, from the department commander, General Nelson was evidently "clearing the decks" for action. With a prudent forecast of the necessities which might arise, when the command should make its anticipated advance, he had previously forbidden the collection of forage from the country toward Green River; the wagons had been prepared and the mules shod; all the gunsmiths in camp had been sought out, and were busily at work in repairing defective arms; the sick had been sent to general hospital, and now a barracks was established at Nelson's Furnace, near New Haven, for the care of "convalescents."* Colonel Bosley, whose health had been unsettled for several months, was placed in command at the latter, and, on the 6th of February, left the regiment, never to be with it more, save for a few days shortly after the battle of Shiloh. February 5th, the troops received marching orders, indicating a change of camp—from sanitary considerations, as was understood†—but foreshadowing, as well, a general advance upon the enemy beyond Green River. The Tenth Brigade was directed to move upon the 7th, which it did, marching southward, on the turnpike, about ten miles, to Shipps'. It was intended that the Nineteenth and Fifteenth Brigades should follow, at intervals of one day; but further movements were restrained by advices from General Buell.

* In a division order, dated February 1, a list is given of the number of convalescents sent to the barracks, from several regiments at Camp Wickliffe, as follows: From the Sixth Ohio, 8; Seventeenth Indiana, 35; Fifteenth Indiana, 47; Fiftieth Indiana, 60; Forty-seventh Indiana, 46.

† In consequence of the great amount of sickness at Camp Wickliffe, General Buell had determined to encamp the Fourth Division elsewhere, and directed Dr. Bradford to select a more healthy location. The latter was furnished with one hundred men, as an escort, for this duty, and promptly made a written report to General Buell; but, before its suggestions could be acted on, the division received marching orders for West Point.

For a series of operations in another quarter, which, although projected scarcely two weeks before, were now in course of rapid development, had changed the aspect of the entire campaign. The Army of the Ohio was indeed to possess the coveted strategic center, Bowling Green, and to pass far and rapidly beyond it; but the blows which should open the way for these grand results were already being struck by the gallant Army of the Tennessee. The glorious initiative of the campaign, however, belonged to the Army of the Ohio, General Thomas' division of which had fought and won Mill Springs three weeks before. The day was raw and gloomy on which the tidings of that decisive victory reached Camp Wickliffe, and, the ground being very muddy, drills were entirely suspended. About 1 P. M., the Sixth Ohio was called into line, by a hurriedly-beaten drum-call, when Adjutant Heron read the following:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, ARMY OF THE OHIO,
CAMP WICKLIFFE, January 21, 1862.

The Brigadier-General takes great pleasure in informing the division that General Thomas carried Zollicoffer's position [day before] yesterday, by assault, killing Zollicoffer himself and four hundred of his men, and taking all his arms and artillery and a great many prisoners. A glorious victory! "The Union must and shall be preserved!"

By order of

GENERAL NELSON.

J. MILLS KENDRICK, A. A. A. G.

The moment the reading was over, a murmur of hardly-repressed enthusiasm ran down the line; and an impulsive captain in the left wing stepped out of ranks, and cried, "Hip, hip—" but before he could add the final word, was interrupted

by the command from Colonel Bosley, "Stack arms!" followed by "Three cheers for the Union and General Thomas' victory!"

They were given with a will—three strong, full-voiced, exultant shouts, such as one might have sworn were loyal ones at the distance of a mile away.

"Now a tiger!" After which the battalion was dismissed. Similar scenes were enacted in every regiment on the ground.

On the 8th of February, intelligence came of the capture of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee; then the story of Burnside's success at Roanoke Island; and on the 13th, marching orders. General Grant had invested Fort Donelson, and thither the Fourth Division was ordered as reënforcements.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM CAMP WICKLIFFE TO NASHVILLE.

(FEBRUARY 14-25, 1862.)

WHEN the Fourth Division received its marching orders, the Nineteenth Brigade and the Sixth Ohio were all that remained at Camp Wickliffe. The Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Fiftieth Indiana—the associates of the Sixth Ohio in the Fifteenth Brigade—had followed the Tenth Brigade toward Green River, on the 10th of February; soon after which they were permanently detached from General Nelson's command. The first two were transferred to the Sixth Division, in whose organization (now being completed under General Thomas J. Wood, at Bardstown, Kentucky) the colonels of both regiments were appointed to the command of brigades.

The afternoon of February 13th was passed in busy preparations for the march; in the evening a snow-storm set in, and before morning the weather had turned very cold. But reveille was punctually beaten at 4 A. M. of Friday, the 14th, and three hours later the column started, the Sixth Ohio in the rear of the Nineteenth Brigade. Leaving the turnpike two miles south of Camp Wickliffe, the troops took a narrow country road which leads off on the right, through Hodgensville, the county seat of La Rue County. That village they passed about 11 A. M., by which time the sun was shining

with power, and the road had become quite heavy. Late in the afternoon they reached the Louisville and Nashville turnpike, at a point about two miles south of Elizabethtown, where they immediately went into bivouac, after an exhausting march of fifteen miles. The wagons had mired two miles or more before reaching Hodgensville. It was a bitter cold night, with three inches of snow on the ground, and the men suffered, in spite of fence-rail fires, and the bedding of straw with which most of them had managed to provide themselves.

While the brigade, next day, lay idly waiting for its trains, a hundred rumors were put in circulation regarding the movements of Buell's army. General Mitchel had marched rapidly upon Bowling Green, on the 13th instant, and was actually in possession of that stronghold, which fact, however, was not yet known; and when, during the forenoon, the troops saw an artillery train from the Green River camps turned hastily back, and sent toward Munfordville, many readily accepted the explanation that Mitchel was in urgent need of reënforcements, and wondered whether the Fourth Division also would be ordered to his relief. Utterly at fault though these conjectures were, one regiment on the ground did narrowly escape making the long march to Nashville, in the footsteps of General Mitchel—a department order, dated February 11th, having transferred the Sixth Ohio to the Twenty-second Brigade, Colonel Saunders D. Bruce commanding, which it was directed to join, without delay, in the vicinity of Munfordville. General Nelson immediately telegraphed for permission to retain the regiment, if only as a personal favor; but it was not until the column was again on the march—the Sixth Ohio in its place, and every step lengthening the distance between it and Munfordville—that General Buell's welcome answer came: "The Sixth Ohio will remain in the Fourth Division." About

three o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Ammen's brigade appeared in sight from the direction of Hodgensville, and, filing out upon the turnpike, continued its march toward Elizabethtown. The Nineteenth Brigade immediately followed, and did not halt until overtaken by night-fall, six miles from its last bivouac, and four miles north of Elizabethtown. The wagons still being behind, and, in consequence, many of the men suffering from hunger, Lieutenant Peck was sent back to hasten them forward, which he did with his accustomed energy. The troops passed another cold night in much the same manner as before.

Next morning—Sunday, February 16th—one day's rations were issued the Sixth Ohio from the stores belonging to Companies F and G, whose wagons had fortunately come up during the night, and by sunrise the column was again in motion. A march of eighteen miles brought it to another camping-place almost within sight of West Point; the trains were soon on the ground, tents were pitched, and more rations issued, and, notwithstanding a steady rain, the night was passed most comfortably. West Point is a decayed-looking village on the Ohio, at the mouth of Salt River, twenty-five miles below Louisville. Here a fleet of steamboats had been ordered to rendezvous, for the purpose of transporting the Fourth Division to Fort Donelson, where considerable fighting had taken place, but, up to the date of the latest dispatches, without decisive results. Two volunteer batteries had joined the column the day before, and now, for the first time, the troops began to comprehend the real object of the expedition.

At dark, on Sunday evening, only two boats had arrived, but the succeeding dawn discovered sixteen of them, some, already freighted with stores, lying out in the Ohio, and the remainder pushed up into the mouth of Salt River. The day was raw, with a cold, drizzling rain. The landing was nearly

two miles distant, and when the Sixth Ohio reached it, about 9 A. M., the Tenth Brigade was rapidly embarking, in the manner indicated in the following order:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 17.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,
CAMP AT MOUTH OF SALT RIVER, Feb. 16, 1862.

The following is the order of embarkation:

24th Ohio Volunteers,	on the Autocrat,	Tenth Brigade, Colonel Ammen.
51st " "	" John Raine,	
36th Ind. "	" Woodford,	
6th Ohio "	" Diana.	

41st O. V.	right wing on the Silver Moon,	Nineteenth Brigade, Col. Hazen.
	left " " Lady Jackson.	
47th Ind.	right " " Glendale,	
	left " " Lady Pike.	
46th Ind.	Cos. A, F, D, and I on the Zilla.	
	" C, H, and E on the City of Madison.	
	" K, G, and B, on the Golden State.	
6th Ky.	right wing on the City of Madison,	
	left " " Switzerland.	

One company of the Michigan Engineers will embark on board the Autocrat, and the other on board the Golden State. The 34th Indiana Volunteers will be divided between the steamers, by verbal orders, at the moment of embarkation.

The Brigadier-General commanding the Division will embark on board the Diana.

The steamers will move in two columns, in the following order:

Diana,	Autocrat,	Tenth Brigade.
John Raine,	Woodford.	

Interval.

Silver Moon,	Lady Jackson,	Nineteenth Brigade.
Glendale,	Lady Pike,	
City of Madison,	Switzerland,	
Zilla,	Lancaster, No. 4.	
Golden State,		

This order of moving will be strictly observed, the regiments moving to the landing in the order herein mentioned. Three days' rations will be drawn and cooked previous to embarkation.

. . . . .

By command of

GENERAL NELSON.

J. MILLS KENDRICK, A. A. A. G.

The Diana, which General Nelson had selected as the flag-ship, was comparatively a new boat, and the most commodious in the fleet, having originally been built for the New Orleans trade. It was crowded—deck, hold, and cabin—for it carried, in addition to the General and his entire head-quarters' establishment, the Sixth Ohio Regiment, which was exactly eight hundred strong, two companies of the Thirty-fourth Indiana, and a detachment of cavalry, with all the horses, mules, and wagons belonging to these commands. Early in the forenoon General Nelson had received intelligence of the terrific fighting at Fort Donelson on the previous Saturday, but, with the utmost dispatch possible, the embarkation was not completed until near dark; soon after which the whole fleet steamed down the Ohio.

Tuesday, the eighteenth, was clear and cold. About 9 A. M. the Diana reached Cannelton, at which place dispatches were received announcing the fall of Fort Donelson, whereupon General Nelson hastened to the hurricane deck and read them to his division. Cheer upon cheer followed from all over the fleet, the bands struck up the "Star-spangled Banner," and

the citizens on shore produced a two-pounder cannon, which was soon lending its liliputian roar to swell the general rejoicing. The Army of the Tennessee had done its work unaided, and there was nothing now for the Fourth Division to do at Donelson. General Nelson was instructed to proceed to Evansville and there await further orders; which he did, the Tenth Brigade, meanwhile, moving on to Smithland.

On the morning of the 19th, the destination of the division not yet having been determined, the Diana moved up to the mouth of Green River, ten miles above Evansville, where that portion of the fleet which was still in company with the flag-ship remained all day, closely hugging the icy bank of a low, wooded island, almost out of sight and sound of human habitation.

About 4 A. M., on the 20th, the Diana again dropped down the river to Evansville, where Nelson had an interview with General Thomas L. Crittenden, commanding the Fifth Division of the Army of the Ohio, on board the steamer Atlantic. The residue of the fleet was, meantime, making the best of its way up the river, having been ordered back to West Point, there to disembark the troops. About 9 A. M., however, orders came from General Buell to proceed, with the entire division, to Paducah; and, in high spirits, General Nelson returned to the Diana, ordered every pound of steam raised that the boilers would safely bear, and, while every timber in the boats quivered to the strokes of the piston below, started up the Ohio to overhaul and turn back the rest of his division. By dark the flag-ship was again at Cannelton, and coaling busily, with the W. W. Crawford lying along-side—a swallow-like little craft, used by General Buell as a dispatch boat.

At reveille on the 21st (for Jake Fifer beat the calls as punctually as though the Sixth Ohio were resting cosily in

camp), the Diana was passing the mouth of the Wabash. It was a pleasant day, and the hurricane deck was crowded with soldiery engaged in noting the scenery and every object of interest on the bank. Past Shawneetown, on the Illinois shore; past Cave-in-the-rock (the robbers' den of former days), with all its weird legends; past the mouth of the Cumberland, up which the troops caught their first eager glimpse of a gunboat; past Smithland, with its background of fortified hills, whence the Stars and Stripes flapped welcome to the Fourth Division; and, at 1 P. M., the Diana rounded to at Paducah, and tied up just above the Marine Hospital. Here the Thirty-fourth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Indiana were detached from Nelson's division for service under General Pope. What remained of the Fourth Division—namely, six regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and two companies of cavalry—lay at Paducah, for nearly two days, awaiting orders. Nashville, which had not yet been occupied by Union troops, was the prize which Nelson coveted. General Grant, under positive instructions from Halleck, had moved no portion of his forces further up the Cumberland than Clarksville; but Mitchel, a most determined marcher, was making a bold push southward from Bowling Green, and hours were precious. Under his enforced delay, Nelson grew more and more impatient.

On Sunday morning, February 23d, the anxiously-awaited orders came; by nine o'clock the whole fleet was steaming up the Ohio, and, at Smithland entering the mouth of the Cumberland, bore away toward Nashville. "It was a bright, glorious day," says the diary from which we have already transferred several pictures of army life, "a fitting herald of the spring now so near at hand. Save half an hour's work in scrubbing the cabin (a duty for which a considerable squad

was detailed this morning), I spent nearly the whole of it, until bed-time, on the hurricane deck. Amid such surroundings, and in such spirits as the men all are, it was impossible not to enjoy the trip most keenly. The Cumberland being over its banks, we were continually passing almost whole farms under water, little volcanic-looking peaks of hay-stacks and miniature reefs of corn-shocks indicating the real character of what otherwise resembled broad lagoons. About half-past three in the afternoon we met the steamer John H. Dickey, from Fort Donelson. General Nelson mounted the wheel-house (to our no small alarm at first, lest he had overestimated its capacity to sustain so much avoirdupois), and hailed, 'Is Nashville taken?' 'Yes!' shouted a dozen voices in reply. Without making any comments, the general descended, and we—shall we believe it or not? Soon after this we entered a more mountainous country, passing Eddysville about half-past four. It was dark long before we reached the Tennessee line, and all hope of seeing Fort Donelson had to be given up. Going below when tattoo sounded, I was soon sleeping a restless, troubled sleep, disturbed by half-waking dreams and half-sleeping reveries made up of confused, kaleidoscopic combinations of those absorbing topics—Donelson, Clarksville, Nashville; Nelson, Buell, Mitchel, Grant; and, as always, HOME! The night was dark, and the river full of heavy drift, but the Diana, having slackened her speed somewhat, bore steadily on. About three in the morning I was awakened by a tremendous crash, and, rushing on deck, found the General giving the pilot 'Hail Columbia' for having mistaken the channel and run the boat into the woods; and, although examination showed that no serious damage had been done, it was thought best to lay by until daylight, especially as most of the other boats were an unknown distance in the rear."

About sunrise, on the morning of the 24th, the steamer Tigress was met coming from Clarksville, and Nelson had a brief conference with General Grant, who was on board, during which he learnt that Nashville was *not* yet taken. Passing the gunboat Louisville at half-past eight o'clock, the Diana approached Clarksville. Flags of truce, improvised from all sorts of white-colored stuff, were hung out from nearly half the buildings along the shore, originally intended, no doubt, for the propitiation of the gunboats, whose advance, under Commodore Foote, had reached here on the 19th instant; while two or three premises were passed which had been left under the ægis of the British lion, or, in other words, displayed the national ensign of England. Half a mile below the town was an extensive fortification, partially finished, with a few guns actually in position, and commanding perfectly the river channel. Every thing had been hurriedly abandoned, however, upon the fall of Donelson, and a large rolling-mill near by, which had been turning out immense quantities of ordnance stores for the enemy, was now a black, fire-blasted heap of ruins. Floyd's brigade, in its flight from Fort Donelson, had also destroyed one span of the turn-bridge on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad.

Clarksville had been taken possession of, on the 21st, by a brigade under General Charles F. Smith, and still wore a very deserted appearance. The Diana had been lying nearly three hours at the landing, when two cavalrymen dashed into the town with dispatches from General Buell, at Bowling Green. They had been twenty-five hours in the saddle, and brought welcome tidings for the Fourth Division. Mitchel positively was not in Nashville, and, as the enemy in his retreat from thence had destroyed both bridges across the Cumberland, and burned the steamboats at the wharf, the approaching fleet would probably have to furnish ferriage for his forces, and was

ordered to push forward as rapidly as possible. But Nelson needed no urging; it was enough that the Fourth Division might yet be the first body of National troops in Nashville. Although some of the boats were still a considerable distance in the rear, the Diana swung loose at once, and all that sunny afternoon steamed steadily on, four companies of the Sixth Ohio occupying the hurricane deck, ready to return the fire of any guerrilla parties who might possibly be lurking on the banks. Late in the afternoon, a water-battery of five guns was discovered on an island at the head of Harpeth Shoals; but it was known that the gunboat Cairo, Lieutenant Bryant commanding, was in advance, and, without delaying a moment to reconnoiter, the fleet passed on. Night settled upon the surrounding scenes, moonless, but clear and starlighted, and two hours later the Cairo was overtaken, laboring heavily up stream, in tow of a steamboat, which afterward proved to be the Iatan, lately escaped from Nashville. About half-past nine the Cairo tied up for the night, and in accordance with his instructions, which had been to follow in the gunboat's wake, General Nelson reluctantly gave orders for the fleet to follow the example. It was fifteen miles to Nashville.

Early on the bright and beautiful morning of Tuesday, February 25th, the fleet again got under way. Seven miles below Nashville, by the winding course of the Cumberland, is a high bluff, formed by the channel cutting its way through a range of hills that partially encircles the city on the west and north; and upon the left bank of the river at this point, the rebels had commenced an extensive earth-work for the defense of Nashville, naming it Fort Zollicoffer. Colonel Ammen, who went on shore to examine it, found many cannon, great piles of shot and shell, and immense quantities of railroad iron; but not a soul was in sight, and the four large guns that stared

grimly at the fleet as it passed below, were silent as the grave. Hundreds of eager eyes from the decks of the Diana were straining to catch the first glimpse of the distant city, when, as the boat emerged from behind a screen of woodland, they saw, away off to the right, across a bend in the river, the capitol dome and the smoke and spires of Nashville. White flags were growing more and more numerous along the shore, but no sign of the Stars and Stripes was visible anywhere, no flag floated over the State House, and by these tokens the troops knew that they were first at the rebel capital.* Impatient at the slow motion of the gunboat, General Nelson ordered the Diana to steam past it, and make for Nashville with all speed, having some time before promised the Sixth Ohio the honor of landing first, and hoisting its colors over the capitol building. It was just nine o'clock when the Diana

*The Fourth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel John Kennett's gallant regiment, which formed the advance of the forces marching overland from Bowling Green, reached Edgefield Junction on the 23d, and on the 24th a detachment of it, under Major Rodgers, occupied Edgefield, on the right bank of the Cumberland, opposite Nashville. Some communication was had with Mayor Cheatham on the same afternoon, resulting in the appointment of the hour of 11 A. M., on the 25th, for a formal interview with General Buell, and the surrender of the city. The interview took place as agreed upon, but Nelson's division had then been in actual possession of Nashville for two hours. These facts do not justify the statement in "The American Conflict," that "Mayor Cheatham surrendered the city to Colonel Kennett on his arrival, which was before that of General Nelson's command." It is true, too, that on the 24th a few adventurous cavalrymen crossed the river in a dug-out, and remained for several minutes within the corporate limits of Nashville, but this no more controverts the statement that the Fourth Division was the first body of National troops in that city, than the fact that one or two colonels had reconnoitering parties out on the morning of Shiloh can be held to disprove the overwhelming evidences of a surprise on that occasion. For one whose

touched the wharf, where a gaping crowd had assembled to see the troops land; Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, the color-bearers and guard, and Sergeant-Major Gee instantly sprang on shore, followed in rapid succession by the several companies, who had been ready formed for an hour previous, and in less than five minutes the regiment was in line. It was quickly broken into column by platoons, General Nelson took his place at the head, and, to the inspiriting strains of "Dixie" from the drums and fifes of its field music, the Sixth Ohio marched through the streets of Nashville to Capitol Hill, where it stacked arms in front of the State House. The doors of the building were all locked, but Major Christopher was not long in finding the janitor, and compelling him to deliver the keys, which he did with a most ill grace, and a few moments afterward both flags of the Sixth Ohio were flung to the breeze from the

figures and dates are generally so reliable, Greeley is singularly inaccurate in his account of the occupation of Nashville, as the following extract further witnesses: "From Clarksville, Lieutenant Bryant, of the Cairo, followed by *seven* transports, conveying the *brigade* of General Nelson, moved up the river to Nashville, where they arrived on the *twenty-fourth*," etc. As painstaking and usually discriminating a writer also as Mr. Swinton is, has made the mistake (in his "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War") of specifying the 23d of February as the date of the occupation of Nashville.

General Mitchel, who had made a forced march from Bowling Green, felt that he had fairly earned the honor of taking possession of Nashville, and manifested considerable pique to find the coveted laurels snatched by another hand. The following anecdote, illustrative of this subject, is given in a private letter: "When General Mitchel met Nelson in Nashville, he said to him, 'In my opinion, it was very wrong to march a single regiment into a city you knew nothing about, especially when you had no information whatever as to the disposition of the troops toward you.' 'I know my business, sir,' was the curt reply; 'I took a regiment with me that I could depend upon, one worth *four* of some regiments!'"

dome of the capitol, amid a storm of cheers from the troops below. It was a proud day for the Sixth Ohio. The rebel cavalry had left the city as the head of Nelson's division entered it, and small squads of them were still skulking about the suburbs, watching their opportunity for more of such acts of deviltry as had made them the dread of Nashville for a week past. One of their officers, partially disguised, remained long enough, in fact, to witness the landing of the first regiment.

Not long after the Sixth Ohio reached the capitol, an elderly gentleman approached Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, and introducing himself as one of the uncorrupted Unionists of Nashville, William Driver by name, asked to have a squad of men sent to his house, to assist in bringing from thence an American flag that he had kept secreted, and which he now asked the privilege of raising over the State House. Lieutenant Thatcher, with privates Young, Siegel, and Overend, of Company F, were directed to accompany him. He conducted the party to a plain-looking house in South Nashville, and rushing up stairs, the next moment re-appeared with a bed-quilt, in which, he said, "Old Glory" had been hidden for many months. It was quickly ripped open, private Young threw the flag over his arm, and the squad hastened back to the capitol, where with his own hands the old patriot hoisted his treasure, the troops below again cheering wildly.

Captain Driver was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and followed the sea for many years, removing to Nashville in 1837. For a quarter of a century he cherished "Old Glory" with religious veneration, attaching to it a peculiar value from the fact that it was originally presented him by a number of ladies, for the chivalrous rescue of some imperiled voyagers on the

ocean. "The first time I hoisted it," writes Captain Driver in a private letter, "it was done up (in accordance with an ancient custom in Catholic countries) in the form of a triangle, and consecrated to 'God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost,' with the modern addition of 'the Union, Liberty, and Law.' It was a beautiful banner to look upon, and I then solemnly swore it should never be disgraced by the hands of my country's enemies. I have faithfully kept my vow. That flag was always aired on Washington's birthday and the Fourth of July, on those occasions being frequently the only one displayed in that part of Nashville upon a private dwelling. In the campaign of 1860, with 'Bells on its luff,' it rang out for 'the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Laws.' During that campaign, and as early as the month of October, it was no uncommon thing for the medical students at this place (and especially those from Mississippi and South Carolina) to shoot their pistols through the flag as it hung over my door, at the same time remarking, 'D—n that thing; we will tread it in the dust.' I used to answer, 'Try it, if you dare!' but they never attempted to remove it. The first Union speech made in Tennessee, after the question of secession had been forced on our attention, was on the evening of January 1, 1861, in the Cumberland Church, South Nashville. At that meeting 'Old Glory' was greeted with cheer upon cheer. Then our struggle began in earnest. Gloriously the working-men, the masses, toiled against slaveholders and the aristocracy of all grades, and in February we carried the State by about 70,000 majority for the Union. The hearts of many leaped for joy at this result, but I saw that the end was not yet. The announcement of Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men burst like a thunderbolt upon us, and our city—then purposely filled with gamblers, blacklegs, and

Breckinridge politicians—was shaken as with a hurricane. Rebel flags popped out here and there from the gambling hells on Cedar Street, and on one or two of the printing offices, that of the *Gazette*, in particular. That day's sun was the last that shone on 'Old Glory,' until the advent of Nelson's division in Nashville. The flag was demanded several times, but I refused to give it up, and, determined not to be outwitted by any set of rebels that lived, got the Misses Bailey (still residing in Nashville) to make it up into a comfortable, leaving a lock of cotton sticking out here and there, through some rent in the cover. We had been ordered to 'leave the State within forty days, or be dealt with as prisoners of war.' I had not a dollar to my name—(starvation rather than treason)—and in this extremity I called on Hon. John Trimble, who kindly loaned me thirty dollars; it being my fixed purpose to reach the North at once, and embark on a gunboat, thence once more to shake my old flag out in the face of my country's enemies. I strapped the flag to my trunk, filled the false bottom of the latter with papers and memorandums, which I thought might prove valuable to the government, and applied to the 'Committee on Passes' for a permit to visit Russellville, Kentucky, to see a little child, Ruth, who was there unwell. They refused the pass, delaring that they could not trust me; I was 'a spy and a dangerous citizen.' I gave the gentlemen my opinion of them in strong and bitter language, more than half-expecting to be arrested at once; but I was well armed, and had made up my mind to die like a wolf at bay, if attacked. However, I was permitted to return home unmolested. Since then I have had full satisfaction upon the rebels and their cause, dealing blows where they were neither feared nor expected. After the fall of Fort Donelson, a Mrs. Ford told some Texas Rangers that the flag was

still in my house. They swore they would have it or burn me out, but, by close watching and the aid of some friends, they were fooled and foiled; and, at last, I carried out my oft-repeated threat of hoisting 'Old Glory' over this fallen, rebellious city. That was, indeed, a glorious hour, never to be blotted from my memory, save by the hand of Death. Its recollection cheers me even now."

The flag with whose history so many interesting associations were connected, was presented to the Sixth Ohio, by which it was regarded as a most precious souvenir. It passed safely through all the campaigns of the regiment, until October, 1863, when Fred. Schnell's mules discovered it one night, where it was stowed away in the head-quarters' wagon, and before morning had eaten "Old Glory" up, leaving only a few shreds to tell the sacrilegious tale. The whole regiment, and especially Colonel Anderson, felt that the loss was irreparable.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAMP ANDREW JACKSON.

(FEBRUARY 25–MARCH 16, 1862.)

IN the last chapter we left the Sixth Ohio at the State House, where it remained until late in the afternoon, the men roaming almost at pleasure through the building, and gathering many interesting relics to send home; lounging in the sunshine, in positions sheltered from the wind; heating their cups of coffee on the embers that were still smouldering almost close to the capitol steps, where an old tool-house, full of damaged arms, had that morning been fired by the Texan Rangers; or talking with the citizens whom curiosity or loyalty had drawn to the spot. From their visitors the troops obtained graphic accounts of the events which had transpired in Nashville during the preceding ten days. The panic that followed the fall of Fort Donelson; the hegira of the State officials; the flight and ludicrous terror of fashionable secessia, male and female; the thousand rumors of the coming of the "Yankees," while, as yet, not a blue-coat was nearer than Bowling Green and Clarksville; the pillage of the rebel commissariat by the mob; the destruction of the railroad and suspension bridges over the Cumberland; the wholesale conflagration of steamboats at the wharf; the passage of Johnston's Bowling Green forces through the city, coincident with

the arrival of Pillow and Floyd, with such remnants of their commands as had escaped Grant's *cul de sac* at Donelson; the excesses of the Texan Rangers; the exertions of the rebel rear-guard in removing what it could of the immense quantities of stores that had been accumulated at Nashville—these, and other incidents of the evacuation, which now have a permanent place in history, were described over and over again. Yet the Union troops in Nashville heard few words of genuine welcome that day, and all felt that they were in the midst of enemies.

Meanwhile, the remainder of Nelson's division was disembarking, and Generals Buell and Mitchel had made their appearance. The Sixth Ohio was finally ordered to move about two miles out, on the Murfreesboro' turnpike, where the division was to establish its camp. It arrived there just at dark, stacked arms, and was preparing for the night's bivouac, when the near and sudden crash of musketry, followed by a deafening clatter of horses' hoofs, caused every man to rush for his rifle. Scarcely had the regiment formed, amid some confusion that was inevitable in the darkness, before a body of horsemen swept by, which was recognized at once as the German cavalry company that had been sent forward to picket the turnpike. Captain Klein, their commander, was in hot pursuit, shouting the order to "halt," at the top of his voice, first in English, and then in German, but without effect, unless to quicken their speed, if such a thing were possible. A party of rebel cavalry had fired into them from the ambush of some cedars in front of a farm-house, situated about one-fourth of a mile in advance of the position occupied by the Sixth Ohio. Entirely ignorant as to what force of the enemy might be near, as well as of the surrounding locality, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson immediately advanced a line of skirmishers, and

made other dispositions to resist an attack; but there was no further disturbance. The regiment slept on its arms, and next day was highly complimented by General Nelson for the steadfastness it had shown.

During its stay of nearly three weeks at Camp Andrew Jackson—the name that General Nelson gave to his encampment—the Fourth Division received important accessions, which, with other changes, made its organization as follows:

Tenth Brigade, Colonel Ammen, composed of the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Thirty-sixth Indiana.

Nineteenth Brigade, Colonel Hazen, embracing the Forty-first Ohio, Sixth Kentucky, and Ninth Indiana.

Twenty-second Brigade, comprising the First, Second, and Twentieth Kentucky, under command of Colonel Saunders D. Bruce, of the regiment last named.

Second Indiana Cavalry, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin L. McCook.

Battery D, First Regiment Ohio Artillery, Captain A. T. Konkle, and two Indiana batteries, under command of Captains Coxe and Harris.

Of the newly-joined regiments, the Ninth Indiana had come directly from West Virginia and was the successor, in the three years' organization, of Milroy's bold skirmishers at Laurel Hill; while the First and Second Kentucky, schooled to campaigning by a five months' experience in the Kanawha Valley, and recent graduates from General Thomas J. Wood's division, contained hundreds of Cincinnatians, who could share with the Sixth Ohio in many a reminiscence of Sumter times, and had intimate friends among its members.

The Sixth Ohio did not find a home in the Tenth Brigade without undergoing certain vicissitudes, traceable to the anomalous position in which it had been placed by General Nelson's

retaining it, contrary to its original disposition by the Department commander. On the 21st of February, it was assigned to the Nineteenth Brigade; on the 7th of March to the Tenth Brigade; on the 10th, by order of General Buell, again to the Twenty-second Brigade; and on the 16th, back to the Tenth Brigade, which, by the detail of the Fifty-first Ohio for provost duty at Nashville, had been left with but two regiments. Although not at first intended as such, the last transfer proved to be permanent. The brigade to which the Sixth Ohio had thus been attached, continued essentially the same through successive campaigns, down to the reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland, in October, 1863—a period of nineteen eventful months, big with the fate of armies and the destiny of the nation. The three regiments now associated in it, who were so soon to receive a common baptism in Shiloh's flood of fire, became warmly attached to each other, and until their last surviving members shall bivouac on the banks of Time no longer, the recollection of those by-gone days will remain a bond of friendship, strong as a threefold cord that can not be broken.

The Twenty-fourth Ohio was composed of one company from each of the following counties in the State whose name it bore, viz.: Huron, Muskingum, Erie, Franklin, Adams, Montgomery, Trumbull, Cuyahoga, Highland, and Coshocton.* These companies were all raised under President Lincoln's first call for troops; but being in excess, not only of Ohio's assigned quota of thirteen regiments, but also of the ten thousand additional volunteers which the Legislature decided should be retained in the service of the State, to defend it against

* This statement differs somewhat from the sketch of the Twenty-fourth Regiment given in "Ohio in the War," but it is based on the authority of the official records on file at the Adjutant-General's Office, at Columbus.

possible invasion, they remained for some weeks unassigned, for want of authority from Washington to receive them. They were kept, however, as part of a reserve force of four thousand men at Camp Chase, under command of their respective captains, drilling and preparing to meet the next call,* and, having been at length organized into a regiment, left Columbus for Western Virginia, July 26, 1861.† On the 14th of August, the Twenty-fourth Ohio reached Cheat Mountain Summit, where it remained for three months, in that time performing some arduous service and undergoing great exposure, but without suffering any material reduction of its numerical strength. It bore a prominent part in the fighting on the 12th of September, when the enemy was repulsed, although he was in vastly superior numbers and had entirely surrounded the Summit, and it participated also in the engagement at Greenbrier, October 3d. Its transfer to Kentucky and sojourn at Camp Wickliffe have already been referred to in their appropriate connections. Its field officers, while at Camp Andrew Jackson, were as follows: Colonel, Jacob Ammen; Lieutenant-Colonel, Frederick C. Jones; Major, Albert S. Hall.

The Thirty-sixth Indiana was the junior regiment of the brigade. It was recruited in the fifth congressional district of its native State, rendezvousing at Richmond, where it was mustered into the United States service for three years, on the 16th of September, 1861. It left the State with an aggregate strength of one thousand and forty-seven, and, reporting at Louisville on the 23d of October, a few days later was ordered to New Haven, where it remained, as we have seen, until incorporated with the Tenth Brigade, in the division of General

*Report of Adjutant-General Buckingham for 1861.

†The date (June 25, 1861) given in several reports of the Adjutant-General of Ohio is erroneous.

Nelson. Its field officers, at the period under consideration, were as follows: Colonel, William Grose; Lieutenant-Colonel, Oliver H. P. Carey; Major, Thomas W. Bennett.*

The brigade commander, Colonel Jacob Ammen, was born of Swiss descent, in Botetourt County, Virginia, January 7, 1808, about ten years after which date his parents removed to Brown County, Ohio. Entering the United States military academy at the age of nineteen, he graduated in 1831, and was assigned to the First Regiment United States Artillery, with the customary rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. After serving about three years with his regiment, and three more as assistant instructor at West Point, he resigned his commission of First Lieutenant of Artillery, and returned to civil life, in which he remained till the outbreak of the rebellion, actively engaged in civil engineering, or as professor of mathematics and experimental and natural philosophy in various educational institutions. On the 17th of April, 1861, then holding the position of Superintendent of Public Schools of Ripley, Brown County, Ohio, he volunteered in the company of "Ripley Guards," was next day elected captain, and on the 24th of April reported his company at Camp Jackson, Columbus. May 2, he was elected lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Ohio (three-months' term), with which he served until the 22d of June, when he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-fourth Ohio. As soon as his regiment could be made ready for the field, he led it to Western Virginia, remaining in personal command of it throughout its service there, and afterward, until the 30th of November, when, at Louisville, he

*This outline of the organization and early services of the Thirty-sixth Indiana is extracted from the second volume of "Indiana's Roll of Honor," which justly characterizes it as one of the best regiments of Indiana volunteers.

was assigned to the command of the Tenth Brigade. General Nelson, conscious of his own deficiencies as a master of the art of war as applied on land, was quick to perceive and appreciate the *thoroughness* which pervaded the character of his subordinate, and especially his attainments as a trained soldier; and what General Thomas, the "Nestor of the Army of the Cumberland," afterward became to General Rosecrans—a confidant and counselor in every important movement—Colonel Ammen was to General Nelson.*

The brigade staff consisted of three officers, as follows: Lieutenant Robert F. Wheeler, Twenty-fourth Ohio, acting assistant adjutant-general and aid-de-camp; Lieutenant Phil. F. Wiggins, Thirty-sixth Indiana, quartermaster; and Dr. J. Taylor Bradford, surgeon.

Few events of noteworthy importance befell the Fourth Division while at Camp Andrew Jackson. Rebel cavalry, and particularly the command of Captain John H. Morgan, infested every turnpike leading out from Nashville, harassing the pickets, attacking forage trains, capturing stragglers, and maintaining regular communication with the secession element in Nashville, which was bitter, strong, and defiant; but Mitchel's division, occupying the advanced encampment on the Murfreesboro' road, was the principal sufferer. On the night of the

*To his immediate friends General Nelson was accustomed to speak, with characteristic frankness, of his obligations to General Ammen's superior skill and experience in military matters. Rev. Dr. Campbell has left on record the following, which is quite in point: "On the writer's first introduction to General Nelson, he inquired of the latter how General Ammen, a former professional associate, was getting along. He replied: 'General Ammen, sir, is one of the most distinguished men in the service. I owe to him almost every thing I know of military science. I would give the world, sir, if I had his military knowledge.'"

28th of February, Captain Jesse K. Wilson, a patriotic, brave, and intelligent officer of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, was shot down in the dark, while upon outpost duty, and instantly killed. He was well known at home for his public spirit and personal worth, and having long been a resident of Carthage, near Cincinnati, had many friends in the Sixth Ohio. On the 1st of March, Major Christopher, with four companies of the Sixth Ohio, was dispatched to the vicinity of Brentwood Station, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, to bring in a locomotive and train of cars which the rebels had there abandoned. The men went prepared for a fight, but accomplished their object without molestation. On the 8th, the guerrilla leader, Captain Morgan, led a body of his men around the Union picket lines, and surprised a wagon train passing from General Mitchel's main camp to that of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, which was five miles in advance of the rest of the division. The rebels captured nearly sixty men, cut the teams loose, set fire to the wagons, and, compelling the teamsters to mount their horses, rode rapidly back toward Murfreesboro'. General Mitchel fortunately reached the scene a few minutes later, and ordered Kennett's cavalry in immediate pursuit, which they pressed with such vigor as to recapture the men and horses, and bring in several prisoners besides. In the rescued party, was private Henry Kahle, of Company B, Sixth Ohio, who had been captured with the train, while on his way to visit a friend in the Fourth Ohio Cavalry.

On the 5th of March, the division first beheld a military execution. Private Michael Connell, of Company E, Twenty-fourth Ohio, in accordance with the sentence of a court-martial, was "shot to death with musketry," in the presence of five thousand troops from Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions, "for offering violence to his superior officer," Corporal Alonzo Po-

cock, of Company K, of the same regiment. The man had been a good soldier, but one night, while intoxicated, fired five pistol shots at the corporal of the guard, who was endeavoring to arrest him. None of the shots took effect; yet for this offense, committed nearly two months before, he suffered the extreme penalty of military law. He met his fate with unshaken firmness. The spectacle was a solemn one, and to none did it bring more sadness than to Colonel Ammen and General Nelson. The latter delayed the execution till the last moment allowed by the terms of the sentence, in hope that a reprieve might yet be granted by the department commander. He even dispatched an aid-de-camp toward Nashville to look for the expected messenger, but none came, and the law had its course.

On the 12th, the Fourth Division was ordered out upon "a reconnoissance," in the lightest possible marching order, as if for a rapid movement against some body of the enemy. The expedition proved to be nothing of the kind, however; it was simply a visit to the Hermitage, once the home and still the burial-place of Andrew Jackson, of whose birth this day was the ninety-fifth anniversary. The Hermitage is situated near the Lebanon turnpike, twelve miles from Nashville, but is remarkable for nothing, save the associations which cling to its time-browned walls. General Nelson, who held the character of Jackson in great reverence, was in his best humor upon this excursion, always excepting such occasions as promised well for a fight. The day was a beautiful one of early spring, every thing was admirably managed, and the men reached camp at twilight, well pleased with the trip, though weary, for they had marched not less than twenty-three miles.

The health of the Sixth Ohio continued most excellent. While the regiment was at Camp Andrew Jackson, a letter

was received from Mr. Charles R. Fosdick, of the Cincinnati Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, offering the aid of that organization in the care of the sick. In his reply, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson mentioned the fact that the regimental hospital contained only *four* patients. One of these, William Taaffe, of Company C, died on the 15th of March, from typhoid fever, being the first death in the regiment from disease since the preceding October. At the breaking up of Camp Wickliffe, the Sixth Ohio had sent a total of twenty-three men to convalescent barracks, at Nelson's Furnace, and when the army moved from Nashville toward West Tennessee, Dr. Stephens found but *eight* men in the whole regiment unable to march.

On the 27th of February, Quartermaster Shoemaker was thrown from his horse, at which time he received a painful wound in the instep of the right foot, from the accidental discharge of his pistol. He obtained a leave of absence, and was unable to rejoin the command for more than two months. Lieutenant Peck discharged the duties of the quartermaster's department during five weeks of this interval, or until the 3d of April, at which date, being detailed as acting commissary of subsistence for the division, he was replaced by Lieutenant Morgan. Captain Russell was detailed to take command of the transport Autocrat, immediately upon the arrival of the division at Nashville, and was not relieved until the army was on the eve of setting out for Savanna. Dr. Ames had been left at Camp Wickliffe, in charge of the sick of the Fourth Division, among whom were Captains Tatem and Tinker and Lieutenant Boylan. The latter resigned on the 15th of February. The resignation of Lieutenant Parker was accepted about the same time, but he remained on duty with the regiment until the

11th of March. He had been out of the army but a short time when he received the appointment of Master's Mate, in the naval service, and soon afterward joined the gunboat Essex, one of the first and most famous iron-clads that cruised the Western waters. By successive promotions, he rose to the command of that vessel, with the rank of Volunteer Lieutenant Commanding, and for several months prior to his muster-out, at the close of the war, had charge of the district on the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis. When the regiment started from Nashville, on the 17th of March, Captain Clarke and Lieutenant Ehrman were left in that city upon duty at the convalescent barracks. The latter was soon afterward appointed Commissary of Subsistence of Volunteers, and ordered to Evansville, Indiana, where he remained until after the war, and then went into business there. Captain Brutton was in Cincinnati, but rejoined the regiment on the 25th of March, after a long and severe illness. Captain Bense and Lieutenants Gilman and Schieffer were still in durance vile in a rebel prison. Lieutenants Royse and Morris were absent on recruiting service, and Lieutenants Anderson, Southgate, and Montagnier on staff duty, the latter being with General Hascall, in Wood's division. Lieutenant Sheridan was permanently detached on signal duty.

Two field, two staff, and fifteen line officers thus remained on duty with the regiment, when it left Nashville for Savanna (including Captain Brutton, who joined it between Nashville and Columbia), as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson and Major Christopher; Adjutant Heron and Surgeon Stephens; Captains Westcott, Andrews, Wilmington, Erwin, Brutton, and Russell; First Lieutenants McAlpin, Russell, Donovan, Thatcher, Getty, Morgan, and Peck; and Second Lieutenants West and Gettier. When the regiment moved to the sound of

the guns at Shiloh, two other officers were with it, namely, Second Lieutenant Harry Gee, promoted from sergeant-major, on the 30th of March, and assigned to Company D; and Second Lieutenant Harry C. Choate, promoted from corporal in Company I, and on the 5th of April assigned to Company G. First Lieutenant Albert G. Williams, of Company F, was appointed sergeant-major, *vice* Gee.

In this connection we may note an appointment, before omitted—that of private Charles E. Lewis, of Company K, to hospital steward, which was made in December, 1861.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARCH TO SAVANNA.

(MARCH 17-APRIL 5, 1862.)

FOR a week after the arrival of Nelson's division—the advance of Buell's army—troops continued to pour into Nashville; in fact, the stream of reënforcements had not entirely ceased by the middle of March. General Buell was not long in discovering that his antagonist, Johnston—after a short halt at Murfreesboro', where he had combined the fugitives from Fort Donelson, and the earlier fugitives from Mill Spring, with Hardee's corps from Bowling Green—had withdrawn from his front and was falling back to the line of the Tennessee River. The Army of the Ohio, which was in splendid condition, as well as strong in numbers, could be relied upon for most soldierly work in marching after the enemy. But obvious and weighty considerations pointed to another route as the true one by which to make the next grand advance into the Southern Confederacy. That route was the Tennessee River, which Commodore Foote's gunboats had already ascended as far as Florence, Alabama—less than the length of one State from the Gulf of Mexico—which afforded every facility for seizing upon the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and thus severing the great artery whose pulsations brought the Mississippi Valley into direct connection with

Richmond, the life-center of the rebellion, and by which an army could be conveyed almost to the back door of Memphis, with the certainty of securing control of the Mississippi for hundreds of miles from Cairo southward. The Tennessee, however, for an indefinite distance from its mouth, lay within the neighboring Department of the Missouri, commanded by Major-General Halleck, whose head-quarters were at St. Louis. To that officer General Buell promptly telegraphed his views, and tendered his army for a coöperative movement in the direction proposed.*

General Halleck, however, had already projected an expedition up the Tennessee, for the purpose of destroying the railroad connections at Corinth, Jackson, and Humboldt, but, more especially, the bridge by which the Memphis and Charleston Railroad crosses Big Bear Creek, just within the western boundary of Alabama. These objects, or such of them as might be practicable, having been accomplished, the expedition was directed to return to Danville—twenty odd miles above Fort Henry—and move on Paris, a little railroad town, one day's march westward, possessing, in reality, no strategic importance whatever. Following these instructions, General Grant, then commanding a district of Halleck's department,

*As far as possible, the writer has purposely avoided encumbering this chapter with an elaborate array of foot-notes, citing authorities, etc., but desires here to say that every statement which it contains respecting the preliminary movements of the Armies of the Ohio and Tennessee, in the Shiloh campaign, (with perhaps two or three unimportant exceptions,) may be verified, by all who choose to take the pains, by reference either to General Adam Badeau's Life of Grant, or to the official dispatches quoted by General Buell, in his printed letters of January 19, 1865, and April 3, 1866. The reader will find the text of all the extracts from Grant's dispatches which are given *verbatim*, in Badeau's work.

proceeded to organize an expeditionary column with his accustomed energy, and had nearly completed his preparations, when, on the 5th of March, he was ordered to transfer the command of the troops to General Charles F. Smith, and to remain in person at Fort Henry. Owing to the flooded condition of the country and other minor causes, General Smith found it impossible at that time to accomplish the objects for which the movement had been set on foot. Meantime, the consultations of Halleck and Buell had resulted in a kind of general understanding that the Army of the Ohio should be united with that of the Tennessee, for an advance upon the enemy's new line of defense, and the place of rendezvous agreed upon for the junction of the two commands was Savanna, a village on the east bank of the Tennessee River, two hundred and ten miles above its mouth. Corinth is about thirty miles south-west of Savanna—as a bird would fly—situated at the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston, and the Mobile and Ohio Railroads. It was a railroad center, second in strategic importance to none within the limits of the Confederacy—a vital point in the new defensive line which the enemy had adopted at the West. Anxious to seize it as soon as possible, General Smith selected, as the point from which it could most readily be approached, its principal freighting place upon the river, Pittsburg Landing, which is ten miles above Savanna, by the windings of the Tennessee, and upon the other side of the river. There a portion of the troops were disembarked, and there General Grant found them, when, having been relieved from his unmerited disgrace, he reached Savanna, on the 17th of March, and re-assumed active command.

Four days earlier, the Departments of Kansas and the Ohio had been added to the jurisdiction of General Halleck, whose immense department—now designated that of the Mississippi—

was made to embrace the whole theater of operations "west of a north and south line drawn indefinitely through Knoxville, Tennessee." On the 16th of March, Halleck, who had thus become generalissimo of the Western armies, learned that Buell had put his army in motion, and hastened to notify Grant: "General Buell is marching in this direction." This was the day preceding Grant's arrival at Savanna, by which time he was fully advised of the enlarged plan of operations, which had matured his expeditionary movement into the initiative of a grand offensive campaign. The enemy was known to be concentrating at Corinth, as from the first it had been certain he would do, and Halleck was continually cautioning his subordinate against making any demonstration which could lead to a general engagement, until heavily reënforced. Nevertheless, General Grant decided to establish his entire army in the much exposed encampment at Pittsburg Landing. In taking this step, he was probably carrying out the tacit understanding of most, or perhaps all, of his division commanders, but it was a most unmilitary proceeding; and the reckless self-confidence with which General Grant entered upon a campaign which he knew must prove a defensive one for at least a fortnight longer, is demonstrated by the fact that he never visited Pittsburg Landing until after he had concentrated his whole army there,* within one day's march of the rapidly accumulating forces of the enemy at Corinth. He did not even follow them there, except

* "On the 13th of March, Grant was relieved from his disgrace; and on the 17th, he removed his head-quarters [from Fort Henry] to Savanna, and *wrote* to Sherman [who was at Pittsburg Landing] from that place. . . . . *Within an hour after his arrival*, Grant issued orders for the concentration of the whole force, *sending* Smith's and McClernand's divisions, as fast as boats could carry them, up to Pittsburg."—*Badeau's Life of Grant.*

to make very transient visits, deeming his presence with the troops of less consequence than the slight advantages which his remaining at Savanna would afford for the disposition of reënforcements and supplies.

The brief but momentous campaign which culminated at Shiloh furnishes a most vulnerable point in the military record of both Grant and Sherman. The latter, as being unquestionably the ablest and best trained soldier on the ground, (after the disablement of General C. F. Smith,) was virtually intrusted with a supervisory control of the encampment at Pittsburg Landing during his chief's absence at Savanna, and in his judgment and discretion General Grant had already acquired the habit of reposing the highest confidence. Together, Grant and Sherman must share the responsibility for those great errors that marked the conduct of affairs at Pittsburg, up to the very dawn of Shiloh, and which suffered the Army of the Tennessee to be brought to the verge of destruction; and no uncandid criticism, no partial presentation of facts, no matter by whomsoever made, can shift that grave responsibility, to the derogation of other commanders. The misstatements which have been made to that end, would be more pardonable if there were nothing upon which to base the fame of Grant and Sherman, save the ruined reputation of their contemporaries—than which nothing could be more untrue; for the blunders of the Shiloh campaign, palpable as they were, have been atoned for many times over, by the later services of those great but severely-schooled soldiers. The spirit of disparagement of the Army of the Ohio, which pervades many of the current narratives of Shiloh, is therefore as unnecessary in every point of view as it is ungenerous and unfair.

General Adam Badeau's "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant" undoubtedly makes the best presentation which is

possible on behalf of its illustrious subject. This it does in a chapter containing few absolute untruths, indeed, but abounding in passages in which facts and dates have been so collated and arranged as to produce an effect very nearly the equivalent of direct deception. The following extract illustrates this disingenuous method of writing official history: "Grant himself remained at Savanna to superintend the organization of troops constantly arriving from Missouri, and because, from there, he could communicate more readily with Buell, whose deliberate movements had not yet brought him within supporting distance of the Army of the Tennessee." The dates to which these remarks have reference are given as the 17th of March and the two succeeding days. The facts are that Buell, necessarily waiting to complete the concentration of his army, did not start his advance division until the 16th, and on the 17th, when Grant decided to retain head-quarters at Savanna, the latter had only a few hours before received his first intimation that Buell was moving at all, from Nashville, one hundred and twenty-two miles away. What use Grant made of his facilities for communicating with General Buell by telegraph, during three whole days preceding the battle of Shiloh, we shall see presently.

Having thus beheld the Army of the Tennessee encamped in fancied security at Pittsburg Landing, we shall be better prepared to understand the movements of that army which had just been ordered to join it, for an offensive campaign somewhere in West Tennessee, or Northern Mississippi and Alabama.

On Sunday, March 16th, the Fourth Division received orders to prepare for a march, with tents, camp equipage, and seven days' rations, in the direction of Franklin. It moved at

7 A. M., next day, in the following order: the Tenth Brigade in advance, which position it retained throughout the march; the Twenty-second Brigade next, and the Nineteenth Brigade in the rear. Returning from Camp Andrew Jackson almost to Nashville, the troops struck across to the Franklin turnpike, and soon passed the deserted camping grounds of McCook, who, as senior division commander, had claimed the advance, and started early the day before. That night, after an easy march of thirteen miles, they bivouacked near the toll-gate, then kept by Mr. Bellew, twelve miles from Nashville. On the 18th, the Fourth Division marched nineteen miles, through Franklin, halting for the night near Spring Hill. The command was now traversing the fertile and highly-cultivated cotton regions of Middle Tennessee, and gangs of slaves were seen at work upon almost every plantation, or else clinging to the fences by the road-side, whence they watched the marching column with wondering eyes and unmistakable delight, as long as it remained in view.

The rebel cavalry, who had been left to watch the Army of the Ohio, were not in sufficient force to retard its progress, except by destroying the bridges along its line of march; and even in this they had thus far been foiled by the rapid movements of the Union cavalry, pushed well forward in advance of the main column. But here General Nelson learned that McCook had been compelled to halt by the destruction of the bridges across Rutherford Creek and Duck River, which were respectively six and ten miles ahead. No serious detention had been caused at the former, but the Duck River bridge it would be impossible to replace for several days, and, as the river was greatly swollen by late rains, fording was out of the question. On the 19th, McCook moved up almost in sight of Columbia, and immediately began the construction of

another bridge, in which, however, he made slower headway than he first anticipated; for his battalion of Mechanics and Engineers, even with the addition of a detail from Colonel Willich's Thirty-second Indiana, constituted a comparatively small and, as yet, but inexperienced force of workmen, while the difficulties of their undertaking daily grew more and more apparent. General Buell was still in Nashville. Crittenden was a few miles in the rear of Nelson, with Wood next, and then Thomas, bringing up the rear. Mitchel's division, which had moved out through Murfreesboro' toward Shelbyville and Huntsville, now formed an independent column.

During the 19th, Nelson's division lay quietly resting in its camping place of the night before. On the 20th, it moved three miles, passing through Spring Hill, and again went into camp as near McCook as was consistent with the order of march. On the 22d, it changed camp three miles forward, to a piece of ridgeland near Carter's Station, and, while waiting there, completed the task of repairing the ford at Rutherford Creek. On the 26th, (Colonel Ammen having obtained permission to select a location more suitable for drill purposes,) the Tenth Brigade moved two miles further, to grounds where camp had previously been laid out with great care, and in which it was now pitched with beautiful regularity and order. The Sixth Ohio had the position nearest the road, and the regiment took it as a decided compliment when General Buell, riding by late in the day, inquired if it was not an encampment of regulars. Next day, drilling began in Nelsonian earnest; for the Duck River bridge was still unfinished, and likely to remain so for nearly a week longer.

Throughout the march to the Tennessee River, Buell was in communication with General Grant by means of couriers, and with General Halleck by telegraph; but neither of them

ever expressed the least misgiving as to the safety of Grant's position at Pittsburg Landing, or urged greater celerity of movement, in order to counterpoise the rapid concentration of the enemy, which was then actually taking place on Grant's front. On the 18th of March, Buell telegraphed Halleck: "I understand Grant is on the east side of the river: is it not so?" Halleck's reply did not state otherwise, leaving Buell to infer that his understanding was correct. Grant himself, in writing to Buell, on the 19th, gave no further explanation of the state of affairs than simply this: "There is every reason to suppose that the rebels have a large force at Corinth, and many at other points toward Decatur;" but this was accompanied by no hint of any kind that he considered the Army of the Tennessee in present or even prospective danger. Even Badeau says that "Buell had no knowledge that Grant was in any extraordinary danger;" which was for the best of reasons—namely, that General Grant (from whom, either directly or through Halleck, Buell necessarily derived all his information touching the points in question) had no such knowledge up to the very hour that the roar of Shiloh broke upon his ear. Grant felt himself strong enough to attack without waiting for Buell, and on the 23d of March, wrote to General Smith from Savanna: "I am clearly of the opinion that the enemy are gathering strength at Corinth, quite as rapidly as we are here, and the sooner we attack, the easier will be the task of taking the place. If Ruggles is in command, it would assuredly be a good time to attack." Confessedly against his will, he was restrained, however, by positive instructions, from undertaking any aggressive movement until Buell should arrive to coöperate with him. Hence, he was naturally desirous that the junction of the two armies should be brought about as speedily as possible, but contented himself with informing Halleck, the com-

mon superior of both himself and Buell, as follows: On the 26th of March, "My scouts are just in with a letter from General Buell. The three divisions coming this way are yet on the east side of Duck River, detained by bridge building." On the 27th, "I have no news yet of any portion of General Buell's command being this side of Columbia." And on the 31st, "Two soldiers from the head of McCook's command came in this evening. Some of this command crossed Duck River on the 29th, and established guards eight miles out that night." Grant was in error, as we shall see, in crediting McCook with the passage of Duck River on the 29th; which, however, is a point of no consequence, except that his neglect to interrogate these men sufficiently to ascertain the real facts, betrays a lack of interest in the movements of the Army of the Ohio that could not have existed had he considered himself in need of its assistance. Another reason was superadded shortly, to make him anxious for Buell's appearance, in the necessity for his presence at Pittsburg Landing, arising from certain jealousies among his senior division commanders, as he explained in a letter to Halleck, dated March 27th, as follows: "News having arrived of the promotion of General McClernand to the rank of major-general, without the date of promotion of either him or General Smith being known, makes it necessary for me to move my head-quarters to Pittsburg. I will not go up, however, until something further is heard from General Buell's command, and until full directions are given for their transfer to this place."

Grant properly felt that these considerations, which were mainly of a personal character, did not constitute any ground of complaint concerning the delays which Buell had encountered in moving a large army over a single road, and at an unfavorable season of the year, through a country where a

column of Union troops had never before penetrated; but on the 31st of March he did write to McCook, a division commander, who, he erroneously supposed, still had the advance of Buell's army: "I have been looking for your column anxiously for several days." This is the one solitary expression of any thing even approaching solicitude in regard to the movements of Buell's army, that Grant's voluminous dispatches of this period afford; and, surely, it is abundantly accounted for by the circumstances we have detailed, upon the authority of his official biographer.

On the 27th of March, General Nelson (and, as there is good reason to believe, General Buell also*) learned, for the first time, that Grant's army had been located upon the west bank of the Tennessee, the information being obtained from the verbal statements of couriers who had just arrived from Savanna. With a prescience and breadth of mental vision which those who knew him best are accustomed to regard as one of his most remarkable traits, Nelson perceived the whole situation in an instant. He was then on the banks of Duck River, whither he had gone to see what progress was being made with the bridge. "By G—d!" he exclaimed to an officer who was with him, "we must cross that river at once, or Grant will be whipped!" He rode directly to General Buell's head-quarters and asked permission to ford Duck River with the Fourth Division. Some conversation ensued, which was terminated by the promise, on General Buell's part, that if Nel-

*In General Buell's letter to the *United States Service Magazine*, dated New York, January 19th, 1865, he says: "Savanna, on the opposite side of the river from the enemy, had been designated for the junction, and I supposed that the force I was to join was there, until within a few days of my arrival, when I *casually* learned otherwise; and then I was told it was secure in the natural strength of the position."

son could get his men safely over, with all his artillery and baggage, he should have the advance thenceforward to the Tennessee. By this time it was late in the afternoon.

Next morning General Buell issued orders to his division commanders for the separation from the rest of their troops of all who, upon examination, should be found unfit to continue the march, and prescribing proper measures for the care of these men when left behind. In the Fourth Division, the execution of this order and the distribution of supplies, etc., consumed most of the day. Colonel Ammen succeeded in making the preliminary *soundings* and other arrangements for fording, without exciting the suspicion of McCook's bridge builders, and at dress parade the troops were edified by hearing read the following:

HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,
CAMP NEAR SPRING HILL, TENN., 28th March, 1862.

[CIRCULAR.]

Reveille will be sounded to-morrow, at 4 o'clock A. M. At 6 A. M., the Tenth Brigade will move with one day's rations in haversacks, in the following order: First, the Twenty-fourth Ohio Regiment; second, the Sixth Ohio Regiment; third, the Thirty-sixth Indiana Regiment. The wagons will be carefully loaded with reference to fording Duck River—tents and other articles not liable to injury from water at the bottom, and ammunition at the top.

On reaching the ford, the men will strip off their pantaloons, secure their cartridge-boxes about their necks, and load knapsacks on the wagons; bayonets will be fixed, and the pantaloons, in a neat roll, will be carried on the point of the bayonet. A halt will be ordered on the other side of the ford, to allow the men to take off their drawers, wring them dry, and resume their clothing and knapsacks.

Strong parties will be detailed to accompany the wagons, to assist them to cross the ford. The rear-guard to each regiment will

consist of one company under charge of a field officer, whose particular province it will be to assist the passage of the train over the ford. The ammunition boxes of the artillery will be taken off the limbers and passed across the river on scows.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON.

J. MILLS KENDRICK, A. A. A. G.

Promptly at six o'clock on the morning of March 29th, the Tenth Brigade was in motion. The ford was very tortuous, being almost in the shape of a letter S. Stripping to their drawers, as ordered, the men crossed without serious difficulty; but a regiment of cavalry, breaking in ahead of the trains, the further bank was made so slippery by the water dripping off the horses' bodies that much hard labor was necessary to get the wagons up into the roadway. Before sunset, however, the whole division was over, except a portion of the artillery; and the Tenth Brigade, after a march of three more miles through Columbia, had gone into camp on the plantation of General Pillow's father-in-law, two miles south of that place. Thus, Nelson gained the advance, and the rebel plans for crushing Grant were predestinated failures from that hour. = INSERT

On Sunday, March 30th, Crittenden's division followed, the Fourth Division moving forward about three miles to make room for it, and the Tenth Brigade encamping on Colonel William H. Polk's plantation. General Nelson established his head-quarters at the house of General Pillow, whose magnificent estate and beautiful grounds excited universal admiration. Next morning the march was resumed in earnest. From Columbia to Savanna the distance is eighty-two miles;* the

*General Buell, in his letter, dated April 3d, 1866, says ninety miles, but he evidently had in mind the average distance of his divisions from Savanna, at the time his column began crossing Duck River.

country, except for the first fifteen miles, is sparsely settled, rough, and poor, and the roads are no better than such regions commonly afford the traveler, off the thoroughfares of traffic. Upon a single narrow and ill-kept roadway, for lack of more practicable routes, General Buell now pushed forward his divisions at intervals of six miles, in the following order, namely: Nelson, Crittenden, McCook, Wood, and Thomas. The latter did not cross Duck River until the 2d of April, and on the same day General Buell himself left Columbia.

Before taking up his line of march from Polk's, General Nelson issued the following succinct orders: "A strong pioneer party will be detailed from the Tenth Brigade, under a competent officer, to repair the road. Brigade commanders will see that the greatest possible quantity of forage is carried, as none is to be had beyond Mount Pleasant. The telegraph laborers will be assisted, at all times when necessary, by all the officers." On Monday, the 31st of March, the Fourth Division moved ten miles and halted early, having reached the base of a high hill resembling the Kentucky "barrens," that was destitute of water for several miles. A strong cavalry picket was pushed forward eleven miles to Buffalo River, where it arrived just in season to save the bridge, and during the night was repeatedly fired upon. About midnight, an infantry picket nearer camp shot a farmer named Cox, who was attempting to steal past the outpost and refused to halt when challenged. The wretched man lived about three hours, and almost his last words were a horrible imprecation upon the Yankee invaders. On the 1st of April, an oppressively warm day, the division marched fourteen miles, and encamped in a wood three miles beyond Buffalo River. On the 2d, there were two or three showers of rain; the Sixth Ohio had the advance of the division, marched sixteen miles to Pointer's

(or, as it is otherwise named, Mount Jasper) Furnace, and pitched camp in a stony bottom close under the hill which furnished the iron ore. The pickets advanced to Waynesboro', five miles further. On the 3d, the division marched fifteen miles, encamping on Hardin Creek. At Waynesboro', where, for the first time since entering Tennessee, the troops were welcomed with genuine enthusiasm, one of the batteries obtained a number of recruits. Late in the afternoon, heavy cannonading was heard toward the south-west, exciting much speculation as to its import.

On the date last given, General Buell, who had not yet overtaken his foremost division, telegraphed General Halleck that at Waynesboro' the road forked to strike the Tennessee at several points, and suggested that it might be well to move from that place to Hamburg Landing rather than to Savanna (which would have brought the Army of the Ohio within four miles of Grant's position at Pittsburg Landing). A day or two later, General Halleck replied: "You are right about concentrating at Waynesboro': future movements must depend on those of the enemy;" adding that he himself could not leave Saint Louis to join the combined forces on the Tennessee until the 7th. Happily for all the combatants upon the National side, most fortunately for General Grant's future reputation and career, Nelson was almost in sight of Savanna when this answer reached General Buell, by whose order the other divisions were following as rapidly as the horrible condition of the roads would permit.

The 3d of April is also the date on which the rebel army moved from Corinth toward the Union camps at Pittsburg Landing, intending to attack on the 5th, and overwhelm Grant before Buell could come to his succor. Grant was in tele-

graphic communication with the Army of the Ohio from the noon of that day, when his telegraph constructors met Nelson's division a few miles south of Waynesboro' and promptly reported the fact to Grant, with the additional information that the column would probably reach Savanna on Saturday, the 5th instant, as it subsequently did. Grant had no message to send that day, but on the 4th he telegraphed Nelson that the troops need not hasten their march, as transports would not be in readiness, at any rate, until the 8th.* Without slackening his speed in the least degree, however, General Nelson pressed forward.

Soon after the Fourth Division started on the 4th, rain began falling; the country was very broken, and the roads, simply execrable before, now became steep and slippery, with mudholes in abundance. The pioneer party, which had previously been doubled, thenceforward had a most laborious duty. A march of eleven miles brought the troops to Vansant's plantation before 3 P. M. The trains did not come up till near dusk, when tents were immediately pitched for the night. It was ten miles to Savanna. About one o'clock in the morning, a pouring rain set in, continuing till dawn of the 5th; by 6 A. M. of which day the division was again in motion, the Sixth Ohio leading. The Tenth Brigade reached Savanna about eleven o'clock; the Nineteenth Brigade, which followed next, was somewhat delayed at two deep fords a few miles back; while the Twenty-second Brigade, marching in the rear, did not reach the vicinity of Savanna until late in the afternoon. The batteries of artillery accompanied their respective brigades, but

*This remarkable dispatch Grant's biographers very considerately forbear to mention in any manner.

many of the wagons, including the division supply-train, were that day brought no further than Swift Creek, five miles back toward Waynesboro'.

Forty-eight hours had now elapsed since Grant was notified that the Fourth Division would reach Savanna on the 5th; yet not a single transport had been provided to convey it, or any portion of it, up the Tennessee. General Buell being still several miles in the rear, Nelson reported directly to General Grant. "We have reached here," said he, "after forced marching and great hardships. I have not yet pitched my tents, however, and I hope, General, you will allow me to encamp somewhere near Pittsburg Landing."

"Not immediately, General," was Grant's reply; "you will encamp, for the present, at Savanna."

Flushed with surprise, Nelson answered impulsively, "Do you not think Beauregard will attack you? The wonder to me is that he has not done so before. If he fail to attack your present position, sir, he is not the man whose military discretion should govern the movements of any army."

"Even if he should attack me," rejoined Grant, "I have more men than I had at Fort Donelson, and in any event can hold my own."

Nelson's answer was very emphatic, in nearly these words: "If Beauregard can not defeat your army alone, how can he expect to defeat yours and Buell's combined? Reasoning in this manner, I think it very strange that he has not already given you fight. He must do it now within five days, or not at all; and if I encamp near Pittsburg Landing, I shall be within striking distance, General, either to hinder or to help."

"My order, General Nelson, is that you encamp *here*. I shall go up the river to-night or to-morrow morning, and you will await further orders."

This peremptory command closed the discussion,* and the Fourth Division accordingly remained at Savanna, the Tenth Brigade encamping not more than half a mile south-east of the village, and the Nineteenth and Twenty-second Brigades a short distance back on the road toward Waynesboro.'

Later in the day, Grant, in company with Nelson, called at the head-quarters of Colonel Ammen, with whom he had been on terms of personal friendship for many years. In the course of conversation, Colonel Ammen remarked that, although his brigade had done some hard marching, it was still in good condition, and ready to move to the front at any hour. Grant informed him that it was nearly or quite impracticable to march a column through the swamps bordering the river to the point opposite Pittsburg Landing (referring, of course, to the passage of artillery and trains, as well as of infantry), adding that the troops had better make themselves comfortable where they were, and on the "next Monday or Tuesday, or early in the week, at any rate," he would send transports down to take them all up together. In explanation of the cannonading which had so disquieted the Fourth Division, he mentioned the fact that some skirmishing had taken place along his lines on both Thursday and Friday, but he spoke very confidently of the strength of his army, and in nearly the same words that he had used to General Nelson. He alluded to the improbability of any engagement being fought "this side of Corinth;" and, on leaving, he gave Colonel Ammen a pressing invitation to call at his head-quarters on the evening of the next day (Sunday), accompanying it with an apology for deferring the appoint-

*Dr. Bradford, who was present during the interview, and heard every word that passed between Grant and Nelson, can testify to the substantial correctness of the above account of it.

ment to that time by saying that he had an engagement for the intervening evening.

About sundown, General Buell reached Savanna, having left Crittenden's division a few miles in the rear. Grant had declined to meet him until the 6th,* and therefore he did not ride down into the village to consult with that officer, but passed the night at the head-quarters of General Nelson. Nevertheless, the fact of his presence was known at Savanna, to a portion of his own troops at least.

With the facts narrated in the foregoing pages in mind, the inaccuracies of General Badeau's account are apparent, when it says: "This day (April 5th) the head of Nelson's column arrived at Savanna, and Nelson himself reported to Grant, who in person directed him to march his command to a position south of Savanna, and about five miles from the point opposite Pittsburg Landing; there, he was to hold himself in readiness to reënforce the army on the left bank in case of need. The order was obeyed, and Grant, having made all his preparations for removing his head-quarters to Pittsburg on the morrow, remained to meet Buell, as that officer had desired."

The sun set in a clear sky, the night came on cool, tranquil, starlighted, and the Fourth Division, after its long march,

*"A message was brought him [Grant] from Buell, dated the 4th of April, requesting Grant to remain at Savanna on the 5th, as he would arrive there on that day. 'I shall be in Savanna myself to-morrow, with perhaps two divisions,' said Buell; 'can I meet you there?' Grant replied on the 5th: 'Your dispatch just received. I will be here to meet you *to-morrow*. The enemy at and near Corinth [not a word about their massing in his immediate front] are probably from sixty to eighty thousand.' Buell, however, did not arrive till the 6th, or, if otherwise, did not make it known to his superior [which Grant was simply by virtue of rank, not in the sense of being the commanding officer], and Grant remained to meet him."—*Badeau's Life of Grant.*

rested well, with the prospect of enjoying two or three leisure days, at least, at Savanna. That night a rebel army of 40,000 muskets slept almost within sound of the drums that beat the tattoo along Sherman's lines, out in the woods, whose shadows stretched for miles around Shiloh Church. Meantime, a batch of dispatches were on their way to department head-quarters, in which occur the following remarkable passages.*

GRANT TO HALLECK, APRIL 5, 1862. (*Evening.*)

The main force of the enemy is *at Corinth*, with troops at different points *east*. . . . The number of the enemy at Corinth, and within *supporting* distance of it, can not be far from eighty thousand men. . . . Some skirmishing took place between our outguards and the enemy's, yesterday and the day before. . . . *I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us*, but will be prepared *should* such a thing take place. . . . It is my present intention to send them [Buell's three foremost divisions] to Hamburg, some four miles above Pittsburg, *when they all get here.*

SHERMAN TO GRANT, APRIL 5, 1862.

All is quiet along my lines now. The enemy has cavalry in our front, and I think there are *two* regiments of infantry and *one* battery of artillery six miles out. . . . I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day, more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not *press our pickets far*. I will not be drawn out far, unless with certainty of advantage; and I do not apprehend *any thing like an attack upon our position.*

*The italicizing, of course, is by the author of this volume.

DO NOT SHOW ITALICS OF FOOT NOTE. GO RIGHT ON WITHOUT BREAK

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO PITTSBURG LANDING.

(APRIL 6, 1862.)

MORE beautiful morning never dawned than was that of Sunday, April 6, 1862, upon the Tennessee. The troops of the Fourth Division were astir betimes, preparing for the inspection concerning which precise and rigid orders had been read (to the Tenth Brigade at least) at dress parade on Saturday evening. The sun was an hour high—perhaps a little more—when the sound of cannonading came rolling heavily from the direction of Pittsburg Landing, the reports rapidly increasing in volume and frequency, and the low crackling of distant musketry filling every interlude. In that roar General Nelson recognized the fulfillment of his fears concerning the safety of Grant's army up the river. He had not yet arisen; springing from his couch, he called to Lieutenant Southgate, who slept in an adjoining tent, and ordered him to notify the brigade commanders to "have their men in readiness to move at any moment after the end of an hour;" another aid was dispatched to the river, to see if any transports had arrived during the night. As the firing continued, Nelson, still awaiting Grant's orders, chafed like a lion caged. He ate no breakfast, paced up and down before his tent, could not be pacified, and would not be pleased with any thing or any

body about him. He spoke repeatedly of General Grant's having thwarted his plans, or at least disappointed his hopes in regard to moving up to Pittsburg Landing immediately upon his arrival at Savanna; and, finally, turning to Dr. Bradford, he exclaimed vehemently: "By G—d, Bradford, if I get no orders by twelve o'clock, I will move without them. I will do it, if I have to go back to the deck of my ship for it!" So earnest and so frequent were General Nelson's expressions of this character during the forenoon, that many of his staff and other officers then intimately associated with him, have always believed that he put his division on the march absolutely without orders, and the same views have been repeatedly advanced in print. Such an aggregation of testimony, notwithstanding its error in regard to one of the points involved, is really valuable, because based upon personal observation and acquaintance, and much weight may justly be claimed for it, in considering those charges of laggardness and delinquency which have been brought against General Nelson since death sealed his lips to eternal silence.*

*So far as the writer is aware, the first attempt—at least, in print—to make General Nelson a scape-goat for the disasters of the first day at Shiloh, was in a foot-note given in Professor Coppeé's "Grant and his Campaigns," published in January, 1866, which reads as follows: "General Grant, *hearing* that Nelson's division had arrived on the *night* of the 5th in the *vicinity* of Savanna, had sent him an order as early as *seven* o'clock on the morning of the 6th, to move to a point on the river opposite Pittsburg Landing," etc. General Rawlins, Grant's Chief of Staff, is understood to have given the above work a somewhat elaborate revision "in proof," but, perhaps, it would be unjust to hold him responsible for this shameful distortion of the truth, although it is worthy of note that the *text* of Professor Coppeé's book is entirely free from any ungenerous reflections upon General Nelson. However this may be, the following statement contained in General Rawlins' address before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at its first annual reunion, November 14,

Unwilling longer to endure his torturing suspense, General Nelson mounted his horse, and galloped down to Grant's head-quarters; for, although Buell was his immediate commander, the necessities of the occasion, as well as Halleck's instructions, invested Grant with the control of all movements made directly in the presence of the enemy at this stage of the campaign. This was about eight o'clock—possibly a few minutes later than that hour. Either at Grant's head-quarters or soon after his return from there, Nelson received an order which Badeau quotes as follows:

SAVANNA, April 6, 1862.

Brigadier-General Wm. Nelson, Commanding Division in Buell's Army:

An attack having been made on our forces, you will move your entire command to the river opposite Pittsburg. You can easily obtain a guide in the village.

By order of

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

JOHN A. RAWLINS, A. A. G.

General Buell, going to Grant's head-quarters at or about the same time, found the following note there awaiting him:

SAVANNA, April 6, 1862.

General D. C. Buell:

Heavy firing is heard up the river, indicating plainly that an

1866, demands examination almost equally with the preceding: "General Grant, hearing artillery firing in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, ordered General Nelson to march his command, *rapidly as possible*, to the point on the Tennessee River opposite Pittsburg Landing," etc. The order in question was written by General (then Captain) Rawlins himself, and, as the reader will perceive by consulting the text, does not contain the words "rapidly as possible," nor any thing like them, nor were there any verbal orders given which could have embodied them. Touching a vital point in the Shiloh controversy, as it does, and casting serious imputations upon the honor of a soldier lying in his grave, this interpolation is inexcusable.

attack has been made upon our most advanced positions. I have been looking for this, but did not believe the attack could be made before Monday or Tuesday. This necessitates my joining the forces up the river instead of meeting you to-day as I had contemplated. I have directed General Nelson to move to the river with his division. He can march to opposite Pittsburg.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

*Major-General Commanding.**

Grant was accordingly on the way to Pittsburg Landing, on his dispatch-boat, the steamer Tigress. Supplementing the remarkable interview of the day before, his order to General Nelson had the import of a permission to carry out Nelson's

* In this note the prominent feature is a tone of apology for having again disappointed Buell in regard to a personal conference. As a matter of information, and to relieve Buell of present care in regard to the movements of Nelson, Grant mentions the fact that the latter will continue the march by his orders. The phraseology is worth noting—Nelson "can march," etc., not "will march," as both custom and propriety of language would have shaped the expression had Grant been speaking of an order to push forward needed reënforcements. Knowing that two other divisions of Buell's army are only a few miles back toward Waynesboro', Grant never so much as hints that it might be well to hasten their movements, much less does he promise to send transports for them to Savanna, as it was afterward found necessary to do. True, he speaks of an attack, but it is "upon our most advanced positions," not "upon our position," nor "our camp;" and the term here employed accords exactly with Grant's explanation, in a private letter to a friend at the North (written a few days after the battle, and published in the Cincinnati *Commercial*), that he had not anticipated any thing more serious on the part of the enemy than a reconnoissance in force. This explanation, which was no doubt a truthful one, reconciles the apparent discrepancy between the above note to Buell and Grant's pacific assurances to General Halleck on the previous evening.

original plan, rather than of an imperative command to move reënforcements to a battle-field, as Grant's biographers have construed it. The primary significance of the statement, "An attack having been made on our forces," is probably to be found in a certain deference to General Buell, Nelson's immediate commander, who, until a short time before, had ranked Grant. The latter naturally felt some delicacy in assuming to command Nelson directly, under Buell's own eye as it was, and hence this phrase in explanation. It is quite clear that when he started for Pittsburg Landing, Grant had no serious apprehensions that a general engagement was in progress; which will seem less surprising when we remember that General Sherman, who was on the ground, and occupying with his division the outermost camps, was not convinced of that fact until eight o'clock that morning.* Grant left the impression behind him at Savanna (which continued for some hours among the officers of the Army of the Tennessee) that the firing was merely an affair of outposts. Moreover, he had three regiments of his own army at Savanna,† where every man of them in sound health was now entirely superfluous; yet he sent them no orders to accompany Nelson, nor even to prepare to move at all.

Unleashed at last, Nelson returned from the head-quarters of the Army of the Tennessee, and dispatched the necessary

* "About 8 A. M., I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front, in the woods beyond the small stream alluded to, and *became satisfied for the first time* that the enemy designed a determined attack upon our whole camp."—*General Sherman's Official Report.*

† "At Savanna were three regiments of the Army of the Tennessee, and Nelson's division of Buell's army, which had arrived the day before."—*Address of General Rawlins to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.*

orders to his brigade commanders. It was difficult to reconcile Grant's order to "march to a point opposite Pittsburg" with his previous declarations regarding the impracticability of the roads thither; he had given no explanations, nor had he left any one behind who could give them; and he was greatly mistaken in supposing that a guide could easily be obtained in the village, since the few citizens who could be found were indisposed to communicate the desired information, even if they possessed it. All knew that there were wagon-paths up through the woods and swamps to the point designated, but the recent high waters had flooded the bottoms, and the prevailing impression seemed to be that those routes were still impassable. Always quick to decide in case of emergency, General Nelson directed his adjutant-general, Captain Kendrick, to take his cavalry escort, and make an examination of the roads with all possible speed.

As yet, no definite tidings had come from the battle-field, but the continuous rumbling of artillery in the direction of Grant's camps could hardly be misunderstood, and already rumors of disaster were beginning to flit through the air. Ominous although these rumors were, they did not tell one-half the tale. Sherman's and McClernand's divisions, breaking and crumbling under the fierce onslaught of the enemy, were being forced back, still back, toward the landing; fragmentary bands of heroes, halting here, rallying there, even attempting a desperate charge now and then, were fighting stubbornly, where and how they could, but at such fearful disadvantage as men must fight who have been overmatched in generalship, and are overborne by numbers. Prentiss' little division of perfectly raw troops, on the left, had been struck still earlier, and as an organization had almost melted away at once. Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's divisions were

struggling gallantly to stem the tide of defeat, but with little hope, and still less prospect, of success, although every man who could be brought into action was already engaged. Thousands of panic-stricken fugitives, abandoning braver comrades to their fate, had fled to the landing, some of them without firing a gun. Happily, however, the Fourth Division, as yet, was ignorant of these details.

During the absence of Captain Kendrick, General Nelson's situation was distressing in the extreme; anxious, eager, impatient to move to the field, yet restrained in idle waiting by a train of circumstances that had foiled all his energy and foresight. A number of empty transports were known to be lying at Pittsburg Landing, and it was reasonable to suppose that, if the action was not progressing satisfactorily, they would be sent down to bring up Crittenden's troops, in which case Nelson could have pressed them into service for the Fourth Division. As it turned out, however, Grant did not send down any steamers until after Buell had gone up the river, and Buell, at this time, was with Nelson at Savanna. Grant's first message from the battle-field did not reach Nelson until some time after noon; in fact, it was half-past eleven* when orders reached General Lewis Wallace, commanding an outlying division of Grant's own army, at Crump's Landing, which was five miles nearer the scene of conflict, and upon the same side of the Tennessee.

Early in the day, immediately upon being notified to have the Tenth Brigade in readiness to move at the end of an hour,

* "At half-past eleven o'clock the anticipated orders arrived," etc.—*Major-General Lewis Wallace's Official Report.*

General Grant, as is well known, was greatly disposed to censure Wallace for the late arrival of that officer's splendid division, but even his report does not claim that the order was delivered Wallace before eleven.

Colonel Ammen directed Quartermaster Wiggins to go to the Post Commissary and draw rations, the men having but two more meals in their haversacks. Captain Wiggins returned with the information that not a barrel of crackers was to be had in Savanna, upon which he was ordered back to the supply-train at Swift Creek, sparing neither spurs nor horseflesh in so doing, to hasten forward the wagons. This order was promptly executed; and having got every thing ready for an immediate start, including the hitching up of the artillery, Colonel Ammen, at about eleven o'clock, went down to the landing, where he found Buell and Nelson anxiously looking up the river for the smoke of the transports, which they hoped, if not expected, Grant had sent for the other reënforcements which he knew were at and near Savanna, even if Nelson's division had started.* There had been no lull in the sullen sounds of battle, of any consequence, since the firing first broke out. Buell was reserved and moody; Nelson manifested his impatience more plainly, though it was restrained in some measure by the presence of his superior. Both seemed disappointed by

* We have seen that Grant had three regiments of his own army lying at Savanna; and on Saturday, April 5th, he advised Halleck by telegraph of the near approach of two divisions of Buell's army, in addition to Nelson's command, which had already arrived, showing that he knew the actual proximity of Crittenden and McCook. The following extract from General Buell's official report states one or two facts that have been singularly overlooked in every account of the battle of Shiloh that has yet come to the writer's notice: "Finding General Grant at the landing, *I requested him* to send steamers to Savanna, to bring up General Crittenden's division, which *had arrived during the morning.*" Colonel Gibson's brigade, of McCook's division, was obliged to lay at Savanna all Sunday night and a part of the next morning, waiting for transportation, and did not get into the fight until nearly noon of Monday. So much for the tardiness in bringing up Crittenden's troops.

the non-appearance of the boats, and both expressed their perplexity at the unaccountable silence of General Grant, from whom no word of any kind had been received since his departure in the morning.

Leaving them still at the landing, Colonel Ammen, by their permission, went to the house near by, in which General Charles F. Smith, an old associate in the regular service, was lying ill of the disease which afterward carried him to the grave. Colonel Ammen remarked that they seemed to be having considerable of a fight up at Pittsburg Landing, judging from the heavy firing. Full of energy and fire, the gallant old veteran rejoined that it was nothing more than a skirmish, and rallied Ammen good-naturedly, because the Army of the Ohio, never having smelled gunpowder, fancied every skirmish a battle; the Army of the Tennessee had faced the music before, and *they* knew better. Such was the opinion, at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, of the most accomplished soldier in the Army of the Tennessee—Grant's old commandant at West Point, and now his most trusted counselor—away from the field, of course, but within sound of all its artillery fire at least.

Recalled by a message from Nelson, Colonel Ammen hastened down to find that General Buell had ordered a little craft at the landing to get under steam, and was going to the front; the division had orders to start at one o'clock, leaving all its trains and artillery behind. Captain Kendrick had carried out his instructions with such stress of energy as to kill several horses and leave behind a number of men. He reached Nelson's head-quarters, on his return, about twelve o'clock, and reported that the road along the river bank was impassable from its obstruction by swollen streams. The other road was equally winding, but, being on higher ground for the greater

part of the distance, it was practicable for infantry and cavalry, though not for artillery.

At one o'clock,* Ammen's brigade moved out of camp, in the following order: Thirty-sixth Indiana, Colonel Grose, with an advanced guard of four companies, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Carey; Twenty-fourth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones; Sixth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson. One company from each regiment being ordered to stay with the trains and baggage, Company I was detailed for this duty in the Sixth Ohio, because its numerical weakness made it the one most easily spared. Bruce's brigade, the Twenty-second, followed next after Ammen's, with the Nineteenth Brigade, Colonel Hazen's, in the rear. Company D, of the Second Kentucky, Captain J. W. Miller commanding, was left behind with the artillery.

General Nelson remained at Savanna long enough to see the last regiment fairly on the march, by which time the foremost brigade was a considerable distance in advance, under the guidance of a native Tennesseean, whose services had been secured about the time of Captain Kendrick's return, and possibly by that officer. By the route which the Fourth Division was obliged to take, the distance from Savanna to the point opposite Pittsburg Landing is not less than eight miles. The troops marched briskly, the column well closed up, and at the end of the first hour Colonel Ammen rested his brigade at a clearing somewhat less than half-way to Pittsburg. Just beyond this

* Nelson's official report says that his division moved at half-past one, but this statement is not quite accurate, unless it be understood to refer to the rearmost brigade. The concurrence of a great amount of other testimony is conclusive upon this point. A fuller description of the march from Savanna and the scenes at Pittsburg Landing than it is possible to embody in the main narrative will be found in Part II, in the chapters entitled "Coming up at Shiloh" and "Battle Pictures from Shiloh."

point, the road makes a sudden bend to the right, descends abruptly into the low bottom-lands bordering the Tennessee, and thenceforward is merely a wagon-path through woods and marshes. The Tenth Brigade had just resumed its march, when General Nelson, mounted on the large and powerful bay horse that his troops all recognized as his favorite when there was work on hand, rode rapidly past to the head of the column, where he slackened his speed for the purpose of instructing Colonel Ammen to press the men forward as fast as could be done without breaking them down, and then went forward with the guide, telling Colonel Ammen that he could follow their trail. Immediately upon descending into the bottom, the troops found the difficulties of the march much increased, and, although they were stimulated by the ever-nearing roar of battle and were eager to be in the fight, their progress was slow and exceedingly laborious.

General Badeau says that soon after reaching the battle-field Grant sent Nelson an order, in writing, as follows: "You will hurry up your command as fast as possible. The boats will be in readiness to transport all troops of your command across the river. All looks well, but it is necessary for you to push forward as fast as possible." Such was the change which had come over the spirit of his dream since the previous evening! Whatever the hour at which this dispatch was penned, there is indubitable evidence that Nelson had not received it when he put his division on the march; but the above-mentioned order to Colonel Ammen renders it probable that it reached him soon afterward, or some time between one and two o'clock.

Nelson was a hard rider, and soon left the column behind, a portion of his staff and Dr. Bradford accompanying him. When within two or three miles of Pittsburg Landing, one of General Grant's aids rode up, mounted upon the same dun

stallion which Grant had ridden the day before at Savanna, and told General Nelson to press forward his men, or the fight would be lost. The order was verbal, not in writing. It was immediately transmitted to Colonel Ammen, who, fearing the effect of such news upon the men, turned the messenger back, with the answer that the Tenth Brigade was coming without one moment's unnecessary delay, and also sent forward his adjutant-general to intercept any other couriers who might be met bearing similar tidings. The division took the double-quick, but could not maintain the pace on account of the heaviness of the roadway and the innumerable delays encountered in crossing ponds and marshy places. The afternoon, too, was oppressively sultry. At length the column debouched into a clearing opposite Pittsburg Landing. On the bluff above the latter, and back in the woods beyond, artillery was thundering, while still heavier explosions up the river told where the gunboats Tyler and Lexington were at work—it was impossible to mistake the sound of their thirty-two-pounders for any lighter metal. Thousands of troops, whom Nelson's men at first mistook for reserves, thronged the landing. A number of transports, with steam up, were in sight, several of them crowded with wounded and skulkers from the battle-field. It was well for the Fourth Division, and well also for Grant's beaten army, that Nelson's men were not fully apprized of the appalling events which had transpired in the depths of the woods on the further side of the Tennessee.

Reaching Pittsburg Landing about nine o'clock,* General

*Following General Rawlins' narrative, Badeau says Grant reached Pittsburg Landing "at about eight o'clock." He could not have done it much before nine. He did not leave Savanna until after half-past seven, and had to stop at Crump's Landing, on his way up the river, to see General Lew. Wallace. It is worthy of note that not one of the official reports of

Grant had exerted himself to the full extent of his ability to avert the calamities that his previous mismanagement had invited; but it was little that he could then do toward atoning for the infatuation of three weeks, and it was comparatively little that he attempted. His conduct showed nothing of brilliancy and mental grasp, nor even of personal daring, worthy to be named in the same breath with Rosecrans' part at Stone River, or Sheridan's apparition upon the lost field of Cedar Creek; in fact, there was no occasion for just such displays of generalship as have made those fields forever famous; and if there had been, Grant was not the man to make them. The story, however, that Grant was drunk has no foundation in truth; and it is doubtless true that throughout all that awful Sabbath he never lost heart, in which there was a foreshadowing, even at Shiloh, of his future successes, and a signal exhibition of that grand tenacity of purpose which constitutes one of his clearest titles to greatness.

Hour after hour the storm of battle beat upon the confused and often illy-posted lines of the shattered divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, and hour by hour the gallant men who did stand and fight were being driven further from their camps and nearer to the river. About half-past three in the afternoon, Bragg hurled a heavily-massed column against the

Grant's subordinates (none at least of those which are in print at this date) makes any mention of his presence at the front during Sunday forenoon. General Sherman, however, in his letter to the *United States Service Magazine*, says that Grant was "at his front at 10 A. M., and in a short time went over to the left," etc. In all probability, Grant rode out to Sherman's lines first, as there was where the heaviest fighting was then in progress; and, besides, he would naturally go to Sherman for trustworthy information touching the sudden and terrible change which affairs had undergone since the preceding day.

Union left, and sweeping it away as the whirlwind sweeps up the leaves in autumn, captured General Prentiss, with nearly the whole of that officer's command which had not fled from the fight eight hours before, and forced back the fragmentary remnants of Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's divisions to within half a mile of the landing.

The nature of the ground over which the battle of Shiloh was fought is a circumstance of more essential importance than annalists have generally regarded it, since, had it been clear of timber and less broken, Grant's army must have been destroyed before reënforcements could arrive. Most fortunately, the weight of the rebel attack, on Sunday afternoon, fell upon the Union left, where the ground was particularly favorable for defense; and when Hurlbut made a last desperate stand, with such forces as could be rallied after the crowning disaster of the afternoon, it was in a position where his left flank was protected by a deep and rugged ravine, flooded for a considerable distance by the high waters of the Tennessee. The same ravine, gradually becoming less and less marked as it recedes from the river, extended along most, or perhaps all, of his front also.

The rebel army was scarcely less disorganized by victory than was the Army of the Tennessee by defeat; but Bragg soon had his forces in hand, and delivered another furious attack, his right coming down to within an eighth of a mile of the landing, and the shells from his artillery falling thickly into the river a short distance above that point.* At this crisis the gunboats came into action with beautiful effect. The siege-guns designed for the reduction of Corinth, but toward which they had been moved only a few hundred yards from

* Official report of Lieutenant James W. Shirk, commanding gunboat Lexington.

the landing, together with such portions of the field artillery as had been saved from capture, were also served with great efficiency, under the management of Colonel Webster, Grant's chief of artillery. Under such a concentration of artillery fire, Bragg's charging columns found the ravine a most formidable barrier, and thus the enemy was somehow held at bay while Nelson's division was filing down to the river's brink opposite Pittsburg Landing. Bragg was not surprised to find a desperate resistance on the part of an enemy who could yield nothing more without yielding every thing. He had planted his artillery so as to command the vital spot of the Union position, and had gathered his forces for a grand, decisive effort while daylight yet remained, when a power appeared upon the scene for which he was in nowise prepared—Ammen's brigade was even then crossing the river.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHILOH.

(APRIL 6 AND 7, 1862.)

ON reaching the river, opposite the battle-field, General Nelson looked in vain for the promised boats. The two or three stern-wheel steamers that were lying under the eastern bank had come over simply to avoid the rush of the mob on the further shore, not, however, until after some scores of the scared wretches had succeeded in getting on board. Nelson had almost to force the captains of these boats to take his foremost regiment, the Thirty-sixth Indiana, across; and, having given orders to Colonel Ammen to get his brigade over as quickly as possible, and then follow in person, crossed to Pittsburg Landing. He was the first to ride off the boat, Dr. Bradford being the second. General Buell met him on the bank, and ordered the men formed rapidly into line, as they should arrive, and moved to the front. "You have had the advance throughout the march," said Buell, "and here, General, is your opportunity. There is still one hour left in which to decide this fight." At this time the roar of battle sounded appallingly near; every thing was in confusion; thousands of panic-stricken fugitives were cowering under the bluff, filling the air with their cries and lamentations; and hundreds of teams, with all the *debris* of a beaten army, were commingled in the utmost dis-

order, and covered the landing down to the water's edge. It was a sickening sight—one that has never been adequately described, and never can be. Finding that words were thrown away upon the rabble around him, General Nelson afterward asked permission to open fire upon them. "Get out of the way, you d—d cowards!" he exclaimed, furiously, as a rush was made toward one of the boats whence a detachment of the Sixth Ohio was disembarking; "get out of the way! If you won't fight yourselves, let these men off that will. Sixth Ohio, follow me!"

Upon the bluff overlooking the landing, General Grant was met, moody and silent, and at that moment on foot. Colonel Ammen, having meantime transmitted to Colonels Bruce and Hazen the order to hurry the men across, reported to Nelson upon the bluff. The Thirty-sixth Indiana was over. Companies A, F, and D, of the Sixth Ohio, were landing, and the Twenty-fourth, and the remaining companies of the Sixth Ohio, were either in the stream or in the act of embarking. Grant told Ammen that he wanted him to support "that battery on the left there," pointing, as he spoke, to Captain Stone's battery; whereupon Colonel Ammen hastened to form such of his troops as had already arrived. While affairs were in this posture, a cannon-ball came whistling between the trees, took the head of one of Grant's orderlies off, shot away the saddle from under Lieutenant Graves, one of Nelson's aids, and went plunging over the bluff into the river below, producing consternation indescribable among the thousands herded about the landing. "Don't stop to form, colonel, don't stop to form!" implored a staff officer, hurrying toward Colonel Ammen; "we shall all be massacred if you do! There isn't a man out yonder, on the left, between us and the rebels! For God's sake, colonel, hurry your men forward!" The

blessing that "Uncle Jakey" gave that demented creature, was long a favorite source of merriment around the camp-fires of the Tenth Brigade.

As soon as the Thirty-sixth Indiana could be formed, and, without waiting for the remainder of the brigade, Colonel Ammen moved it forward—General Buell, who had previously examined the ground, showing him where to post it. The position assigned it was only about two hundred yards from the bluff, on the extreme left of the Union line, if line it might still have been called, and behind the crest of the hill that rises above the ravine before described. Companies A, F, and D, of the Sixth Ohio, formed on its left, and a little in the rear, but the rebel attack was too far to their right to permit them to get into action that night. In this quarter the artillery had been left absolutely without any organized infantry support, and the handful of troops that still remained, chiefly cannoneers, were in extreme disorder. Had Bragg been able to renew his assault upon this portion of the Union lines twenty minutes earlier than he did—that is, before the opportune arrival of Ammen's brigade—in all human probability he would have forced the position. Colonel Grose brought into action eight companies, about four hundred strong, his remaining two companies having been left on other duty at Savanna. The regiment had hardly completed its alignment when the rebels made their appearance, massed in column of attack, moving steadily toward it, in a direction somewhat oblique to Colonel Grose's line of battle—the backwater in the ravine having compelled them to strike somewhat higher up than the position originally aimed at. The Thirty-sixth immediately gave them a volley, which was promptly returned. The regiment had never been under fire before. It had formed under circumstances the most discouraging possible to new troops, losing

one man killed in so doing; but, being well and coolly commanded, the men stood up to their work most gallantly. Amazed at the warmth of their reception, the rebels still strove to close in upon their antagonists; but they could not face such a fire, in the disadvantageous position in which they found themselves from the nature of the ground, and were forced to retire in disorder. Twice in quick succession the attack was repeated, and twice more it was beaten off, Grose's men expending a total of fourteen or fifteen rounds. Prisoners captured the next day reported four hundred men killed and disabled in these three assaults. This was probably an exaggeration, but the rebels certainly lost heavily.

It is General Badeau's good fortune, as the eulogist of Grant, (though not so, for his reliability as a historian,) that he was not present at Shiloh, a fact which, in a measure, palliates his statement that "as a final spasmodic attack was made by the rebels, these regiments [two of Nelson's] fired two or three volleys, and lost three men, but it was too late then to affect the fortunes of the day." Thus curtly is the decisive repulse of the enemy, at the grand climacteric of the day's fighting, disposed of, and pronounced an affair of no consequence. While it is true that Ammen's brigade had the coöperation of the gunboats and certain artillery, and even of a few of Grant's infantry, the arrival of that command was a most important circumstance in the condition that affairs had fallen into on the left. Aside from the effect produced upon the enemy by the steady and well-delivered volleys of Grose's men, the moral effect of the appearance of fresh troops, eager, confident, and in perfect subordination, was of incalculable advantage in re-inspiriting Grant's worn and beaten soldiers.

The remarkably small loss of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, which is not understated in the extract above given, is attri-

butable to its judicious posting by Colonel Ammen, under the personal direction of General Buell. In the excitement of battle, as every novice in military affairs well knows, troops nearly always fire too high, and new ones invariably do so. Instead of being pushed forward to the crest of the slope overlooking the ravine, which, to an inexperienced soldier, would have seemed the better position, because a more commanding one, the Thirty-sixth was halted some distance before reaching it, the result of which was that, while the men, firing slightly upward, had the enemy in beautiful range, they were almost unharmed by the rebel volleys flying wildly over their heads. Handling his brigade upon the same principle the next day, Colonel Ammen brought it through, notwithstanding the terrific fire repeatedly concentrated upon it, with an additional loss in killed of only twelve men.

The Sixth Ohio was thrown forward as quickly as possible to the support of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, the men rushing up through the woods with an exultant cheer that, for a moment, drowned the noise of battle. Taking off his hat, and his features all aglow with the inspiration of the occasion, General Nelson had fired a couple of rousing sentences into the eager ranks of his favorite regiment, and led the way himself. Says a staff officer of the Tenth Brigade: "I doubt whether, on any battle-field during the war, any set of men ever formed under just such circumstances as the Sixth Ohio did at Shiloh. I shall never forget the scene. More than half of our artillery was gone, our entire force driven into twelve or fifteen acres of ground, a thousand wagons and nearly all the tents captured, the enemy pressing forward almost in sight; batteries and musketry in front, and a cross-fire of cannon from above, and ten thousand panic-stricken men of our own fled out of the fight, hailing the troops just arriving with

such cries as, 'We're whipped!' 'The fight is lost!' 'We're cut to pieces!' 'It's no use to form!' 'They're driving us into the river!' etc. In this terrible extremity the regiment fell quickly and orderly into line, and, at the word, moved gallantly forward. I could not resist the temptation of riding my iron-gray close up to the lines, and crying out, 'Bully for the Sixth Ohio!'" The regiment was halted a short distance in rear of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, the firing having materially slackened; in a few minutes it ceased entirely. Within the next half-hour the deepening darkness, setting at rest the question of further fighting for that day, had decided the issue of the struggle: night and Blucher both had come.

Where, meanwhile, was the Twenty-fourth Ohio? Immediately upon reporting to General Nelson on the bluff, and in dread lest his regiments, in the universal confusion and uproar, might become separated, Colonel Ammen sent one of his aids, Lieutenant Wheeler, down to the river, to guide Lieutenant-Colonel Jones to the position that had been assigned the brigade. The fighting was over by the time Lieutenant Wheeler returned. He reported that the boat containing the Twenty-fourth had been obliged to back off just at the moment of rounding to, its captain fearing that it would be swamped by a rush of the cowards from the shore; and the regiment had disembarked at the lower landing, one-fourth of a mile down the river. Apprehending danger on the right, General Grant in person ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Jones to reënforce the lines in that quarter. Colonel Ammen, however, succeeded in maintaining communication with it by messengers, and, during the night, in having it ordered back to the brigade, in rejoining which it narrowly escaped being fired into by a green regiment of the Army of the Tennessee.

General Grant did not again make his appearance upon the

left until after Tuesday morning; but soon after dark, on Sunday evening, Buell and Nelson rode out thither in company, notified Colonel Ammen that the Tenth Brigade would hold the left of the line of battle next day, and directed him to have his men in readiness to move forward and attack the enemy as soon as it should be light enough to see. Both expressed great embarrassment from the meagerness of their information concerning the roads and the topography of the battle-field, no less than from their ignorance of the enemy's movements, which the darkness screened most perfectly. Pickets had been posted at night-fall, and about ten o'clock, Companies A and F, of the Sixth Ohio, were ordered out to reconnoiter the ground in advance, etc., but with instructions not to fire under any circumstances, for fear of provoking a night attack. In the performance of this peculiarly delicate and dangerous service, Company F lost one of its best men, private William Brocksmith, who was mortally wounded, and died at dawn next day.

Before midnight, Colonel Ammen had formed his line of battle, as well as it could be done in the darkness, about two hundred yards in advance of the original position of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, as follows: Thirty-sixth Indiana on the left, Twenty-fourth Ohio on the right, and Sixth Ohio in the center. Supperless, save for the "hard-tack" they had munched as they sat or stood at "rest," and most of them entirely destitute of covering, the men lay upon their arms, waiting for daylight. A hard thunder-storm came up about one o'clock in the morning, and drenched them to the skin. At regular intervals, first of ten minutes and then of fifteen, the gunboats continued firing their eight-inch shells over the tree-tops into the rebel camps. Amid such surroundings, but little sleep was got that night by the men of the Fourth Division, the last of

whom crossed the river about seven o'clock. General Nelson, though faring no better than they did, was in grand spirits, and impatient for daylight. "Send me a bottle of wine and some cigars," he said to his friend, Lieutenant Gwin, of the gunboat Tyler; "I will show you some man-of-war fighting to-morrow."

During the night, Crittenden's division arrived on boats from Savanna, and was put into position by General Buell on Nelson's right. McCook's foremost brigade came up about daylight, and his last about eleven o'clock, Monday forenoon, the division forming next on the right of Crittenden's. Lewis Wallace's division of the Army of the Tennessee, which reached the battle-field from Crump's Landing soon after dark, took position on the extreme right of the Union line. These four divisions next day covered almost the entire front, and with the help of from five to eight thousand gallant soldiers from Grant's previously driven forces, they rolled back the tide of battle, and won decisive victory.

Day was just beginning to break through the haze and gloom of Monday morning, April 7th, when Nelson's men were quietly roused, and a regular line of skirmishers having been thrown out—consisting, in the Tenth Brigade, of Companies A and F, Sixth Ohio, Companies B and C, Thirty-sixth Indiana, and two companies from the Twenty-fourth Ohio—the whole division, a few minutes after five o'clock, advanced in line of battle, without either artillery or reserves. The skirmishers soon met the enemy's pickets, driving them with ease through Hurlbut's camps, where the tents were standing uninjured, and for a considerable distance beyond; and the division had gained about one mile of ground, when, at six o'clock, it was halted by command of General Buell, in order to allow Crittenden to come up and take his place upon its right. In happy ignorance of

Buell's arrival, Beauregard had retired to rest on Sunday evening, elated with the prospect of capturing or destroying Grant's shattered forces on the following day. Nelson's early and impetuous attack undeceived him, for in it he recognized the presence of Buell's dreaded reënforcements, and the initiative of a conflict widely differing in its conditions from the fighting of the day before.*

* Beauregard's official report says: "I accordingly established my head-quarters at the church at Shiloh, in the enemy's encampment, with Major-General Bragg, and directed our troops to sleep on their arms, in such positions, in advance and rear, as corps commanders should determine, hoping, from news received by a special dispatch, that delays had been encountered by General Buell in his march from Columbia, and that his main forces, therefore, could not reach the field of battle in time to save General Grant's shattered, fugitive forces from capture or destruction on the following day. . . . . About six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of April, however, a hot fire of musketry and artillery, opened from the enemy's quarter on our advanced line, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with a fury which satisfied me I was attacked by a largely superior force."

From the fact that the rebels "did not attack on Monday, although they were ignorant of Buell's arrival," Badeau infers such an exhaustion upon their part as would have enabled Grant to retrieve the disasters of Sunday without any assistance from Buell; but all the pith is taken out of this argument when we consider that it would have been necessary for Beauregard to attack before daylight, in order to have anticipated Buell's assault upon him. Another statement which Badeau makes in connection with the foregoing, merits examination. He says: "Grant gave his orders [on Sunday afternoon] to renew the fight before he was aware that the long-looked-for reënforcements had come." It is possible that Sherman, who had comparatively easy work after 2 P. M., did receive such orders before Nelson actually arrived, but it was not until Buell had promised Grant to have three divisions of the Army of the Ohio in Monday's fight; and at that moment, Nelson's division, if not at the river's bank, must have been almost in sight across the Tennessee. Be-

During the half-hour's halt of Nelson's division, the skirmish lines of both combatants were strengthened, Companies B and C constituting the additional detail from the Sixth Ohio. Notwithstanding the increased resistance which they encountered when the division again advanced, Nelson's skirmishers promptly forced those of the enemy back upon the main body, and the action then became general. For the next eight or nine hours, there was scarcely a moment's intermission in the roar of battle that surged back and forth along the contending lines. The part which the Fourth Division sustained in the conflict is graphically described in the official reports appended to this chapter. More than once the command was forced to give ground under pressure of a heavy rebel concentration in its front, never, however, without speedily recovering it again, with the assistance, in one instance, of the Nineteenth Ohio, from Crittenden's division, and at other times of the Second Iowa, Fifteenth Illinois, and other fragments of regiments from Grant's scattered forces. While all these troops fought well, the aid that was welcome most of all came from the regular batteries of Mendenhall and Terrill, the former belonging to Crittenden's division and the latter to McCook's. Terrill's opportune arrival undoubtedly decided an important phase of the engagement. A terrific fire of both artillery and musketry had been brought to bear upon Nelson, whose lines began to yield and

tween twelve and one o'clock, while on his way up the river, Buell received a note from Grant, in which the latter estimated the enemy's strength at "over one hundred thousand men." (See Badeau's Life of Grant.) It is absurd to suppose that, with his fearfully weakened and disorganized command, which originally numbered scarcely forty thousand effectives (including Lew. Wallace's division), Grant would have been sufficiently stupid or foolhardy to attack such vastly superior numbers, ably commanded and flushed with victory, as he bitterly knew they were.

break, in spite of the strenuous exertions of the officers; for that tempest of shot and shell was more than flesh and blood could stand. At this critical juncture, Terrill, just up from Savanna, dashed into action within less than rifle range of the rebel battery, which was stationed beyond the orchard that every survivor of Ammen's brigade so well remembers. His second shot blew up a rebel caisson, a few more shells silenced the battery, and within twenty minutes from his first appearance, the whole aspect of the battle on the left was changed. Terrill's battery fought on Nelson's front until the close of the engagement, most gallantly throughout.

The fortitude of the Tenth Brigade was severely tried by the enemy's repeated attempts to turn the Union left, particularly at the time of Terrill's arrival, and again about eleven o'clock; but the trained skill and imperturbable coolness of Colonel Ammen, and the discipline and steady courage of the troops, under brave and competent leadership in each regiment, carried it through the fight with marked distinction, and probably with greater economy of life, considering the work accomplished, than characterized the operations of any other brigade on the field. During the two hours between eleven and one o'clock, the Thirty-sixth Indiana remained under a fire so murderous that it must have been destroyed but for the advantageous posting of the regiment behind down-thrown fences and two or three log-cabins on the edge of the orchard above referred to, and for the protection afforded it by a gully on the left of the Hamburg road. Most of this time the line was less than five hundred yards distant from the rebels, who occupied a wooded knoll beyond the orchard. Colonel Grose led his regiment with absolutely reckless bravery; his horse was shot under him, and he afterward received a painful wound in the shoulder, which, however, did not disqualify him

for command. The Twenty-fourth Ohio, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, fought on the right of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, under nearly similar circumstances.

Early in the day, General Nelson designated the Sixth Ohio as a reserve. Between eight and nine o'clock, at which time the enemy was bringing a tremendous pressure to bear upon Bruce and Hazen, on Ammen's right, it was ordered into position to take the rebels in flank, should they execute their threatened charge. Under a heavy fire, the regiment accordingly "changed front forward on first company" with beautiful precision, such as won for it many encomiums then and subsequently. The danger on the right having passed away, the battalion was restored to its original position by a "change perpendicularly to the rear," and was soon afterward ordered to the support of Terrill's battery, where it remained for nearly three hours, the men lying flat upon the ground, while storms of shot and shrapnel flew over them. Here one man was wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson was struck in the arm by a spent ball. The few remaining casualties occurred among the skirmishers. At the critical hour of eleven o'clock, when Terrill was suffering fearfully, and his safety seemed imperiled, General Nelson rode up to the Sixth Ohio: "Colonel Anderson," said he, "I have conferred upon your regiment the honor of defending this battery, the best in the service. *It must not be taken!*" Says an officer, writing home afterward, "I thought I could see those same words written on the face of every man in the line." By twelve o'clock, Terrill had lost so heavily that he could no longer man all his guns. In this emergency, Nelson called for volunteers from the Sixth Ohio. Company A had been exercised in artillery drill at Beverly, but that was more than seven months before, and the men were wholly out of practice; nevertheless, they responded eagerly.

Captain Terrill, himself the highest type of a true and chivalrous nature, did not forget the service which the Sixth Ohio rendered him at Shiloh. The following letter, in his own handwriting, was only one among many other grateful recognitions of it:

BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH, NEAR PITTSBURG LANDING,
April 10th, 1862.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to call the attention of the General commanding the Fourth Division to the names of the privates of Captain Westcott's company, "A," Sixth Ohio Volunteers, who came forward *first* to man my guns, when called upon. Their names are as follows:

H. Petty,	James Moore,	H. Herman,
R. G. Delaney,	B. P. Critchell,	H. Walter Wilson,
J. A. Cushing,	K. N. Cowing,	C. Roth,
		W. W. Paddock.

I am, sir, etc.,

WM. R. TERRILL,

Captain Fifth Artillery, and Chief of Art'y, Second Division.

CAPTAIN J. M. KENDRICK, A. A. G.,
HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION.

This letter was transmitted to the head-quarters of the Sixth Ohio, with the following indorsement by General Nelson, in his own handwriting: "I wish Colonel Anderson to read this letter and the names of the soldiers mentioned therein, on dress parade. Their gallantry is only what I expected from the Sixth Ohio, and is illustrative of the good conduct of that regiment on all occasions."

It was an interesting circumstance to many of the troops thus complimented, that Lieutenant Israel Ludlow, of Terrill's battery, was originally a member of the Sixth Ohio, having been discharged from Company A, to accept promotion in the

regular army, a few days before the regiment took the field. Commanding his section with great efficiency and self-possession, Lieutenant Ludlow's tall figure and ringing tones of command made him a conspicuous actor in the struggle on the left.

About 1 P. M., the Sixth Ohio was ordered into place in the line of battle, and took part soon afterward in the final charge of the division, led by General Nelson in person, which drove the rebels out of the old camp of Stuart's brigade (of Sherman's division) in precipitate retreat along the "Bark Road" to Corinth. Upon the right the battle was still raging, but the firing soon began to slacken in that direction also, and by four o'clock it had died entirely away. Passing through Stuart's camp, which was in much worse condition than Hurlbut's, the Fourth Division moved out the Hamburg road to the vicinity of the ford over Lick Creek, where the jaded troops went into bivouac and slept upon their arms in a cold rain till morning. At 3 A. M., they were roused to make ready for any movement that the report of scouts might render advisable. It was soon ascertained that the rebels were still retreating, whereupon Ammen's brigade returned to Stuart's camps, and heavy details began the work of burying the dead and clearing away the *debris* of battle. In all, one hundred and twenty rebels were buried along the front of the Tenth Brigade.

The casualties of the Sixth Ohio at the battle of Shiloh were as follows:

Company A.—Private James B. Fairchild, wounded.
" B. " John Logue, missing.
" C. " William Boyd, wounded.
" D. " George Richarter, wounded.

Company F.—Private William Brocksmith, killed, and Corporal Frederick Finer, wounded.

" I. " Heinrich Nortman, killed.

Private Nortman was one of the guards detailed to remain at Savanna in charge of the baggage, but the brave fellow pleaded so hard to go to the battle-field that permission was at last given him to do so. He came up on a transport during Sunday night, and the next forenoon was instantly killed while skirmishing at the extreme front.

GENERAL BUELL'S OFFICIAL REPORT. (EXTRACTS.)

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
FIELD OF SHILOH, April 15, 1862.

Captain N. H. McLain, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Mississippi:

SIR: The rear divisions of the army under my command, which had been delayed a considerable time in rebuilding the Duck River bridge, left Columbia on the second instant. I left the evening of that day, and arrived at Savanna on the evening of the fifth. General Nelson, with his division, which formed the advance, arrived the same day. The other divisions marched with intervals of about six miles. On the morning of the sixth, firing of musketry and cannon was heard in the direction of this place. Apprehending that a serious engagement had commenced, I went to General Grant's head-quarters to get information as to the means of reaching the battle-field with the division that had arrived. At the same time orders were dispatched to the divisions in rear to leave their trains, and push forward by forced marches. I learned that General Grant had just started, leaving orders for General Nelson to march to the river opposite Pittsburg Landing, to be ferried across. An examination of the road up the river discovered it to be impracticable for artillery, and General Nelson was directed to leave his, to be carried forward by steamer.

The impression existed at Savanna that the firing was merely an affair of outposts, the same thing having occurred on two or three previous days; but, as it continued, I determined to go to the scene of action, and accordingly started with my chief of staff, Colonel Fry, on a steamer, which I ordered to get under steam. As we proceeded up the river, groups of soldiers were seen upon the west bank, and it soon became evident that they were stragglers from the engaged army. The groups increased in size and frequency, until, as we approached the landing, they numbered whole companies, and almost regiments; and at the landing the banks swarmed with a confused mass of men of various regiments. There could not have been less than four or five thousand. Late in the day, it became much greater. Finding General Grant at the landing, I requested him to send steamers to Savanna to bring up General Crittenden's division, which had arrived during the morning, and then went ashore with him. The throng of disorganized and demoralized troops was increased continually by fresh fugitives from the battle, which steadily drew nearer the landing, and with these were intermingled great numbers of teams, all striving to get as near as possible to the river. With few exceptions, all efforts to form the troops, and move them forward to the fight, utterly failed.

In the meantime the enemy had made such progress against our troops, that his artillery and musketry began to play into the vital spot of the position, and some persons were killed on the bank, at the very landing. General Nelson arrived, with Colonel Ammen's brigade, at this opportune moment. It was immediately posted to meet the attack at that point, and with a battery of artillery, which happened to be on the ground and was brought into action, opened fire on the enemy and repulsed him. The action of the gunboats also contributed very materially to that result. The attack at that point was not renewed. Night having come on, the firing ceased on both sides. In the meantime the remainder of General Nelson's division crossed, and General Crittenden's arrived

from Savanna by steamers. After examining the ground, as well as was possible at night, in front of the line on which General Grant's troops had formed, and as far to the right as General Sherman's division, I directed Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions to form in front of that line, and move forward as soon as it was light in the morning. During the night and early the following morning, Captain Bartlett's Ohio battery, and Captains Mendenhall's and Terrill's regular batteries arrived. General McCook, by a forced march, arrived at Savanna during the night of the sixth, and reached the field of battle early in the morning of the seventh. I knew that the other divisions could not arrive in time for the action that day.

. . . . . .

Soon after five o'clock on the morning of the seventh, General Nelson's and General Crittenden's divisions, the only ones yet arrived on the ground, moved promptly forward to meet the enemy. Nelson's division, marching in line of battle, soon came upon his pickets, drove them in, and at about six o'clock received the fire of his artillery. The division was here halted, then Mendenhall's battery brought into action to reply, while Crittenden's division was being put into position on the right of Nelson's. Bartlett's battery was posted in the center of Crittenden's division, in a commanding position, opposite which the enemy was discovered to be in force. By this time McCook's division arrived on the ground, and was immediately formed on the right of Crittenden's. Skirmishers were thrown to the front, and a strong body of them to guard our left flank, which, though somewhat protected by rough grounds, it was supposed the enemy might attempt to turn, and, in fact did, but was repulsed with great loss. . . . . The force under my command occupied a line of about a mile and a half. In front of Nelson's division was an open field partially screened to his right by a skirt of woods, which extended through the enemy's line, with a thick undergrowth in front of the left

brigade of Crittenden's division; then an open field in front of Crittenden's right and McCook's left, and in front of McCook's right, woods again with a dense undergrowth. The ground, mainly level in front of Nelson's division, formed a hollow in front of Crittenden's, and fell into a small creek, which empties into Owl Creek, in front of McCook's. What I afterward learned was the Hamburg road, which crosses Lick Creek a mile from its mouth, passed perpendicularly through the line of battle, near Nelson's left. On a line slightly oblique to us, and beyond the open field, the enemy was formed, with a battery in front of Nelson's left; a battery commanding the woods in front of Crittenden's left, and flanking the field in front of Nelson; a battery commanding the same woods and the field in front of Crittenden's right and McCook's left, and a battery in front of McCook's right. A short distance in the rear of the enemy's left, on high open ground, were the encampments of McClernand's and Sherman's divisions, which the enemy held. . . . . The obliquity of our line, upon the left being thrown forward, brought Nelson's first into action, and it became very hotly engaged at an early hour. A charge of the Nineteenth Brigade, from Nelson's right, by its commander, Colonel Hazen, reached the enemy's second battery; but the brigade sustained a heavy loss by a cross-fire of the enemy's batteries, and was unable to maintain its advantage against the heavy infantry force that came forward to oppose it. The enemy recovered the battery, and followed up his advantage by throwing a heavy force of infantry into the woods in front of Crittenden's left. The left brigade of that division, Colonel W. S. Smith commanding, advanced into the woods, repulsed the enemy handsomely, and took several prisoners. In the meantime, Captain Terrill's battery, which had just landed, reached the field and was advanced into action near the left of Nelson's division, which was very heavily pressed by the great numbers of the enemy. It belonged properly to McCook's division. It took position near the Hamburg road, in the open ground in front of the enemy's right, and at once began to act with de-

cided effect upon the tide of battle in that quarter. The enemy's right battery was silenced.

Ammen's brigade, which was on the left, advanced in good order upon the enemy's right, but was checked for some time by his endeavor to turn our left flank, and by his strong center attack in front. Captain Terrill, who, in the meantime, had taken an advanced position, was compelled to retire, leaving one caisson, of which every horse was killed or disabled. It was very soon recovered. Having been reënforced by a regiment [the Nineteenth Ohio] from General Boyle's brigade [of Crittenden's division], Nelson's division again moved forward, and forced the enemy to abandon entirely his position. This success flanked the enemy at his second and third batteries, from which he was soon driven, with the loss of several pieces of artillery, by the concentrated fire of Terrill's and Mendenhall's batteries, and an attack from Crittenden's position in front. The enemy made a second stand some eight hundred yards in rear of this position, and opened fire with his artillery. Mendenhall's battery was moved forward, silenced the battery, and it was captured by Crittenden's division, the enemy retreating from it.

[After giving an account of the operations of General McCook's division, and mentioning, in complimentary terms, Wagner's brigade, of General T. J. Wood's division, which continued the pursuit of the enemy for about a mile, General Buell proceeds:]

The pursuit was continued no further that day. I was without cavalry, and the different corps had become a good deal scattered in a pursuit in a country which secreted the enemy's movements, and of the roads of which I knew practically nothing. In the beginning of the pursuit, thinking that the enemy had retired principally by the Hamburg road, I had ordered Nelson's division to follow as far as Lick Creek, on that road, from which I afterward learned the direct Corinth road was separated by a difficult ravine, which empties into Lick Creek. I therefore occupied myself with examining the ground, and getting the different divisions into po-

sition, which was not effected until some time after dark. . . . . There were no idlers in the battle of the 7th. Every portion of the army did its work. The batteries of Captains Terrill and Mendenhall were splendidly handled and served.

[The report then names several officers, "specially commended to the favor of the Government for their distinguished gallantry and good conduct," among whom are the following: Brigadier-General William Nelson, commanding Fourth Division; Brigadier-General T. L. Crittenden, commanding Fifth Division; Colonel Jacob Ammen, Twenty-fourth Ohio, commanding Tenth Brigade; Colonel W. S. Smith, Thirteenth Ohio, commanding Fourteenth Brigade; Captain W. R. Terrill, Fifth Artillery; and Captain John Mendenhall, Fourth Artillery.]

The loss of the force under my command is two hundred and sixty-three killed, one thousand eight hundred and sixteen wounded, and eighty-eight missing. Total, two thousand one hundred and sixty-seven. The trophies are twenty pieces of artillery, a greater number of caissons, and a considerable number of small arms. Many of the cannon were recaptured from the loss of the previous day. Several stands of colors were also recaptured.

. . . . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. C. BUELL,

Major-General, Commanding Army of the Ohio.

GENERAL NELSON'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,
FIELD OF BATTLE, April 10, 1862.

CAPTAIN: In obedience to order, I have to report that the Fourth Division of the Army of the Ohio, under my command, left Savanna, by order of General Grant, reiterated in person by General Buell, at 1.30 P. M., of Sunday, April 6th, and marched by land to the point opposite Pittsburg Landing. The anxiety of

the men to take part in the battle which was going on on the left bank of the river, enabled me to achieve the distance, notwithstanding the dreadful condition of the road over a lately-overflowed bottom, in four hours. At five o'clock, the head of my column marched up the bank of Pittsburg Landing, and took up its position in the road, under the fire of the rebel artillery, so close had they approached the landing. I found a semicircle of artillery, totally unsupported by infantry, whose fire was the only check to the audacious advance of the enemy. The Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana had hardly deployed when the left of our artillery was completely turned by the enemy, and the gunners fled from their pieces. The gallantry of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported by the Sixth Ohio, under the able conduct of Colonel Ammen, commanding the Tenth Brigade, drove back the enemy, and restored the line of battle. This was at 6.30 P. M., and soon after the enemy withdrew, owing, I suppose, to the darkness.

I found cowering under the river bank, when I crossed, from seven to ten thousand men, frantic with fright and utterly demoralized, who received my gallant division with cries of "we 're whipped," "cut to pieces," etc. They were insensible to shame and sarcasm, for I tried both on them, and, indignant at such poltroonery, I asked permission to open fire upon the knaves.

By 7 P. M. the infantry of my division was all across the river, and took up their position as follows: Colonel Ammen's brigade —consisting of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, Colonel Grose; Sixth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson; and Twenty-fourth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones—took post on the left. On the right of them, Bruce's brigade was posted, consisting of the First Kentucky, Colonel Enyart; Second Kentucky, Colonel Sedgwick; Twentieth Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Hanson. On the right of Colonel Bruce's brigade, the brigade of Colonel Hazen was posted, composed of the Ninth Indiana, Colonel Moody; Sixth Kentucky, Colonel Whittaker; Forty-first Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Mygatt. Heavy pickets were immediately thrown well forward, and every precaution taken to prevent

surprise during the night. These dispositions were made by the direction and under the supervision of General Buell, who gave me orders to move forward and attack the enemy at the earliest dawn. The night passed away without serious alarm. The men lay on their arms.

Lieutenant Gwin, of the navy, commanding the gunboats in the river, sent to me and asked if he could be of any service. I requested that he would throw an eight-inch shell into the camp of the enemy every ten minutes during the night, and thus prevent their sleeping, which he did very scientifically, and, according to the reports of the prisoners, to their infinite annoyance.

At 4 A. M. I roused up the men quietly, by riding along the lines, and when the line of battle was dressed, the skirmishers well out and the reserve in position, I sent an aid to the General to notify him that I was ready to commence the action, whereupon the Fourth Division of the Army of the Ohio, in perfect order, as if on drill, moved forward toward the enemy. At 5.30 I found the enemy, and the action began with vigor. My division drove them with ease, and I followed them up rapidly, when, at 6 A. M., I was halted by commands from General Buell, I having gone further forward than I should have done, my right flank being exposed. The enemy was greatly reënforced in front of me, and at 7 A. M. my advance, which had been resumed by order of General Buell, was checked. At 7.30 my division began to give ground slowly. We were exposed to the fire of two of the enemy's batteries, and I had no artillery. You are aware that, owing to the want of transportation, I was compelled to leave three batteries of my division at Savanna. I asked for artillery to support my infantry. General Buell sent to my aid the battery of Captain Mendenhall, of the regular army, belonging to General Crittenden's division, the well-directed fire of which gave my division refreshing relief. After 8 A. M. the firing of the enemy was tremendous. They had again been largely reënforced on this point. General Buell, who rode along the line at this time, saw for himself the behavior

of the Fourth Division. The style in which Colonel Ammen handled his brigade excited my admiration. Colonel Hazen, commanding the right brigade of the division carried it into action and maintained it there most gallantly. The heavy loss of his brigade attests the fierceness of the conflict at this point. He drove the enemy, captured the battery that so distressed us, but was forced back on his reserves.

The powerful reënforcements which the enemy had again received, made the woodland in front of us at times a sheet of flame, and compelled me at 9 A. M. again to ask for support. The General sent to my aid Captain Terrill's battery of regular artillery. This battery was a host within itself. It consisted of four 12-pounder brass guns, and two 10-pounder Parrott guns. Its fire was terrific. It was handled superbly. Where Captain Terrill turned his battery silence followed on the part of the enemy. Captains Terrill and Mendenhall and the officers and soldiers of their batteries are entitled to the thanks of the Fourth Division. The Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Beatty, attached to General Crittenden's division, also came to my support. This regiment was ably handled and rendered efficient service.

At 1 P. M., by direction of General Buell, I ordered the division to move with arms trailed, at "double quick" on the rising ground in front, held by the enemy, which the latter with much promptness abandoned to our use. The firing now diminished much along the front of the division, but was at 2 P. M. renewed on the right, on McCook's and Crittenden's divisions, with great fury. The Fourth Division had no more trouble during the action, the attacks on it being feeble and easily repulsed. They ceased entirely at 4 P. M.

I desire to call the attention of the General commanding the Army of the Ohio, to the distinguished conduct of Colonel Jacob Ammen, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, commanding the Tenth Brigade. The cool, wary, and vigilant manner in which he fought his brigade, protecting all the while the left flank of the army, gave

me a profitable lesson in the science of battles. To Colonel Hazen, commanding the Nineteenth Brigade, I beg also to invite the General's attention. The gallantry with which he led his troops to the attack was most conspicuous, and he handled them ably. During the long and bloody action, the fortitude of the Fourth Division was severely tried, pressed, as it was, by such superior numbers, but it maintained itself gloriously.

I refer the General to the reports of the brigade commanders for the part each regiment took in the action, reserving to myself only to say that, during the action, I rode up and thanked the Ninth Indiana for its gallantry, and that the Sixth Ohio and Twentieth Kentucky were posted by to cover the artillery. This important and arduous duty they performed perfectly, sustaining, during the greater part of this long day, with the coolness of veterans, the fire of the enemy, without being permitted to return it.

The loss of the division, I regret to inform you, is heavy. It went into action 4,541 strong, of whom 6 officers and 84 men were killed; 33 officers and 558 men wounded; and 58 enlisted men missing; making a total loss of 739, more than half of which occurred in Hazen's brigade.

I would recommend to your attention the officers of my staff, who did their duty well on the field; they are Captain J. Mills Kendrick, A. A. G.; Assistant Surgeon Irwin, regular army, medical inspector; Captain Chandler, A. Q. M.; Lieutenant Peck, Sixth Ohio, A. C. S.; Lieutenants W. P. Anderson, Sixth Ohio, and R. Southgate, Sixth Ohio, aids-de-camp; A. Preston Graves, Esq., volunteer aid-de-camp; H. N. Fisher, volunteer aid-de-camp; Lieutenant B. J. Horton, Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteers, ordnance officer. The energy of Lieutenant Horton, in bringing up ammunition, was conspicuous.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

WILLIAM NELSON,

Brigadier-General Volunteers, commanding Fourth Division.

CAPTAIN J. B. FRY, CHIEF OF STAFF.

LETTERS FROM REV. J. MILLS KENDRICK.*

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, January 28, 1868.

DEAR SIR: Your letter was received two days ago, and I take great pleasure in replying. I think that I can give you some information which will be of service. An extract from General Badeau's book recently came to my notice, in the columns of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to write to him, giving such information as I possess concerning the delay which he charges as remissness upon General Nelson, in marching from Savanna to Pittsburg Landing. My position in the army was that of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain; and at the time of the events to be referred to, I was serving on the staff of General Nelson.

During the morning of Sunday, April 6, 1862, General Nelson directed me to take his cavalry escort, and go up to a point opposite Pittsburg Landing, and ascertain whether a passable road could be found for the division. I remember he complained that no information had been given, or could be given (I do not recollect which was the expression) upon this point, in connection with orders which he had received. At this time we were camped a short distance back of Savanna. The very indefinite information which could be obtained from the citizens of the place, who were not inclined to assist our inquiries, left it in doubt whether the roads up the river were at all passable. My instructions were to go up by a road parallel to the river, at a short distance from it, and to return along the river's bank. These directions were carried out with all possible dispatch, and we were at the head-quarters of the division, upon our return, by twelve o'clock, having killed several horses and left behind a number of men in our haste to exe-

*This gentleman (a son of Professor John Kendrick, of Marietta, O., College, and formerly General Nelson's adjutant-general) is now rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Fort Scott, Kansas.

cute orders. Our report was that the river road was entirely impassable, being obstructed by swollen streams, but that the other road was practicable, except for artillery. My impression is that these roads led through a marshy country, and that recent rains had been rendering our progress very laborious for several days. The event thus justified the General's precaution. Had we moved by the river road, we could not have reached the landing that night. There was reason to fear that the other road would be found in the same condition, and had we started on it with our artillery (which, of course, General Nelson was very anxious to take with him) our march would have been very much delayed. The division was put in motion immediately upon our return, and there was not a moment lost on the march up the river, as there are many to testify.

I can not say exactly at what time in the morning I received my orders, nor precisely how long it took to execute them; nor do I know at what hour General Nelson received *his* orders, nor definitely what they were. No papers relating to this matter, that I remember, were ever filed in my office. I can not say whether General Nelson moved under orders from General Grant or General Buell. My impression is that there was an expectation, as late as the time that I left camp to explore the roads, that transports might be sent to take us up the river, and I know there was such an expectation for some considerable time that morning. I did not happen to be present at any of the interviews between Generals Grant, Buell, and Nelson.

My recollection is positive as to the facts that, upon reaching the point opposite Pittsburg Landing, no transports were ready to receive us, and that General Nelson had almost to compel the captain of a steamer (who pleaded that he had no orders to that effect) to take over his first regiment, Colonel Grose's. My recollection is very distinct in regard to the fact that the distressing question with General Nelson all that Sunday morning was, how he was to get his division up to Pittsburg Landing. Those who were about the

General that day will be disposed to smile at the charge of tardiness brought against him. With our utmost exertions, we could not execute his orders speedily enough, and frequently we received his rebukes for not accomplishing impossibilities.

I believe that I have answered all your questions as far as I can answer them, and if it is possible for me to further assist you in your work, you can certainly command my services. The Sixth Ohio was a favorite regiment with General Nelson, and was always distinguished for its soldierly appearance and gallant conduct.

I am, very respectfully, etc.,

J. M. KENDRICK.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, March 31, 1868.

DEAR SIR: . . . I have looked over what I wrote to you on the 28th of January, and do not think that any of my statements ought to be modified. The order which you quote in your letter of February 10th, as given by General Badeau in a foot-note, I had never before seen. The statement of that order, that General Nelson could easily obtain a guide in the village, did not, I think, turn out to be correct; although, at this distance of time, I can not, of course, give the precise authority for the very strong impression I have that efforts to obtain reliable information in this way had failed before the order was given to examine the roads. General Nelson complained very bitterly of the lack of information which embarrassed him, and it is most likely that I had it from him that reliable information could not be obtained in the village. No guide was sent with me; I was left to find my way from a few general directions.

The charge that there was culpable delay on the part of General Nelson in marching to Pittsburg Landing, is so utterly opposed to all my recollections of those events, that it seems to me a very great injustice. Since it has come to my knowledge that the charge had been made (and my first knowledge of it was from the extract

from General Badeau's work, in the Cincinnati *Gazette*), I have often reviewed the incidents of that day, and can recall nothing which suggests even a suspicion that any delay was intended or desired. Such conduct would have been so thoroughly repugnant to the General's sense of honor and duty, and so inconsistent with every thing else that I know of him, during a service under him, in one capacity or another, of nearly a year, that I am persuaded the allegation is entirely unfounded.

I am, very respectfully, etc.,

J. M. KENDRICK.

GENERAL BUELL'S TESTIMONY.

Since the foregoing pages were stereotyped, (in fact, on the very eve of putting this work to press,) the writer has had the gratification of seeing an autograph letter from General Buell, dated July 6, 1868, in which occurs the following emphatic testimony: "With reference to the movement of the Fourth Division to Pittsburg Landing, on the 6th of April [1862], it may be positively asserted that there was substantial and ample cause for whatever delay occurred in starting. Every man who marched under the banners of that splendid division, will feel that there was, whether the proofs are adduced or not; and any attempt to cast reproach upon it or its able commander in that particular, will be regarded as an unworthy contrivance. The war, from first to last, brought forward no officer more deservedly distinguished than General Nelson for great promptness and energy in the discharge of duty, either in or out of battle."

[NOTE.—The writer was at great pains and some pecuniary outlay in the endeavor to procure copies of Colonel Ammen's and Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson's official reports of the battle of Shiloh, but without success. Neither of those officers preserved them, and they are probably not now in existence, save among the files of the War Department, which (properly enough, perhaps,) are not accessible to any one unless he comes provided with the "open sesame" of political influence or personal favoritism. Captain Phil. F. Wiggins once had all the official reports of the Tenth Brigade in his possession, but was heedless enough to lose them.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE ADVANCE UPON CORINTH.

(APRIL 8—MAY 24, 1862.)

ALTHOUGH the Sixth Ohio escaped with marvelously few casualties at Shiloh, Dr. Stephens, so far from finding his position a sinecure, was kept hard at work for several days, in attending the wounded of other commands, especially the surgical cases, and for his faithfulness and efficiency received the warm praise of his superiors, and a most complimentary mention in the official report of Surgeon Murray, medical director on the staff of General Buell. "About 9 P. M., on the evening that we crossed the river," says Dr. Stephens,* "Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson ordered me to take charge of the old log-house on the top of the bluff [the same building, as it would appear, that General Grant had occupied during the day as head-quarters], and there organize our regimental hospital, which was accordingly done, and the place made as comfortable as its bare walls and our scanty supplies would permit.

* Private MS. The reader should bear in mind that Dr. Stephens' account relates to a period of the war when the medical department was in a very imperfect state of organization, and nine-tenths of the practitioners in the field were totally inexperienced in army surgery. More than this, the conflict was precipitated so unexpectedly upon the Union forces as to preclude any adequate preparation for its emergencies.

About eleven o'clock my attention was called to some general and a staff officer seated close together on the top of two empty barrels that stood in the middle of one of the rooms. I thought it a strange place for them, and was still more surprised a few minutes afterward to hear the staff officer address his companion as General Grant. Both officers appeared to be much dejected, (as was my impression at the time,) very little conversation, however, being carried on between them. Several times during the night, guns and pistols were fired close around the building by some of the demoralized troops at the landing. This appeared to annoy the General greatly, and once or twice he left his seat on the barrel, and, going to the door, cried at the top of his voice, 'Stop that firing!' Once, on returning to his companion, he said, 'The cowards! if they were to get their deserts, the first thing to be done in the morning would be to take a cannon and shell them out from there.' The pair occupied their positions on top of the barrels, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' until daylight of Monday morning, when they disappeared as mysteriously as they came.

"The battle was renewed as soon as it was light enough to see, and the vicinity of our old house becoming crowded with wounded men, Surgeon Hewitt, of General Grant's staff, rode up and ordered the building converted into a general hospital, for the reception of the wounded without reference to the commands to which they might belong. He also directed me to remain in charge of it, and stated that he would send thither a number of surgeons, with needed supplies, etc., none of which reached us, however, until next day. On Monday evening Surgeon Murray, General Buell's medical director, called at the hospital, and, by his kind encouragement and deep sympathy for the wounded, did much to cheer the hearts of all. He at once set out to seek assistance, but, although he soon had several

more surgeons on the ground, most of them seemed to be seized with 'a masterly inactivity.' They would look on for a short time, or, perhaps, dress two or three of the slightly wounded, and then suddenly take their leave. Thus, during my first day's experience in a great battle, I had all the capital operations to perform alone, my only assistants being Hospital Steward Charles E. Lewis, of the Sixth Ohio, and two nurses. By 2 P. M., every part of the old house was occupied with prostrate forms, and yet the door was surrounded with ambulances loaded with wounded men. To make room for these I removed the bodies of such as had already died, and laid them in tiers outside the building.

"Mr. Lewis, the nurses, and myself were up all of Monday night, doing what we could to alleviate the sufferings of our patients, and early next morning were gladdened by the reappearance of Surgeon Murray, through whose exertions we soon had to our assistance Surgeons Gay and Worth, and also five men as cooks and nurses. By his orders, the ambulances that had been sent in during the night, loaded with wounded, were ordered to the river bank where the sufferers were transferred as carefully as possible to a steamboat that he had prepared for them. As nine-tenths of the wounded were yet on the field, however, Dr. Murray next directed his efforts toward securing some means of shelter for them, when they should be brought back, and by noon had two or three tents pitched close to our hut. They were quickly filled, and then we were obliged to place the men on the bare ground, without shelter of any kind. With his utmost authority, Dr. Murray could not procure enough tents for all our wounded, many of whom, in consequence, had to lie on the wet ground exposed to a drizzling rain throughout that day and night, some of them with not even a blanket to cover their stiffening forms. By

Wednesday the scene was sickening indeed. The mangled bodies of the dead and dying, the amputated limbs, the fragments of flesh, and the puddles of blood and muddy water, as the sufferers lay scattered around the old house, sent up a stench that was absolutely appalling. Yet we did not succeed in getting a detail of men sufficient to bury the dead until Friday, when General Grant caused to be sent to us a company of an Illinois regiment, and by night we had buried in one trench eighty-seven of our brave boys, with no coffins, but merely wrapped in their gray blankets, in which they still

'Sleep the sleep that knows no waking!'"

After having been upon his feet almost constantly for seven days and nights, Dr. Stephens was placed in charge of a steamboat load of wounded, whom he saw duly bestowed in the various hospitals of Cincinnati, and when he returned to the front, found the Sixth Ohio moving well up toward Corinth.

In the advance upon Corinth, which, by General Halleck's excessive caution and absurd adherence to the methods of a regular siege, was rendered slow and laborious in the extreme, the Sixth Ohio bore its full share of duty in picketing and reconnoitering the front, protecting fatigue parties, constructing breastworks, etc. Its services and its surroundings in general, during this period, can be most succinctly presented in diary form, somewhat as follows:

April 8th, Tuesday.—Heavy burial parties began their work all over the field of Shiloh. The body of an elderly man, in plain clothing, was brought to General Nelson's tent, as the corpse of General Albert Sidney Johnston, and was buried as such, Captain Russell, of the Sixth Ohio, superintending the interment. Company D planted a head-board and enclosed the

grave with a miniature paling-fence, made from cracker-boxes; and it was several weeks before the troops could be satisfied of the fact that the case was one of mistaken identity throughout.

April 9th.—The troops were in line at 4 A. M., and, standing to arms until after daylight, were visited by General Nelson, riding out to the picket lines. Admonished by the surprise of Grant's army on the 6th, the latter had been established with much care, at proper distances in advance of the camps and were very strong. During the next seven weeks every possible precaution continued to be exercised, picket duty, especially, being conducted with perfect system and thoroughness; and in these respects, as also in the important art of constructing field defenses, this period was one of most useful drill and discipline to the three armies concentrated under General Halleck before Corinth.

April 12th.—Members of the Sanitary Commission, and others, began arriving from the North, with supplies, etc., for the wounded; and during the week succeeding this date, the Sixth Ohio was visited by many Cincinnatians, who had come upon this mission of mercy.

April 13th, Sunday.—General Halleck, who had reached Pittsburg Landing on the preceding day, assumed personal command of the combined armies of the Ohio and Tennessee. The wagons of the Sixth Ohio came up from Savanna, but no tents were pitched, the regiment still remaining in bivouac near the old camp of the Seventy-first Ohio. Since the battle, the weather had been wet and raw.

April 14th.—The Sixth Ohio underwent inspection by Captain Gilbert, of General Halleck's staff. An expedition, dispatched on steamers, to destroy the Bear Creek bridge, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, was perfectly successful, and

was followed next day by an extended cavalry reconnoissance toward Corinth.

April 15th.—General Nelson issued an order, for the preparation of "reports certified to, on honor, of the number of knapsacks lost in consequence of having been thrown aside by order of the commanding general, on the evening of the 6th of April, previous to entering the battle; these reports to be forwarded to division head-quarters as soon as possible, the object being to have the articles replaced at Government expense." In compliance with this order, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson reported that the Sixth Ohio had lost sixty knapsacks, in addition to which, many others had been rifled, and some surgeon or surgeons unknown had ordered a number of blankets to be unstrapped and taken for the wounded. Second Lieutenant Gettier certified that the guard with which he had been left to watch the knapsacks, was at one time pressed into service to bury the dead.

April 16th.—For the first time since the battle, the Sixth Ohio pitched a regular camp, in a pleasant piece of woodland, about one-third of a mile to the left of its former place of bivouac. The pickets of the Fourth Division were fired on at night, and again on the night following.

April 18th.—Regular drills were resumed throughout the division, and the Sixth Ohio held its first dress parade since leaving Savanna. General Nelson promulgated an order remitting "the sentences of the general court-martial, of which Colonel Hazen was president [held at Camp Andrew Jackson], in compliment to the gallant conduct of the comrades of the prisoners in the battle of the 6th and 7th of April." On the day previous, he had ordered the convening of another court-martial, with Colonel Whittaker, of the Sixth Kentucky, as president, and Major Christopher and Captain Erwin as a por-

tion of the detail for members. At this date, General Buell forbade the use of bass-drums with field music, and thenceforward taps were either beaten on the snare-drums, or the appropriate bugle-call was substituted.

April 20th, Sunday.—A dark and gloomy day, with showers of rain, and at night a cold mist. The whole of the Tenth Brigade was on picket, relieving the brigade of General Garfield. Several shots were fired during the night, in the direction of the mounted videttes, beyond the chain of infantry outposts, but there was no general alarm. Upon the recommendation of the Medical Inspector of the division, General Nelson directed the issue of whisky to the troops, in rations of one-half gill twice a day, with the prudential injunction attached: "Colonels of regiments will be particularly careful in regard to the use of whisky."

April 22d.—Following the example set by the division commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson issued an order as follows: "In consideration of the fact that the regiment has been on a long and fatiguing march since the regimental court-martial was held at Camp Andrew Jackson, during which it was impossible to carry out the punishments then ordered, as well as the circumstances that the men then and there tried have behaved well while engaged in a long and fearful battle, the lieutenant-colonel commanding deems it but just and proper to remit the sentences of said court-martial, and order them to duty as heretofore. He admonishes them, however, to be careful for the future, and to disgrace neither themselves nor the regiment to which they belong by unsoldierly conduct hereafter." Upon this day, General Pope's army began arriving from Island Number Ten and New Madrid, Mo., and took position on the left of the Army of the Ohio, extending the line in a direction nearly due south.

April 24th.—Between 8 and 9 A. M., a member of the Sixth Ohio was wounded by the careless discharge of a musket in the hands of one of the old guards, whereupon General Nelson issued a stringent order for the discharge of loaded arms by volley, each morning, upon the relief of the previous day's detail. Colonel Bosley, having rejoined the regiment on the night of the 22d, from Nelson's Furnace, again assumed command of the Sixth Ohio, but in health so sadly shattered that, on the 28th, General Buell granted him a sixty-days' sick-leave, from which he never returned to the front. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson resumed command on the 26th.

April 25th.—The Sixth Ohio was paid off by Major Lowry, for the two months ending February 28th.

April 26th.—A reconnoissance in force was made by a detachment of Union troops as far as Pea Ridge, nearly half-way to Corinth, and a brief skirmish ensued at one of the advanced camps of the enemy, resulting in the capture of eight or ten rebels.

April 27th, Sunday.—The "Independent Guthrie Grey Association," of Cincinnati—a short-lived organization, composed principally of such old members of the Independent Guthrie Grey Battalion as had not taken the field—having tendered its assistance in caring for the sick and wounded, and burying the dead of the Sixth Ohio Regiment who might at any time be sent to that city, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, at this date, addressed a letter of thanks, etc., to Mr. Charles E. Thorp, Secretary of the Association, although the regiment was not then in need of the assistance so generously proffered.

April 28th.—In the morning, General Halleck received a dispatch announcing the capture of New Orleans, and the news being immediately communicated to the troops, it was a day of universal rejoicing and exultation. Many of the regiments

were called into line, and responded to the formal promulgation of the tidings with "nine cheers and a tiger."

April 29th.—General Pope pushed forward a reconnoitering party to Monterey, a small village situated about four miles north of the Mississippi State line, and nine or ten miles from Corinth. He destroyed some baggage, took fifteen prisoners, and, for an hour, kept up a furious cannonading, which was distinctly heard to the remotest portions of the line. Five companies of Union cavalry had had a sharp little skirmish in the same vicinity the day before.

On the 30th of April, General Halleck issued a field order, placing General Thomas in command of the right wing, consisting of that officer's own division (transferred, for the occasion, to the Army of the Tennessee, and commanded by T. W. Sherman) and the divisions of W. T. Sherman, Hurlbut, and Davis. General Grant was "retained in general command of the district of West Tennessee," including his old army corps; but in the movement then making, was announced as second in command, under General Halleck—a stroke of finesse, on the part of the latter, for virtually superseding a subordinate whose rising fame had previously excited his jealousy, but whom, although at this time under a heavy cloud, he dared not actually displace. General Buell remained in command of the center, and General Pope of the left. When the lines had fairly developed, and, with painful labor, began their slow approach to Corinth, Nelson found himself on the left of McCook, with Crittenden filling the interval between himself and Pope. By this time, the Fourth Division had been strengthened by the Thirty-first Indiana and Seventeenth Kentucky, both of which regiments had fought at Donelson, under Lewis Wallace, and again at Shiloh, in Hurlbut's

division, losing many men in each battle; and it had also been a gainer by the substitution of Mendenhall's regulars for Harris' Indiana Battery. The Seventeenth Kentucky, Colonel John H. McHenry commanding, was assigned to the Tenth Brigade. The latter still held the left of Nelson's division, and from the 2d to the 27th of May—or during Colonel Ammen's absence on sick leave—was commanded by Colonel Grose.

On the 1st of May, the Army of the Ohio received orders as follows: "The army will at once be prepared for a rapid march, each soldier to carry three days' rations in his haversack, and the wagons four days' rations additional. The baggage will be limited to two tents for each company, for all purposes, the allowance of axes and spades, and such cooking utensils as are absolutely necessary. The soldiers will carry their blankets only, leaving their knapsacks in camp. One hundred and forty rounds of ammunition will be taken along—forty rounds in the cartridge-boxes and one hundred rounds in wagons, and on the eve of a battle, forty additional rounds will be issued each man, to be carried on the person." In this, there was promise of action—something "short, sharp, and decisive," as well suited the temper of the troops; but, whatever may have been Buell's conceptions, the campaign, under Halleck's management, eventuated in the solemn farce of a four-weeks' siege.

May 2d.—At 6 A. M., Nelson's division moved by the "Bark Road," toward Corinth, passing the camps of Wood and Thomas about three miles out. One mile beyond them, it took a new road on the left, corduroyed through a dense swamp, and at 2 P. M. went into bivouac on the Hamburg road, within ten miles of Corinth, and about the same distance from its last camping ground. In the afternoon a squad of General Nelson's body-guard discovered a rebel picket-post somewhere on the

front, "surrounded it on two sides," (as the infantry repeated the story,) and succeeded in capturing one prisoner. The Sixth Ohio passed the night sleeping in line at the foot of their gun-stacks, in an old cotton-field on the left of the road. Companies E and K were on picket and could distinctly hear the rumbling of trains, the whistling of locomotives, etc., in the direction of Corinth, which gave rise to considerable speculation whether Beauregard was not evacuating that stronghold.

May 3d.—Under the protection of Hazen's brigade and two pieces from Konkle's battery, strong working parties were sent forward about four miles to repair the roads, which the enemy permitted them to do without molestation. Between 4 and 5 P. M., heavy cannonading was heard upon the left, being, in fact, a reconnoissance by General Pope; and that night eighty rounds of cartridges were issued the troops. At this date, General Buell forbade the use of all music, except for sounding the regular calls.

May 5th.—Starting at 5 A. M., in the midst of a pouring rain, which had begun falling fifteen hours before, the division made a march of four miles, and passed the day resting in a low piece of woodland, while a heavy detail was repairing the roads, corduroying swamps, etc. It returned to camp after dark, the rain having ceased during the forenoon.

May 6th.—Intelligence of the evacuation of Yorktown was received at night, and was followed by orders to draw five days' rations and march.

May 7th.—The division changed camp about five miles southward to the State line, where "the men get water in Mississippi," as a private letter said, "and make their coffee in Tennessee." The country hereabouts was found to be a great improvement on that in the vicinity of Pittsburg Landing.

May 8th.—At an early hour the division was put under arms, with orders for the men to hold themselves in readiness to march, at any moment, to the support of General Pope, who was about making a reconnoissance through Farmington, as close up to Corinth as possible. At 11.30 A. M., it started, the Sixth Ohio in advance, with Major Christopher in charge of the skirmish line. It took a route through the woods, following which south-westward five miles, about 3 P. M. it halted at Nichols' Ford—a point where one of the numberless wagon-paths to Corinth crosses a deep swamp—threw out a heavy picket, and began another extensive task of corduroying. "There was a bright, crescent moon," says the diary of one of the Sixth Ohio pickets, "slightly obscured at times by the light and feathery clouds that were floating over the sky. Calm, quiet, and peaceful had nature made this summer night, but now it was disturbed by the presence and operations of armed hosts. Our videttes fired several times before nine o'clock, and somewhat later whole volleys of musketry broke out, in the direction of General Pope, upon our left; while the stroke of axes and the tramping of horses, in the swamp behind us, fell continually on our ears; and pleasant sounds these latter were, though indicative of some urgency in our present movement. About 10 P. M., we were startled by the dull, heavy report of a siege-gun off to the southward. It was twice repeated, and then we thought of a night attack, with all its confusion and horrors; but it ceased with the third gun, and afterward we learned that it was merely a signal."

May 9th.—At 1 A. M., the pickets were called in, and the division returned to camp, thereby escaping a heavy flank attack, which, it was afterward ascertained, the rebels had prepared to deliver at daylight. At 10 A. M., a two hours' cannonading began in the direction of Farmington, at which place

two of Pope's brigades had become hotly engaged,* and whither Nelson's entire division was put in rapid motion at midday. The sounds of battle soon died entirely away, however, and after marching in all about eight miles, the troops at sundown again moved forward to Nichols' Ford, and there went into bivouac, with six batteries of artillery in commanding positions close by.

May 10th.—A hot and summer-like day, improved by further reconnoitering and busy labor at the ford; in other respects, it passed in perfect and totally unexpected quiet. Late in the day, the Sixth Ohio moved into a wheat-field on the left of the road, and slept on the edge of the swamp, beyond which was the Thirty-sixth Indiana, on picket. "Another beautiful moonlight night," says the diary before quoted, "and almost undisturbed. Awakening from my first nap, about nine o'clock, the grand old strains of the "Star-spangled Banner" came wafting up from the southward, where it was being played by a brass band somewhere along the lines of General Pope. I thought I never had heard such delicious music; it sounded like enchantment."

May 12th.—Being relieved by another command during the forenoon, the Tenth Brigade moved about one-third of a mile to the rear, and pitched camp in the woods on the left of the wagon road.

May 13th.—The enemy's demonstrations beyond the ford were more bold than at any time previous, and the Sixth Ohio was ordered up, as support for the pickets, in case they should be attacked.

*General Palmer, who succeeded to the command of Nelson's division a few months later, was a conspicuous actor in the battle of Farmington, and greatly distinguished himself. He was then commanding the First Brigade, First Division, Army of the Mississippi (General Pope's).

May 14th.—In the afternoon several heavy guns were fired, away to the right, but, with this exception, the day was very quiet.

May 15th.—The weather was still oppressively hot. The Sixth Ohio had regimental drill before breakfast, and again during the forenoon; and in the afternoon one of the divisions on Nelson's right made another reconnoissance beyond the swamp. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, the division was called out by a bugle alarm at head-quarters; at which the Sixth Ohio, turning out in full strength, formed in column, by divisions doubled on the center, and within five minutes was in position in the cleared field near the General's head-quarters, holding the right of the line occupied by the division. It lay there a full hour, in the dust and moonlight, and then returned to quarters.

May 17th.—The Sixth Ohio was extended along the swamp, as the inner one of a double or treble line of pickets. About half an hour before sundown, Nelson's and the neighboring divisions made a rapid advance across the swamp, and about half a mile beyond, the rebel outposts falling back, firing as they went; and the regiment slept on its arms in an old cornfield behind a thick wood. The interval along the front, between Nelson and Crittenden, was occupied by an open and slightly-rolling stretch of farming land.

May 18th, Sunday.—Tents were brought up—three for each company—and pitched immediately, as the weather threatened rain. The pickets, in the woods and beyond, kept up an incessant firing all day. Scores of men from the Sixth Ohio and other regiments stole out to the front to take a hand in the skirmishing, on private account. One of the rebel pickets had an English weapon (as was inferred from the ball it carried), with a range of fifteen hundred yards, and with this

he annoyed the Union outposts for several days with perfect impunity.

May 19th.—At sunrise the Sixth Ohio was sent to the front, about half a mile distant, there relieving the Seventeenth Kentucky. Companies A and F were immediately deployed as skirmishers through the woods, and a wheat-field full of dead timber, while the rest of the regiment began throwing up breastworks, as part of General Halleck's system of field defenses, which extended in a nearly continuous line for ten or twelve miles. Picket firing was very brisk all day, the Sixth Ohio squads making good use of the bushwhacking tactics acquired during their Western Virginia campaigns; and in the afternoon it grew so heavy that Lieutenant Thatcher, by General Nelson's order, was sent out to regulate it, and caution the men against wasting their ammunition. About 5 P. M. a rebel gun was run to the front, and, beginning a furious cannonade, compelled the working parties to retire under shelter of the hill immediately in rear of the breastworks. Meantime, Lieutenant Thatcher had ordered the pickets to fall upon their faces, and sent a messenger to Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson for orders. "Hold the ground at all hazards," was the answer; "you will have help soon!" The position was growing hotter every moment, and one of the reserve—Sergeant James Lawler, of Company E—as he sat at the foot of a tree, eating a soldier's frugal supper, had been severely wounded by a fragment of a shell, when a section of Mendenhall's battery galloped to the front, and opened fire with such effect as to silence the enemy at once. Lieutenant Thatcher was rewarded with universal praise on this occasion, which was calculated to try the coolness and individual courage of the troops on picket, equally at least with most emergencies of a real battle. At dark the picket line was reënforced by Company E, and after-

ward by Company D also. The rest of the regiment continued hard at work upon the breastworks. The night was very dark, the sky heavily overcast, and the air thunderous, with a cool wind, blowing in fitful gusts from the west.

May 20th.—About 2 A. M., the six reserve companies were formed in line behind the breastworks, where they passed the remainder of the night, in the midst of a drenching rain. At 7 A. M., the regiment was relieved by the Thirty-sixth Indiana, and returned to quarters.

May 21st.—At 8 A. M., the Sixth Ohio moved to the breastworks, where Companies A, F, and D were set at work to finish a traverse—a huge mound of earth near the left of Nelson's line of defense—thrown up for the protection of artillery there to be posted. In the afternoon, the Twenty-second Brigade, under Colonel Sedgewick, of the Second Kentucky, made a determined reconnoissance, losing nineteen men. Two alarms occurred during the night, one of them being accompanied with heavy picket firing.

May 22d.—At daylight the Sixth Ohio, which had slept in line at the breastworks, was again called to its feet by another quick succession of musketry volleys in front. No enemy appearing, however, General Nelson gave strict orders against the repetition of these needless alarms, and, as General Buell also exerted his authority to stop the wasteful expenditure of ammunition, picket firing almost ceased for several days. About 7 A. M., the Sixth Ohio was relieved by the Twenty-fourth, and returned to camp.

May 23d.—A dreary day, with steady rain in the afternoon and during the night. About 11 A. M., the Sixth Ohio was advanced to the breastworks, and Companies B and G were thrown forward on picket, but at dark the regiment was relieved.

May 24th.—The Sixth Ohio enjoyed a day of unbroken rest. In the afternoon a reconnoitering party from Pope's forces had a noisy skirmish with the enemy, not far beyond Crittenden's lines. At this period, desertions were unusually numerous in Beauregard's army, scarcely a day passing in which whole squads did not make their escape to the Union lines.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN CORINTH AND BEYOND.

(MAY 25—JUNE 8, 1862.)

THE great event of May 25th (Sunday) was the presentation of a flag from the Sixth to the Twenty-fourth Ohio, in the presence of the entire division. "It is a beautiful flag," says the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in describing the ceremony, "made by Messrs. John Shillito & Co., of your city, and bearing this inscription: 'The Sixth to the Twenty-fourth Ohio—Shiloh, April 7, 1862.' At fifteen minutes before four o'clock, which was the appointed hour, the assembly sounded at division head-quarters, whereupon the several brigades promptly presented themselves, and took position on a slightly-undulating plain to the left of the camp occupied by the Sixth Kentucky, where a hollow square was formed, with the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio in the center, facing each other. At a sound of the bugle, General Buell and staff, Pope and staff, Crittenden and staff, Granger and staff, and Nelson and staff, rode in from one of the salient points of the square, while the troops recognized their presence by coming to a 'Present.' Ten thousand bayonets glistened in the sun, ten thousand men stood in serried ranks motionless as statues, not a word was whispered, and the silence was all unbroken, until softly borne along the air came the stirring strains of the 'Star-spangled

Banner.' In cadenced step, General Nelson advanced to the color-line of the Sixth, and escorted the colors to the center, where he was met by Colonel Fred. Jones, of the Twenty-fourth, and then in few but eloquent words presented the flag. He alluded to the compact of friendship existing between the regiments, which, he said, had been indissolubly sealed upon the field of Shiloh, where the two commands had battled side by side. The flag was well deserved by valorous deeds, and was not the result of a reputation made or nurtured by newspaper correspondents. He committed it to their care, with the feeling, upon his own part, that he was intrusting the beautiful emblem of liberty to a gallant band that would die rather than see one of its stars dimmed by treason or the luster of its colors faded by treachery. Accepting the token in a very slightly-embarrassed manner, Colonel Jones referred to the friendship which bound the Sixth and Twenty-fourth together, paid a feeling tribute to the banner itself, and promised that the noble standard placed in the keeping of his regiment should be returned unsullied by any act of treachery or dishonor. He charged the men of his command to guard it well, and to remember Bunker Hill, Yorktown, and Monmouth; Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Ticonderoga, and New Orleans; Buena Vista, Resaca de la Palma, and Molino del Rey. He charged them to remember also the high confidence which the Sixth reposed in the Twenty-fourth, in placing such a sacred gift in their keeping, and concluded by returning thanks both to the Sixth Regiment and General Nelson."

That evening the officers of the Sixth Ohio were most hospitably entertained at the head-quarters of Colonel Jones. Their gift was borne through every action in which the Twenty-fourth Ohio was subsequently engaged—including Stone River, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Ring-

gold, Buzzard's Roost Gap, and several minor affairs; and being presented to the State, at the muster-out of the regiment, it now rests in the capitol at Columbus.

The 26th of May found the Sixth Ohio again on duty at the breastworks, Companies I and K occupying the picket-line, where every thing was very quiet all day.* Brisk artillery firing was heard upon the left, however, about 5 P. M. The night was one of great activity on the part of the enemy in Corinth; locomotives and moving trains could be heard plainly, and also the calls of bugles and drums. On the morning of the 27th the regiment was relieved, but at 1 P. M., with the rest of the brigade, it was again ordered to the front, to support a reconnoitering party from one of the divisions on the right, and did not return until sunset. Between ten and eleven o'clock at night three rockets were seen to shoot up into the sky at a point some miles toward the left, which was followed by three loud explosions. At the same time, firing sprang up along the picket-lines directly in front, and the troops were ordered to prepare to "fall in" at a moment's notice, but there was no further demonstrations.

Halleck's immense army of nearly or quite one hundred thousand effective men had now approached to within two miles of the rebel fortifications, which, on that portion of the line covered by Nelson's division, were hidden behind thick woods and an almost impenetrable morass, although they were commanded perfectly, as it afterward proved, by a number of siege-guns—32-pound Rodmans—in position at the breastworks. General Pope's artillery was posted even more advantageously along a front less unfavorable for its employment.

*An interesting letter, by Sergeant Nicholson, of Company K, Sixth Ohio, describing a friendly picket scene which occurred at this date, is given in Volume V of the "Rebellion Record."

Beauregard, whose force scarcely exceeded one-half of that opposed to him, was too astute a commander not to have perceived the necessity which had arisen for abandoning Corinth, notwithstanding that he himself had previously declared it the strategic point of the campaign; and by this time his preparations to that end were nearly complete. General Halleck, however, had allowed himself to be most preposterously deceived in regard to the designs of his antagonist, and it was not till after the bulk of the rebel army was twenty miles from Corinth that he began to comprehend the real situation.

On Wednesday, May 28th, each of his three army corps commanders received orders to push forward a strong reconnoissance, which was to be supported, if necessary, by the whole command. The result of this movement was an advance of the entire line, at some points to within a mile and a quarter of the enemy's defenses, with the very general expectation, on the part of the troops, that a decisive battle would be brought on thereby. On Nelson's front the Nineteenth and Twenty-second Brigades gained about two-thirds of a mile during the afternoon, the Tenth Brigade, meanwhile, remaining at the breastworks, as reserves. Heavy firing was heard upon the front of both Thomas and Pope, giving rise to a hundred rumors, and several times the crash of musketry, mingling with the roar of cannon, in the direction whither Hazen and Sedgewick had moved, sounded to the troops in the rear like the opening of a general engagement; but the night fell peacefully, after the hot and feverish day, and the reserves slept soundly, while the advance brigades were busily at work, amid the darkness, in covering their new positions by a double line of rifle-pits.

On the 29th, the Tenth Brigade was roused at the earliest dawn and moved forward to relieve the Nineteenth, taking

position immediately to the left of the Twenty-second, with its own left, composed of the Sixth Ohio, resting upon the main road to Corinth. Near by, Mendenhall's Battery was posted so as to sweep the road and the adjacent open spaces in advance. "The work of making rifle-pits commenced at once," says a Sixth Ohio soldier, "and by 11 A. M., there was a continuous line of them extending along the front of our two brigades, on the summit of a gentle slope, the western side of which (that toward Corinth) was, for the most part, open and cultivated, with a thick and densely-wooded swamp at its base. Excepting the main road to Corinth, and perhaps one or two other narrow causeways, this swamp was unbroken by any paths practicable for troops, and being well picketed it screened our line completely. Several times during the day, there were fierce outbreakings of artillery fire away to the left, and also many heavy though fitful volleys of musketry directly in our front, and twice we were called into line ready for the apprehended attack. Three or four of our pickets were wounded, one of them mortally—a member of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, whom I saw borne past us to the rear about the middle of the afternoon. But again the cool and tranquil night came on, and we lay down before our stacked arms, as usual, to think, to sleep, to dream. Half of us were still awake, when, about 10 P. M., we heard wild cheering in the direction of Corinth, continuing for several minutes; then it ceased, and all was silent as before. What could it mean? A light breeze was blowing from the south-west, and nearly all night we could hear locomotives screaming and trains running heavily on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and once a band playing some treasonable air or other, until the sound gradually died away in the distance. Many of our officers became convinced at once that the enemy were evacuating Corinth.

"On the 30th, we were in line at day-break, as usual, but were soon allowed to break ranks and get breakfast. It must have been a very little after six o'clock when the sound of terrific explosions toward Corinth burst suddenly upon our ears. We listened intently. 'Blowing up their works,' said a dozen of the men close by me, and the words were hardly spoken when General Nelson came galloping down the line, hotly pursued by his entire staff. 'They are gone!' he exclaimed, 'the d—d rascals! Sixth Ohio, get ready and follow me into Corinth!' and, dashing down the road, he was lost to view behind the woods. The explosions continued, though less rapid than at first, and we saw a thick volume of dense, black smoke rolling away to the northward, where it was finally lost in a mass of lead-colored clouds. Reënforced by Companies C and D, Companies E and H, which had been on picket-duty all night, promptly deployed as skirmishers and pressed vigorously forward. A rapid exchange of shots in front soon assured us that the enemy's pickets, at least, still remained between us and Corinth, and in a few minutes we learned that Captain Erwin, while gallantly leading on his men, had been dangerously wounded in the right side, the ball passing entirely through his body. He was at once carried to the rear and taken to the division hospital.

"Small squads of the enemy's pickets were being brought back, under guard, as our brigade took up its line of march for Corinth, in the following order: Thirty-sixth Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky, Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Sixth Ohio. Our division, with the Tenth Brigade in advance, was the first to enter the deserted intrenchments,* which it did about

* The honor of being first in Corinth, such as it was, had three different claimants, namely, Nelson, W. T. Sherman, and Pope. General Buell's

twenty minutes past seven o'clock. A short distance inside the rebel breastworks we saw an effigy hanging from a scrubby little tree, and close by a pine board nailed fast, on which was traced in uncouth letters: 'Halleck outwitted—what will old Abe say?' Reaching the outskirts of the town, half a mile beyond the fortifications, we stacked arms and there lay in the hot sun all day, excepting the time that the men took to explore the town, gather relics, etc. Several buildings, fired by the enemy, continued to burn until the middle of the afternoon—warehouses principally, whose contents the rebels had not been able entirely to remove. Some tents and camp equipage were captured, but the amount of stores left behind was so small, and Beauregard effected his escape so dexterously, that we are obliged to consider the evacuation very successful."

Toward noon General Halleck rode into Corinth, and established head-quarters at the Tishimingo Hotel. By his orders, General Pope commenced pursuit the same day, but it was an ill-digested movement, and, being very tardily supported, amounted to nothing. It nevertheless afforded General Halleck the pretext for a most astounding series of dispatches, such as to mislead the Government into believing that the campaign had resulted in a brilliant success, while, in fact, he had suffered to slip through his fingers an opportunity well-nigh as grand and decisive as his antagonist had lost at Shiloh.

Eighty-five prisoners were captured by the Fourth Division during the first day's occupation of Corinth, and intrusted for safe keeping to Companies B and G, of the Sixth Ohio. Among the number was a conscripted Ohioan named Ephraim Estep, who seemed glad of an opportunity to surrender himself. In

official report of the advance on Corinth states distinctly that Nelson was the first to enter, and General Ammen's testimony is quite positive to the same effect.

the evening, the division returned to camp, with a feeling of intense relief, following eight weeks of arduous labor and continual suspense, such as every old campaigner will readily appreciate.

On Sunday, the 1st of June, the Tenth Brigade relieved the Nineteenth at the advanced rifle-pits, but returned before noon, leaving the Twenty-second Brigade in the act of pitching its tents there. Picketing in that vicinity had been abandoned. Drum-calls now came into use again throughout the Fourth Division, and in the evening the Sixth Ohio held dress parade, for the first time in nearly three weeks. Nelson had issued an order upon the subject of drills, etc., on the preceding day, as follows: "Whether the troops are in the trenches or not, they will be drilled from half-past five to half-past seven o'clock in the morning, and from four to six o'clock in the afternoon. Brigade commanders will report every case of non-observance of this order, with the reason therefor. Dress parade must in no instance be omitted. Care must be taken to prevent that laxity in discipline and instructions liable to follow the change of affairs in our front."

On the 2d, Nelson's division marched to Corinth, where it relieved Crittenden's upon an anomalous sort of picket duty. The night was rainy, but most of the troops slept well under the flies of rebel tents and other hastily improvised shelters, and next day the command was relieved by McCook.

At 6 A. M., on the 4th, the division took up its line of march to support General Pope, the Tenth Brigade leading. It moved in light marching order, without tents or knapsacks, passed through Corinth and southward through Danville, and after a march of fourteen miles, halted about one mile beyond the Tishimingo River—a turbid, very sluggish little stream—where a working party was found just completing a new bridge

in place of that destroyed by the retreating rebels. The Sixth Ohio was moved out one-third of a mile on the Ripley road, nominally on picket, where t remained nearly forty-eight hours.

Starting at 3 P. M., on the 6th, the division passed through the village of Rienzi, and two miles beyond it went into bivouac for the night, having marched seven miles. Water was scarce throughout this whole region. Next morning the division moved about five miles further, and took its place in the line of battle into which the pursuing columns had been absurdly formed, stretching from Blackland on the right to Booneville on the left, and at no point more than thirty-two miles from Corinth. The Tenth Brigade bivouacked on a high, thinly-timbered piece of woodland, at the junction of several different roads, where it remained for two days. By this time the pursuit, so-called, had been discontinued, and Halleck's immense army—the largest ever assembled west of the Alleghanies—was being divided into its three constituent corps, for service in as many different quarters, under their original commanders; in fact, General Wood's division, and one or two others belonging to the Army of the Ohio, had already been put *en route* toward Chattanooga, which was to be General Buell's next objective, preliminary to a march into East Tennessee.

The changes which occurred among the commissioned officers of the Sixth Ohio, during the Corinth campaign, may be briefly recorded.

Captain Andrews' resignation was accepted on the 22d of April. He subsequently went into business in Memphis, Tennessee, where he still resides. Captain Tinker rejoined the regiment from sick-leave, on the 20th of April, and Captain Tatem, on the 24th; Dr. Stephens, from the charge of a hos-

pital boat to Cincinnati, as before noted, on the 6th of May, and Dr. Ames from duty elsewhere, a few days earlier, (Dr. H. B. Musgrave, of Cincinnati, having been on duty with the regiment during the interval that both were absent); Captain Clarke, from duty at Nashville, on the 14th of May; and Quartermaster Shoemaker, from absence granted on account of his accidental wound, on the 16th.

On the 27th of April, Second Lieutenant Choate was transferred from Company G to Company E, and on the 30th, Second Lieutenant Gee was granted a sick-leave, from which he did not return until the middle of June. On the 24th of May, Lieutenant William P. Anderson was relieved from duty at division head-quarters, at his own request, and rejoining the regiment was temporarily assigned to Company D, but on the 3d of June, was again detailed on General Nelson's staff, as Engineer Officer for the division. During the third week of May, Adjutant Heron was stricken down by sickness, and on the 25th, started northward, on sick-leave. Continued ill health preventing his return to the field, he resigned in July, and afterward went into the hardware business in Cincinnati, in which he is still engaged. He was a very efficient and much valued officer. On the 31st of May, Captain Wilmington was accidentally shot, receiving a flesh wound in the leg; he secured a leave of absence, and a few weeks later resigned. He afterward removed to Idaho Territory, but died in the year 1866, during an ocean voyage on the Pacific coast.

Captain Wilmington's departure having left Company C without a single commissioned officer, on the 3d of June First Lieutenant McAlpin was assigned to its command, until further orders. When the regiment next day turned its back on Corinth, First Lieutenant Morgan was left behind, sick at division hospital, where Captain Erwin was also lying in a

critical condition from the wound which he had received on the 30th of May. A day or two later Dr. Stephens was detailed to take charge of the surgical ward in the general field hospital of the Army of the Ohio, where he remained until it was broken up in July.

On the 31st of May, private William R. Goodnough, of Company G, was appointed quartermaster-sergeant. About a week earlier, private Alfred West (known throughout the regiment as "Taps") was discharged, in accordance with General Buell's order for discontinuing the use of bass-drums.

Thus, the commissioned officers on duty with the Sixth Ohio, when the regiment moved eastward again, after the fall of Corinth, were as follows. Those absences not mentioned in the preceding paragraphs have been accounted for in Chapter XVI:

Field and Staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, Major Christopher, Quartermaster Shoemaker, and Assistant-Surgeon Ames.

Company A—Captain Westcott.

Company B—First Lieutenant Charles B. Russell, commanding company.

Company C—First Lieutenant McAlpin (temporarily transferred from Company A) commanding company.

Company D—Captain Tatem.

Company E—First Lieutenant Donovan, commanding company; and Second Lieutenant Choate.

Company F—Captain Brutton and First Lieut. Thatcher.

Company G—Capt. A. O. Russell and First Lieut. Getty.

Company H—Captain Tinker.

Company I—Second Lieut. West, commanding company.

Company K—Capt. Clarke and Second Lieutenant Gettier.

CHAPTER XXII.

IUKA AND ATHENS.

(JUNE 9–JULY 13, 1862.)

IMMEDIATELY upon abandoning the hypothetical pursuit of Beauregard's retreating forces, the Army of the Ohio entered upon a weary and exhausting campaign of five months' duration, which, in some respects, is entirely anomalous in the history of the war. Originally undertaken for the capture of Chattanooga and the liberation of East Tennessee, that campaign witnessed the transfer of the whole army to the banks of the Ohio, and was regarded as happily ended at last by the mere expulsion of the enemy from Kentucky and the firm retention of Nashville. In common with every other regiment of Buell's army (with few exceptions), the Sixth Ohio, during this period, was almost constantly on the march or other duty, and, in respect to physical endurance and the patriotism of its individual members, underwent a trying ordeal, such as no soldier who passed through it will ever forget. The events which befell the regiment henceforward to the initiation of the Stone River campaign, we shall chronicle principally in the form of a diary.

June 9th, Monday.—At 2 P. M., the Fourth Division began its march eastward toward Chattanooga. It passed through

the camps of T. W. Sherman and Pope, and, about 11 P. M., halted for the night on the northern outskirts of Jacinto, the county seat of Tishimingo County, Miss., after a severe march of fifteen miles. The country was found to be more rolling than in the vicinity of Corinth, with pine-trees growing thriftily among the forests of oak, elm, hickory, etc. By this date, a Southern summer had set in, with all its heat and suffocating dust, and henceforth the customary style of marching was to start at day-break or soon afterward, and, after a rest of three or four hours at midday, to finish the day's journey in the cooler part of the afternoon.

June 10th.—The division started at 6½ A. M., taking the road toward Tuscumbia, and, after a march of seventeen miles, bivouacked for the night five or six miles south-west of Iuka. "Half a mile before halting," says a Sixth Ohio diary, "we came to a beautiful little stream of running water (Deer Creek), which made the boys cry out, 'Virginia! Virginia!'"

June 11th.—The division marched six miles to a camp in the woods adjoining Wood's division, one mile east of Iuka, where it remained nearly a week. Nelson's trains came up from Corinth on the 12th, and on the 13th McCook moved past him toward Tuscumbia. In obedience to Halleck's orders (which contemplated the impolitic, if not impracticable, measure of making Corinth the base of operations against Chattanooga), General Buell was repairing the Memphis and Charleston Railroad as he advanced, and found the task a slow and laborious one.

On the 15th of June, the Tenth Brigade was inspected by Captain Higgins, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, specially appointed for that duty, and all the surplus clothing and baggage found in possession of the troops were turned over to the quartermaster's department, to be stored at Eastport. This

was in accordance with an order from General Buell, dated the 3d, limiting the allowance of clothing, etc., for each man to the following articles, namely, one blanket, two shirts, two pairs of drawers, two pairs of socks, one jacket or blouse, one pair of pants, one pair of shoes, and one cap or hat. About the same time the allowance of tents for each company was reduced to three Sibleys for the men and one wall or Sibley tent for the officers—"one of the company tents to be taken for hospital purposes whenever the hospital tents should be found insufficient for the sick." Within six weeks, the large amount of stores sent to Eastport (which included thousands of half-worn overcoats, and other private property) was destroyed by a rebel cavalry raid, yet the Government never reimbursed the men for their losses there.

At this time, the Tenth Brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Ammen, who had been promoted soon after the battle of Shiloh, although his commission, as afterward received, gave him rank only from the 16th of July (1862); the Nineteenth Brigade, by Colonel Grose, during the temporary absence of Colonel Hazen; and the Twenty-second Brigade, by Brigadier-General Mahlon D. Manson, who had succeeded to that command on the 29th of May, the day before the evacuation of Corinth.

June 17th, Tuesday.—The Fourth Division marched from Iuka, its three brigades moving at intervals of five miles, in the order in which they are named in the preceding paragraph. The Tenth Brigade started at 9 A. M., with Company F, of the Sixth Ohio, as advance guard and Company A as pioneers. "Our pioneer wagon upset," says an officer's diary, "and in a deep mud-hole at that. Somewhat later, a Seventeenth Kentucky wagon did the same, badly hurting three men who were walking along-side. Three other men, belonging to the same

regiment, were sun-struck, and one of them died. A member of Company F, Sixth Ohio, who was sick and weak, fell down near a wagon and had his foot run over. During the day the sick in the ambulances suffered terribly from the intense heat and the dust; and, for that matter, so did all the troops." After fording Big Bear Creek, and when within a mile and a half of Buzzard's Roost, or about four miles within the State of Alabama, the brigade was overtaken by Captain Kendrick, with orders from General Nelson to return instantly toward Iuka, which was threatened by a heavy body of rebel cavalry. It recrossed Bear Creek, and, after an exhausting day's march of fifteen miles, halted for the night an hour after dark, on the summit of the hill, one mile west of that stream. Hundreds of stragglers slept on the banks of the creek or by the side of the road thither. At this date Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson received a fifteen-days' leave of absence, and immediately started for Cincinnati, leaving Major Christopher in command of the regiment.

The Tenth Brigade remained in bivouac, in nearly the same position as that just noted, for three entire days. During this time, it was paid off by Major Foote for the two months ending April 30th, and was reviewed by General Nelson. On the latter occasion, only four companies of the Sixth Ohio were in line, the rest being on picket duty or guarding railroad bridges in the vicinity. Says the diary of a private; "Companies B and E were stationed at the main bridge over Bear Creek, where the boys enjoyed quite a holiday, and so many were plashing about in the water all day that I thought *Bare* Creek would be the most appropriate orthography. The creek strongly reminds us of dear old Elkwater, which it almost equals in size, even after so much dry weather. During the night of the 19th, a small band of mounted guerrillas—assisted

by some of the citizens, no doubt—succeeded in tearing up several rods of railroad track about six miles east of here, and, on the approach of Union cavalry, escaped through the woods. The train from Iuka which passed us at Bear Creek, at half-past two in the morning, narrowly escaped destruction—in fact, the locomotive was thrown from the track, though not down the embankment, as the wretches designed. The damage will be repaired in a day or two."

June 21st.—Crossing Bear Creek a third time, the Tenth Brigade changed camp four miles forward to a thick chaparral, one and a half miles west of Buzzard's Roost, where it lay in luxurious idleness for nearly three days.

June 24th.—The brigade marched eighteen miles, and went into bivouac in an old cotton field on a hill overlooking Tuscumbia. A portion of the trip was made on the railroad track past Cherokee station and an immense plantation well stocked with slaves, which belonged to a rebel quartermaster-general named Dickson. The rear-guard of Hascall's brigade, of Wood's division, was the only body of troops found in Tuscumbia, the rest being already across the Tennessee. The field officer of the day having neglected to call in the first platoon of Company K, Sixth Ohio, from picket, when the brigade started in the morning, it remained on duty for several hours longer, and did not overtake the column until next day.

June 25th.—The command marched about five miles through Tuscumbia to Jackson's Landing (so called from the fact that General Jackson here crossed his army in the war of 1812), and was ferried across the Tennessee by the Lady Jackson, a little stern-wheel steamer, towing two barges. A circuitous march of three more miles through Florence, brought it to a pleasant camping place in a thin belt of woods bordering the Tennessee River, about a mile above the town.

June 26th.—The march was resumed at 3 P. M., on the turnpike toward Athens and Huntsville. Seven miles brought the brigade to Shoal River, where it bivouacked with Company B, of the Sixth Ohio, guarding the bridge over that stream.

June 27th.—The Sixth Ohio had the advance. At 9 A. M., the column came up with the rear of Crittenden's division, just moving out of his last night's camping place on Blue Water Creek, and there halted several hours to allow his trains to get ahead. The brigade bivouacked at night-fall in a wood two miles west of Rogersville, after a total march of sixteen miles.

June 28th.—Passing through Rogersville at sunrise, the column soon afterward overtook Crittenden's slow-moving trains again, and a drove of beef-cattle destined for the use of the troops at Huntsville. Toward noon, it forded Elk River, and early went into bivouac in an open meadow, after marching only eight miles.

June 29th, Sunday.—The Tenth Brigade marched fifteen miles, through Athens, and at 1 P. M. encamped in a low piece of woods one mile east of the town. The troops complained greatly on account of having to march in the heat of the day.

The Fourth Division remained in camp, near Athens, for two weeks, protecting one of the two lines of railroad toward Nashville, which General Buell was laboriously engaged in re-opening, not merely as a necessary preliminary in his movement upon Chattanooga, but also as the only means left him of subsisting his army. The Tennessee River was no longer available for the latter purpose, while the great superiority of the rebels in cavalry enabled them to cut his railroad communications with Corinth almost at pleasure, and keep them constantly broken. While at Athens, the troops received the

depressing intelligence of the seven days' fighting before Richmond and McClellan's retreat to the James River.

On the 30th of June, Major Christopher mustered the Sixth Ohio for payment. The regiment was already greatly weakened in its total of "present for duty," by the wholesale system of details for clerical duty of various kinds from which it afterward suffered so much, and which, although a high compliment to the superior qualifications and business training of its members, was never a source of gratification to the regimental commanders, but rather the reverse. On the 3d of July, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson returned from Cincinnati, after an absence from the regiment of sixteen days. The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated by a grand review of the entire division at the Limestone County fair grounds, a short distance west of Athens. Says a diary: "We started from camp at precisely 4 P. M., the Tenth Brigade in the advance, and then the Nineteenth, with the Twenty-second Brigade coming last. The dust was awful—so dense at times that it was impossible to see three files ahead. It was a sore disappointment to those who had come out in the splendor of white collars and fancy cravats, as many of our boys had done; and as for the polished accouterments and shining brasses of all of us, they might as well have been left untouched. When we were once on the fair grounds, however, the ceremony passed off well, and greatly to the delight of a large crowd of contrabands who had congregated there, all in holiday attire, of course. Of the citizens, none were present, except a few belonging to the poorer class, and in going through the town we were scowled at from almost every house."

On the 9th of July, the Tenth Brigade (from sanitary considerations) changed camp, four and a half miles, to a thin piece of woodland, timbered with scrub-oak and a dense under-

brush, about two miles from Athens. A spring near by furnished a bountiful supply of clear, cold water for the entire command. Next morning, Company B, of the Sixth Ohio, was sent out on picket, and in the afternoon the remainder of the regiment, in company with a detail of three hundred men from the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Twenty-fourth Ohio, received orders to march to the Elk River tunnel, about twenty miles north of Athens, for the purpose of clearing a roadway through it for the passage of wagon-trains, and ultimately relaying the railroad track. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson had command of the whole detail. "We started at 2 P. M.," says a Sixth Ohio letter, "marching to Athens, and from thence seven miles northward, where we bivouacked. A tremendous thunder-storm passed over us during the night. We continued the march at 4 A. M., next morning (July 11th); halted for an hour by a beautiful spring, forded Elk River, and rested three hours on the northern bank. At 9 P. M., we finally reached the tunnel, after a march of twenty-two miles, or nearly three miles further than the total distance from Athens, if we had come by the proper route, instead of taking the roundabout road that we did. Next morning (the 12th) our force began work at the tunnel, and after clearing out the roadway—which occupied only about half an hour's time—devoted the remainder of the day to improving the approaches to it. Near the tunnel we saw a trestle-work which the rebels had destroyed. At eight o'clock on Sunday morning (the 13th) the expedition started homeward, recrossed Elk River, and rested on its banks as before; kept on, and halted for the night at the end of eleven miles, or about eight miles from Athens. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson understands the science of marching troops perfectly." But, as we shall see in the next chapter, the expedition never returned to camp at Athens.

During the second week in July, General Ammen, by an order from department head-quarters, was detailed for duty upon an important court-martial, whereupon the command of the Tenth Brigade again and permanently devolved upon Colonel Grose, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana.

This brave and faithful officer was born in Montgomery County, Ohio, on the 16th of December, 1812, and is the grandson, by both parents, of Revolutionary heroes, one of whom was killed in fighting for national independence. In 1816, his father, William Grose, Sr., removed to Fayette County, Indiana, and in 1830 to the adjoining county of Henry, which has since remained the General's home. Although limited pecuniary means prevented him from ever attending college, he succeeded in obtaining a good common school education, while assisting in the care of his father's farm, and afterward studied law, which profession he followed with distinction and great success for many years. He was located at Newcastle, but his practice extended to the Supreme Court of the State and also to the Circuit Court of the United States. Previous to this time, however, (in 1836,) he married Miss Needham, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and a lady of great personal beauty.

In 1852, he was one of the Presidential electors for Franklin Pierce, and in 1856–7, served a term in the State Legislature, as the representative of Henry County. When the war broke out, he was discharging the duties of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for his district, to which position he had been elected during the preceding year. At the request of Governor Morton, he resigned in August, 1861, to accept the colonelcy of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, and soon afterward took the field with that splendid organization. For several weeks prior to the incorporation of the latter into the Tenth Brigade, he had

been in command (as the ranking officer) of the forces stationed in the vicinity of New Haven, Kentucky, consisting of the Thirty-fourth Indiana, the Fifteenth Kentucky, and his own regiment. Colonel Grose's conduct at Shiloh was such as to secure for him the warmest commendations of his superiors. His part in that battle was conspicuous, but as it has been detailed at length in a preceding chapter, a mere reference to it will be sufficient here; and the same is true of his services as commander of the Tenth Brigade, in May (1862), and afterward of the Nineteenth Brigade during the temporary absence of Colonel Hazen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MURFREESBORO'.

(JULY 14-31.)

GENERAL FORREST'S brigade of rebel cavalry, on Sunday, the 13th of July, surprised Murfreesboro' and captured the entire garrison, amounting to about one thousand men, under the command of Brigadier-General T. T. Crittenden, originally the colonel of those old comrades of the Sixth Ohio in the Laurel Hill campaign—the Sixth Indiana Infantry. This sudden and unexpected blow the whole army regarded as peculiarly humiliating. Moreover, it severed the only line of railroad communications which General Buell had yet succeeded in re-opening with his base at Nashville, and jeopardized the safety of that post itself. To counteract this alarming change in the condition of affairs, General Nelson was ordered to march to Reynolds' Station, forty-three miles from Athens—which was as far south as the Tennessee and Central Alabama Railroad had then been put in running order—and there take cars for Nashville, from whence he was to move upon Murfreesboro' and re-open communication as speedily as possible. The Tenth Brigade had just received a greatly-needed supply of clothing, which was only partially distributed, but, as the emergency did not admit of a moment's unnecessary delay, Nelson placed himself at the head of that favorite com-

mand, and ordering his other brigades to follow, at 8 A. M., of July 14th, began a forced march northward. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson's expedition, just returning from Elk River tunnel, fell in with the column at Athens, after a rapid march that morning of about eight miles, and without waiting to rest or even draw rations, pushed on with the remainder of the brigade. The men suffered intensely from the heat, and several cases of sun-stroke occurred, but it was nearly 9 P. M. before General Nelson halted for the night, at a magnificent spring on the Tennessee State line, fifteen miles from Athens. The troops slept by the road-side, without going into regular bivouac, and, resuming the march at half-past two o'clock (on the 15th) marched four miles and forded Elk River before sunrise, then snatched a hurried breakfast on the outskirts of the village of Elkton, and again pushed forward. At the end of fifteen miles further, the head of the column reached Pulaski, where it went into bivouac on the banks of Richland Creek, and ambulances and wagons were sent back six miles toward Elkton, to bring in the sick and feeble. At Pulaski the Seventeenth Kentucky was replaced in the Tenth Brigade by the Twenty-third Kentucky, Colonel Mark Mundy commanding, which contained many officers and men from Cincinnati and vicinity who were personally acquainted in the Sixth Ohio.

July 16th.—A comfortable march of eight miles brought the troops to Reynolds' Station by 8 A. M. A long train of cars was in waiting, upon which they immediately began embarking, leaving the wagon trains and nearly all the baggage, under guard of the Second Kentucky (which had accompanied the Tenth Brigade from Athens), to follow by turnpike. Rebel guerrillas had lately burnt a bridge and destroyed a water-tank near Reynolds' Station, and for the first ten miles a locomotive piloted the way, with General Nelson himself standing at the

side of the engineer. Next followed a crowded train of freight and platform cars, containing the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio and Mendenhall's Battery, and then the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Twenty-third Kentucky upon another train, a short distance in the rear. About three miles south of Columbia an accident occurred, caused by the breaking of an axle, which resulted in instantly killing private John Collins, of the battery, as he lay under a cannon asleep, and severely wounding two others, one of them a member of the Twenty-fourth Ohio. "For a few minutes," says a Sixth Ohio diary, "Nelson was almost beside himself with rage. He put both the engineer and conductor under arrest, and did not release them until after reaching Nashville. He struck one of them a ferocious blow in the face, denounced them as secessionists who were trying to murder his men, and threatened to hang them both before the sun went down. By his orders, two of our boys were placed in charge of the train, and ran it throughout the remaining forty-nine miles of our journey. The accident delayed us about three hours, and when we did start we moved very slowly, so that it was almost midnight when we reached Nashville, and marched to a level meadow near the penitentiary, where we slept till morning."

July 17th.—At 5 A. M., the Sixth Ohio marched to the freight depot, for shelter from the rain that had begun falling two hours before, and most of the men spent the day in sight-seeing and looking up friends in the Sixty-ninth Ohio and other regiments, as well as citizen acquaintances of the Camp Wickliffe epoch. The brigade bivouacked near its camping place of the preceding night.

July 18th.—At 8 A. M., the Tenth Brigade started by rail for Murfreesboro', thirty-two miles distant. Numerous delays occurred, in examining bridges before crossing, in leaving Com-

pany A, of the Sixth Ohio, and other detachments, as guards at three or four of the larger ones, and in questioning the paroled prisoners who were met returning to Nashville, concerning the movements of the enemy. The train halted near the old camp of the Third Minnesota, half a mile before reaching Murfreesboro'; the troops disembarked, formed in column by companies, and with loaded arms at "right shoulder shift," marched rapidly into the town. They occupied it without firing a shot. The Sixth Ohio flag was hoisted over the court-house, and a heavy picket having been sent out in every direction, the rest made themselves comfortable in the court-house and other deserted buildings fronting on the public square. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson was appointed post commandant, and Captain Russell provost marshal.

July 19th.—The troops slept on their arms and were formed in line of battle at 3 A. M. The latter precaution was continued for several days. The Twenty-third Kentucky, Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Thirty-sixth Indiana moved to camping grounds in the southern suburbs of the town, near the site of the railroad depot, which Forrest had burned down. The Sixth Ohio, however, having been assigned to provost duty, remained in its former quarters. During the day troops began arriving from the direction of Shelbyville, Tullahoma, and Wartrace, and General Nelson compelled the citizens to return all the United States property which had come into their possession at the surrender on the 13th.

July 21st.—The Sixth Ohio held its first dress parade since leaving Athens. It was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators at the public square, and the regiment received universal praise for its neat appearance and precision in the manual of arms. Company A was relieved by a company from the Second Kentucky, and rejoined the regiment. General Nelson

issued a proclamation requiring the planters in the vicinity of Murfreesboro' to furnish, next morning, "two hundred able-bodied working hands," with one day's food and necessary implements for the construction of fortifications. This being the first official document to which his signature as "Major-General" was appended, the troops noted his promotion with great satisfaction, although regarding it as a rather tardy recognition of the Fourth Division's services in the Shiloh campaign. By this date the Tenth Brigade had been reënforced at Murfreesboro' by the Thirty-fifth Indiana, the Fifty-first Ohio, the Second, Eighth, and Twenty-first Kentucky, Konkle's Battery, and considerable detachments of the Seventh Pennsylvania and Third and Fourth Kentucky Cavalry.

July 22d.—Soon after sunrise a courier reached head-quarters with the intelligence that a reconnoitering party from the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry had been ambuscaded near Lebanon and cut to pieces. By half-past six o'clock, six regiments of infantry—the Tenth Brigade, with the Second Kentucky and Fifty-first Ohio—and one of cavalry, were in rapid march toward Nashville, with which all communication had been cut off during the night by rebel guerrillas. A short distance from Murfreesboro', Nelson addressed the troops a few remarks as they filed past, informing them that Nashville was believed to be in danger, and, although the day's march might prove to be a hard one, they must do their best and keep up with the column. After proceeding twenty-two miles, they lay down at dark by the road-side, without having encountered the enemy, although considerable bodies of them were known to be hovering about at no great distance.

July 23d.—The expedition returned to Murfreesboro', by a hard march of twenty-three miles, the last eight of which was on the Lebanon turnpike. During its absence, Colonel Barnes,

of the Eighth Kentucky, had had charge of affairs at Murfreesboro', and a party of Texan Rangers—who had foolishly been permitted to pass the picket-line under a flag of truce, ostensibly to arrange for the exchange of a squad of prisoners—were allowed to obtain much contraband information from citizens. The rumor that this party came to demand the surrender of Murfreesboro' occasioned great excitement for a few minutes. The troops all stood to arms around the court-house, and Konkle's Battery took position in readiness for action.

July 26th.—The First and Twentieth Kentucky reached Murfreesboro'. By this date the fortifications on the elevated plain south of the town were beginning to assume formidable dimensions under the superintendence of Lieutenant William P. Anderson, chief engineer of the division. In the principal fort a well was being sunk through solid rock, by the laborious process of blasting.

July 27th, Sunday.—About half-past nine o'clock at night, there was a picket alarm on the Lebanon turnpike, which was immediately followed by long-roll throughout every regiment in the command. The Sixth Ohio formed in line within five minutes, and, breaking into column by companies, marched rapidly out the turnpike, with General Nelson at its head. The sequel is graphically told in the following caustic order, drafted by Nelson's own hand, which was next evening read at the head of each regiment in the division: "Last night, the unexpected approach of a battalion of our own cavalry, on the Lebanon turnpike, created an alarm, which, if it served no other purpose, exposed to the General, and to the whole command, the contemptible way in which the pickets on that road skulked their duty, and their poltroonery in running away from their posts when there was absolutely no enemy at all. Had there been an enemy, it was their duty, acting as skirmishers,

to take advantage of the fences and the woodland, and hold their ground till supported, ordered in, or compelled to give way before a superior force, which should be done in an orderly manner, as becomes good soldiers. But, to the burning shame of our uniform, the pickets on the Lebanon pike ran away, like a pack of cowards, and could not be found at all by the General commanding when, with his staff, he arrived on the field of fright. It is the intention of this order to hold them up to the scorn of the whole command." These pickets, who belonged to a regiment which had lately joined the Fourth Division, had their arms taken from them and were set to work upon the fortifications. They afterward proved themselves reliable and gallant soldiers.

July 31st.—The troops of the Tenth Brigade received their knapsacks which they had left at Reynolds' Station on the 16th, and soon afterward marching orders came.

The saddest event in the history of the Sixth Ohio, during the summer of 1862, was the death of Captain Tatem, which deserves more than a passing notice. He was killed in a railroad accident, on the 19th of July, between Reynolds' Station and Columbia, when on his way to rejoin the regiment after a short absence occasioned by sickness. The following epitome of this talented officer's career prior to the war is taken from an appreciative sketch in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, published a few days after his death:

"Captain E. H. Tatem—or, as he preferred to be designated, Zeke Tatem—was born in Cincinnati, on the 2d of August, 1834. He was the son of Henry S. Tatem, Esq., long and favorably known in business circles, and, after completing his education at Herron's Seminary, spent some time in the plumbing business, which he had

learned with his father. After the latter's death, he was engaged for two years as book-keeper for Perry J. Moore, Esq., in the same trade. From his earliest boyhood, however, he exhibited a marked fondness for literature. Many of his stories and sketches are published, and others still remain in their original manuscript, in the hands of his family; and when the proprietors of the *Daily Commercial* offered him the position of city editor, he gladly exchanged the mechanical for the reportorial profession. He was subsequently employed on the *Gazette*, and then on this paper, where he remained until the rebellion called upon him to take up arms in defense of his country. As a journalist, he was prompt, reliable, and energetic, courteous to the public and generous to his professional brethren; and he was also a brave soldier, an accomplished gentleman, and honest man."

Captain Tatem's connection with the Guthrie Greys dated from the 19th of March, 1855, and, although interrupted by the pressure of other duties, was immediately resumed at the breaking out of the war. His services as an officer of the Sixth Ohio, having been described in the regular course of our narrative, need not here be recapitulated. His remains were brought home in charge of Captain O'Dowd, of the Tenth Ohio, and now lie buried in the beautiful cemetery at Spring Grove.

Cincinnati probably lost no officer of similar grade, during the war, whose death was more widely and deeply lamented than Captain Tatem's. His old associates in the profession of journalism called a meeting, which, with William Henry Smith in the chair and George S. Bennett as secretary, adopted a series of appropriate resolutions, embodying the following sincere and just tribute to his memory: "In the death of Captain Tatem, the country has lost one of its bravest and most zealous defenders in this hour of trial; his regiment, one of its most promising officers and thorough martinets; the press of this

city, an industrious, capable, and conscientious representative; and his numerous friends, a companion, liberal, whole-souled, and generous to a fault."

A meeting of the officers of the regiment, also, was held in the court-house at Murfreesboro', on the 25th of July, "to express their deep sorrow at the death of Captain Tatem," Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson being elected chairman and Captain Brutton secretary. Captain Russell and Lieutenants Morgan and A. G. Williams were appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions, of which the following is the leading one: "In Captain Tatem, we have lost a brave comrade, and the country a tried patriot—a soldier always prompt in time of danger, and ever ready at the call of duty; and his death fills us with the greater sorrow, from the fact of his having passed bravely through many perils incident to a soldier's life to find, at last, a violent end by accident."*

The changes among the officers of the Sixth Ohio, which remain to be noted in this chapter, were as follows: Second Lieutenant Royse, who had been absent on recruiting service, etc., since January, 1862, resigned, to take effect April 14th. He afterward went into business in Cincinnati, which is still his home. Second Lieutenant Morris rejoined the regiment, from recruiting service, on the 25th of June, and, having been promoted to a first lieutenancy, dating from February 14, was, on the 5th of July, assigned to Company D. Second Lieutenant Gee rejoined the regiment, from sick-leave, on the 12th of June, but, in July, was again compelled to go to hospital, at

*Had Captain Tatem lived, the history of the Sixth Ohio might have been written by an abler hand than it has been. He was known to be collecting materials for such a work, for some time previous to his untimely decease.

Nashville, where he resigned on the 11th of September, a few days after the regiment passed through that city, on its march northward to Louisville. Recovering his health, however, he subsequently became an officer in a Kentucky cavalry regiment, and served with credit to the close of the war. In command of a detachment of his regiment, he narrowly missed intercepting Jefferson Davis a few hours before the historic capture of that personage, in the disguise of Mrs. Davis' "poor old mother." First Lieutenant Morgan rejoined the regiment on the 4th of July, from absence in general hospital; and First Lieutenant Southgate, on the 27th of July, from duty as aid-de-camp to General Nelson.

On the 20th of June, Second Lieutenant Albert G. Williams, promoted from sergeant-major, was assigned to Company B, but, by the same order, was detailed to act as adjutant, the duties of which position he had been discharging for nearly a month. First Sergeant James F. Irwin, of Company G, was appointed sergeant-major. On the 5th of July, Captain McAlpin, promoted from first lieutenant, was assigned to Company B, but remained at the head of Company C until the close of the month, when he assumed the duties of his own command. At the same date, Second Lieutenant Edmund B. Warren, promoted from sergeant, in Company B, to date from the 14th of April, was announced as unassigned; and soon afterward he resigned, to date from July 11th. Lieutenant Warren subsequently served as adjutant in another regiment. Captain Clarke left the regiment, during its march after guerrillas, on the 23d of July, and, proceeding to Nashville, obtained a detail for service in that city. He returned during the following month, but never resumed command of his company, and finally resigned, to date from September 8th. He afterward held a Government clerkship at Washington, and,

in 1866, was appointed second lieutenant in a regiment of regular infantry. His first service was in the Swedish army. On the 27th of August private Josiah W. Slanker, of Company A, was appointed commissary-sergeant.

On the 20th of July, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson addressed a letter to the adjutant-general of the State of Ohio, recommending the following promotions: First Lieutenant Getty to captain, and Second Lieutenant Montagnier to first lieutenant, as being the ranking officers in their respective grades, and "worthy, loyal and competent men;" First Lieutenant Charles B. Russell to captain, Second Lieutenant West to first lieutenant, and Orderly-Sergeant Joseph L. Antram, of Company E, to second lieutenant, as "every way worthy of promotion;" Sergeant-Major Irwin to second lieutenant, "on account of faithfulness and capability;" and Orderly-Sergeant J. R. Kestner, of Company C, "for fidelity and courage."

CHAPTER XXIV.

McMINNVILLE

(AUGUST 1-SEPTEMBER 7, 1862.)

WHEN, after the evacuation of Corinth, the Army of the Ohio was assigned to its primal task of liberating East Tennessee, General Buell had obtained Halleck's permission to make the advance by the way of McMinnville, and thence eastward over the Cumberland Mountains; and although this permission was withdrawn almost as soon as granted, and Buell compelled to move by a route of his superior's choosing, McMinnville was now to be occupied for another purpose, namely, the protection of Nashville and the vitally important line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. It was further considered that a force there posted would be within convenient supporting distance of the remainder of the army, whose advance, since the middle of July, had been quite stationary near Battle Creek.

August 1st.—Starting at 5 A. M., the Fourth Division marched nineteen miles, over Cripple Creek and through the little village of Readyville to Woodbury, the borough town of Cannon County. The column embraced detachments of the Fourth Kentucky and Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, constituting the advance, under Colonel Wynkoop, of the latter

regiment; the Tenth Brigade, under Colonel Grose; the First and Twentieth Kentucky, of the Twenty-second Brigade, to which was temporarily attached the Thirty-fifth Indiana; and a brigade, under Colonel Stanley M. Matthews, at that time composed of the Fifty-first Ohio and Eighth and Twenty-first Kentucky. Colonel Hazen, of the Nineteenth Brigade, was left in command of the post of Murfreesboro'.

August 2d.—"By mistake," says a diary, "the bugler at division head-quarters blew the reveille at one o'clock this morning, and was himself well blown up for it by Nelson, who threatened to buck and gag him if he made another such blunder, cheating the men out of their needed sleep, etc." The column started at day-break, and, climbing the long hill just beyond Woodbury, gained the first plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, on which McMinnville is situated. It reached the latter place at dark, after a hard march of twenty-two miles, the cavalry advance driving out a small body of Forrest's rangers. McMinnville is the county seat of Warren County, and the terminus of a branch of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, through Tullahoma and Manchester. Although the secession element largely predominated, it was found to contain several families of stanchly Union principles, prominent among whom were the Armstrongs and Cliffs. Next day (Sunday), the Sixth Ohio was assigned quarters in the court-house, which proved very comfortable, except for the incredible number of fleas with which they were tenanted.

August 4th.—At 4 A. M., the division marched to attack a band of rebel cavalry, in the direction of Sparta, twenty-two miles distant. Fording Collins' River, three miles out, it reached Rock Island, after a rapid march of thirteen miles, found the bridge at that point destroyed, and was forced to cross at another ford, over Caney Fork, a mile and a half

below. The hill beyond was high and very steep, and by the time all the artillery and trains had been got over, it was night-fall. The cavalry, under Colonel Wynkoop, encountered several hundred rebels, with two pieces of cannon, and after a protracted but desultory skirmish, withdrew to a position nearer the infantry supports. "We went on picket at sunset," says a Company K diarist, of the Sixth Ohio; "and being taken so far out that there was danger of our being cut off, the field officer of the day drew us in some distance, after dark. Meantime, a heavy thunder-storm came on, and we established our new posts in the woods, by the glare of lightning. We spent a miserable night, but heard nothing, except two yells, which possibly were rebel signals."

August 5th.—The Sixth Ohio had the advance, moving at the first streaks of daylight. After proceeding five miles, it was suddenly countermarched, and the whole force returned to McMinnville. Many hours were consumed in recrossing the artillery and trains, so that it was 9 P. M. when the infantry went into bivouac, one mile from McMinnville, at the end of a long day's tramp of twenty-three miles. Forrest's cavalry this day picked up more than one hundred stragglers, only one of whom, however, was from the Sixth Ohio—private Henry Bereiter, of Company G. The prisoners were paroled, and within the next three days nearly all returned, to obtain transportation to the North, greatly to the indignation of General Nelson, who regarded them as *quasi* deserters, as many of them undoubtedly were. "It is reported," says a private's diary, "that Bragg has crossed the Tennessee River a short distance above Chattanooga, with a force estimated at 60,000 men. If so, it means *fight* somewhere." Coming events were, indeed, casting their shadows before.

August 6th.—Considerable reënforcements of cavalry reached

McMinnville, under the command of Brigadier-General James S. Jackson, of Kentucky, a warm personal friend of General Nelson. On the next day, regular drills were resumed throughout the Fourth Division.

August 8th.—A foraging party from the Thirty-fifth Indiana, who had been captured and paroled the previous day, returned to McMinnville, and reported to General Nelson. "He gave them a terrible tongue-lashing," says a diary, "paraded them through the streets under guard, and finally lodged them in jail, with the consolatory assurance that he would court-martial them at once for their inattention to duty. A small squad of butternuts were brought in by our cavalry in the evening, which served to mollify the General a little. We heard to-day of the assassination of General Robert L. McCook, and take sweet comfort from the thought that our old friends of the Ninth will assuredly avenge his death as it deserves."

August 10th, Sunday.—General Nelson issued an order convening a general court-martial, Colonel Matthews to be president, and Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson one of the members. The weather at this season was uniformly and intensely hot.

On the 11th, a train of sixty wagons was sent to Murfreesboro', under the charge of Division Quartermaster Fee, "for the purpose of bringing up the property of the division there left behind." The escort consisted of Companies B, E, G, I, and K, of the Sixth Ohio, under command of Major Christopher. The men rode in the wagons, which were empty; slept under them at night, at Cripple Creek, and arrived in Murfreesboro' next day at 7 A. M. On the 13th, the train, increased to seventy-seven wagons, started to return, reaching McMinnville on the morning of the 15th, after a hot and dusty march, on which two or three men were sun-struck. By Nelson's

order, Major Christopher brought up from Murfreesboro' a considerable number of convalescents and malingerers, belonging to various regiments of the division.

On Sunday, the 17th, General Nelson left McMinnville, with a strong escort of cavalry, under orders from General Buell to hasten to Kentucky and organize every available means for defending that State against the invasion of Kirby Smith, which had already begun, by an extensive raid of Scott's cavalry through Monticello and Somerset to London, two days' march in the rear of Cumberland Gap. Long before this, the troops of the Fourth Division had learned to place almost unbounded confidence in their commander, and when Nelson, at the battle of Richmond—vainly struggling in the vortex of defeat to rally a mob of raw, undisciplined, and panic-stricken soldiers—exclaimed, in his passion of despair and wrath, "Oh, for *one hour* of the old Fourth Division!" it was but one manifestation out of the many which might be cited, of the extent to which this feeling was reciprocated by him. Not a man in his division but witnessed his departure with regret. General Ammen, who had arrived on the preceding day, was the ranking officer in the division, and succeeded to its command.

On the 18th, at 10 A. M., in accordance with orders from the War Department, applying to every organization in the army, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson held a special muster of the Sixth Ohio, for the purpose of marking improper absentees and dropping them from the rolls as deserters. The list included forty-three names, of whom about one-half afterward returned to the regiment—fourteen of them being restored at one time, by the proper order from the regimental head-quarters. At this date, fully one hundred officers and men were absent on detached service.

On the 19th, General Thomas arrived, and assumed command of the troops in the vicinity of McMinnville, consisting at this time of the Fourth and Sixth Divisions. The latter command (General Wood's) was stationed along the branch railroad to Tullahoma, which was now in process of repair. Thomas' own division, which he had left at Decherd, temporarily under the charge of General Schoepf, came up in a few days, swelling his command to nearly one-half of the effective force of the Army of the Ohio. On the 20th, the Thirty-sixth Indiana, Twenty-fourth Ohio, Twenty-third Kentucky, and Mendenhall's Battery marched to Smithville, northward about eighteen miles, to look after a body of rebels reported to be in that vicinity. The Sixth Ohio staid behind, and during its few remaining days at McMinnville, nearly the entire regiment was kept on picket or other guard duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, meanwhile, was at his quarters sick. On the 21st, the railroad was re-opened, and, for the first time in more than six months a train of cars arrived from Tullahoma. Next day, telegraphic communication was established by the same route, and the Fifty-first Ohio moved on another guerrilla hunting expedition toward Sparta.

For a fortnight past, the air had been full of rumors in regard to Bragg's aggressive purposes, developing a wide-spread feeling, not of insecurity precisely, but unmistakably one of uncertainty and suspense. Buell, in truth, was fully apprized of the heavy concentration which the enemy had made in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and, with straitened means which were daily wasting, found himself placed in a purely defensive attitude. On the 24th of August, Bragg crossed the Tennessee in force, at Harrison's, a few miles above Chattanooga, and began a rapid march northward, masking it, however, by heavy cavalry demonstrations, which, for a few days, left it in doubt

whether his objective was Nashville, or some point still further in the rear of Buell's army.

Seven companies of the Sixth Ohio had been on picket duty for two days, when, on the night of the 23d, orders reached McMinnville for a concentration of Thomas' forces with other divisions, at Altamont, twenty odd miles south-east, there to contest the enemy's anticipated advance on Nashville. Simultaneously, a heavy force of the enemy was reported within seventeen miles of McMinnville, moving directly upon it, and General Thomas decided to evacuate the post as speedily as possible. "At one o'clock this morning," says a Sixth Ohio diary, under date of Sunday, August 24th, "orders were sent us to call in our pickets, and return immediately to camp, but they were soon afterward modified, to the effect that we should remain at our posts until further orders. Being finally recalled at 7 A. M., we hurried back to town. There every thing was in motion, and in haste at that. The court-house square and the streets leading to it were blocked with long trains of wagons and ambulances, cavalry detachments, artillery, etc.; wagons were being loaded, the sick taken to the cars just arrived from Tullahoma, and officers and aids hurrying to and fro on all sides—every thing, in fact, indicated some sudden and unexpected emergency. We were not long in discovering what these preparations meant, but, though hurried, the evacuation was well conducted, with comparatively little confusion. All our baggage and stores were removed, except a small quantity of forage, which was burned by the General's order, as were also three or four broken-down wagons and ambulances. The rest of our division having moved at daylight in another direction, the Sixth Ohio was detailed to guard a division train of two hundred and fifty wagons back to Murfreesboro', and, under a scorching sun, started accordingly, at 10 A. M. It was

ten o'clock at night before the rear of the train reached Woodbury, by which time I was completely worn out. Without stopping to get supper, or even to wash, all dust-begrimed and dirty as I was, I lay down upon my India-rubber blanket, without any covering, and slept till wakened by reveille, at three o'clock next morning." The regiment was now in charge of Major Christopher, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, who was still sick, having gone to Murfreesboro' by rail.

August 25th.—The train reached Murfreesboro' about sundown, and the Sixth Ohio went into bivouac on the hill-side facing the burnt depot, south of town. Company K was detailed as guard over a party of forty-two prisoners at the courthouse, who were next day sent to Nashville in charge of a platoon under Lieutenant Thatcher.

August 26th.—"We pitched a regular camp," says a diary, "in the field adjoining our last night's bivouac, and in line with the Second Kentucky, whence we have to go nearly half a mile for water. Rumors abound respecting the movements of the enemy, as well as of our own forces from Huntsville and McMinnville, but little appears to be known with certainty."

August 27th.—"We are looking for an attack hourly, as Forrest is said to be at Woodbury with an overwhelming force of rebels. About 2 P. M., a dash was made on our pickets on the Shelbyville turnpike, and fifteen or twenty shots were fired in quick succession, whereupon long-roll was beaten and our whole force put under arms. Some tall scampering was done; one cavalryman, who had been bathing at the creek, rode in at a gallop, perfectly naked. A heavy detail was made from the Sixth Ohio to assist in the construction of rifle-pits; and, by order of Colonel Hazen, post commander, contrabands are en-

gaged in felling trees to answer the purpose of an *abattis*, in front of our color-lines." At this date the troops were put upon half-rations, and so continued for just one month, or until they reached West Point, within one day's march of Louisville.

The Sixth Ohio remained at Murfreesboro' until the 30th. Meantime the Fourth Division had returned to McMinnville from Altamont, and, on the evening of the 27th, the Tenth Brigade (minus the Sixth, of course,) marched toward Murfreesboro', as guards for a wagon train dispatched thither for rations. Next day, just before descending the hill to Woodbury, it was attacked by Forrest, but repulsed him handsomely, after several minutes' hot firing, in which Mendenhall's Battery rendered good service. On the 30th, the Sixth Ohio rejoined its brigade, and again set out for McMinnville, in rear of the train, which now numbered about four hundred wagons. The brigade bivouacked on Cripple Creek, and next day (Sunday) halted early, at Woodbury. On the 1st of September, it marched fifteen miles, past the scene of Forrest's defeat, to within seven miles of McMinnville, and while it was resting for dinner, the rear regiments, consisting of the Sixth Ohio and Twenty-third Kentucky, with a portion of the train, were ordered back to Murfreesboro'. Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Jackson, of the latter regiment, being the ranking officer, took command of the detachment and countermarched it seven miles to Logan's farm, for camping. Next day a hot march of nineteen miles brought it again to Cripple Creek.

Meantime, a crisis had arrived in the conduct of the campaign. On the 27th of August, Bragg reached Dunlap, and, pushing up the Sequatchie Valley through Pikeville, was in Crossville, several miles north of the latitude of McMinnville, on the 1st of September, and, passing Nashville by, was now

moving through Sparta in the direction of Carthage, as if to strike Buell's line of communications at Gallatin or Bowling Green, with the ulterior objective of Louisville itself; which, indeed, was the ambitious undertaking the rebel commander had proposed to himself. Within a week from the time that Bragg crossed the Tennessee, Buell had abandoned his whole line on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and was hastening his divisions northward for a concentration at Nashville. Says a Sixth Ohio diary: "When we reached Murfreesboro', at 8 A. M., (on the 3d of September,) we found the town alive with bustle and excitement, and crowded with soldiers. Crittenden's and Rousseau's divisions are already here, of the Army of the Ohio, and with these is at least one from the Army of the Mississippi, commanded by General R. B. Mitchell. Troops are arriving hourly, and a rapid falling back on Nashville, if not indeed still further, is evidently in progress. This is our first experience in retreating, and God grant it may be our last. The news from other quarters is as bad as what we have to send from here: Nelson's defeat and severe wounding on the 30th ultimo, at Richmond, Kentucky, in a battle with Kirby Smith; movements the most threatening on the part of the rebels, throughout Kentucky and even against Cincinnati; the defeat of the eastern army in a second battle at Bull Run; and desperate fighting still in progress at Washington, as yet without definite results. For one, I must confess that these things depress me greatly."

The Sixth Ohio encamped on the old grounds of the Ninth Michigan, in a beautiful grove directly east of the town, where, on the 4th of September, it was mustered for the 31st of August. On the same day a member of Company G was dangerously stabbed in a quarrel with a comrade, and had to be left in hospital at Murfreesboro', where the rebels paroled him

weeks afterward, and sent him through the lines to receive his discharge at Nashville. From the 4th of September to the 7th of November no orders are recorded in the regimental books, which fact is a mute but expressive commentary on the service performed during this period of almost incessant marching and great privations.

Although notified, at 8 P. M., to hold itself in readiness to march at a moment's notice, the regiment was permitted to pass the night of the 4th in quiet. Next morning the Fourth Division came in from McMinnville, and at 2 P. M. took up its line of march for Nashville, halting for the night at the Stone River ford, two miles north of Murfreesboro', where a partial supply of clothing was issued the troops. On the 6th, so much time was lost in waiting upon the movements of the trains that a march of fourteen hours in the sun and dust brought it no further than Lavergne, just half-way to Nashville. "Water was very scarce," says one account, "and as we had gone into camp rather late, it was quite ten o'clock, when, after supper, I got back with my canteen and tin-cup full, for the next morning's breakfast. Soon after halting we learned that the rebels before Washington had forced our troops back to within eight miles of the capital, and that Stonewall Jackson was in Maryland, with a large army, moving rapidly on Baltimore; also, that a small train had been captured within ten miles of Cincinnati, and an attack on that city was hourly expected. There was nothing in all this to cheer a weary, foot-sore, half-sick soldier, and I lay down to sleep with a heavier load on my spirits than I had borne for long, long months."

On Sunday, the 7th, the division marched fourteen miles, to the suburbs of Nashville, where the Sixth Ohio bivouacked in an old corn-field, rich in a luxuriant crop of rag-weeds.

Thomas' division this day was bringing up the rear from Murfreesboro', the road in which direction was still blocked by miles of trains and artillery; other divisions, including those of Crittenden and Rousseau, were moving across the Cumberland, and to the vicinity of Edgefield Junction, nine miles beyond.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RACE WITH BRAGG FOR LOUISVILLE.

(SEPTEMBER 8-30, 1862.)

BRAGG'S advance crossed the Kentucky State line *en route* for Glasgow, on the 5th of September, at which date Buell's army was only toiling along the turnpike between Murfreesboro' and Nashville. Railroad communication with the north had been almost hopelessly severed, by Morgan's partial destruction of the tunnel near Gallatin, and other raiding operations, and the commissariat contained scarcely ten days' rations for the army. Leaving the two small divisions of Generals Palmer and Negley, with several hundred convalescents, (capable of performing garrison duty, though unfit for a long and severe march,) to hold the important post of Nashville, Buell at once pushed forward his remaining six divisions in the direction of Bowling Green.

September 8th.—The baggage of the Fourth Division was stored during the preceding night at Nashville, and for the next two months the troops had neither tents nor knapsacks, nor any other clothing than that which they carried on their backs. Starting at 3 A. M., the division marched through Nashville, and over the railroad bridge across the Cumberland, before it was fairly light, and bivouacked at night-fall near Edgefield Junction, ten miles from its last camping place, hav-

ing rested seven hours at noon to allow Crittenden to get ahead. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson had rejoined the Sixth Ohio at Nashville. In this position the division lay expectantly for two days more. On the afternoon of the 10th, there was an alarm, occasioned by an attack upon a wagon train a few miles distant, and several regiments were kept under arms until dark.

September 11th.—The division marched at 6 A. M., climbed a long hill, and at noon halted at Tyree Springs, twelve miles from Edgefield Junction, where four companies of Michigan cavalry had just dispersed a party of rebels, after a sharp skirmish. McCook coming up about 4 P. M., Ammen's division was obliged to move forward, and made a night march of eight more miles before it again found water.

September 12th.—Starting late, the division made a tedious march of nine miles to Mitchellsville, just within the Tennessee State line, and the Sixth Ohio being sent forward three-fourths of a mile on picket, found itself once more in Kentucky. General Buell and staff accompanied the Fourth Division during this day and most of the next. His appearance is thus described by a corporal of the Sixth Ohio: "He wore an undress uniform, with a straw hat and dusty jacket; neither sword nor belt encumbered his person. He looked moody and solitary amid the thousands of his soldiers, whom he passed without even appearing to notice their presence. We never did cheer him, even when we had perfect confidence in him, as we had until a few weeks ago; and now as he rode by us, stern, silent, care-worn, he might as well have been James' 'solitary horseman,' for all the recognition he received. Yet he looked twice the soldier that Halleck used to, jogging along the lines at Corinth, with a tall army hat on, minus its cord and tassel, his head thrown forward, his shoulders up,

and elbows jerking about; if he had only had a pair of saddle-bags, 'Old Brains' would have been the beau ideal of a country doctor."

September 13th.—The Fourth Division started at 4 A. M., with the Sixth Ohio in advance, passed through Franklin about 8 A. M., and at sunset reached Cave Mill, two and a half miles from Bowling Green, after a dusty march of twenty-five miles, which, however, had been broken by two considerable rests, occasioned by running into the rear of Crittenden's command. Says a diary: "Many of our men marched all day on less than one full meal, and even the best-provided had to stint themselves somewhat. Arrived at Bowling Green at last—the haven to which for the last week we have been anxiously looking forward as a place of temporary rest and comfort, and, most of all, of cleanliness—it did grate terribly, in our hungry, tired, and travel-sore condition, to have it announced immediately upon our stacking arms, 'Get your suppers at once, and secure all the rest you can: we shall march again at one in the morning!' However, the order was modified before tattoo, to a start at five. Our bivouac was beside an immense spring in a deep gulch, where the stream, after flowing a swift, cold current for one hundred yards, loses itself in a great cave, in which a mill formerly stood."

Next day the division removed one and a half miles nearer Bowling Green, where the Tenth Brigade lay in an open field for three days more. Water was exceedingly scarce, and the men had resort to ponds—sometimes in common with the mule teams—and a small subterranean stream, which was reached by descending a cave and groping their way some distance in total darkness. On the 15th, half rations of flour, previously collected from the mills in the vicinity, were issued, instead of hard-tack. This continued until the troops reached West

Point, and, as they had no salt, no leaven of any kind, and no cooking utensils, the preparation of their stinted allowance inconvenienced and sometimes really distressed them. Green corn, upon which they had luxuriated during the McMinnville period, was now no longer green; but they made "graters" by punching holes through their tin-plates with bayonets, and by this means reducing the ripening ears to a kind of fine hominy, eked out their scanty supplies, with mush and corn-pones, the former made in their tin-cups and the latter baked on flat stones. Individual foraging became reputable, because a necessity; and so, by one expedient and another, Buell's army kept in pretty good stomach, spite of half-rations, and when it heard an apocryphal sort of story of Bragg's famishing hosts having received a distribution of pumpkins in lieu of regular rations, it pitied them, rebels as they were, from the bottom of its heart.

On the 16th, General Ammen was relieved from the command of the Fourth Division, but accompanied it to Louisville, in command of the Twenty-second Brigade.

Continued ill health unfitting him for the exigencies of active campaigning, General Ammen was relieved from duty with the army, on the 27th of September, and granted a few weeks' rest. On the 30th of October (1862), he assumed command at Covington, Kentucky, and, on the 10th of December, of Camp Dennison. From the 14th of January to the 10th of April, 1863, he was in charge of Camp Douglas, at Chicago, whence he was transferred to the command of the District of Illinois, with head-quarters at Springfield. During the summer and fall of that year, and while occupying this position, he performed valuable service in organizing and dispatching needed reënforcements to the front, and also in con-

ducting various important courts-martial, for which descriptions of duty he was eminently fitted by habits of trained thought, no less than by the stores of routine knowledge acquired at West Point. In the latter part of December, 1863, he again took a command in the field, and for the next month was stationed at Camp Burnside, on the Cumberland River, in Kentucky. Recalled to Cincinnati, to preside over one of the most memorable courts-martial ever held in the department, he was detained there until the 24th of March, 1864, when he once more proceeded to the front, and on the 11th of April was placed in command of the Fourth Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps (which included that of the District of East Tennessee,) with head-quarters at Knoxville. Throughout the remainder of that most eventful year, he held East Tennessee with a comparatively small force, and although at times hard bestead by rebel raiding expeditions, under Wheeler, Morgan, and others, by the exercise of tireless vigilance and energy he uniformly succeeded in thwarting their plans, so far as to prevent them from ever gaining any decided or permanent advantage. Of the numberless minor engagements fought by the various detachments of his forces, one of the principal was at Sweetwater, where his assistant adjutant-general, Major (then Lieutenant) N. A. Reed, Jr., greatly distinguished himself.

"While at Knoxville, General Ammen had many chances to observe the action of *quasi* Union men, in their efforts to supply the rebels with provisions. Their most approved plan was to deceive Parson Brownlow (then Treasury Agent at Knoxville), get a permit to bring 'hogs and salt' through Cumberland Gap, and, at a convenient point on the road, contrive to get 'gobbled' by the rebels. General Ammen, by his personal watchfulness, soon put a stop to this rascality. At one time he dressed himself as a common soldier, contrived to get into con-

versation with several of these 'Union shriekers,' and thereby learned their plans."*

During Hood's invasion, his position in East Tennessee was a critical one, but Thomas having overwhelmingly defeated the rebel army at the battle of Nashville, the war at the West was practically ended, and, on the 4th of January, 1865, General Ammen resigned, and soon afterward returned home. He now resides at "Wyoming," near Lockland Station, Hamilton County, Ohio, where it is his greatest delight to dispense the kindliest of hospitalities to his old army friends and others, and, especially, to every member of the old Tenth Brigade—officer or private—whose good fortune it may be to renew in civil life the acquaintance with "Uncle Jake," which was begotten amid circumstances so far different, in bivouac or the crash of battle.

Brigadier-General William Sooy Smith, who succeeded to the command of the Fourth Division, September 16th, 1862, is a native of Pickaway County, Ohio, and, in the truest sense, a self-made man. He graduated at the Ohio University, at Athens, in 1849, and at West Point four years later, being then twenty-three years of age. The monotony of army life in time of peace soon becoming distasteful, he resigned, to engage in the profession of civil engineering, which he followed for several years with great success, not only throughout the United States, but also in Canada and the West Indies. After a short service at Camp Dennison, as adjutant-general upon the staff of a three-months' militia brigadier, he was commissioned colonel of the Thirteenth Ohio Infantry; fought gallantly at Carnifex Ferry, receiving honorable mention therefor in General Rosecrans' official report; upon the recommendation of General Buell, was appointed brigadier-general of

* "Ohio in the War."

volunteers, to rank from April 7, 1862, for meritorious service at Shiloh, where he commanded a brigade in Crittenden's division; succeeded General Mitchel at the head of the Third Division, and was afterward placed in command of several thousand troops engaged in re-opening and protecting Buell's railroad communications, quite from Bowling Green to Stevenson and Decatur. When assigned to Nelson's old "iron-clad" division—which, he has since assured the writer, he regards as the best division of troops that he ever saw in any army—General Smith had been for some time in command at Bowling Green, under orders from Buell to defend it to the last. His new command found him a gentleman of great sociability and culture, as well as a patriotic soldier.

While the Fourth Division lay at Bowling Green, and the rear-guard of the army was closing up on that post, the tragedy of Colonel Wilder's capture, with over four thousand men, was taking place at Munfordville, or, more properly, at Woodsonville. Bragg had thus succeeded in throwing his army directly between Buell's retreating columns and Louisville, and, although Wilder's gallant resistance had cost him two days of precious time, he was still forty-eight hours' march ahead of his antagonist in the race for that city. Nothing but his own stupidity and lack of nerve prevented him from bivouacking, within ten days from that date, on the banks of the Ohio, though it must be said that, in no event, could he have *maintained* his position there. On the 16th of September, Buell resumed his northward march, moving with a celerity and precision really admirable, all the attending circumstances taken into consideration. The bulk of his immense trains, or about twelve miles of wagons, were left at Bowling Green, to be brought up by a more westerly, and therefore a

safer, route, under convoy of a perfect screen of cavalry, which object was effected in due time without the loss of a single wagon.

September 17th.—Following Rousseau and Crittenden, the Fourth Division started at 5 A. M., on the Munfordville turnpike, marched through Bowling Green, and across Barren River by a pontoon bridge, and, after proceeding eighteen miles, at 6 P. M. reached Dripping Springs, sixteen miles from Bowling Green. Here Rousseau's and Smith's divisions took a cross-road—a mere lane—leading off on the right toward Glasgow, where the main body of the enemy was reported to be, and two hours after dark went into bivouac about three miles from Dripping Springs, in the midst of a heavy rain. During the day there was frequent light skirmishing with rebel cavalry, whose camping places of the night before were passed almost every mile.

September 18th.—The provision train came up about 9 A. M., and the Fourth Division received half-rations for four days, which the hungry troops had scarcely had time to begin disposing of, when they were hurried into line, and began a slow and tedious march of twelve miles to strike the turnpike at Prewitt's Knob. This they did about 8 P. M., and found the whole of Buell's army there concentrated. Says a diary: "It was a magnificent sight to look down upon in the darkness—thousands of camp-fires and swarms of soldiers, all up and down the valley as far as the eye could reach."

September 19th.—Before daylight, Buell began posting his army in line of battle, the enemy having been found in front in force. The Fourth Division moved four miles toward the Glasgow turnpike, passing four paroled regiments from Munfordville, and took position near the right of the line. Active skirmishing was kept up all day along the entire front. Shar-

ing in what was unmistakably the general desire of the men, many of the officers were anxious to attack the enemy, who had been followed with such labor and hardship, across one State and portions of two more, and to strike the blow, which, if successful, must have proved his ruin; but Buell deemed the hazard too great, and the majority of his division commanders acquiesced in the decision. For two and a half days the situation remained unchanged; then it was discovered that Bragg had withdrawn across Green River, and Buell followed at once.

September 21st, Sunday.—At sunset the Fourth Division marched for the Glasgow turnpike at Bear Wallow, followed it three miles, and crossing in the night, on a horrible road toward Woodsonville, chiefly through woods, about midnight went into bivouac, twelve miles from its starting place.

September 22d.—Troops continued moving forward rapidly, and the advance had some skirmishing. Smith's division remained under arms all day, but, being almost the rear of the army, did not move until evening, and then merely changed camp three miles to Woodsonville, where the troops had an opportunity of examining the fort, etc., that Colonel Wilder had so gallantly defended.

September 23d.—Fording Green River at sunrise, the division marched through Munfordville, where were several rebel hospitals, with yellow flags flying, halted for dinner at Bacon Creek, and an hour after dark encamped on the old site of Camp Nevin, on Nolin Creek, after a hot day's march of twenty miles. Numerous squads of paroled rebels, captured by the advance divisions, were passed during the day. Bragg, at night, was reported within two days' march of Louisville. He was no longer between Buell and that city, however, having gone off to Bardstown, in contemplation of a junction with

Kirby Smith, and, in reality, was almost at the end of his tether.

September 24th.—A rapid march of twenty-three miles, through Elizabethtown, and over the old familiar scenes beyond, brought the Fourth Division, in good season, to within ten miles of West Point. "Excepting sore feet," says a Sixth Ohio diary, "we are in good condition, and all feel confident of bagging Mr. Bragg and his fellow rebs."

September 25th.—The division reached West Point early; there it waited eight hours for the troops and trains in advance to get over, then crossed Salt River on a pontoon bridge, and shortly after dark encamped on the banks of the Ohio, two miles toward Louisville. "We had full rations issued us again to-day," says another diary, "with crackers instead of flour. Sweeter morsel I never tasted than the first mouthful of hard-tack this morning. Good-by gunpowder biscuits and ramrod rolls! The very thought of you 'makes me disgust,' as Don Pedro says."

September 26th.—By noon, the division was in Louisville, twenty miles from West Point—like the rest of the army, covered with dust and travel-stained, ragged, foot-sore, and in a decidedly rebellious frame of mind toward General Buell, whom thousands openly denounced as a traitor in direct collusion with General Bragg, his brother-in-law. It was marched two miles further, through the city, to "Goose Island," between the canal and the falls of the Ohio, where for four days the Sixth Ohio lay in a potato-field, (which was a field of potatoes on its arrival there, and perhaps for one hour longer), was duly inspected on Sunday, the 28th, and next day received the supply of clothing which it so much needed. It luxuriated immensely in its unlimited facilities for bathing in the Ohio, and was visited by Colonel Bosley and other friends

from Cincinnati; in addition to which, many of its members found old acquaintances in Louisville.

Colonel Bosley had been honorably discharged (though not of his own election) on account of physical disability, to date from the preceding 19th of August. He died at the house of his brother, in Cincinnati, on the 1st of December, 1866, after great suffering from the disease which had been gradually undermining his constitution for years—consumption—and is now buried at Spring Grove. He was an excellent drill-master, and had many warmly-attached friends, especially among the old members of the Guthrie Grey organization. He was unmarried.

A *résumé* of the service performed by the Sixth Ohio, from the 4th of June, when the Fourth Division left Corinth, to the 26th of September (1862), when it reached Louisville, shows that during these one hundred and fifteen days it marched seven hundred and thirty miles, without including its trip by rail to Murfreesboro', or a vast amount of picket and other duty, on which portions of the regiment only were engaged. During the thirty-four days embraced between the 24th of August, which was the date of the first evacuation of McMinnville, to the 26th of September, inclusive, it marched three hundred and sixty-three miles, and was twenty-nine days on half-rations.

At the close of September, Surgeon Stephens had been absent from the regiment for several months, or quite since the evacuation of Corinth, having reached Murfreesboro' a day or two after the division moved to McMinnville, and been placed in charge of Soule General Hospital, and afterward receiving a detail for similar duty at Nashville. Captain Erwin had so far recovered from the effects of his wound as to have per-

formed valuable service on the staff of General Nelson at Louisville, but was still unable to take the field. Meantime, he was recruiting for the regiment in Cincinnati. First Lieutenant Southgate had been on duty at General Ammen's headquarters, as aid-de-camp, for several weeks. First Lieutenants Morris and Morgan had been left at Nashville, sick. The latter resigned, to date from September 11th, returned to Cincinnati, and is now in business there. On the 15th of September, Second Lieutenant Anderson was appointed assistant adjutant-general of volunteers, with the rank of captain, for Brigadier-General Terrill, who had just received his thrice-deserved promotion from the command of a battery. Captain Anderson remained in service until the beginning of 1864, holding a position, during most of the intervening time, on the staff of General Burnside, commanding the Department of the Ohio. He was an exceedingly efficient and popular staff officer, with a more than ordinary range of talent. He is now residing near Cincinnati, where he is extensively engaged in the manufacture of native wines, and the kindred pursuits of horticulture. Lieutenant Gilman, though still a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, was promoted to a second lieutenancy some time during September, and his name transferred to the rolls of Company A. Second Lieutenant Gettier accompanied the regiment to Louisville, but had no command, and soon afterward his connection with the army ceased.

The following were the officers on duty with the Sixth Ohio, who took part in "the Kentucky campaign," in the fall of 1862, including the march to Louisville, the expulsion of Bragg from Kentucky, and the return to Nashville: Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, Major Christopher, Quartermaster Shoemaker, Assistant Surgeon Ames, and Acting Adjutant Williams; Captains Tinker, Russell, McAlpin, Westcott, and

Brutton (the latter absented himself at Louisville and did not make the return march southward); First Lieutenants Getty, Russell, Donovan, and Thatcher; and Second Lieutenants West and Choate, the latter of whom was left at Louisville, sick, on the 1st of October. The number of line officers "present for duty" having become so greatly reduced—principally from resignations and details for staff duty, as noted in preceding chapters—it was found necessary to anticipate the promotions of the following non-commissioned officers, so far as to devolve upon them the ordinary duties of second lieutenants, namely: Sergeant-Major Irwin, and First Sergeants Kestner, Holmes, Foster, Antram, and Meline.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NELSON.

ON the 29th of September (1862), between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning, at the Galt House, in Louisville, General Nelson was shot by Brigadier-General Jefferson C. Davis, of Indiana, with whom he had had an altercation a few minutes before, and died within less than half an hour. That very forenoon he had set apart for the purpose of visiting his faithful old Fourth Division, and with his own hand presenting the Ninth Indiana with a stand of colors, for conspicuous gallantry at Shiloh;* and when the troops, in the midst of busy and well-pleased preparations for giving him a fitting welcome, were suddenly apprized of the terrible occurrence of the morning, their indignation knew no bounds. Had the homicide appeared within reach of the Fourth Division that day, there is every reason to believe that neither the restraints of discipline nor authority could have prevented a violent and summary retaliation on the part of that infuriated command.

On the afternoon of the next day he was buried. General Smith had command of the funeral escort, and Lieutenant-

*The banner in question actually passed into the hands of the Ninth Indiana, though not until after the battle of Chickamauga. It bore this inscription: "Shiloh—General Nelson to the Ninth Regiment Indiana Volunteers."

Colonel Anderson of the infantry portion of it, consisting of detachments from each regiment of the division, organized as one battalion of twelve hundred men. An exceedingly solemn and impressive service was held at Christ (Episcopal) Church, on Second Street, conducted by Rev. J. C. Talbott, of Calvary Church, the minister who was with the dying commander until his great soul passed away. The remains were then escorted to Cave Hill Cemetery, whence, after paying their dead chieftain a soldier's last honors, the weary escort returned to Louisville, reaching camp at 9 P. M. Subsequently, General Nelson's remains were removed to Camp Dick Robinson, and there interred with appropriate ceremonies, on the 21st of August, 1863.* This is the locality which Nelson's exertions made historic, as the site of the first Union camp organized in Kentucky, and the point where border loyalty crystallized into action, at the critical period when the State was fast gravitating toward secession, through the treachery of its executive, under the mask of a *quasi* neutrality. It was a fitting spot to select for his last resting-place, who was "Kentucky's first and greatest soldier."

William Nelson was born on the 27th of September, 1824, in Maysville, Mason County, Kentucky, where his father was an eminent physician, and his only sister, now the wife of J. M. Stockton, Esq., is still living. Of his two surviving brothers, one, Anderson D. Nelson, is a field officer in the First United States Infantry; and the other, Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, of Indiana, was minister from the United States to the Court of Chili, for several years, during the administra-

* The oration delivered on this occasion, by Rev. D. R. Campbell, LL D., of Georgetown, Kentucky, is one of the principal authorities which the writer has consulted in the preparation of this chapter.

tion of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson. Early in the year 1840, William Nelson graduated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and was commissioned midshipman. The sloop of war Yorktown, to which he was first attached, soon afterward joined the Pacific Squadron, where he remained somewhat more than two years, familiarizing himself with the practical details of his profession. In 1843, the Yorktown returned to New York, and Nelson, after a few months' service in another vessel, and a visit home while awaiting orders, was ordered to Annapolis for examination, with a view to promotion. On the 11th of July, 1845, he received his commission as passed midshipman, and was then ordered to the frigate Raritan, attached to the Home Squadron, and the flagship of Commodore David Conner. At the siege of Vera Cruz, in the Mexican war, where he commanded one of the three guns of the steamer Scourge, young Nelson greatly distinguished himself both by his personal gallantry and skill as an artillerist, being afterward voted a sword and appointed acting master of the Scourge. The fact that in after life he made the science of gunnery an especial study explains one phenomenon that excited great admiration on the part of the Fourth Division at Shiloh, namely, Nelson's manifest familiarity with artillery service and his success in sighting one of Terrill's guns.

Leaving the Scourge in April, 1848, he was next ordered to the steamer Michigan, a one-gun vessel built expressly for service on the lakes, but was soon afterward transferred to the razeed ship of the line Independence, then the flagship of Commodore Morgan, commanding the Mediterranean Squadron. While on duty as one of the acting masters of this vsssel, he was transferred to the Cumberland, a forty-four gun frigate, as its only acting master. He continued cruising in the Mediterranean over two years, or until some time during the year 1851,

when he returned to his native country in the steam frigate Mississippi, which brought over the great Hungarian leader, Kossuth, whom he accompanied in part of his journey through the United States, and then returning home was granted leave of absence. On the 19th of September, 1854, having meantime made another short cruise, he was promoted to the rank of master, and ordered to the fifty-four-gun frigate Independence, stationed in the Pacific, and carrying the flag of Commodore William Mervine. On the 18th of April, 1855, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and placed in command of the storeship Fredonia, stationed in the bay of Valparaiso, as a depot of supplies for the squadron in the Pacific, where he continued until 1857, when he temporarily joined the expedition of Commodore Perry to China and Japan. He made many warm friends while in Chili, and one of the most appreciative tributes which his untimely death called forth is that by an eminent citizen and publicist of Santiago, the capital of that country. Toward the close of 1857, Lieutenant Nelson returned home, and during the following year made a short cruise on the frigate Niagara, at the time that she was selected to carry back to Africa the negroes taken from the steamer Echo. He was next ordered to the sloop Saint Louis, belonging to the Home Squadron, on which station he remained from the beginning of 1859, to May, 1860, when he was ordered home and placed on duty at the Washington Navy-yard, as ordnance officer.

Lieutenant Nelson took an active and prominent part in making the arrangements necessary to frustrate the designs of the bad and desperate men who were plotting to prevent Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and, if possible, to seize upon the Government, in the interests of the Southern conspirators. Shortly after this, when the waves of secession began to surge and dash

against Kentucky, threatening to sweep her into the vortex of rebellion, Nelson, strong in the confidence of the Government as a man of capacity, energy, and incorruptible patriotism, was quietly sent to his native State to rally the Union elements, to encourage and arm the loyal Home-Guards, to recruit volunteers, to establish camps of instruction, and to do whatever else might be required in order to save the State from secession, even to the extent of holding and defending its territory by force of arms, if necessary. This delicate and difficult service culminated in the establishment of Camp Dick Robinson, which was scarcely opened, when the rebels invaded Kentucky, as Nelson had foreseen they would do, at four distinct and commanding points, with the expectation of a general rising of their friends throughout the State, large bodies of whom had been secretly organized, armed, and equipped for this very purpose. They were foiled in the essential portions of their plan to seize the State by a *coup de main*, by the timely preparations of the Government, effected mainly through the instrumentality of Nelson. His eminent services were fully appreciated at Washington, and on the 16th of September (1861), he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, being reported on the Naval Register as "on detached service," and at the time of his death holding the rank of lieutenant commander. The wisdom of this appointment he fully demonstrated in a few weeks by an intensely vigorous campaign in Eastern Kentucky, marked by the successful actions of Piketon, Ivy Mountain, etc., and the temporary expulsion of the rebels under Humphrey Marshall from that portion of the State. One interesting fact connected with this campaign, which has never before been made public, is thus adverted to by an intimate friend of General Nelson, in a private letter: "The conference which General Nelson had with Mr. Lincoln

and the cabinet, before returning to the West, to organize his expedition into Eastern Kentucky, so impressed them with his integrity and great ability as to induce the Government to place at his command a large amount of money, and I am personally cognizant of the fact that at the close of that campaign he turned over to the department $60,000 in gold. No man in all my army acquaintance was more careful of public property, or could show a better balance-sheet for the interest of the Government."

Returning from Eastern Kentucky, Nelson was placed at the head of the Fourth Division of Buell's army, then just organizing, and in this command performed those great and signal services which form the burden of many preceding pages of this volume. In a preëminent sense, Nelson was the savior of the Army of the Tennessee on the battle-field of Shiloh. It was his soldierly prevision of General Grant's peril, his indomitable energy in fording Duck River, and his promptitude in the subsequent march to Savanna, that brought the Fourth Division—leading the way for Buell's whole army—to within supporting distance of Pittsburg Landing three days before the date which Grant had pre-arranged for its transfer to that position. Who can contemplate, without a shudder, the consequences that must almost inevitably have followed if Buell's forces had remained upon the northern bank of Duck River until the 2d of April, waiting for the bridge to be completed—as there is good reason to believe they would have done, but for Nelson's irrepressible activity and strong will? or, if they had delayed to concentrate at Waynesboro', as Halleck advised on the 3d of April, fortunately too late to check the rapid movements of the advance division, then many miles toward Savanna? or, if Nelson had regulated his march, and, in effect, that of Crittenden and McCook, by the suggestion contained in

Grant's dispatch of the 4th, that any degree of haste was unnecessary, since it would be impossible to furnish him transportation up the river before the 7th or 8th? From this standpoint, even more than by his superb bearing and achievements on the field, the extent of Nelson's services are to be estimated; and the perversion of historic facts in regard to Shiloh—which not merely seeks to rob General Nelson of his justly-earned and brilliant fame, but would actually make him a scape-goat for the blunders of that amazingly crude campaign in which Grant and Sherman were simply learning their business, (as they did learn it in time, and that most thoroughly,)—is a grievous wrong to the memory of a great soldier and most loyal spirit. It is, moreover, decidedly unjust to the gallant men whom Nelson commanded.

No commander during the war enjoyed the confidence of his troops in greater degree than did General Nelson at the head of the Fourth Division, which might almost be said to have been his own creation. He made it what it was, and *that* was a body of trained soldiers second, in no respect, to any in the service. Says General Buell: "He was untiring in his efforts to discipline and prepare his command for effective service. This he accomplished thoroughly; and although at first many of his officers chafed under a control to which they were not accustomed, and which admitted no compromise between authority and obedience, yet in the end they learned to appreciate its importance, and the division became distinguished for its discipline and high tone." Without desiring to amplify on this point, we may properly allude, in passing, to General Smith's estimate of the Fourth Division, as noted elsewhere, and also quote the following, from General Palmer's official report of the battle of Stone River: "The whole division fought like soldiers trained under the rigid discipline of the

lamented Nelson; and by their courage proved that they had caught a large portion of his heroic and unconquerable spirit."

When, in August (1862), the enemy's cavalry severed Buell's communications with Louisville, and Kirby Smith was about to invade Kentucky in force, Nelson was detached to take charge of affairs in that State, and meet the coming storm. "No man," writes General Buell, "seemed to me so suitable for the emergency as General Nelson; and on the 16th of August I ordered him to repair to Kentucky, organize the new troops and the few old ones that were there, guard against the threatened invasion, and re-open our severed communications." Reaching Louisville, Nelson found that Kentucky had been placed in a new department, under the command of General Wright, an officer junior to himself; but, waving all considerations of rank, at once addressed himself to his new and arduous duties. With the exception of the Eighteenth Kentucky, all the troops in the department were raw and undisciplined. Proceeding to Lexington, he found that Kirby Smith was advancing, and hastily collected such fragmentary forces as were at hand to oppose him, not with a view to attack, but to maneuver, and gain time for making necessary preparations. In his absence, however, General Manson risked and lost the battle of Richmond. Late in the day, Nelson made his appearance, and, with almost superhuman efforts, strove to rally the retreating forces, but in vain. He was wounded, and narrowly escaped capture.

His wound, though painful, proved not to be a dangerous one, and in a short time—before he had recovered from its effects, indeed—he was again at his post, organizing the new troops that were constantly arriving at Louisville from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other North-western States, and making the most energetic preparations for the defense of that city

against the attack threatened by Bragg. When Buell reached Louisville, and, in the reorganization of his army, divided it into three corps, Nelson was selected to command one of them, consisting of his own old Fourth and two other divisions, which afterward constituted the "left wing," under General T. L. Crittenden. He was about to assume the duties of this position, when his life was suddenly cut short by the hand of a brother officer in the Union army. Undoubtedly the provocation was great, but it was an awful retaliation; and when we remember that Davis shot an unarmed man, going peacefully to his own chamber, none can justify the terrible act of Nelson's taking off.

General Nelson was a man of extraordinary force of character, and wonderful endowments, both physically and mentally. Indomitable will, amazing energy, an absolutely fearless courage—all the qualities, indeed, which fit men for leadership among their fellows—he possessed in a preëminent degree. Although our narrative has embodied many striking illustrations of these traits in the character of General Nelson, we can not forbear adding one more, in an anecdote related by his intimate friend, Dr. J. Taylor Bradford, of Augusta, Kentucky: "He was a man of most powerful intellect and indefatigable perseverance. I remember once, at the foot of one of the mountains in Eastern Kentucky, a native said to him, 'General, you can't cross that mountain with your teams; it is simply impossible.' He replied, with characteristic emphasis, 'By G—, sir, *nothing* is impossible with these men! If I can not cross it, I will tunnel it. We shall go forward, sir!' He spliced his teams, ordered twenty-five men to each wagon, and they literally lifted the wagons out of the mud."

Possessed of a remarkably comprehensive mind, and great

originality as well as grasp of thought, he was also a close observer and thorough student at every period of his life. The variety and extent of his attainments were very great. To quote the admirably-expressed language of Rev. Dr. Campbell on this point: "Only those who knew Nelson well can have any idea of the grasp and varied power of his great intellect, or of his vast and well-digested stores of knowledge on almost every subject of interest. He was master of five or six languages, and had laid under most exacting tribute the resources of history, literature, and professional science, laid open to him by means of those languages, as well as by travel and intercourse with eminent men of different countries. He was perfectly familiar with all the leading questions which have agitated his own and other countries in modern times. He had also this great advantage over most men of intelligence, that he seemed never to forget any thing of importance that he had ever heard, seen, or read. He seemed to be a living, moving library, every map, volume, pamphlet, and page of which lay open just at the place any occasion required." Says Dr. Bradford: "Nelson was a man of fine perceptive powers, an extensive reader also, and a close student of the mind and actions of every one with whom he was brought in contact. He knew more about the character and history of the prominent men of this and other countries than any one I ever knew. He had seen more or less of almost every country on the face of the globe, and acquired a mass of information that was a perfect library of social wealth. When he was in a good humor and free from care (which, however, was not often the case), he was the most genial and entertaining of conversationalists, holding his friends spell-bound in astonishment at the richness and variety of his mental resources." The testimony of Generals Buell and Ammen is of a similar character. And Colonel Anderson, who knew him

better than any other regimental commander in the Fourth Division, has repeatedly declared that he never met any man who so deeply impressed him with the idea of genius as did General Nelson.

"Nor was Nelson," wrote a journalist of Louisville, most truthfully, at the time of his death, "wholly without the softer graces of character or the gentler tastes of refined life. Preëminently a generous man, his heart was as open to the appeal of suffering as a woman's. Music and poetry he loved passionately, and the former, especially, he comprehended like a master. Sitting with him in his room but the other night, in a brief interval of business, we were surprised to hear him whistle, with evident appreciation, 'Il Trovatore,' and still more surprised when he proceeded to recount, in a strain of enthusiasm, the circumstances under which he first heard that glorious opera at Naples, with the unutterable delight which it then afforded him. He seemed, for the moment, transformed into the poet and *dilettante*. Presently, however, some officer, belted and spurred, came rushing into the room upon business, and the impassioned amateur of music was again the rough and stalwart soldier. We left him with the conviction that his daring and impetuous spirit cherished in its depths riches of which the world suspected nothing."

But there are spots upon the sun; and Nelson, with many grand qualities, possessed great and obvious faults. Alas! that the symmetry of his character was so marred by violence of temper, and at times by an overbearing manner and insufferable coarseness of expression. These were doubtless intensified by his quarter-deck training, but they did not originate there. They

> "Accompanied the greatness of his blood,
> And held their level with his noble heart."

Alas! that he never learned the lesson which the wise man teaches: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

Yet he was ever frank and open in his enmities as in his friendships, and in the latter no man was ever more constant or generous. Harsh though he might be in moments of anger, no officer ever appreciated better than he the merits of a subordinate, or a faithful performance of duty in any grade, and none was ever more careful of the welfare and comfort of his men. His was a loyal and truthful nature, despising shams, no matter in what guise presented, and incapable of double-dealing in any respect. He withstood the blandishments of secession that sufficed to make traitors of such men as Stonewall Jackson, Lee, and Albert Sidney Johnston, though they were plied by John C. Breckinridge and others of high position, who had been his warm and some of them his life-long friends. To be a Kentuckian of aristocratic connections, pro-slavery by prejudice and education, with peculiar susceptibilities to temptation from the stirrings of ambition common to strong and commanding spirits, yet to remain unwaveringly loyal from first to last, was no small merit. Whatever may be said of his redundancies of character as a man, his services in the nation's cause were as pure in motive as they were undeniably able in execution. They were such services as weave a mantle broad enough, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and form a crown of everlasting glory.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PERRYVILLE, WILDCAT, AND NASHVILLE AGAIN.

(OCTOBER 1-DECEMBER 25, 1862.)

DURING its short stay at Louisville, the Army of the Ohio was reorganized and divided into three corps, respectively commanded by Major-Generals McCook and Crittenden, and Brigadier-General Charles C. Gilbert, General Thomas being made second in command of the whole army. Gilbert, who had been Halleck's inspector-general during the advance on Corinth, was in no respect entitled to the important command which General Buell conferred upon him, and within a month was superseded by General Thomas. The divisions of Smith, Wood, and Van Cleve (the last-named being Crittenden's successor in command of the Fifth Division) constituted the Second Corps, under command of General Crittenden. But these changes were of much less consequence than the accession of nearly or quite 30,000 new troops to the war-worn ranks of Buell's army, most of whom were distributed among the old commands—one or two regiments to a brigade. The Fourth Division received the Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, and the Ninetieth Ohio, of which the first-named was assigned to the Tenth Brigade. This regiment rendezvoused at Quincy, Illinois, mustered September 1st (1862), with an aggregate of nine hundred and

forty-two, reached Louisville on the 26th of the same month, and was commanded by Colonel Louis H. Waters, an officer of several months' experience as lieutenant-colonel of another regiment.

October 1st, Wednesday.—Buell's army again turned its footsteps southward—newly-clad, greatly rested, and confident of victory, if the enemy could but be brought to battle. It moved in five columns, the left on Frankfort and the right on Shepardsville, under instructions which contemplated a concentration at Bardstown, where the main body of Bragg's forces was supposed to be. The Fourth Division formed part of the heaviest of these columns, and this day marched seven miles, directly out the Bardstown turnpike. The advance, under General Sill, found rebel cavalry within six or eight miles of Louisville, and had a skirmish at Floyd's Fork.

October 2d.—The Fourth Division (whose movements our brief record must henceforth be understood to chronicle, unless otherwise specified) marched eleven miles to Floyd's Fork. Sharp skirmishing occurred a few miles ahead, with half an hour's rapid cannonading about noon.

October 3d.—Marched eleven miles, through Mount Washington, to a position where the advance divisions had formed in line of battle, just beyond Salt River, in consequence of vigorous opposition from the rebel outposts.

October 4th.—Marched eight miles to a creek within six miles of Bardstown, which place Wood's advance entered late in the afternoon, driving out the enemy's rear-guard. Polk, whose corps it was that had there been posted, fell back toward Harrodsburg and Bryantsville. Next day the division marched through Bardstown to a camping place two miles beyond, and on the 6th, nineteen miles, to Cartwright's Creek, two miles

west of Springfield. Buell was now pressing Bragg vigorously, determined to bring him to a stand.

October 7th.—Marched twenty-two miles through Springfield and Haysville, and nearly two hours after dark went into bivouac on Rolling Fork, four miles off the turnpike, whither Crittenden found it necessary to march his whole corps for water. The weather was dry and hot, and the roads dusty. The weary troops were just getting supper when the Sixth Ohio was ordered out on picket. Skirmishing had been in progress nearly all day. The enemy were in force at Perryville, where Buell intended to attack him.

October 8th, Wednesday.—Marched at 7 A. M., toward the turnpike, four miles distant, and while halting there, to allow time for the trains and artillery to pull out, heard the roar of cannon, which was quickly followed by the announcement that Gilbert had engaged the enemy and probably begun the long-expected battle. Smith's division, the advance of Crittenden's corps, was now on the Lebanon turnpike, seven or eight miles from Perryville. On the left, Gilbert's corps, constituting the center, was already in position, on the Springfield road, while still further to the left McCook was closing in upon the Macksville road. Heavy skirmishing was going on directly in front, and cannonading still continued on the left, when, about 11 A. M., Smith halted his division, after a rapid march of four more miles, and formed it directly across the turnpike; which disposition, though leaving a wide gap between him and Gilbert, was evidently the most judicious possible under the circumstances, in order to hold the road until Van Cleve and Wood could be brought up, as they were, during the afternoon, and deployed toward the left, so as to fill the interval in that direction. The Tenth Brigade was drawn up in two lines immediately south of the turnpike, and held the extreme right

of the Union line, the exact reverse of its position at Shiloh. For hours the troops lay in the sun, momentarily expecting to be ordered forward, for the purpose of a diversion, if nothing more; but General Buell (incredible as it seems) did not even learn that a battle was in progress until 4 P. M., and so the day declined, the shadows lengthened, and still no orders for the Fourth Division.* There was fitful skirmishing all the afternoon, with some artillery firing, and once or twice a brilliant cavalry charge, but not a regiment of Crittenden's infantry got into action until late in the day, when Wood had the good fortune to be enabled to lend a helping hand in repelling a flank attack upon General R. B. Mitchell's division, holding the right of Gilbert's corps. At sunset the Tenth Brigade advanced a short distance to a more commanding position, and threw forward a heavy picket, consisting in part of Company K, of the Sixth Ohio, under Lieutenant Thatcher, and that night the whole army slept in line, under the softest and brightest of autumnal moons, and full of the thoughts of battle to be renewed at daylight. Two hours' skirmishing, however, in which the Sixth Ohio pickets bore a conspicuous

*The writer once had the following statement from a general officer, whose high character, no less than the command which he held at the period under consideration, entitles it to credence: Generals Thomas and Crittenden, both of whom were on the ground and in the same state of expectancy as the men, at one time during the afternoon were about taking the responsibility of attacking without orders, when they were dissuaded from it by the representations of a "Union citizen," just arrived by a circuitous route from Perryville, who informed them that Bragg had concentrated 30,000 men and several batteries of artillery to receive the threatened attack on the Lebanon road. This story was ingeniously elaborated, but although containing some particles of truth, was in the main a fabrication, and there can be scarcely a doubt that the worthy farmer (as he appeared to be) was a spy of General Bragg's.

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part, next morning developed the fact that the enemy had retreated, whereupon the Fourth Division marched about three miles across the country to the vicinity of Rochester Springs, and, there bivouacking, by night-fall had learned full particulars respecting McCook's blundering, and the bloody struggle of the day before. Generals Terrill and Jackson, both well known to the Sixth Ohio, had been killed, Colonel Lytle severely wounded and afterward taken prisoner, the Third and Tenth Ohio fearfully cut up, and other brave officers and men had fallen by thousands.

It was long customary in the Army of the Cumberland to speak of the battle of Perryville as having been delivered by Bragg with the object of saving his trains, now laden with the spoils of three or four weeks undisturbed occupancy of the richest portions of Central Kentucky. But it is difficult to believe that this was the limit of Bragg's hopes or expectations. When he decided to stand and fight at Perryville, he imagined Buell's army to be much more widely scattered than it really was, and was especially deceived in regard to the strength of the Union column directed upon Frankfort. Flushed with the confidence begotten of six weeks unwavering success, he seems at that time not yet to have abandoned the hope of wintering in Kentucky, and probably supposed he could here begin the task of beating Buell's army in detail, though he had but five divisions on the field himself. A brief but desperate collision convinced him of his error, whereupon he hastily retired toward Harrodsburg, to form a junction with Kirby Smith; thence, on the 11th, to Bryantsville and Camp Dick Robinson, behind Dick's River, and on the 13th, began a rapid march for Cumberland Gap, whither the bulk of his immense trains had been dispatched immediately after the battle.

During these five days—namely, from the 9th to the 13th of

October, inclusive—Buell threw away the grand opportunity of the campaign. It is true that his army had been roughly handled at Perryville, but scarcely more so than his antagonist's, which was less able to lose three thousand men than the Army of the Ohio its four thousand. *If* Buell did not know how largely his forces outnumbered the rebels, it must be said that it was eminently his business to do so; and IF his troops could not be relied upon equally with Bragg's, for staunch work in battle, it was more the result of influences emanating from his own head-quarters than of all other circumstances combined. Spite of his high attainments in the military profession, spite of his great talents for organization and his proven capacity for moving large bodies of troops, spite of his unimpeachable record at Shiloh, General Buell failed to rise to the level of *this* occasion; and so, while Buell was timidly feeling the enemy in various directions toward Dick River, Bragg perfected his plans and escaped.

On the 10th of October, the Fourth Division marched six miles through Perryville, to within two or three miles of Danville, which place was still held by the enemy. A cold rain set in at night-fall, and the next day was a genuine foretaste of winter. On the 11th, the Nineteenth Brigade made a reconnoissance through Danville, driving the rebel rear-guard before it. On Sunday, the 12th, the whole division made a reconnoissance across the country in a north-easterly direction, went within six miles of Camp Dick Robinson, and returned to its old camping place at dark, after a march of ten or twelve miles. Next day it changed camp a few hundred yards ahead, and, on the 14th, with the rest of the army, began a vigorous pursuit of the retreating enemy, marching fifteen miles to Stanford. About 11 P. M., it was roused for a night march, but

now to attempt to overhaul the rebels was a hopeless task. Provided with a "Jackass Battery," Bragg's rear-guard was skillfully maneuvered, and, after passing through Crab Orchard, was operating in a country the most favorable possible for covering a retreat.

October 15th.—The Fourth Division started at 2 A. M., and marched seven miles before sunrise, by which time it was almost up with the advance, formed in line of battle near Crab Orchard. After holding the Union forces at bay for two or three hours, the enemy's rear-guard retired through Crab Orchard, just in season to escape capture in a body, but kept up almost constant skirmishing all day as it fell back. The division marched twenty-two miles, and that night the Sixth Ohio was on picket.

October 16th.—Marched eleven miles through Mount Vernon to Rockcastle River. The country had now become wild and mountainous, and of this the enemy took advantage by felling timber across the roads, and contesting from hill to hill the passage of the valleys. During the forenoon, a member of the Sixth Kentucky was instantly killed on the skirmish line, and buried near where he fell. At this date, General Buell decided to abandon the pursuit, and move at once to Nashville, which was now threatened by a considerable force of the enemy at Murfreesboro', and which he rightly judged was the point that Bragg would next strike for. McCook's and Gilbert's corps were halted at Crab Orchard, Wood's division at Mount Vernon, and Van Cleve's at Rockcastle River, but Smith obtained permission to follow the enemy a little further.

October 17th.—Crossed Rockcastle River early, and marched up the mountain side to Camp Wildcat, the Tenth Brigade in advance. The Thirty-sixth Indiana, deployed through the woods as skirmishers, pushed the rebel pickets vigorously, and

lost three or four men killed and wounded. The enemy, suffering at least equally, next took position to defend a deep gorge two miles beyond Wildcat, where skirmishing continued until near sundown. The Sixth Ohio was sent by a circuitous and toilsome route along the mountain ridge to take the enemy in flank, and at night the whole brigade returned to Wildcat, having marched in all about seven miles that day. The division was now far from any supply depot, the country was very poor, and for nearly three weeks from this date the troops were again on short rations.

October 18th.—The Nineteenth Brigade made a reconnoissance to London, but found no enemy. Marching out the "Winding Blades" road, the Twenty-second Brigade surprised a detachment of rebel cavalry at Nelson's Cross-roads, and captured several prisoners, and a lot of beeves which they had stolen further north.

On Sunday, the 19th, the Tenth Brigade also moved to Nelson's Cross-roads, eight miles distant, and next day thirteen miles further, on the Manchester road, which brought it to within forty-five miles of Cumberland Gap. The enemy had now put himself beyond the possibility of pursuit, and the command returned the same day to Nelson's Cross-roads, whence, after arming the loyal mountaineers with captured muskets, picking up rebel stragglers, etc., General Smith, on the 22d, countermarched it ten miles to Rockcastle River. Colonel Grose was absent sick, for a week or two about this time, and, meanwhile, Colonel Fred. Jones commanded the brigade. On the 23d, the Twenty-second Brigade completed the work of the Fourth Division in this region by destroying the Goose Creek Salt-works, near Manchester, with thirty thousand bushels of salt. Since leaving Crab Orchard, the division had received the surrender of about six hundred rebel

soldiers, and captured four hundred fat cattle from the enemy's supply train. On the 24th, the division recrossed Rockcastle River, marching nine miles to a camping place just beyond Mount Vernon; on the 25th, thirteen miles to Buck Creek, and on Sunday, the 26th, thirteen miles, through frozen slush and four inches of snow, to camp half a mile west of Somerset. "On this march we really suffered," says a Sixth Ohio letter. "We had no tents, nor shelter of any kind, no axes for cutting fire-wood; we were stinted in supplies and lightly clad; and it is a fact that many of our almost barefooted hundreds left bloody foot-prints as they trudged along over the frozen snow and ice. Valley Forge could never have surpassed it." Many were here sent to hospital from the Fourth Division, including a small delegation from the Sixth Ohio. Such service as the army was now undergoing was particularly severe upon the new regiments, which fact, as also one other great grievance, is pathetically set forth by the historian of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, as follows: "Our men were scantily clothed, for the weather had been very warm for a few days after leaving Louisville, and finding themselves overloaded, they had thrown away all except one suit. Many were now nearly barefooted, and some had been so unfortunate as to lose their blankets, or have them stolen by the older regiments. We were the only new regiment in the brigade, and during the whole campaign our VERDANCY gave them frequent occasion for mirth and ridicule; and from our men many were so unprincipled as to steal nearly every thing not actually fastened to their persons."*

After resting one day at Somerset, the Fourth Division, on the 28th of October marched five miles to Fishing Creek; on

* "The History of the 84th Regt. Ills. Vols.: By L. A. Simmons, Macomb, Ills., 1866."

the 29th, crossed that stream and marched eight miles, passing near the Mill Spring battle-ground, where the Sixth Ohio noted with melancholy interest the graves of several soldiers belonging to the staunch old Ninth Ohio; on the 30th, eighteen miles to Wolf Creek, and on the 31st, eighteen miles further, to Columbia, where it encamped on the banks of Russell Creek. Here it received intelligence of Buell's supersedure by Rosecrans, on the previous day, which was most welcome; for limited as was the confidence which General Buell seemed to repose in his army, the latter had still less confidence in him. Fruitless rather than hard marching, overmuch strategy that resulted in nothing, and stern repression at times when all its instincts clamored for *fight*, had disheartened the whole army, and developed the symptoms of general demoralization. *Some* change had become a necessity; although, it must be said, these were not the principal considerations which governed the action of the War Department. The designation of the army was now changed to the title which it bore with such pride and honor to itself to the close of the war—the Army of the Cumberland. Crittenden's corps became the "Left Wing," McCook's the "Right Wing," and Thomas' the "Center."

On Sunday, November 2d, the Fourth Division marched twenty miles to Edmonton; on the 3d, twenty-two miles to Glasgow, where, on the 6th, the Sixth Ohio received its tents and baggage, and pitched the former, for the first time in more than two months; on the 8th, twenty-two miles to Scottsville; on the 9th, three miles further, for better camp grounds; on the 10th, twelve miles, to the Tennessee State line; on the 11th, seventeen miles, to within five miles of Gallatin, and on the 12th through Gallatin, thence across the Cumberland by a shaky bridge of trestles and loose boards, which had been

hastily improvised by Wood's division, and eight miles beyond, to the Lebanon turnpike—in all, sixteen miles. The Sixth Ohio was this day rear-guard for the entire division, and had four men—three from Company F and one from Company G—taken prisoners, and afterward paroled by John Morgan, who had been hovering about Lebanon and Gallatin for several days. On the 13th, the division moved three miles nearer Nashville, to rejoin the rest of Crittenden's corps at Silver Springs. Here Captain Driver's "Old Glory" was hoisted in front of Colonel Anderson's head-quarters, and Commissary-Sergeant Slanker and one or two other wags perpetrated the joke of opening a "recruiting office for the gunboat service," and in the course of three hours had examined and "passed" a large crowd of recruits, made up from almost every regiment in the corps.

The whole army was now assembled in the vicinity of Nashville, whither General Rosecrans had removed his head-quarters from Bowling Green, on the 10th, five days after the futile demonstrations upon it by Forrest and Morgan. As yet, the railroad had been re-opened no further than Mitchellsville, thirty-five miles distant, and for two weeks longer General Rosecrans found it difficult to subsist his army. Meanwhile, Bragg was rapidly concentrating at Murfreesboro'. Two large armies thus lay confronting each other scarcely twenty-five miles apart, with their outposts in close proximity, and scarcely a day passed for the next six weeks without one or more collisions somewhere along the front.

Prior to this, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson had received his commission as colonel, bearing date August 19th. Lieutenant Choate, with the commission in his pocket, had been captured near Bardstown, and it was now defaced by the indorsement, "*Approved and permitted to be forwarded,*" signed by John

Morgan—which was not a bad joke, all things considered. Colonel Anderson's muster took effect November 9th (1862), as did that of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, promoted from major. Captain Erwin had rejoined the regiment in the vicinity of Camp Wildcat, with about thirty recruits, but was still suffering from the effects of his wound. Captain Bense and Lieutenants Gilman and Schieffer joined it soon afterward at Glasgow, and within a few weeks of this time nearly the whole of Company I was got together again, most of the enlisted men captured up Stewart's Run having been paroled at Salisbury, North Carolina, May 18th, and declared to be exchanged in orders from the War Department, dated November 19th. The commissioned officers, however, had refused to take a parole, and were not sent north until September. Captain Bense twice escaped from prison, but was recaptured and treated with great harshness.

A few more dates must suffice for an outline of the Sixth Ohio's history and surroundings, down to the Stone River campaign.

On the 14th of November, Colonel Grose, the brigade commander, formally announced his staff, although most of the officers designated had been serving thereon ever since leaving Louisville. Lieutenant Southgate, of the Sixth Ohio, was acting assistant adjutant-general, and Captain Erwin, brigade inspector. The latter was relieved soon afterward by Lieutenant John P. Duke, of the Twenty-third Kentucky. On the 15th, the Sixth Ohio (still at Silver Springs) was on picket, and on the 18th was paid off by Major Yohn for the four months ending August 31st. At the same date, Ezra Kelsey was announced as regimental sutler *vice* Cobb, who had not made his appearance for several months.

On the 19th, the division changed camp twelve miles, to within eight miles of Nashville, passing by the Hermitage, and a hamlet dignified by the high-sounding name of "Slip-up." On the 20th, Jake Fifer and Ben. Phillips returned home, having been mustered out of service in accordance with orders from the War Department, abolishing the grade of chief musician. Starting at 1 A. M., on the 25th, the regiment made a rough and fruitless march across the country, to surprise a camp of rebel cavalry, crossed Stone River twice, and marched not less than twenty miles.

On the 26th, the division changed camp eight miles, to the Murfreesboro' turnpike, three-fourths of a mile from the old site of Camp Andrew Jackson, and three miles from Nashville, and here it remained until the army moved upon Murfreesboro'. On the 27th, the Sixth Ohio was escort for a forage train, making a march of twenty miles. On the 1st of December, Captain McAlpin was appointed "Regimental Provost," to adjudicate those petty cases which had formerly been tried by regimental court-martial, but was soon afterward replaced by Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, as the act of Congress under which such appointments had been ordered by the War Department required that the position should be filled by a field officer. On the 3d—a beautiful day—the Fourth Division was reviewed by General Rosecrans, on grounds near the Lunatic Asylum, seven miles from Nashville. "Riding down the lines of our regiment," says a Sixth Ohio letter, "the General got off a little raillery about Beverly mud, promised us a fight soon, and stopped a moment to shake hands with Captain Bense and one or two other officers. How different from General Buell!" On the 4th, the Tenth Brigade marched fifteen miles, as escort for a forage train sent out on the Murfreesboro' turnpike. Three days later, Hartsville was

captured, with nearly an entire brigade, by John Morgan. On the 9th, the Tenth Brigade was on picket beyond the Lunatic Asylum, and early next morning the Sixth Ohio and another regiment made a reconnoissance two miles further, surprised a rebel outpost, and captured nine prisoners. Company C, of the Sixth Ohio, bore the most prominent part in this exploit. The 9th of December is also the date of the very handsome repulse of Wheeler's cavalry, four miles from Lavergne, by Colonel Stanley M. Matthews' brigade of Van Cleve's division, acting as escort for a forage train. On the 11th, General Smith was relieved from the command of the Fourth Division; was soon afterward, at his own request, transferred to General Grant's department; became chief of cavalry for the Military Division of the Mississippi; resigned on account of ill health in the summer of 1864; and is now living in contented retirement on his country place, some miles from Chicago. General Palmer, his successor in command of the Fourth Division, took hold vigorously, and with decided benefit to the discipline and *morale* of the division.

John McAuley Palmer was born of Virginia ancestry, in Scott County, Kentucky, September 13, 1817. In 1831, the family removed to Madison County, Illinois, in consequence of the antislavery sentiments of his father, who was an intelligent farmer. Young Palmer graduated at a manual labor college at Alton, Illinois, in 1835; afterward worked with a cooper, then traveled as a peddler, next taught a country school, and finally, after about one year's study of the law, in December, 1839, was admitted to the bar. He settled in Carlinville, Macoupin County, (where he continued to reside until the breaking out of the war,) and struggled his way to the front rank of his profession. He was an active participant in politics, being

originally a warm Democrat and an enthusiastic admirer of Senator Douglas. In 1849, he was elected county judge, having previously served two terms as probate justice of Macoupin County, and been a member of the Convention for framing a new State Constitution. In 1851, he was elected, and in 1855 reëlected, to the State Senate. He took strong grounds against the measures of the Nebraska Bill, notwithstanding they originated with Mr. Douglas; in 1856, was president of the first Republican State Convention in Illinois; was nominated for Congress in 1859, but defeated, his district bordering upon "Egypt;" in 1860, was Presidential elector for the State at large, and cast his vote for Lincoln; and in February, 1861, was delegate to the Peace Congress at Washington.

In May, 1861, he became colonel of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, which, in July, he led to Missouri. On the 23d of October following, he was assigned to the command of a brigade, and on the 20th of December commissioned brigadier-general. In command of a division, he took a prominent and important part in the operations which led to the capture of New Madrid and Island Number Ten, and although during the advance on Corinth he commanded a brigade merely, in General Pope's reorganized army, he ably improved the opportunity afforded him at Farmington, for the display of great skill and gallantry, in maneuvering his troops under very critical circumstances. After three months' absence from the front, occasioned by a severe attack of pneumonia, General Palmer was, early in September (1862), placed in command of one of the two small divisions which had been detached from the Army of the Mississippi to reënforce General Buell, then just beginning his northward march abreast of Bragg. His division reached Nashville on the 11th of September, and there remained in garrison until the return of the army from Louisville. At the

head of the Fourth Division, he soon won the respect and confidence of his men, and proved himself a worthy peer of the fighting generals of the Army of the Cumberland. General Palmer is a man of large capacity, systematic energy, great firmness, and fine executive abilities.

At dress parade on Sunday, December 4th, the Sixth Ohio was presented with a handsome stand of colors, consisting of a regimental banner, the gift of the City Council, and a national flag from the ladies of Cincinnati. The Honorable Jimmy Fitzgerald spoke for the Council, and Colonel Jones, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, for the ladies. Colonel Anderson responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN: In behalf of the Sixth Regiment, I receive from your hands these flags, beautiful, indeed, in their brilliant colors and silken folds, but more beautiful and dearer far to us in the thoughts and associations which cluster around them. They are not given, as we know full well, merely to flutter in the dress parade or gaudy review, but as incentives to action, and in this spirit we receive them. They will remind us of the loved ones at home, and of the tender confidence with which they give them to our care. Above all, they will remind us of our duty, whether it be amid the crashing of cannon and the groans of the wounded and dying, or to bear cheerfully the long and weary marches, the camp disease, and all the fatigues and sorrows which go to make up a soldier's life. Be assured, gentlemen, wherever destiny may lead us—either to the more glorious dangers of the battle-field, or the more trying and less-to-be-desired dangers of incessant and inglorious march—this flag from the Council of our native city, and this from the weeping mothers, the wives and sisters we have left behind, will ever inspire us to behave as soldiers in camp and men in battle.

Soldiers! take your flags. They are now a part of yourselves.

They represent your country, your city, your loved ones, and your own honor. To disgrace yourselves would be to disgrace them and those who gave them.

On the 16th, the Tenth Brigade went out on a foraging expedition to the Hermitage, returning at half-past ten o'clock at night, after a march of twenty miles. Some juvenile contrabands, who had run away from their masters to escape a beating, joined the column on its return and were taken into service by different squads of the Sixth Ohio. On the 20th, the Fourth Division made a reconnoissance toward Lebanon, marching in all twenty-two miles. On the 22d, the Sixth Ohio and five other regiments again went foraging—this time, through Nashville and out the Hillsboro' turnpike—and marched twenty-four miles. On Christmas-eve a number of boxes, etc., with good things from home, reached the Sixth Ohio, and camp was merry. Christmas-day was dull enough, however. Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher started home in the morning on a leave of absence, and Lieutenant Thatcher had a lot of eggnog made up for Company K.

On the 28th of November a large number of commissions reached the Sixth Ohio, most of them dating back to August or September, and some of them even to July; and the following promotions, etc., were thereupon announced: Major A. O. Russell, promoted from captain of Company G. Captain Getty and First Lieutenant Montagnier, promoted from the grades next lower, in the same company. The latter had now rejoined the regiment from staff duty with General Hascall, and was temporarily placed in command of Company F. Captain Charles B. Russell, promoted from first lieutenant Company B, and assigned to Company D, which thus secured the most popular

officer in the regiment. Captain R. H. Southgate (still detached), promoted from first lieutenant Company I, and assigned to Company C. First Lieutenants B. F. West and W. E. Sheridan (detached), promoted from second lieutenants in Companies I and H. First Lieutenant James K. Reynolds, promoted from private in Company A, was private secretary to General Rosecrans, with the appointment of aid-de-camp, and never performed duty with the regiment. The following non-commissioned officers were promoted to second lieutenancies, and assigned as indicated: Sergeant-Major James F. Irwin, to Company G; First Sergeant John R. Kestner, Company C, remained in same company; First Sergeant Jonathan Burt Holmes, Company A, assigned to Company B; First Sergeant Charles H. Foster, Company B, assigned to Company A; First Sergeant Joseph L. Antram, Company E, assigned to Company D; and First Sergeant James F. Meline, Company K, assigned to Company H, but remained on duty for some weeks with his old company. Second Lieutenant Walter Lawrence, promoted from corporal in Company G, was assigned to Company I, but resigned in February, 1863, and came home.

Shortly before this, Second Lieutenant Williams had been promoted to first lieutenant and appointed adjutant, to date from August 1st. On the 23d of November, First Lieutenant Morris (who had already been absent from the regiment for two and a half months) was detailed for duty in convalescent barracks at Gallatin. On the 2d of December, Dr. Ames went to hospital at Nashville, sick, and Dr. Stephens being detached, the regiment was delivered over to the tender mercies of a worthless charlatan, detailed from some other quarter, who, for his own sake, in this volume shall be nameless. Captain Erwin, who, on the 19th of November, had been ordered to Ohio, "to bring forward drafted men," returned to the front

early in December. Quartermaster Shoemaker, on the 7th of December, was appointed Master of Transportation for the division, and for the next four months the duties of regimental quartermaster were discharged by Lieutenant Irwin. At the same date, First Lieutenant West, of Company I, was permanently detached for duty in the Pioneer Corps of the Army of the Cumberland (consisting of twenty men from each regiment), where he performed energetic and valuable service; and First Lieutenant Donovan, Second Lieutenant Schieffer, and First Sergeant Jesse C. La Bille, of Company F, were recommended by Colonel Anderson for promotion, as being "deserving and exceedingly efficient officers." Sergeant James F. Graham, of Company E, was made sergeant-major *vice* Irwin. When the regiment marched from Nashville to what proved to be the battle-field of Stone River, Lieutenant Choate was still absent, not yet being exchanged, and Captains Westcott and Brutton were incapacitated for commanding their companies. Company I, which for two weeks had been doing duty as provost guard for the brigade, now rejoined the regiment.

Thus, the officers on duty with the Sixth Ohio, at that date, were as follows: Colonel Anderson, Major Russell, and Adjutant Williams; Captains McAlpin, Russell, Erwin, Getty, Tinker, and Bense; First Lieutenants Donovan, Thatcher, Montagnier, and Gilman, the last three of whom were in command of Companies K, F, and C, respectively; and Second Lieutenants Foster (commanding his company), Holmes, Kestner, Antram, Schieffer, Irwin (detailed), Meline, and Lawrence.

Anthony Octavius Russell, the newly-appointed major, was born at Southington, Connecticut, on the 4th of December, 1826. The family removed to Ohio in 1830, and in 1841, he

came to Cincinnati, and entered the *Enquirer* office as an apprentice to the printing business. When the war broke out, he was managing a large job printing office in Memphis, whence returning to Cincinnati, he immediately rejoined old associations in the Guthrie Grey organization, and became captain of Company G, Sixth Ohio. He was an efficient officer, eminently practical, and as strict a disciplinarian as could be found in the brigade.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STONE RIVER.

(DECEMBER 26, 1862—JANUARY 4, 1863.)

UNDER the impression that the Union army had gone into winter-quarters, Bragg, a few days before Christmas, detached two considerable bodies of cavalry, sending one into West Tennessee to badger General Grant, and the other northward to repeat the old game of tearing up the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Rosecrans, however, was not nearly so meekly-minded as his antagonist gave him credit for; he had come to Nashville for the express purpose of *fight*, and had been hard at work preparing for nothing else ever since. Five weeks' rations had now been accumulated at Nashville, and the rising Cumberland afforded promise of the means whereby this supply could be rapidly and safely augmented. The army was in excellent condition—thoroughly rested, well in hand, and wonderfully toned up in spirit and enthusiasm since the close of its weary campaign in Kentucky. The enemy's immense preponderance in cavalry had been materially reduced by the dispositions above noted, and the time seemed opportune for reclaiming Middle Tennessee and breaking the power of Bragg's boastful legions. On the 24th of December, marching orders were accordingly issued, but were countermanded in a few hours, so that the army did not move

either on that day or the warm and listless Christmas which succeeded.

The Left Wing, under Crittenden, at this date consisted of the three divisions of Wood, Palmer, and Van Cleve, now renumbered as the First, Second, and Third, of that wing. Palmer's division, according to the new nomenclature, comprised the following troops:

First Brigade (formerly Twenty-second), Brigadier-General Charles Cruft, commanding—First and Second Kentucky, Thirty-first Indiana, and Ninetieth Ohio, and Battery B, First Ohio Artillery, under Captain Standart.

Second Brigade (formerly Nineteenth), Colonel Hazen commanding—Forty-first Ohio, Ninth Indiana, Sixth Kentucky, and One Hundred and Tenth Illinois; and Battery F, First Ohio Artillery, under Captain Cockerill.

Third Brigade (formerly Tenth), Colonel Grose commanding—Thirty-sixth Indiana, Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio, Twenty-third Kentucky, and Eighty-fourth Illinois; and Batteries H and M, Fourth United States Artillery, officered by Lieutenants Parsons, Cushing, and Huntington, and consolidated for the time being under command of the first-named.

Early on the 26th of December, the entire army was put in motion, the Left Wing proceeding directly out the Murfreesboro' turnpike,* and the Center and Right Wing (under Thomas and McCook) on the Franklin and Nolensville roads. Crittenden that day advanced to Lavergne, skirmishing heavily on his front, over a rough country, abounding in forests and

*Graphic descriptions of the march from Nashville and scenes upon the battle-field of Stone River, will be found in Part II, in the chapters entitled "In the Ranks at Stone River," and "In Hospital," etc.

cedar-brakes, and the Second Division marched twelve miles, under cover of a strong force of skirmishers and flankers, to which the Sixth Ohio and other regiments of the Third Brigade contributed their due proportion. Rain fell nearly all day and again at night, and the next morning was very foggy. During the forenoon of the 27th Hascall's brigade of Wood's division, with the help of artillery, drove the rebels from Lavergne, and that night the Left Wing bivouacked at Stewart's Creek, after continuous skirmishing for five miles, most of the time in a cold, dreary rain. Grose's brigade took position on the extreme right of the advanced line, where the Sixth Ohio was thrown forward on picket. The next day (Sunday, the 28th) was bright and pleasant, and passed in quiet, except on the picket-line, where some rather exciting but by no means dangerous skirmishing was kept up until evening, when the rebels retired across Stewart's Creek. Before dark they grew sufficiently friendly to exchange newspapers with the Union pickets on the other side of the stream.

Rosecrans had half expected to find the enemy in force at Stewart's Creek, prepared to offer battle; but when the Left Wing advanced on Monday morning, it encountered little opposition, and steadily pushed back the enemy's skirmishers seven and a half miles further, or to within two and a half miles of Murfreesboro'. Grose's brigade, which this day had the advance upon the right of the turnpike, was formed in two lines, of which the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio constituted the second; marched laboriously in line of battle across the country, abreast of a brigade from Wood's division on the opposite side of the road; forded Overall's Creek, and late in the day halted two hundred yards before reaching a brick house, then in flames, situated in the midst of a large cleared space near the point where the railroad crosses the turnpike. This was the famous

"Cowan's Burnt House," as it is called in the accounts of Stone River. From beyond it a strong line of rebel skirmishers had already fired two or three defiant volleys, wounding Corporal Joseph Reel, of Company A, Sixth Ohio, and two men in the Eighty-fourth Illinois; while, as it afterward proved, the enemy's main line was intrenched but a short distance behind the railroad directly in front. Misled by a signal message from Palmer, somewhat earlier in the day, to the effect that the enemy was probably evacuating, Rosecrans ordered Wood to ford Stone River and occupy Murfreesboro'. The Second Division remained standing in line for two hours or more, in readiness to coöperate; then, as the order had been countermanded, the troops lay down and slept as best they could under a pattering rain.

On the 30th, McCook's three divisions slowly fought their way into position on the right of General Negley, who joined Palmer in the cedars, on the right, as Wood did at the turnpike on the left. Rousseau also came up from beyond Stewart's Creek, and bivouacked on the turnpike near General Rosecrans' head-quarters, in reserve. Palmer's front was this day covered by the First and Third Brigades, the latter extending across an old cotton-field, from the turnpike to the cedars, and formed in two lines, as usual, with the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio in advance. Brisk skirmishing was kept up at the front, two or three Sixth Ohio companies taking their turn with the rest, and bullets were continually dropping among the troops as they sat or squatted in line. A few casualties occurred, principally in the Sixth Ohio. Heavy fighting was heard upon the right during the afternoon, and the day closed with an artillery duel, in which Parsons led off in silencing the rebels. Three hours after dark Grose's brigade was re-

lieved by Hazen's, and retired to a comfortable bivouac in the cedars.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 31st, the sound of artillery broke out heavily in the direction of the Right, quickly followed by an under-tone, which the troops recognized at once as rapid, though distant musketry. Rosecrans' plan of battle had been to throw the Left Wing across Stone River in overwhelming force, crush Breckinridge, who was covering Murfreesboro', and then, moving to the right, to sweep the whole rebel line, division after division, clear around to the front of McCook. In this programme every thing depended upon McCook's holding his ground until Crittenden and Thomas had been allowed time to execute their allotted tasks. Van Cleve's division was already across Stone River, Wood was about to follow, and Palmer was ready to move in coöperation, when the rapidly-nearing roar of battle upon the other flank, and the drifting of immense masses of flying troops toward the left and rear, conveyed to Rosecrans, with appalling certainty, the tidings of overwhelming disaster to the Right, and the fearful jeopardy of his whole army in consequence. How grandly he rose above all the emergencies of that awful day, saving the battle by personal effort and magnificent example after it had been lost, and wresting victory at last from the grasp of resentful Fortune, is a brilliant page in history to which we can only refer in passing, and must now confine our attention to the part borne by the Sixth Ohio, and its immediate associates, in the fateful strife of Stone River.

After standing some time in line and countermarching in the cedars, the Third Brigade, at about eight o'clock, moved out into the cotton-field, just as the rear of Rousseau's division was filing by and up into the cedars. The Third Ohio was in that column, as were also the batteries of Loomis and Guenther;

and in the latter (formerly Terrill's) the Sixth Ohio saw Lieutenant Ludlow again, with other friends of Shiloh fame. The firing was drawing near now, and such signs of disaster appeared as could not be mistaken. Scarcely had the batteries disappeared in the timber, when Colonel Grose, by Palmer's order, executed a rapid change of front to the rear, to protect the right of the division, which was about to be taken in flank and rear, at the same time that a furious assault was delivered upon its front. In the new formation, the Sixth Ohio was nearest the enemy, having the left of the front line, the Thirty-sixth Indiana, upon its right, with the proper interval between, and the other regiments of the brigade drawn up in the second line. Immediately upon executing the change of front, Colonel Anderson gave the command, "Forward!" and the regiment advanced rapidly about two hundred yards into the cedars, meeting great numbers of stragglers, fugitives, and wounded men, falling back in disorder from the battle, which was now raging close at hand. The lines were hurriedly dressed, and then—the regiment was in action! Scarcely two hundred yards distant was the head of a rebel column, massed for attack with regimental front, and sweeping down through the cedars. Troops never went into action in better spirits than did the Sixth Ohio here. The regiment fought desperately, giving volley for volley and cheer for cheer, until, within twenty minutes, nearly one-third of its number lay dead or wounded at its feet; then the Colonel gave the command, "Fix bayonets!" with the desperate resolve of clearing the front with cold steel. The next moment he discovered that the regiment was flanked upon both sides, no available supports were at hand, and nothing now remained but to get out of the wood at once.

Less chary of praise than Grose or Palmer, General Rousseau was afterward at especial pains to compliment the staunch

fighting of the Sixth Ohio;* and well those troops deserved it, who, with the help of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, held the enemy in check long enough to afford time for the batteries in the rear to take position, whence they broke the rebel line as it came careering across the cotton-field in pursuit of the retreating infantry, and sent it a routed, flying mass of gray far back into the forest. When the Sixth Ohio reformed, as it promptly did, behind Parsons' guns, near the turnpike, it was with fearfully-thinned ranks, and hearts that bled for the comrades who were stretched helpless under the cedars. Adjutant Williams was killed, Lieutenant Foster dying, Captain McAlpin hurt unto death, and Lieutenant Schieffer severely wounded. Both color sergeants and three of their guard had been struck down in quick succession, and the colors had been brought off most gallantly by young Corporal Thorp, of Company B, who claimed the precious charge as his own, and scarce would suffer the *Colonel* to take it from his hands, to organize the nucleus of another formation. Colonel Anderson, though painfully wounded in the thigh, refused to leave the field, and remained at the head of the regiment through the whole fight. A score of gory corpses—brave men but half an hour before—marked the line where the Sixth had fought, and five score more were suffering there, or wending their painful way toward the rear in search of the surgeon.

The Twenty-third Kentucky, Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Eighty-fourth Illinois were re-posted while the terrific fighting of the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana was in progress in the cedars, and poured a withering fire into the enemy's charging column as it emerged into the cotton-field. As yet

* "The Sixth Ohio Infantry, Colonel Nick Anderson, joined my command on the right of the Regular Brigade, and stood manfully up to the work."—*General Rousseau's Official Report.*

they were unshaken. But the rebels again advanced in about half an hour, when the brunt of the fighting fell upon them. The combat was obstinate and bloody, but, with the help of artillery as before, the rebels were once more and finally driven back into the timber, with heavy losses on both sides. The Third Brigade then changed front, and moved to the left a short distance to support Colonel Hazen, whose devoted command had already held the "Round Forest," the key-point of the field, against treble its numbers, through a most furious assault. The Twenty-fourth Ohio, and so much of the Thirty-sixth Indiana as had yet been re-assembled, were thrown forward upon the right of the turnpike, and had another terrible conflict with the enemy. Here the former regiment suffered its heaviest losses, and that true man and splendid soldier, Colonel Fred. Jones, was mortally wounded, Major Terry falling immediately afterward. The Sixth Ohio was formed diagonally across the turnpike, under orders to hold the position, which were obeyed, although the regiment was under almost constant fire, and many more brave men were there killed or wounded. During several hours of this day it acted in coöperation with Hascall's brigade, which was nobly sustaining Hazen's in holding the Round Forest, and won high praise from its old commander of Camp Wickliffe times.*

* "Colonel Hazen, commanding a brigade in General Palmer's division, was present with his brigade to the left of the railroad, and Colonel Grose, commanding another brigade in the same division, was also present with what there was left of his brigade, and most nobly did he coöperate with me, with the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio, to the right of the railroad. . . . . I then threw forward the right of the Sixth Ohio Regiment (of Colonel Grose's brigade), which was on the right of the Twenty-sixth Ohio, so that its line of battle was more nearly perpendicular to the railroad, and so its fire would sweep the front of the Twenty-sixth Ohio and

Night fell at last, and the left, alone of all the line, retained its original position of the morning. Four distinct and desperate charges had the enemy made upon the Round Forest, and two of these the Sixth Ohio (after its first fearful losses in the cedars) had assisted in repelling. About midnight the regiment was relieved by the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and then

Fifty-eighth Indiana, and supported the Sixth Ohio with Estep's battery, on a little eminence to its right, and brought up the Ninety-seventh Ohio, Colonel Lane, from Wagner's brigade, to still further strengthen the right. These dispositions being made, I galloped a little to the rear and found General Rosecrans, and called his attention to the importance of the position I was holding, and the necessity of keeping it well supported. He rode to the front with me, approved of the dispositions I had made, spoke a few words of encouragement to the men, cautioning them to hold their fire until the enemy had got well up, and had no sooner retired than the enemy emerged from the woods and over the hill, and were moving upon us again in splendid style and in great force. As soon as they came in sight, the Sixth and Twenty-sixth Ohio and Estep's battery opened on them and did splendid execution; but on they came till within one hundred yards of our line, when Colonel Buell, of the Fifty-eighth Indiana [a very large regiment], who had lost three men, but had not fired a gun, ordered his men to fire. The effect is indescribable. The enemy fell in winrows, and went staggering back from the effects of this unexpected volley. Soon, however, they came up again and assaulted us furiously for about one and a half hours; but the men all stood their ground nobly, and, at the end of that time, compelled the enemy to retire as before. The regiments all behaved splendidly again, and the Fifty-eighth Indiana won immortal honors. . . . . The Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio did noble service, as did the Ninety-seventh also; but their own immediate commanders will, no doubt, allude to them more particularly. Thus ended the third [fourth] assault upon the position. . . . . The Twenty-sixth Ohio was afterward relieved by the Twenty-third Kentucky. The enemy, having been three several times repulsed in their attack on that position, seemed satisfied to keep at a respectful distance, and the sun set upon us masters of the situation."—*General Hascall's Official Report.*

moved a short distance to the rear. Those cold and dreary bivouacs on the nights amid the battle—what survivor of Stone River will ever forget them? In the mud, the rain, the darkness, without fires, and thousands without food, full of anxiety for the unknown fate of friends and comrades, ceaselessly on the watch, and weighed down by terrible suspense for the undecided issue! And the thousands of wounded! numb and freezing in their saturated garments, without shelter or food, alone with their helpless agony and God, or surrounded only by taunting enemies, if not abused and robbed by them. . . . . God be praised for the return of PEACE to our troubled land!

The morning of Thursday, January 1st, 1863, dawned gloomily, but in comparative quiet, which was not seriously disturbed all day; for Bragg was waiting to see his beaten antagonist (as he fondly believed him) retreat in haste for Nashville, and Rosecrans *for supplies and ammunition wherewith to renew the battle.* During the night the Union lines had been perfected, Crittenden's three divisions concentrated on the left of the turnpike, and Hazen's brigade, with its supports, withdrawn about three hundred yards for better position. This last movement completely turned the head of poor Bragg, who forthwith telegraphed to Richmond, "The enemy has yielded his strong point, and is falling back. We occupy the whole field, and shall follow. God has granted us a happy new-year!" Less of boasting and more of truth would have made his sanctimony less ridiculous. The greater part of Grose's brigade this day passed several hours upon the further bank of Stone River, whither it was sent to support Van Cleve's division (now commanded by Colonel Beatty, of the Nineteenth Ohio), but returned before night, leaving every thing perfectly quiet in that quarter. Lieutenant Donovan and First Sergeant Throop, who had been left in Nashville sick, joined the Sixth Ohio

early in the forenoon, and took command of their respective companies, E and A. They had marched from Nashville almost alone, and in great danger of being cut off by the rebel cavalry that were swarming in the army's rear.

On Friday, the 2d, the brigade was again thrown across Stone River, and in the afternoon had the pleasure of covering the retreat of Van Cleve's division, as it fell back in disorder before a fierce charge of Breckinridge's heavy division, and of taking a conspicuous part in breaking the lines of the latter, tearing them into fragments, and pursuing them almost a mile toward Murfreesboro'. In this charge the rebels lost about two thousand men, the concentrated fire of fifty-eight guns raining death upon them at every step for fully fifteen minutes. The Sixth Ohio and Eighty-fourth Illinois, posted behind slight barricades, formed the second line of Grose's brigade, and theirs was the fire which first checked and staggered the rebel column, much of whose momentum had already been spent in sweeping away the troops in front. The loss of the Sixth Ohio in this glorious afternoon's work was two killed and five wounded—few in numbers, but a precious sacrifice notwithstanding. David H. Medary, of Company B—the "little corporal" of the regiment, and model soldier—was one of the killed; while among the wounded were Captain Tinker, of Company H, and private Pedro Montaldo, of Company K, a liberal in his native Spain, a gentleman of fine education, and one of the truest patriots that ever championed Freedom's cause in battle.

Saturday, the 3d, was more rainy than ever. Bragg took his Friday's punishment very sorely, and, when Sunday morning dawned, it was discovered that he had withdrawn during the night, and was now in full retreat upon Shelbyville and Tullahoma. Grose's regiments recrossed Stone River, and,

like the rest of the army, began the sad work of searching for their own dead, to honor them with special burial, and then of hunting out their widely-scattered wounded. Within a day or two the whole army moved into and beyond Murfreesboro', and there sat down to rest, to count its losses over, and prepare for whatsoever else of soldier's duty the future might have in store for it.

It is a matter of sincere regret to the writer that his data are so meager in regard to the gallant actions of individual members of the Sixth Ohio, and especially of those who fell in the battle's front, or were maimed and sorely wounded there; but, while shrinking from the task of attempting special eulogy in a tithe of the cases where it is merited, he gladly presents the following outlines of the careers of those heroic officers whose lives formed a part of the regiment's costly sacrifice at Stone River.

Captain Henry McAlpin was born of Scotch ancestry, on the 12th of October, 1831, in Cincinnati, where he passed his early school-days, and at the age of thirteen was sent to the boarding-school of Milo G. Williams (a name very familiar to old Cincinnatians), at Dayton, Ohio. In 1850 or '51, he entered the store of Tyler Davidson & Co., and, having there made himself familiar with the hardware trade, afterward went into business at Dayton, in a retail store of his own. He remained there about two years, when, finding the retail business in the country unsuited to his tastes, he sold his store, returned to Cincinnati, and secured a partnership in the firm of McAlpin, Hinman & Co., which he retained at the time of his death. Having long been an active and influential member of the Guthrie Grey organization, and an ardent patriot all his life, when the President's first call for troops was issued he volun-

teered at once in the Sixth Ohio, and, by successive promotions (as already noted in their chronological order), rose to the captaincy of Company B. When the army moved to attack Bragg at Murfreesboro', he was ill—fitter by far for the hospital than the exposure and hardships of an active campaign at midwinter—but refused to remain at Nashville, though repeatedly urged to do so. He marched at the head of his company, led it into action most gallantly, and, in the desperate struggle in the cedars, received a terrible wound from a fragment of shell. As soon as possible, he was removed to Nashville, where he died on the 10th of January (1863). Friends brought the body home, and, with military honors, it was laid to rest in Spring Grove Cemetery. Captain McAlpin was an efficient and most conscientious officer, thoroughly systematic, a punctilious disciplinarian, and scrupulously just in the exercise of official authority. As a man, he was incapable of subterfuge or meanness of any kind. He was a most genial companion and devoted friend, quiet and unassuming in manner, yet bold and determined in championing what he felt to be right and true. He was greatly beloved in life, and in death most tenderly mourned.

Albert Gallatin Williams was born in Cincinnati, August 7th, 1839, and, when the war broke out, was engaged in the insurance business, in the office of Mr. Owen Owens, on Third Street. He enlisted in Company F, Sixth Ohio (three-months' term), as a private, was soon appointed sergeant, and, step by step, rose to the adjutancy of the regiment. Early in the Stone River battle, he was pierced by a musket-ball and killed almost instantly. His body was not recovered until after the rebels abandoned the field, when it was tenderly cared for by Lieutenant Thatcher and other officers, and sent home. The marble head-stone which marks his grave at Spring Grove is almost in

sight of the window at which these lines are sadly written. Colonel Anderson's tribute to his memory was no less true than beautiful: "Few men combined so harmoniously the energies of the soldier with the virtues of the man. In him they never seemed to be in conflict. Amiability and generosity found full play in his disposition, and his mind was as pure and gentle as a child's. How tenderly he loved! how desperately he fought! Always cheerful, busy, and cordial while in camp, upon the battle-field he was the impersonation of energy and valor. But he is gone. He died proudly, as soldiers love to die, but leaving sadness behind him. His regiment mourn the brave soldier; his family the gentle and loving son and brother."

Charles Henry Foster was the son of Charles Foster, Esq. (now residing at Wilmington, Del.), the inventor of the "Foster Press," and many other useful articles of machinery for printing purposes. He was born in Cincinnati, on the 17th of November, 1837, graduated at Herron's Seminary, and, when the war began, had been for some time in the employ of W. T. & S. D. Day & Co., manufacturers of printing presses, etc., as book-keeper. Going to the post-office on the 17th of April (1861), the day after the Guthrie Greys began recruiting their regiment, he met some friends who had just enlisted, and, fired anew by their example, resolved to follow out the patriotic impulses which he had hitherto kept in abeyance from a sense of duty to his employers. Lest the latter might possibly dissuade him still, he explained his absence by a note, and did not trust himself in their presence again until after he had been out to Camp Harrison and mustered in the Sixth Ohio. Promptly reënlisting, he became sergeant, and then first sergeant in Company B, and, upon receiving the promotion to a second lieutenancy that his ability and faithful services had merited so well, he was transferred to Company A, which he was commanding

when killed. While animating his men by an example of dauntless courage, he was struck down by a musket-ball, and bled to death in a short time. Like the brave Wolfe, his last words were a murmured expression of contentment and resignation to his fate on being told the enemy had been repulsed and were flying from the field. Exemplary in his private life, with a generous and open nature, Lieutenant Foster won the esteem of all who knew him, and left his friends the proud inheritance of a fame untarnished by a single stain. He, too, lies buried at Spring Grove.

COLONEL ANDERSON'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

SAINT CLOUD HOTEL, NASHVILLE,
January 7, 1863.

Colonel W. Grose, Commanding Tenth Brigade—

COLONEL: In accordance with orders from head-quarters, I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by the Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteers in the late series of battles beginning on the morning of December 31st.

At about 8 o'clock A. M. on that day we were drawn up in line of battle, in the open field to the north [west] of the burnt brick house [Cowan's], and to the west [north] of the cedars, while Rousseau's division filed by us to get position. Scarcely had the rear of that column passed when heavy firing was heard to our right, coming from the cedars and approaching rapidly. I was ordered with my regiment into the wood. I immediately changed front and advanced some two hundred yards, when I saw our troops flying in wild disorder, and hotly pursued by the enemy. I formed my line, and waited the escape of our men and the nearer advance of the enemy. In a few moments a terrific fire was opened on us, scarcely a hundred yards distant, from a rebel line apparently four deep. This fire we returned, and a terrible carnage ensued on

both sides. Finding myself badly pressed, I had determined on a charge, and the order was already given to fix bayonets, when I saw that my regiment was flanked almost completely on both sides, by two rebel regiments. I gave the order to fall back firing. As soon as we reached the edge of the woods, Lieutenant Parsons, of the Fourth Regular Artillery, opened on the enemy with terrible effect, and I reformed my line behind his guns, having held my position against tremendous odds, but with great sacrifice, for thirty minutes. I then replenished my ammunition, and was soon afterward ordered to throw my regiment diagonally across the Murfreesboro' pike, and hold that position. This we did, under a destructive fire and with much additional loss. during the rest of the day and until midnight, when I was relieved by the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and took my regiment a short distance to the rear.

During the first day of January my regiment was moved from one place to another, as the plan of battle required, but did not get into any considerable action. On Friday, the 2d, my regiment was ordered with the brigade across the river, and placed in position on a slight eminence to the rear of, and as a support to, Van Cleve's division. All was quiet until about half-past 3 o'clock P. M., when a tremendous fire was heard along our front, and immense masses of the enemy were hurled against Van Cleve's division, which soon gave way. The enemy came down boldly, when I brought my regiment into action simultaneously with the Eighty-fourth Illinois, and we opened a severe cross-fire on the enemy. For more than an hour we held our hill, and, under our heavy fire and that of a battery from the other side of the river, the rebels gave way, and, when reënforcements poured in for us, they were already in full retreat. We held our position without further molestation till Sunday morning, when we were ordered across the river into camp, the enemy having retired.

My regiment, both officers and men, I am proud to say, behaved with bravery, courage, and discipline throughout the entire battle. The loss of the regiment was one hundred and seventy-seven,

nearly all of whom were either killed or wounded. Accompanying is a correct list of the casualties.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

N. L. ANDERSON,

Colonel Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

CASUALTIES IN THE SIXTH OHIO.

The Sixth Ohio went into action at Stone River with an aggregate strength of 383—officers and men; of which number 24 were killed, 19 mortally wounded, 108 wounded so severely as to require surgical treatment for various periods, from one month upward, and 12 were reported missing in action, making a total of 163,* as follows. This numeration omits 14 slightly wounded not sent to hospital, which accounts for the slight discrepancy with the above report. Of the missing some were wounded before being taken prisoners:

FIELD AND STAFF.—*Killed*—Adjutant A. G. Williams. *Wounded*—Colonel N. L. Anderson and Sergeant-Major J. F. Graham.

COMPANY A.—*Killed*—Second Lieutenant C. H. Foster and private Wm. S. Shaw. *Mortally wounded*—Sergeant James F.

*It is believed that not more than six or eight regiments in the entire Army of the Cumberland lost more heavily *in killed and wounded* than did the Sixth Ohio. Among the number that did so were the following: Twenty-first Illinois (General Grant's old regiment, which was badly cut up in charging a battery on Tuesday afternoon, December 30th), loss 244; Thirty-sixth Illinois, 193; and Eighteenth U. S. Infantry (comprising twenty-four companies when full), 271. These were considerably stronger regiments than the Sixth Ohio. The Eighty-fourth Illinois lost 147 killed and wounded, out of an aggregate of 362—about the same per cent. as did the Sixth Ohio. Its killed and *mortally* wounded numbered 64, which was by far the heaviest per centage of any regiment in Grose's brigade. Its fighting at Stone River was splendid throughout. The total loss of the Sixth Ohio was a fraction over forty-two and one-half per cent.

Canady, and privates Frank H. Halliday and Wm. Krohmer. *Wounded*—Corporal Jos. Reel, and privates Chas. M. Thompson and Henry Herman. *Missing*—Corporal James M. Newman.

COMPANY B.—*Killed*—Corp. David H. Medary, and privates Albert Hardy and John Boerst. *Mortally wounded*—Captain Henry McAlpin. *Wounded*—First Sergeant Geo. W. Cormany, Corporal E. Hannaford, privates Guy C. Nearing, Albert Goettle, Theophilus Davis, James Mitchell, Fred. J. Miller, John Helfenbein, Andrew Schuttenhelm, William E. Doherty, John Cline, Anson Clapper, Hugo Hochstaedter, and J. Hahneman.

COMPANY C.—*Killed*—Corporal Alois Kaelin. *Wounded*—Sergeants Wm. Brown, John Crotty, and Aug. W. Peters (color sergeant); Corporals Frank H. Thieman, James Jordan, Edward P. Horn, and John C. Hefferman; privates Wm. Boyd, And. Schube, Jacob Stocklin, H. Stocklin, John Laerch, Wm. Lidell, and W. A. Baldwin. *Missing*—Corporal John Sykes and private Edward Ayres.

COMPANY D.—*Mortally wounded*—Private Adam Hugel. *Wounded*—Sergeant Wm. Bowers and Amos Willoughby, Corporal Liberty H. Jenks, privates Frank Dellar, Reinhold Hoffman, Frank A. Manns, Fred. Soghan, Stephen H. Weeks, Wm. W. Williams, Martin Weiderecht, A. C. Dripps, John Wakeman, S. W. Stephenson, and Simon Weeks. *Missing*—Private Luther Carpenter, James H. Mahon, and Wm. Saxon; musician Wm. A. Cormany.

COMPANY E.—*Killed*—Privates Simeon Shattuck, Robert Davis, Chas. Davis, Chas. Deikmeyer, and Michael Schwabe. *Mortally wounded*—Private Agathon Otto. *Wounded*—Corporal William Leike, privates Jos. L. Ferdon, Eugene Diserens, John O'Neil, Chas. H. Baldwin, Thos. Greenwood, Edmund M. Hall, Samuel Schroder, Geo. W. Bowen, Chas. Eckhardt, Enoch West, and Peter Kreps.

COMPANY F.—*Killed*—Corporal Lewis Evers and privates Christ. Ark, Thos. Brown, and Henry Willis. *Mortally wounded*—Privates Gottfried Heileman and John Q. Root. *Wounded*—

Second Lieutenant F. S. Schieffer, Sergeant Wm. E. Jackson, Corporal John A. Seigel, and privates Wm. Kessemeyer, John Lawrence, John Linceman, Jos. T. Nepper, August Nierman, Anthony Schaffer, Stuart Terwilliger, and Wm. R. Wood. *Missing*—Corporal John B. Miller.

COMPANY G.—*Killed*—First Sergeant Geo. B. Ridenour and Corporal Oliver P. Rockenfield. *Mortally wounded*—Privates J. Addison Colwell, Robert M. Taulman, and Samuel P. Stallcup. *Wounded*—Corporals Harry Simmons (color-guard) and J. C. Schenck, and privates Thos. Burnett, Silas S. Dunn, Hamer Bradbury, Anson W. Schenck, and John Fenhoff. *Missing*—Corporal Wm. A. Clark, and privates Chas. S. Dunn and And. M. Dunn.

COMPANY H.—*Killed*—Private Chas. Waltermet. *Mortally wounded*—Privates Martin Seebauer and Henry Rasher. *Wounded*—Captain H. H. Tinker, Corporals Thos. Kennedy (color-bearer), Chas. Ashman, and Albert Speece (color-guard), and privates Delevan Brown, Samuel Lawrence, Edward Ulm, and Lawrence Geiss.

COMPANY I.—*Killed*—Privates Samuel Pulver, Jacob H. Rapplee, and Fred. W. Springmeyer. *Wounded*—Corporal Edward Roderija, and privates And. Ray, Jos. Seiter, John McGlore, Samuel Parker, Gottlieb Heller, F. Larcom, John Storker, and Christ. Kohli.

COMPANY K.—*Killed*—Sergeant Thos. G. Drake and private Theo. Wesselman. *Mortally wounded*—Corporals H. G. Kreyenhagen and Jos. Martin; and privates J. Nickel, Geo. Kelsch, David Klein, and Lewis F. Frantz. *Wounded*—First Sergeant Geo. Benson Nicholson, Sergeants W. Pappenbrook and Jethro T. Hill; Corporals Chas. Donnelly and Albert Kimble; privates Pedro Montaldo, Wm. Gain, Henry Beckman, Chas. Warner, Christ. Albert, Jos. Haddock, Henry Ellsing, Lorenz Huber, and Franz Meier. *Missing*—Private Chas. Cunningham.

RECAPITULATION.

	Field & Staff....	Co. A....	Co B....	Co. C....	Co. D....	Co. E....	Co. F....	Co. G....	Co. H....	Co. I....	Co. K....	Total....
Killed.....	1	2	3	1	...	5	4	2	1	3	2	24
Mortally wound'd.	...	3	1	...	1	1	2	3	2	...	6	19
Wounded.....	2	3	14	14	14	12	11	7	8	9	14	108
Missing.....	...	1	...	2	4	...	1	3	...	...	1	12
Total.....	3	9	18	17	19	18	18	15	11	12	23	163

COLONEL GROSE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,
LEFT WING, ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
NEAR MURFREESBORO', TENN., Jan. 8, 1863.

Captain D. W. Norton, A. A. A. G., Second Division—

SIR: In accordance with duty, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the recent battles before Murfreesboro'. The five regiments composing this command—viz.: Thirty-sixth Indiana, Major Kinley; Twenty-fourth Ohio, Colonel Jones; Sixth Ohio, Colonel Anderson; Eighty-fourth Illinois, Colonel Waters, and Twenty-third Kentucky, Major Hamrick—aggregate (officers and men) 1,788—left camp near Nashville, December 26, 1862, with the division, and bivouacked that night in front of Lavergne, twelve miles distant. Next day, the 27th, we moved to the west bank of Stewart's Creek, five miles, and my brigade was put in position in front, to the right of the pike, the pickets of the enemy separated from ours by the creek. With light skirmishing, we rested here until Monday morning (the 29th), when we received orders, and moved forward in double line of battle, on the right of the pike (the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Eighty-fourth Illinois in the front line), wading Stewart's Creek—waist deep to most of the men—and advancing to within two and a half miles of Murfreesboro', where we arrived near sunset, with skirmishing all the way. We there rested for the night. At early morn next day skirmishing again commenced and continued during the day, with more severity than before, the artillery taking a heavy part.

During the night the brigade was relieved at the front by the brigade of Colonel Hazen, and retired to the rear to rest, and to be held in reserve. Up to this time the loss in my brigade was ten wounded.

On the bright morning of December 31st, the division, under command of its brave general, at early day, was in battle line, the brigade of General Cruft on the right, and that of Colonel Hazen on the left—both in double line—with my brigade in reserve in rear of the center, in supporting distance, with the batteries of Cockerill and Parsons in positions to support the lines. While we were perfecting our lines in the morning the divisions of Generals Negley (?) and Rousseau filed by my rear through a dense cedar grove, which lay in rear of General Cruft's brigade and immediately up to the right of my brigade; the brigade of Colonel Hazen in an open cotton-field, the pike dividing his left from the division of General Wood, and the line of these two divisions resting nearly perpendicular to the pike. The engagement had been raging fiercely some distance to our right during the early morning, and at near eight o'clock the clash of arms to our right had so far changed position that I saw the rear of my brigade would soon be endangered. Hence, I set to work changing my front to the rear, which was quickly done, with the left, when changed, a little retired, to support the right of Colonel Hazen's brigade, then closely engaged with the enemy, our two brigades forming a V. My brigade was no sooner thus formed to the rear than the enemy appeared in heavy lines, pressing the forces of ours that had been engaged to the right of our division upon our front in fearful confusion. In this new formation the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana were in the front line, the latter on the right, supported in the second line by the Twenty-third Kentucky and the Eighty-fourth Illinois, with the Twenty-fourth Ohio in an oblique form, a little to the right of the rear line. In this shape the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana advanced into the woodland about two hundred and fifty yards, and there met the enemy in overwhelm-

ing numbers. Here Major Kinley and Captain Shultz, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, fell—the former badly wounded and the latter killed. Colonel Anderson, of the Sixth Ohio, was here wounded, and his adjutant, Lieutenant A. G. Williams, and Lieutenant Foster fell dead, with several of their comrades. These two regiments were forced from the woodland, and retired to the right, in the direction of the pike; while the other three regiments, aided by the eight-gun battery commanded by Lieutenant Parsons, with such efficient assistants as Lieutenants Huntington and Cushing, poured a galling fire into the ranks of the pursuing enemy, and caused them to break in confusion and retire back to the woods, out of our reach, leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying, with the heavy loss of the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana lying mingled with theirs upon the bloody field. After about half or three-quarters of an hour, the enemy renewed his attempt to advance, but was again repulsed, with heavy loss on both sides. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the enemy not appearing in our immediate front, and the lines of our forces that had retired or been driven from the right being by this time reformed parallel with the pike, the front of the brigade was again changed, so as to assist the brigade of Colonel Hazen, in the direction as formed in the morning. The Twenty-fourth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana were soon thrown forward near the pike, and had a terrible conflict with the enemy. Here Colonel Jones and Major Terry both fell, and were carried off the field in a dying condition. Each regiment of the brigade from this time onward until night closed the awful scene, alternately took its part in holding the position we occupied in the morning.

The enemy having gained the cedar woods to the right, where we took position in the morning, it became necessary to so change our position as not to be within reach of small arms from that woodland. Hence, at night-fall, the center of the front line of the brigade lay on the pike, and diagonally across the same, fronting to the south-east, our left resting at the right of the line of

General Wood's division. We were then a little retired, and the center of the brigade about two hundred and fifty yards to the left of where we commenced in the morning. We ceased fighting for the night in the front lines on the pike. During the day, each of the regiments having exhausted their ammunition, had to replenish their cartridge-boxes, many having fired over one hundred rounds. When Major Kinley fell, in the morning, the command of the Thirty-sixth Indiana devolved upon Captain Woodward; and upon the fall of Colonel Jones and Major Terry, Captain Weller was left in command of the Twenty-fourth Ohio. Although I commanded in the battle of Shiloh, and fought there throughout with the rest of Buell's army, yet this battle, on the last day of the old year, was by far the most terrible and bloody (in my command) that I have ever witnessed. During the latter part of the night—or, rather, early in the morning of January 1st—our whole line was retired for a more eligible position, six or seven hundred yards, and my brigade was moved to the rear to rest.

During Thursday, January 1st, we were ordered across to the north bank of Stone River, to support a division on the extreme left of our line, where an attack was anticipated, but returned to our resting-place before night, no attack being made that day. On the next day, January 2d, in the forenoon, we were again ordered across the river, to support the division there in position, with its right resting on the river bank, and its lines (double lines) formed at right angles to the river, extending therefrom about half a mile. About eight hundred yards below where the right of the division was posted, the river changes its direction, running about one-half mile in the rear, and nearly parallel to the lines of the division formed as above. When my brigade arrived on the ground, I was requested to put it into position so as to protect the left flank of the division referred to, and repel any attack that might be made in that direction. The Twenty-third Kentucky was accordingly posted to the left of the division in question, about two hundred yards retired; the Twenty-fourth Ohio

three hundred yards to its rear, fronting the same way; and the Thirty-sixth Indiana to the rear of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, fronting diagonally to the flank of the other two, the right of the Thirty-sixth Indiana distant from the left of the Twenty-fourth Ohio about one hundred and fifty yards. Special directions were given each of these regiments to change front as the exigencies of the occasion might require, in case of an attack. The Eighty-fourth Illinois and Sixth Ohio were placed one hundred and fifty yards from the left of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, in one line, and fronting in the direction of the Twenty-fourth Ohio and Twenty-third Kentucky, as well as in that of the division to our right and front. The right of the Eighty-fourth Illinois rested on the bluff at the river, with the Third Wisconsin Battery near its left and front. The Sixth Ohio was on the left of the Eighty-fourth Illinois. Thus in position, I took the precaution to have each regiment hurriedly throw before them barricades of such materials as were at command, consisting of fences, buildings, etc. About half-past three P. M., the enemy made an assault in front and on the right, in strong force—perhaps in three lines—and with three batteries distributed along the forest, and a heavy contest ensued, lasting from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, when the lines of the division gave way in considerable confusion, and as those troops retired toward the river, many of them broke through the lines of my brigade. I went to my front regiments and superintended the changing of their fronts respectively, so as to meet the enemy as best we could, in his approach from an unexpected direction, which, to some extent, threw the Twenty-third Kentucky and Twenty-fourth Ohio, my advanced regiments, into confusion, and caused them to retire toward the left of the main line of the brigade; but they kept up a strong fire on the advancing enemy as they retired. The Thirty-sixth Indiana changed its front, and as the enemy's lines came near, opened on them a deadly fire. On they came, however, until within reach of the Eighty-fourth Illinois and Sixth Ohio, behind their barricades, when both these regiments saluted

them with a terrible fire. By this time, all my regiments were engaged, and the enemy's masses began to falter, and soon they broke in disorder and commenced their flight back over the area they had so fiercely advanced upon, pursued by the Thirty-sixth Indiana, Twenty-third Kentucky, and Twenty-fourth Ohio to the line occupied by the extreme outposts of the division before the action commenced. Here night overtook us. The battle was over, and the enemy gone beyond the reach of our guns. Colonel Hazen's brigade crossed the river to our rear, to support us, about the time of the enemy's retreat, and moved closely, with the Eighty-fourth Illinois, after my pursuing regiments to give assistance if needed. Some other forces [principally from Negley's and Davis' divisions] crossed the river to my right and moved up the river bank in pursuit of the enemy, as my regiments advanced. What forces these were I have not learned. The battery posted near the brigade at the commencement of this day's fight fired a few rounds and took a hasty leave, and I have not made its acquaintance since. Artillery from the opposite side of the river rendered valuable aid, by playing upon the enemy in his advance and retreat. Our loss this day was not large compared with that on the 31st of December. That of the enemy was very heavy.

I can not too favorably notice the coolness and promptitude shown by each and every field officer of the brigade. They seemed to vie with each other as to which should most promptly execute every command, without regard to danger. And the line officers and men of the respective regiments appeared neither to regard or fear any exposure, however great. New and old regiments alike acted the heroic part, and braved every peril. Captain Weller, in command of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, fell at his post on the last battle-field, and left Captain Cockerill in command, who bravely and skillfully discharged his whole duty. As much may be said of Captain Woodward, who succeeded to the command of the Thirty-sixth Indiana (upon the fall of Major Kinley) at a critical and perilous moment in the first day's engagement.

[The report specially compliments Captain Peeden, Lieutenant Duke, and Dr. Kersey, of the brigade staff, makes favorable mention of Colonel Grose's orderlies, etc., and proceeds]:

But I am left to remember and lament with friends, the fall in this mighty struggle of human prowess, such brave spirits as Colonel Jones, Major Terry, Captain Weller, Captain Shultz, Captain King, Adjutant Williams, Lieutenant Foster, Lieutenant Ball, Lieutenant Abercrombie, and others, whose earthly conflicts are now ended forever. I may truthfully add that I mourn with those that mourn over these irreparable losses; and to the brave wounded, whose fate may or may not be uncertain, would say—You have my earnest prayer for a speedy restoration to health and usefulness.

The casualties of the brigade, as near as can be ascertained,* are as follows:

	Officers killed.	Officers wound.	Men killed.	Men wound.	Men missing.	Total.
Twenty-fourth Ohio.....	4	4	10	68	12	98
Twenty-third Kentucky...	0	3	8	50	22	83
Eighty-fourth Illinois....	2	5	33	119	8	167
Thirty-sixth Indiana.....	2	6	23	85	18	134
Sixth Ohio	2	4	23	134	14	177
Total.....	10	22	97	456	74	659

Lists of which, with the reports of the regimental commanders, are respectfully forwarded herewith.

I have the honor to remain, etc.,

W. GROSE,

Colonel Commanding Third Brigade (*old Tenth*).

* Subsequent revision reduced the casualty lists a trifle—as in the Eighty-fourth Illinois to 155, and the Sixth Ohio to 163. The loss of the brigade in killed and wounded was, however, considerably above the average of the rest of the army.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MURFREESBORO' AND CRIPPLE CREEK.

(JANUARY 5–JUNE 23, 1863.)

AS might be said of almost every regiment in the Army of the Cumberland, few events of much importance befell the Sixth Ohio, after the battle of Stone River, until the army moved upon Tullahoma, a period of nearly six months. Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher rejoined the regiment on the evening of the 7th of January, and commanded it until Colonel Anderson's return, late in March. It was now encamped about three miles from Murfreesboro', near the McMinnville turnpike. The regimental train also arrived on the 7th, and that night the two hundred and twenty survivors of Stone River once more slept under shelter of their tents. A day or two afterward, Hazen's and Cruft's brigades moved to Readyville and Cripple Creek, respectively, where they remained until the general advance in June; and late on the 9th, Grose's brigade changed camp two miles north-westward, to within about two miles of Murfreesboro', and the Sixth Ohio being sent on picket, passed a dark and dismal night in the rain. On the 14th, the regiment escorted a supply train to Nashville, returning on the 18th, after a two days' march of thirty-one miles. A heavy rain during the night of the 14th and all the next day, had made camp a genuine mud-hole, and for several

weeks after this date the weather was constantly either raw and damp, or cold. Late on the 23d, the Third Brigade marched ten miles to Readyville, there reënforcing the First and Second Brigades, and at 10 A. M., the next day, the division reached Woodbury, where it routed a regiment of rebel cavalry, (said to be Morgan's old command,) killing Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson and half a dozen of his men, and capturing a number of prisoners. It was generally believed that the whole force might have been taken, if Colonel Wilder's brigade had succeeded in gaining the rear of the town, as was contemplated, before the attack was made in front. The brigade returned to Readyville at night, after marching eighteen miles in all, and late on the 26th moved back to its camp near Murfreesboro', in the midst of a cold rain pouring down in torrents. On the 29th, the Sixth Ohio was ordered to escort a forage train, but being unable to find it after diligent search, it returned to camp.

On the 2d of February, the designations of the Center, Right Wing, and Left Wing, of the Army of the Cumberland, were respectively changed to the Fourteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first Army Corps. On the 3d, the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana were detailed as escort for a forage train, but were turned back on reaching the pickets, not being accompanied by cavalry and a section of artillery, as department orders required. The weather was bitterly cold. Next day the same train and escort went eleven miles out the Las Casas turnpike, procured a fine lot of forage, lost the bugler of the Third Tennessee Cavalry (who went ahead, contrary to orders, and was captured in sight of the advance guard), and returned to camp at 11 P. M., having been delayed five hours in crossing the train at Stone River, and there being overtaken by a driving snow-storm. On the 7th, the brigade changed camp

to a higher and much better location, somewhat nearer Murfreesboro'. About this time heavy details were being made for labor upon the rifle-pits and the immense earth-works with which Rosecrans was fortifying Murfreesboro'. From the 11th to the 15th, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, by department orders, was engaged upon an important court-martial. On the 14th, the Sixth Ohio, under command of Major Russell, had another tiresome march, with a forage train, and next day Surgeon Stephens rejoined the regiment from his long absence on hospital duty in Nashville. The 22d of February was observed by the reading of a patriotic order from department head-quarters, and noisy national salutes by the batteries at retreat. On the 24th, the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana went out seventeen miles with another forage train, and returned the same night—"making a trip of thirty-four miles," says a diary, "which, over such roads, is outrageous. Lieutenant-Colonel Carey, who commanded the expedition, is sadly lacking in judgment." Next day, the companies received orders to make out their "Rolls of Honor," which was accordingly done.* General Rosecrans had previously ordered the name, "Stone River," inscribed on the national colors of every

*"Rolls of Honor" and "Light Battalions" were among Rosecrans' projects for heightening the *morale* and soldierly emulation of his army. Regimental Rolls of Honor consisted of the names of ten sergeants, ten corporals, and fifty privates, most distinguished for bravery, good conduct, etc.; and brigade rolls of the regimental roll, and in addition thereto the names of four captains, four lieutenants, and two field officers below the rank of colonel. Each brigade was to organize a Light Battalion, composed of three privates from each company, one commissioned officer, two sergeants, and three corporals from each regiment, and one field officer from the brigade—who were promised the best rifled arms (revolving, if possible,) and exemption from picket duty. They were to be mounted as soon as practicable, to be encamped at brigade head-quarters, and "looked

regiment engaged in that battle, and was successfully exerting himself to improve the discipline and efficiency of the army, as well as increase its strength. On the 27th, the Sixth Ohio was paid for two months ending October 31st, 1862, and next

upon as the *elite* of the army and models for their profession," etc. Partly through the discouragement of the War Department, and partly, perhaps, because the scheme lacked practicability, the Light Battalions were never organized in most of the brigades, and even the Roll of Honor system was soon forgotten. As a matter of possible interest to some, however, the Sixth Ohio's Roll of Honor is appended, as below. Those names to which a * is attached, were nominated for the Light Battalion, as were also Captain Donovan and Lieutenant Cormany, from among the officers:

COMPANY A—Sergeant Ed. Edwards,* Corp. John A. Cushing,* and privates Frank Brown, E. B. O'Brien,* Christopher Roth,* Theo. Seib,* and Charles Messerschmidt.

COMPANY B—Sergeant W. J. Thorp,* Corporal E. Hannaford,* and privates Alonzo Burgoyne, Emil Fritz,* John Harvey,* John Aufderheide,* and William Barner.

COMPANY C—Sergeant John Crotty, Corporal James Jordan, and privates George Santhoff, David Fitzgibbon,* Francis Kelley,* Joseph T. Fox,* and Henry Hayne.

COMPANY D—Sergeant William Bowers, Corporal L. H. Jenks, and privates H. H. Brockman,* Hugo Edler, George Kopp,* George F. Mosher,* and William Dill.

COMPANY E—Sergeant Jos. A. Turley, Corporal William Leike, and privates N. A. Britt,* John Kincella,* William Schroder,* George W. Bowen, and Robert Tuxworth.

COMPANY F—Sergeant Otto Bewer, Corporal J. E. Hewitt, and privates Fred. Finer,* Milton Linebeck,* William Witte, Peter Lagaly,* and Wm. Kessemeier.

COMPANY G—Sergeant Henry F. Howe, Corporal William A. Clark, and privates William Lotze,* S. P. Stallcup, G. W. J. Miller,* John Huddleston,* and Anson Schenck.

COMPANY H—Sergeant Charles Haller, Corporal Joseph H. Werhle, and privates John A. Bonner,* Benjamin Worrell, John Douglass, George Whistler,* and Owen Murphy.*

day four of the officers, who had been commissioned in November, tendered their resignations (which were not accepted), on account of the harsh rulings of the pay department, as to the time when their pay as officers began. On the 28th, the resignation of Major Russell was accepted, and three days later he started home, and is now the head of a large job printing establishment in Cincinnati. This leads us to speak of the other changes among the officers up to the above date.

On the 3d of February, several new commissions arrived, whereupon the following assignments of promoted officers were announced: Captain Montagnier to Company B, which, since the battle, had been commanded by Lieutenant Holmes; First Lieutenant Choate (still absent) to Company G; Second Lieutenant Graham—promoted from sergeant major, and absent by reason of wounds—to Company E; Second Lieutenant George T. Lewis, promoted from sergeant in Company I, to Company A; and First Lieutenant Throop, promoted from first sergeant of Company A, appointed adjutant. On the 19th of February, the following: Captains Donavan and Thatcher to Companies K and F, respectively, (although they remained until April 1st in command of Companies E and K); First Lieutenant Schieffer (absent by reason of wounds) to Company E; First Lieutenant Irwin, then acting quartermaster, to Company F; First Lieutenant Kestner to Company C, (though in command for several weeks afterward of Company H;) Second Lieutenants Jesse C. La Bille, George W. Cormany, and Leon-

COMPANY I—Sergeant W. B. Maclane, Corporal Richard Garwood,* and privates James Martin,* John Jackson,* D. E. McCarty,* Newton Bucknell, and Max. Essinger.

COMPANY K—Sergeant W. S. Squires, Corporal J. H. Cohagen, and privates Charles Warner,* Henry Funk,* Harry Shelton, Theo. Ortman, and Daniel Henrie.*

ard Boice—promoted from first sergeants in Companies F, B, and E—to Companies F, G, and C, respectively; and Second Lieutenant Josiah W. Slanker, promoted from commissary sergeant, to Company I; First Sergeant Fred. H. Mellen and private Julius L. Stuart, both of Company A, were respectively appointed sergeant-major and commissary sergeant. On the 12th of January, Captain Erwin was appointed Topographical Engineer on Colonel Grose's staff. On the 4th of February, Captain Southgate was succeeded as acting assistant adjutant-general by Captain George M. Graves, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, and took command of Company C, thus relieving Lieutenant Gilman, who for the next two months commanded Company F.

Everett S. Throop, the third and last adjutant of the Sixth Ohio, was born on the 5th of October, 1836, in Hamilton, New York. His boyhood was passed upon his father's farm, but in September, 1857—a few months after graduating at Hamilton Academy—he removed to the West. Locating in Cincinnati in February, 1858, he became first assistant in the Third Intermediate School, which position he retained about two years and a half, meanwhile devoting such leisure as he could command to the study of the law. In August, 1860, he entered the law office of Kebler & Force, as student, and graduated from the Cincinnati Law School on the 16th of April following. The President's call for troops had then just been issued. He immediately enlisted in Company A, of the Guthrie Greys, marched with the three-months' Sixth Ohio to Camp Harrison, and, promptly reënlisting for three years, in October (1861) was made sergeant. In April, 1862, he was appointed to act as ordnance sergeant for the regiment, in which capacity he rendered great and constant assistance to Lieutenant Horton, division ordnance officer, and in October was appointed first

sergeant of Company A. His promotion to adjutant followed immediately upon the battle of Stone River, his commission bearing date December 31st, 1862. Lieutenant Throop brought to the discharge of his new duties a combination of intelligence, decision, and systematic energy which made him in every respect a most excellent and valuable officer.

On the 4th of March, Colonel Grose, with a portion of his staff, started homeward upon leave of absence, and until his return, on the 31st, the brigade was commanded by the gentlemanly Colonel Waters. "On the 5th," says an officer, "the Sixth Ohio, as usual, stood to arms before daylight, and, the day being quiet throughout, we were visited by a number of officers from other regiments. The sutler received a supply of beer, which was first rate, and helped us to have a good time. Nothing like beer, my boy, to make a soldier content with his lot!" On Sunday, the 8th, the regiment was inspected by Captain Norton, division inspector, who was accompanied by General Palmer and his adjutant-general, Captain Muhleman. Next day it received orders to strike tents, pack up, and get ready to move at a moment's notice, which was done, but to no further purpose than to give rise to a hundred rumors, the tents all being re-pitched at night. On the 11th, the regiment was paid by Major Diven, for the two months ending December 31st, 1862. Drills were now held twice a day, whenever the weather would permit—that in the afternoon usually being brigade drill, under the supervision of General Palmer. On the 18th there was a grand review of Crittenden's corps by General Rosecrans, whose wife and several other ladies were present, and the Sixth Ohio was praised on all sides for its excellent marching and soldierly appearance. On the 21st heavy firing was heard on the right, and also on the

Las Casas turnpike, but nothing came of it. On the 23d, the brigade changed camp about one-half mile nearer Murfreesboro', where it was soon more comfortably fixed than at any time since leaving Nashville. The Stone River wounded and captured were now returning to the front every day, and the army was in good condition and spirits. On the 27th, the brigade marched to Cripple Creek, to support Hazen, at Readyville, who had discovered a considerable body of rebels in his immediate front, but the enemy having withdrawn, after simply testing the lines, on the 29th it returned to Murfreesboro'. While upon this expedition, the Sixth Ohio had its first experience with shelter-tents, issued for the occasion. Describing the night of the 27th, a Sixth Ohio letter says: "I slept soundly till my partner awoke me. Rain was pouring down in torrents, and although our shelter-tent kept us dry enough overhead, the water was rushing under us in a perfect flood. It was impossible to see each other for the intense darkness, but no time was to be lost in debating what to do. We rolled up our wet and dripping blankets for seats, and, with guns and cartridge-boxes across our knees, leaned our heads on our hands, and our shoulder against each other for mutual support, and in this position slept till sunrise. We felt a little the worse for wear, of course, but after taking a good stretch, a wash at the creek, and a quart of hot coffee, we were all right for another day's duty."

Colonel Anderson, nearly recovered from his wound, was found in camp when the regiment returned, and was welcomed by all. He immediately resumed command. At 1 A. M., on the 2d of April, Grose's brigade marched for Readyville, there relieving Hazen's—which made a successful reconnoissance to Woodbury—and at night returned to Murfreesboro', after a day's march of twenty-four miles. Next day it returned to Readyville, twelve miles. At 4 A. M., on the 4th, it went

on to Woodbury, whence the rebels were again driven, and in the evening the Sixth Ohio moved back four miles to a point where five companies had been left to guard two bridges, making eleven miles' marching in all. On the 5th, the regiment repeated its trip to Woodbury, returning at dark to its camping-place of the night before. On the 7th, the Third Brigade was ordered to Bradyville, and, on its return, the rear-guard was fired into by guerrillas, but received no injury. This day the Sixth Ohio marched twelve miles. On the 8th, the brigade returned to Murfreesboro', fourteen miles, finding the "Anderson Troop," (the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry,) previously supposed to have been captured, safe and sound at Readyville. The result of these operations was the capture of about sixty prisoners, one hundred horses and mules, a large quantity of hay and corn, and a considerable amount of cigars and tobacco, of which the last-named articles were liberally distributed among the denarcotized troops. A field officer, in a private letter, sums up other results as follows: "We had a few skirmishes, burnt a few houses, walked many miles, and learned nothing. I am convinced, firstly, that the rebs have no idea of attacking us at present, and, secondly, that we have no idea of attacking them. Murfreesboro' is a perfect Gibraltar, trenched, ditched, and fortified on all sides. We can hold it against the Southern Confederacy."

On the 9th of April, Colonel Anderson applied to department head-quarters to have the detailed men from the Sixth Ohio returned thereto, stating that he then had written details for one hundred and thirteen men, scattered all over the country, and had lost only *seven men by disease* during a service of nearly two years. Action was at once taken in accordance with this request, but within a few weeks nearly all these men, or as many others, were again on detailed service; for when-

ever brains and clerkly capacity were in demand, the Sixth Ohio was commonly the first source to which quartermasters, commissaries, etc., looked for a supply. The 9th of April is also the date of Gordon Granger's repulse of Van Dorn, at Franklin. On the 10th, a special muster was held in each regiment, in accordance with the President's order supplementary to the proclamation regarding the return of deserters prior to April 1st; and the same day rebel cavalry captured a train near Lavergne, with $40,000 of soldiers' money, much of which was from Palmer's division. On the 12th, the Sixth Ohio was paid for the two months ending February 28th. About this time the troops were in a state of anxious expectancy in regard to a promised "system of furloughs in limited number," which, however, was never perfected; and the camp of the Third Brigade was fitted up with especial care and pride. Says a field officer of the Sixth Ohio, writing home: "My camp is in splendid condition. Cedars have been planted around the grounds, in front of the field and line officers' tents, and along each side of the company streets. From the center of the parade grounds floats 'Old Glory,' streaming out from a tall flag-staff as proudly and defiantly as ever. Around the base of the pole, sod has been planted, and a little circular grass plat gives a verdant air to the whole place. The whole camp is trenched, and the tents are clean and well aired. In short, I am quite ready to receive a visit from our sanitary friends or any of the medical department. . . . . The order for the consolidation of regiments has been withdrawn in this army, and, at any rate, its enforcement would not have affected us.

'O God, that bread should be so dear,
And life and blood so cheap!'

Life and blood, one hundred and fifty pounds, at $13 a

month; eggs, 75 cents per dozen; butter, $1 50 per pound; bread, 40 cents a loaf, etc. Wonder how prices compare in Richmond?"

On the 21st, General Reynolds, with his own division, Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, and a detachment of cavalry, made a highly successful raid on McMinnville and the railroad between that point and Manchester. On the 23d, Captain Bense's whole company, save one sergeant, two corporals, and eighteen privates, were relieved from service as provost guards for the brigade, and returned to duty with the regiment. On the 28th, Colonel Anderson was detailed upon a department court-martial in Murfreesboro', and for the next seven weeks the regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher. On the 29th, shelter-tents were issued the regiment; "and it was very funny on the first night of their adoption," says a Sixth Ohio letter, "to hear the men barking, yowling, snarling, and yelping in their 'dog-tents.' Woe to the unfortunate loiterer who, after taps, seeks his quarters! From every tent he is greeted by a snarl and a vigorous pinch, and is glad to reach his 'kennel' with an unbruised leg." On the 30th, which had been set apart as a day of national fasting and prayer, a brigade inspection was substituted for the usual drills, but in spite of Rosecrans' order reënforcing the President's proclamation, very little fasting was done. The men had plenty of money, as the sutler had of goods, and were now "living on the top shelf."

On the 5th of May, the Twenty-third Kentucky moved to Readyville, for temporary attachment to Hazen's brigade. At this time tidings of the Chancellorsville campaign were coming daily, exciting, first, general rejoicing, then anxiety, and lastly, intense disgust. Simultaneously intelligence was received of the capture of Colonel Streight's expedition, in which was the

Third Ohio, old friends of the Sixth. At midnight between the 11th and 12th, Grose's brigade marched for Cripple Creek, eight miles distant, the Sixth Ohio and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois bringing up the rear as escort for the division ammunition train. "Can't see the object of moving us at midnight," says an officer's diary, "but learn it was caused by the reports of some members of General R——'s staff, who had been out here and got their necks full of whisky. It is astonishing what a small amount of brains it requires to be a staff officer." On the 13th, the Sixth Ohio established itself in camp, (which Colonel Grose had selected for it in an open field, without any shelter from the sun, greatly to the men's indignation,) and for the next few days was busily engaged in fitting up its new quarters. "At Cripple Creek," says one account, "we remained very quiet, with the same routine of duties day after day, namely, up at 3 A. M., stand in line of battle till near sunrise, nominally go through a squad drill, about 10 A. M., and in the afternoon out on brigade or division drill, which was more strict. How much we wanted rain about this time! We were continually watching the clouds, and praying, in a soldier's way, for a shower." During its stay at Cripple Creek, the Third Brigade—sometimes alone, and sometimes in connection with the First (Cruft's) Brigade—was several times reviewed, and the Sixth Ohio was more than once highly complimented by General Palmer and other officers.

On Sunday evening, June 14th, a tremendous rain-storm swept over the camp, accompanied by a high wind. "The storm flattened out every thing," says a letter, "and made our beautiful camp a scene of perfect desolation. Our shades, composed of rails and cedar-boughs, were blown over, and generally fell on the tents with crushing weight, compelling

the boys to crawl out as best they could, and seek safety, though in the rain. It was amusing to see in what a variety of ways this visitation was taken. Some of the victims appeared to consider it a very good joke, while the countenances of others were as woe-begone as if they had lost their all. However, all hands turned in next morning to clear away the ruins and build anew, which they did more durably and with even greater taste than before." Colonel Anderson resumed command of the regiment on the 16th. The weather was now very hot, and at this date a member of the Eighty-fourth Illinois was sun-struck, while on brigade drill. On the 19th, the Sixth Ohio was on duty as the inlying picket. On the 21st (Sunday), there was another grand review, "in which every thing was in good condition and would have passed off finely," says a Sixth Ohio corporal, "if the brigade band had not spoiled it all by playing a perfect jumble of every imaginable time, from a dead march to a double-quick. To hear the various remarks which their performances elicited, was decidedly rich. One very pious wish I heard expressed was that they might blow at their horns hard enough to blow themselves away, horns and all. All hands finally had to 'gang their ain gait,' and leave the band to theirs." Next day the Twenty-third Kentucky rejoined the brigade from Readyville, and on the 23d, John Shockman, a private of the First Kentucky, was "shot to death with musketry," in presence of the whole division under arms, for the crime of desertion. Marching orders, concerning which there had been many fitful rumors for weeks past, were received that evening—one hundred rounds of ammunition and twelve days' rations.

Captain Westcott, who had resumed command of his company early in January, resigned March 9th, and came home.

On the 31st of March, Captain Erwin rejoined the regiment from duty on the brigade staff, and Lieutenant Gilman returned to Company A (which for three weeks had been in charge of Lieutenant Lewis), each taking command of his own company. Lieutenant Graham returned from absence by reason of wounds on the 27th of March, and Captain Tinker on the 3d of April. Since the battle, Company H had been under the command of Lieutenants Meline and Kestner, the latter of whom now returned to his own company. Lieutenant Choate, having rejoined the regiment at the same date, assumed command of Company G, which for several weeks previous had been under the command of Lieutenant Cormany. Lieutenant Shoemaker was relieved from duty as Division Master of Transportation on the 10th of April, and returned to the regiment. Lieutenant Irwin, thus relieved of the care of the quartermaster's department, took his place in Company F. On the 17th of April assignments of promoted officers were announced as follows: Major Erwin, promoted from Captain of Company E; Captains Sheridan (detached) and Gilman, to Companies E and A, respectively; First Lieutenant Antram, to Company H; First Lieutenant Holmes, and Second Lieutenant W. R. Glisan, promoted from first sergeant, remained with their old companies—B and D, respectively. On the 2d of May, Lieutenant Slanker was transferred from Company I to Company K, and Lieutenant Lewis, from Company A to I. At the same date, Second Lieutenant W. R. Goodnough, promoted from quartermaster-sergeant, was assigned to Company A. He was the last second lieutenant ever mustered in the Sixth Ohio, its companies now being below the minimum strength authorized by law, and, under regulations soon afterward adopted by the War Department, not entitled to officers of that grade. Private Edwin A. Hannaford, of Company B, was appointed to

the vacant quartermaster-sergeantship. Captain Getty resigned a few weeks after the battle of Stone River, but was recommissioned, upon Colonel Anderson's urgent recommendation, and on the 28th of May again assumed command of Company G. On the 22d of June, Lieutenant Choate was assigned to the command of Company E, replacing Lieutenant Graham, whom the War Department, by some misunderstanding, had just dismissed the service for absence without authority. He was soon reinstated, as we shall see. Dr. Ames (still absent) resigned on the 12th of June, and was succeeded by Assistant Surgeon W. W. Fountain, a native of Rochester, New York, but for several years a resident of Columbus, Ohio, where he had lately graduated from the Starling Medical College. Dr. Ames was soon afterward commissioned surgeon of the Fourteenth United States Colored Infantry, which position he retained until the muster-out of that command in March, 1866. He then located at Chattanooga, but in the summer of 1867 returned to Cincinnati, where he is now engaged in the active practice of his profession.

On the 15th of April, Lieutenant Boice was detailed upon the brigade staff as aid-de-camp; and during April and May, Captains Russell and Montagnier, and Lieutenants Holmes and La Bille, were detailed upon different courts-martial and military commissions—each for a duty of several weeks' duration. Leaves of absence were granted, during March and April, to Surgeon Stephens, Captains Montagnier, Southgate, Thatcher, and Russell, and Lieutenant Antram—to the first-named for fifteen, and the rest for ten days; and in May, to Captain Gilman, for fifteen days.

Thus, when the army moved southward to seize upon the rock-walled fortress of Chattanooga, the officers upon duty

with the Sixth Ohio were as follows. They were in command of about three hundred and forty effective men:

Field and Staff—Colonel Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, Major Erwin, Surgeon Stephens, Adjutant Throop, Quartermaster Shoemaker, and Assistant Surgeon Fountain.

Company A—Captain Gilman and Lieutenant Goodnough.

Company B—Captain Montagnier and First Lieutenant Holmes. (The latter had commanded the company for several weeks immediately preceding.)

Company C—Captain Southgate and First Lieutenant Kestner.

Company D—Captain Russell and Second Lieutenant Glisan.

Company E—First Lieutenant Choate (temporarily detached from Company G) commanding company.

Company F—Captain Thatcher, First Lieutenant Irwin, and Second Lieutenant La Bille.

Company G—Captain Getty and Second Lieutenant Cormany.

Company H—Captain Tinker, First Lieutenant Antram, and Second Lieutenant Meline.

Company I—Second Lieutenant Lewis, commanding company (Captain Bense still retaining the appointment of provost marshal for the brigade).

Company K—Captain Donovan, and Second Lieutenant Slanker.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM CRIPPLE CREEK TO THE CHICKAMAGUA.

(JUNE 24—SEPTEMBER 11, 1863.)

MURFREESBORO' was securely fortified, and stored with supplies in abundance, by the time the roads became fairly settled in the spring; while the army was not only stronger in numbers than when it fought the victorious battle of Stone River, but was in a higher state of discipline and efficiency than ever before. The great and pressing want of an adequate cavalry force, however, and the necessity of keeping Bragg on the *qui vive*, to prevent him from detaching troops for the relief of beleaguered Vicksburg—an object which Rosecrans and his generals imagined could best be attained by allowing him to remain in Middle Tennessee—delayed an advance for many weeks; in fact, for a considerable time after the country had begun to expect it, and the Government had virtually *demanded* it. At last, on the 23d of June, (twelve days after holding a council of war, at which every corps and division commander in the army had expressed a more or less decided opposition to any effort to advance), Rosecrans gave the orders for a forward movement at daylight next morning. Bragg's infantry forces were mainly assembled behind strong and elaborate fortifications at Shelbyville, Wartrace, and Tullahoma, his front being covered by a range of high, rocky

hills, cleft by various gaps, of which the rebels held undisputed possession. Rosecrans' plan was to deceive his antagonist by making a strong feint on Shelbyville, with his right, while the main body of his army should concentrate rapidly at Manchester (close upon the enemy's right flank,) move to the rear of Tullahoma, and force Bragg to a disastrous battle, or else an almost equally disastrous retreat by unfavorable routes over the mountains toward Chattanooga. Accordingly, while Granger, with the Reserve Corps, demonstrated heavily toward Shelbyville, Thomas moved by the direct road through Hoover's Gap and Beech Grove to Manchester, with McCook within supporting distance on the right, moving through Liberty Gap and Fairfield, and Crittenden on the left, taking an obscure and circuitous route through Bradyville. Of Crittenden's corps, Palmer's and Wood's divisions alone took part in this movement—Van Cleve's being temporarily left at Murfreesboro'.

June 24th, Wednesday.—The Second Division marched at 7 A. M., moving nearly due South from Cripple Creek to strike the Murfreesboro' and Bradyville turnpike, out which it proceeded several miles further, and bivouacked for the night about a mile beyond Bradyville, or fourteen miles from Cripple Creek. The cavalry advance guard had a skirmish with the Third Georgia Cavalry, near Bradyville, and lost one man killed and another wounded. A heavy rain set in early in the forenoon, continuing all day and all that night.

June 25th.—"Rain continued falling in torrents," says a diary, "and the roads were awful. Nevertheless, we trudged on, with heavy firing on our right, and some skirmishing on our own front—not enough, however, to delay us—and about noon reached a long, steep hill. This we climbed, and early

went into camp near Fountain Springs, having marched eight miles. A heavy detail was made from the brigade and sent back, under Major Erwin, to assist in getting the train forward. The wagons had to be dragged up by the men, fifty of them pulling and pushing at the same wagon, and thus moving it slowly but surely along. The mules, at such times, were taken out altogether. Company H's wagon broke a wheel and was left behind."

June 26th.—Still it rained. The division remained in camp all day, heard more firing upon the right, and sent back heavy additional details for the train, which finally arrived after dark.

June 27th.—More rain. Starting at 2 P. M., the division marched eleven miles, or to within three miles of Manchester, which, it was found, had been occupied during the forenoon by Reynolds' division of Thomas' corps. "Our company," says a Sixth Ohio corporal, "was detailed as wagon-guard (which, at that time, meant a party to see that the wagons were brought forward in *some* way or other) and, while daylight remained, succeeded pretty well, though at the cost of many a deep wade in mud of all consistencies. In places where the road was unusually soft and boggy, we would stack arms, then chop down small trees and 'corduroy,' or, if fences were at hand, we would make for them, and build a veritable *rail* road. We were still several miles behind the division when night settled down, very dark and rainy. How we ever kept the road at all after that is more than I can tell. We worked along all night, though very slowly, and finally got into camp at 10 A. M., next day."

June 28th, Sunday.—More rain. In the afternoon, the division changed camp two miles nearer Manchester, and next day two miles further, passing through that place in the midst of a drenching rain. Says a member of the Sixth Ohio: "One

experience connected with our weary, weary trip from Cripple Creek, is indelibly impressed on my memory. My mess-mate (dear, lamented Ed Rowe) and I had secured the services of a diminutive contraband, about ten years old, who was to black our shoes and make himself generally useful, in consideration whereof we obligated ourselves to keep him supplied with rations. On the first day out, we gave him a haversack to carry, containing all our earthly store of hard-tack. What was our amazement, at a short halt, to see him coolly set it down in a mud-puddle, and seat himself upon it! When we remonstrated, his innocent reply was, 'Massa Ed Rowe, I did n't know 't would hurt 'em!' At another time, when we were on half-rations, and had received eight large crackers as our joint share of hard-tack for two days, Ed and I, in order to make the supply hold out, if possible, made a scanty supper and when Bob came round for his, told him to help himself, but, as he regarded his inner boy, to be sure and touch it lightly. Next morning, on going to the haversack, we found only two crackers left—for five meals! Bob was interrogated forthwith. 'I 'se hungry all night myse'f,' was the doleful reply; 'did n't git nuffin only fo' crackers for supper!' We dispensed with his services after that."

June 30th.—More rain. The division stored its baggage at Manchester, preparatory to an advance in the lightest possible marching order to the rear of Bragg's army, the whole of which had now fallen back to Tullahoma. The troops were on short rations, which soon grew scantier still. The division supply-train, now largely increased by the baggage wagons just emptied, was placed under the charge of Lieutenant Peck, whose exceeding energy had made him famous throughout the corps. At the battle of Stone River, where thousands of troops suffered greatly for supplies, he not only kept his own division well pro-

vided, but was enabled to issue one hundred and sixty thousand rations to other commands.

July 1st.—Marched with three days' rations, but no baggage, taking the old road to Pelham through Hillsboro'. The weather was very hot, and the roads worse than ever. The division got mired in a swamp, and, after floundering about in it for some time, went into camp five miles from Manchester, about the time that rain began falling again. In the evening, the welcome news was received of the evacuation of Tullahoma, whither General Rosecrans was already removing his headquarters.

July 2d.—Very hot, with more rain at night. A heavy detail was made to carry the ammunition through the swamp; which done, the empty wagons were finally dragged through. The division marched at noon, with the Sixth Ohio in rear of the ammunition train, and bivouacked at the end of eight or nine miles.

July 3d.—Rain in torrents. After marching four miles, the division reached Elk River, at Morris' Ford, on the road between Hillsboro' and Decherd, found it swollen almost out of its banks and quite impassable, and thereupon marched back two miles to camp on Indian Creek, where it remained during five days of much rain, more mud, and less rations. The soil in this vicinity is peculiarly spongy, if it may so be characterized, and miniature springs were continually oozing forth under the tents and elsewhere all over camp. At this time the Army of the Cumberland shared with the whole country in jubilations over Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, and Grant's glorious successes at Vicksburg. "We were lying quietly in camp at Indian Creek," says the letter of a Sixth Ohio officer, "when a distant report (was it thunder or a cannon?) fell dull upon our ears. Another and another, in quick succession, yet with clock-like reg-

ularity. They are firing a salute at Tullahoma, seven miles away. An hour elapses, and we are all eager with curiosity; for, in the meantime, Thomas, at Decherd, and Van Cleve, at Manchester, have heard the glorious news, and thundered forth with thirty-five guns apiece. Why do not *we* learn something? General Crittenden paces up and down before his tent, nervous and angry; on every side the armies have greeted some welcome intelligence, but we are still in doubt. Suddenly, the earth trembles, the smoke curls upward, and in sharp, distinct roar, Russell's Battery *crashes* upon the air. The men are wild with anticipated joy, and a long, loud shout rings out an echo to the cannon, 'Vicksburg fallen and Lee overthrown!' You've heard the news, you've felt the joy!"

By a hot, hard march of fifteen miles through Hillsboro', the division, on the 8th, returned to Manchester, where its arrival was signalized by another hard rain. It spent the next five and a half weeks lying quietly in camp near this place, Wood's division being posted at Hillsboro', Van Cleve's at McMinnville, and the remainder of the army along the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad—principally at Tullahoma and Decherd. Sheridan's division was pushed forward to Stevenson and Bridgeport, as soon as the railroad could be re-opened to those points, which was accomplished on the 25th of July. Rosecrans' brilliant success (effected by a series of flanking operations that compare favorably with the most celebrated campaigns of modern warfare) inspired his troops with an exuberant confidence, amounting almost to a conviction of absolute invincibility. This feeling was worth every thing to the Army of the Cumberland at a later day, making Bragg's bloody victory at Chickamauga a barren one at last. In the rebel army, meanwhile, there seemed to be a growing dissatisfaction and consciousness of weakness, such, in fact, as in-

duced many hundreds of Tennesseeans to desert and return to their former homes. The mistake was not unnatural, therefore, when Rosecrans' men pronounced the war in Tennessee "about played out,"* as they did by common consent.

But to resume the thread of our chronology. Colonel Grose's pass regulations were very strict at Manchester, and generated some ill feeling for the time being. The brigade accorded him full praise for courage in battle, and pleasant manners on the march, but now regarded him as unnecessarily exacting. About the middle of July, the army received intelligence of the fall of Port Hudson and Morgan's last great raid beyond the Ohio. "It is singular," says an officer's diary, "that the authorities at home have not been able to check him. I hope he will show them what war means." Ten days later: "We have news at last of Morgan's capture, with nearly all his band of horse-thieves; there is much rejoicing in consequence." On the 16th, the Second Division began cutting fifteen thousand railroad ties to replace those which the rebels had removed from the McMinnville road for use elsewhere. The quota assigned the Sixth Ohio was one thousand, which, from the scarcity of axes, required several days to turn out. On the 18th, the regiment was paid by Major Diven, for the four months ending June 30th; and on the 20th changed camp to better grounds, a mile from Manchester, on the Hillsboro' road. A day or two later General Crittenden was summoned home to attend the bedside of his dying father, and for the next three weeks the Twenty-first Corps was commanded by General Palmer, the Second Division being meanwhile left in charge of General Cruft, the ranking brigade

* Or, as a staff officer in the Sixth Ohio expressed it, by a pun of unmitigated atrocity, it was "about ended, to all in-tents and 'purp'-houses!"

commander. On the 27th a division court-martial convened, of which General Hazen was president, and Colonel Anderson and Captain Russell were members. On the 28th, the brigade received orders to chop one hundred and sixty-seven cords of wood, in two feet lengths, for the railroad locomotives, and the Sixth Ohio at once began cutting its proportion, which was thirty cords. Camp life at this period is thus described in an officer's letter home: "We lie here, on an open plain near Manchester, broiling and frying in the summer sun, a perfect emblem of torpidity. Every morning some fifty men shoulder each an ax, and stroll lazily off to the distant woods to cut railroad ties; thirty more attend guard-mounting, and disappear behind the brigade guard-tent. Then all signs of life disappear. No one is seen until evening, when the wood-choppers straggle back, dress parade is held, and the men begin to cook their suppers. After sundown the camp is alive again; officers saunter about in groups, the merry hum of conversation is heard, the regimental Glee Club sings cheerily, (unless, perchance, it be away serenading Generals Hazen, Cruft, or other officers,) and drowsiness is laid aside till midnight. Such is life in camp at present. Why, the other day I was so bored for something to do, that I sent for the barber and had my face shaved clean. This occupied half an hour, and I then spent the remainder of the day in laughing at my reflection in the looking-glass. Throop says I look like 'turtle-soup—lunch at 10 o'clock.' Go down Third Street almost any forenoon, and you'll see what he means. Since we have been in this camp, we live like fighting cocks. Tender mutton, cabbage, new potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes, fresh bread and butter we eat every day; and, as I write, three little lambs are making the afternoon hideous with their bleatings. I'll have at least one of them bucked and gagged, if they do n't stop soon. . . .

I have just this moment read the *Commercial*, of the 31st, and am delighted with Burnside. Shave Morgan, Cluke, and Duke, and put them in jail! BULLY!"

On Sunday, August 2d, the brigade was reviewed by Colonel Grose, and on the 9th by General Cruft. On the 3d, Captain Bense was relieved as provost marshal of the brigade, and with his detail, which was complimented for its efficiency and good conduct, returned to the regiment. Two days afterward he obtained a fifteen days' leave of absence, simultaneously with a five days' leave granted Dr. Stephens. On the 4th, a detachment of one hundred and fifty men, under Major Erwin, went out with a forage train, returning safely on the 6th, after marching many miles. Drills were resumed a day or two later, but were a great weariness to the flesh on account of the heat. In splendid condition in every respect, the Sixth Ohio about this time accepted a challenge which the Nineteenth Ohio had made any regiment in the corps, for an inspection of arms; but the speedy resumption of active campaigning prevented the trial from taking place. On the 14th, the regiment was inspected by Captain John W. Brooks, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, the newly-appointed brigade inspector; and on the 16th the following detail was sent to Ohio for the purpose of bringing forward drafted men, whose probable accession to its ranks the whole regiment regarded with unmistakable disfavor. As it eventuated, however, the draft in Ohio was repeatedly postponed, and the Sixth Ohio never received a recruit from that source. Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, Captain Donovan, and Lieutenant Kestner; Sergeants Edwin Edwards, Company A; Wm. L. Wolverton, Company I; Joseph Turley, Company E; John Peer, Company G; and Thomas M. Carr, Company B; and Corporal D. W. McGillicuddy, Company H.

General Rosecrans was foiled in his endeavors to strengthen his cavalry arm, as was requisite to meet coming exigencies, by the scarcely-concealed hostility of General Halleck, the master marplot of the war, and Secretary Stanton, who protested that "he would be damned if he would give Rosecrans another man;" nevertheless, he pushed forward his preparations with energy and good judgment, and, by the middle of August, was ready to renew the campaign and carry the National banners in triumph into Chattanooga—the prize long coveted, and certain gateway to grander, if not decisive victories in the future. Again was Bragg completely overreached by the strategy and enterprise of his opponent, and, although his effort to retaliate was partially successful at Chickamauga, Chattanooga was permanently lost to the Southern Confederacy.

August 16th, Sunday.—While Thomas and McCook took up their line of march over the Cumberland Mountains south-eastward, to cross the Tennessee at Caperton's Ferry (near Stevenson), Bridgeport, and Shell Mound—with the object of flanking the enemy out of Chattanooga, by passing the Sand and Lookout Mountains, and threatening his communications toward Dalton and Atlanta—Crittenden's corps was put *en route* for the Sequatchie and Tennessee Valleys, there to menace Bragg's front from the northern bank of the Tennessee. Palmer's division was ordered to Dunlap, Wood's to Thurman, and Van Cleve's to Pikeville. The Second Division (Palmer's) this day marched north-eastward on the Hickory Creek road, and encamped near Viola, a small hamlet about ten miles south-west of McMinnville and eighteen from Manchester. A heavy rain set in about noon, but it proved less persistent than the memorable storms which characterized the Stone River and Tullahoma campaigns.

August 17th.—Marched into Northcut's Cove, at the foot of

the main ridge of the Cumberland Mountains, and thence through a narrow gap into Rodgers' Hollow, a fertile vale watered by Collins' River, which stream the Sixth Ohio had elsewhere forded more than once the year before. Passing Irving College, the troops crossed the river, and, not far beyond, began the tortuous ascent of the mountain by an excellent turnpike road connecting McMinnville and Dunlap, and camped on Rock River, on the plateau at the summit, after a march of about twenty miles.

August 18th.—The last of the train did not reach camp until noon, so that the division marched only five or six miles, and again encamped on the mountain. At this date the Sixth Ohio was temporarily detached for duty with Hazen's brigade.

August 19th.—The division marched fourteen miles, of which the last five were down the eastern slope of the mountain, to the vicinity of Dunlap, in the Sequatchie Valley, which is one of the loveliest regions in Tennessee. Here Cruft's and Grose's brigades remained, but Hazen's, on the next day, marched fourteen miles further, across Waldron's Ridge (the eastern range of the Cumberland Mountains) to Poe's Tavern, at an important cross-road in the Valley of the Tennessee, which was now occupied by four brigades, namely, Hazen's, Wagner's, Wilder's mounted infantry, and Minty's cavalry. The joint exertions of these commands were highly successful in misleading Bragg into the belief that Rosecrans' main army was about crossing the Tennessee somewhere above Chattanooga, and attempting to cut off Buckner's forces at Loudon, whither they had retreated before Burnside's victorious column, now in possession of the greater part of East Tennessee, including Cumberland Gap and Knoxville. On the 21st Wilder's mountain howitzers shelled Chattanooga from the northern bank of the river, producing great consternation among the citizens; and

eight days afterward the Union army began crossing the Tennessee in force, at three different points, many miles below.

The Sixth Ohio spent ten very pleasant days at Poe's Tavern, luxuriating in whatsoever the country afforded, and well treated by Colonel Hazen, as well as the Union people of that region, who gladly welcomed the troops among them. On the 1st of September the regiment recrossed Waldron's Ridge to rejoin its own brigade in the Sequatchie Valley, leaving Hazen to new and still greater demonstrations of activity in the Valley of the Tennessee. Fourteen miles brought it to Dunlap, whence the residue of the division had that morning set out southward; twenty miles more, on the 2d, to Jasper; and seven miles, on the 3d, to the mouth of Battle Creek. Reunited at this point, the brigade, on the 4th, followed Cruft's across the Tennessee on rafts, and marched five miles to Shell Mound, there to await the arrival of the trains and artillery which had been sent around to the pontoon bridge at Bridgeport. While these *impedimenta* were coming up, many of the troops, on the 5th, improved the opportunity to visit the celebrated Nickajack Cave, half a mile distant; and in the afternoon the division (or, more precisely speaking, Cruft's and Grose's brigades of it) marched eastwardly seven miles to Falling Waters, near Whiteside Station. On the 6th it moved southward up "Murphy's Hollow," which debouches through a narrow gap in the Raccoon Mountains into Lookout Valley, and, after marching six or seven miles, bivouacked on the Chattanooga and Trenton turnpike, seven miles from the latter place and eighteen from the former. Here it lay all next day in readiness to support Wood's division, which had moved along the railroad from Whiteside Station and found the rebels in force on Lookout Mountain, guarding the entrance to Chattanooga, and extending their picket-lines and signal stations along the mountain's

crest, within plain sight of both divisions in Lookout Valley below. Thomas and McCook were many miles up the valley, on the right, and still pushing on in menacing array toward Bragg's rear.

On the 8th Palmer's division marched eight miles down Lookout Valley, to a point about five miles south of Wauhatchee, and within eleven miles of Chattanooga, in closer support of General Wood, who was making a strong and skillful reconnoissance to unmask the enemy's movements beyond the mountain. Next morning, the 9th of September, Chattanooga was discovered to have been evacuated during the night, and Wood moved into it at once, taking possession without firing a shot. Meanwhile three regiments of Grose's brigade climbed the heights of Lookout to Summertown, which was a hamlet, formerly of fashionable summer resort, on the summit of the mountain, overlooking Chattanooga. The Twenty-fourth Ohio, having the advance, succeeded in getting a few shots at the enemy's pickets as they hastily retreated; the preconcerted signal, to indicate that the ridge was clear of rebels, was then given to the troops lying in the valley below, and they began moving by the main wagon-road across the "Nose of Lookout"—the bluff extremity of the mountain, abutting on the Tennessee. Says an officer of the Third Brigade:* "The prospect that met our view when we reached Summertown was grand beyond description. We were upon a high, bold bluff, nearly two thousand feet above the Tennessee River. The city of Chattanooga, almost deserted, was only two and a half miles distant, and so much beneath us that we could look down into all its streets. Long lines of dust marked the road upon which the enemy was retreating, and a few miles to the east-

*Quartermaster Simmons, of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, and historian of that regiment. The Sixth Ohio followed the main wagon-road.

ward rose the thickly-wooded slopes of Missionary Ridge, with the Pigeon and Chattagutta Mountains far in the distance beyond. Broad and fertile valleys, or coves, lay between the mountain ranges, beautiful in their quiet repose, and not yet entirely devastated by the terrible simoom of civil war. It was a lovely picture." Toward evening the regiments descended by the road leading to Chattanooga, and, rejoining the division, moved across Chattanooga Valley and out the road to Rossville, near which place the whole command encamped after a day's march of sixteen miles.

Brilliantly successful up to this point, Rosecrans already had the objective of the campaign in his possession. The very ease, however, with which Chattanooga had been occupied was really portentous of a mighty peril. Thrown off his guard for the moment, Rosecrans at once accepted as true the first reports from his extended front to the effect that Bragg was in hurried retreat through Ringgold and Dalton to Rome, which place was beyond the Coosa and sixty miles from Chattanooga; and instead, therefore, of calling in his scattered corps and concentrating at once to guard the prize so skillfully won, he made dispositions to pursue the rebel army in its supposed retreat, hoping to cripple it, at least, before it could pass beyond his reach; and intending, *after that*, to take position behind the mountain gaps, for what would then be the easy task of holding Chattanooga and making ready for another advance—perchance to Atlanta! But Rosecrans was terribly mistaken in his convictions as to Bragg's strategy.* Instead of being in

* Gen. Rosecrans does not directly admit his misconception of Bragg's purposes, much less the mistakes into which he was led thereby; but it is very difficult to understand how any candid investigator of the facts in the case could arrive at any other conclusion than that set forth in the text. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's statement (in "Ohio in the War," vol. I, p. 340),

precipitate retreat upon Rome, the rebels were quietly concentrating at Lafayette, only twenty-six miles from Chattanooga, leaving a large and strongly-supported detachment at Lee and Gordon's Mills (about equidistant from the two places), to watch the line of the Chickamauga and report the movements of Crittenden's corps beyond. They had already been reënforced by Buckner's troops from East Tennessee, while the remnants of the Mississippi army and Bragg's own reserves were coming up by every train; and, above all, two splendid divisions belonging to Longstreet's corps were just in the act of embarking at Richmond, to turn the tide of war in Georgia and roll it redly back across the Tennessee.

September 10th.—Crittenden's corps having been ordered to follow up the enemy vigorously on the Ringgold turnpike, Palmer's division moved through a gap in the range known as Missionary Ridge, but halted at the end of ten miles, to wait for rations, and bivouacked near Graysville, which is on Chickamauga Creek, about twelve miles east of Rossville. Rebel cavalry were encountered soon after starting in the morning, and a body of them charged the advance, rode pell-mell over four companies of the First Kentucky Infantry,

that the battle of Chickamauga was fought *to enable the Union army to concentrate at Chattanooga*, is altogether erroneous. General Wood is substantially correct in saying (in a private manuscript, now lying upon the writer's table): "There is abundance of evidence in existence to prove that, at the date of the occupation of Chattanooga by the leading division of the Twenty-first Corps, neither the Fourteenth nor Twentieth Corps had become involved in the laborious passage of the Lookout Mountain range. Both were in Wills' Valley. The assertion that the battle of Chickamauga was the unavoidable price of the permanent possession of Chattanooga is a fallacy." Mr. Swinton, one of the ablest and most careful writers upon the war, advances identically the same opinion. Greeley's "American Conflict" also contains an expression of similar import.

captured fifty men and two officers, and escaped with them unharmed. One of the rebel officers, as he dashed close along the front of the Union line, stood up in his stirrups, waved his hat in bravado, and yelled, "*Hurrah for hell and Georgia!*" In punishment, as was supposed, for cleaning out the smoke-house, etc., of a rebel captain belonging to this band, Colonel Grose, in the afternoon, sent the Sixth Ohio a mile or two out to drive away some guerrillas still hovering on the front, which object was soon and easily accomplished; "but forty barrels of grape-cider," says one account, "being discovered in a cellar near where we halted, the last state of the regiment was worse than the first. It came back happier than a Dutch picnic!" At night General Wood found a contraband who communicated the startling intelligence of Bragg's real whereabouts. Rosecrans had also ascertained that the main rebel army had retreated along the Lafayette road, but how far was not known.

September 11th.—Palmer's division was rejoined by Hazen's brigade and marched to Ringgold—five miles. Wood was sent to Lee and Gordon's Mills to reconnoiter, there remaining until the battle. Colonel Wilder's mounted infantry pushed out toward Tunnel Hill, skirmishing heavily with rebel cavalry. The result of Wood's reconnoissance, together with information derived from other sources, soon satisfied General Rosecrans of Bragg's proximity and great strength, and made him realize that it was a matter of life and death to effect the speediest possible concentration. From flank to flank of his scattered army the distance was measured by scores of miles over rugged mountains, which no wheel could pass, except by difficult roads, at wide intervals. The enemy, lying opposite the center, meanwhile had it in his power to fall upon either Thomas or Crittenden, crush them both in quick succession, and then destroy McCook, helpless and alone, amid the entanglements of the

mountains. To think of the fate which, for a whole week preceding the battle of Chickamauga, hung suspended over the Army of the Cumberland, by a thread no surer than Bragg's imbecility, is enough to make one's flesh creep with horror!

Before we again follow the Sixth Ohio into the storm of battle, let us pause just a moment to note the *personnel* of its officers. Assistant Surgeon Fountain having tendered his resignation on account of ill health, it was accepted on the 8th of August. He subsequently served, on contract, in various hospitals in Louisville and Nashville; was afterward recommissioned, as assistant surgeon of the Eighty-eighth Ohio, with the position of executive officer of the post hospital at Camp Chase, and was mustered out of service in June, 1865. He then returned to the practice of his profession in Columbus. Dr. Israel Bedell, who was the next and last assistant surgeon of the Sixth Ohio, was born in Niagara County, New York, in 1834, came to Knox County, Ohio, in 1839, and, after reading medicine in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and attending one course of lectures at Ann Arbor, Michigan, finally graduated from the Medical University in the city of New York. He joined the regiment early in September (1863), and, to use the language of Dr. Stephens, "took hold like an old soldier." On the 4th of September, Second Lieutenant Wesley B. Maclane, who had been promoted from first sergeant of Co. I, dating several months back, was assigned to Co. B, with which he continued until a few minutes after the regiment got under fire at Chickamauga. He resigned in October and came home. In this connection we may record the appointment, on July 5th, of private George W. Pyne, of Co. A, and John H. Bueltel, of Co. K, as Principal Musicians, agreeably to a recent order from the War Department recognizing that grade. Lieutenant

Schieffer reached the front July 21st, but was not nearly recovered from his Stone River wounds, and in August was ordered to the rear upon other duty. On the 13th of July Lieutenant Choate was relieved from the command of Co. E, by Lieutenant Antram; and on the 16th of August Lieutenant Irwin was assigned to the command of Co. K, during the absence of Captain Donovan, on recruiting service, etc.

Thus the officers that took part with the Sixth Ohio in the Chickamauga campaign were as follows:

Field and Staff—Colonel Anderson, Major Erwin, Adjutant Throop, Surgeon Stephens, Assistant Surgeon Bedell, and Quartermaster Shoemaker.

Company A—Captain Gilman and Second Lieutenant Goodnough.

Company B—Captain Montagnier, First Lieutenant Holmes, and Second Lieutenant Maclane (the latter as before noted).

Company C—Captain Southgate.

Company D—Captain Russell and Second Lieutenant Glisan.

Company E—First Lieutenant Antram (detached from Company H).

Company F—Captain Thatcher and Second Lieutenant La Bille.

Company G—Captain Getty, First Lieutenant Choate, and Second Lieutenant Cormany.

Company H—Captain Tinker and Second Lieutenant Meline

Company I—Captain Bense and Second Lieutenant Lewis.

Company K—First Lieutenant Irwin (detached from Company F) and Second Lieutenant Slanker.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHICKAMAUGA.

(SEPTEMBER 12-20, 1863.)

SEPTEMBER 12th.—Proceeding a few miles south-westward of Ringgold, along Pea Vine Ridge, Palmer's division changed its line of march directly to the west, lost several men in a skirmish near Gilbert's, and, after marching thirteen miles, reached Gordon's Mill, where the entire corps was now concentrated. Wilder's mounted infantry, following and covering this flank movement, had heavy skirmishing, especially at Leet's tan-yard. In the afternoon, Hazen's brigade made a reconnoissance two miles beyond the ford which Wood had been guarding at Gordon's Mill, and skirmished with the enemy until near night-fall. The alarming fact could no longer be doubted that Bragg's main army, heavily reënforced, was on the Lafayette road but a few miles south of Gordon's Mill, bent upon retaking Chattanooga. Crittenden's position was now dangerous in the extreme, on account of its isolation; and, at the same time, his corps was numerically weaker than either Thomas' or McCook's. At this date, the Fourteenth Corps was in the vicinity of Bailey's Cross-roads, eighteen miles from Gordon's Mill, toward the head of McLemore's Cove, and beyond Missionary Ridge, and the Twentieth was resting near Alpine, in Broomtown Valley, forty miles from the same

position by the nearest route, and fifty-seven miles by that which McCook subsequently took, crossing the Lookout range twice.

September 13th, Sunday.—Reveille was sounded early, with a tremendous clangor of drums, fifes, and bugles; and bands were also dispatched hither and thither, to come back playing noisily, as if reënforcements were arriving. The three divisions were put into position for defense, making as great a show as possible, and here remained all day. Cruft and Wilder were sent out to reconnoiter on the left, the Fourth United States Cavalry on the right, toward McLemore's Cove, and a brigade of Van Cleve's division to the front, the last-named force driving the rebel outposts a distance of three miles toward Lafayette, and sustaining several casualties.

September 14th.—In obedience to orders from General Rosecrans, Palmer's and Van Cleve's divisions were moved westward to "the southern spur of Missionary Ridge, so as to command the valley of Chattanooga Creek" (beyond the ridge) whence General Thomas was communicated with upon the right. The Second Division this day marched about eight miles, reaching its assigned position on Chattanooga Creek between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

September 15th.—Disappointed by his failure in a promising attempt to strike Thomas unawares, as his divisions pushed across McLemore's Cove to Dug Gap in the Pigeon Mountains, the enemy was found to have withdrawn from the front between Crittenden and Thomas, and McCook's advance being reported within supporting distance of the latter, the Twenty-first Corps was countermarched toward Gordon's Mill. Palmer's division, by a march of eleven miles, obtained a position near Gowan's Ford, on the Chickamauga, six or seven miles above Gordon's Mill (southward from it), and covered the line of the creek for

four or five miles. Van Cleve's division was posted at Crawfish Springs, about four miles toward the north-west.

September 16th.—Grose's brigade reconnoitered a few miles eastward, in the direction of one of the gaps in Pigeon Mountains. It found no enemy, but succeeded in capturing some potatoes, which proved very good eating.

September 17th.—In the morning, Hazen's pickets on the road from Crawfish Springs to Lafayette were ridden over by a squad of rebel cavalry (said to be drunk) who penetrated nearly to brigade head-quarters, and were there captured. Thomas' troops having begun arriving on Crittenden's lines, Palmer's division in the afternoon was moved northward, by a march of three miles, to within two miles of Crawfish Springs. Grose's brigade bivouacked behind some slashed timber, forming a good cover for its front.

September 18th.—The movement of the army toward the left (the north-east) was continued as secretly as possible. Several companies of the Sixth Ohio on the picket-line became engaged in a bitter little skirmish toward evening, and private Joseph Hooth, of Company F, was shot in the head and instantly killed. Evidences accumulated during the day that the rebels were massing heavily in front of the Union left, and miles beyond, down the Chickamauga, undoubtedly for the purpose of turning that flank and interposing between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. Crittenden was ordered to proceed with Palmer's and Van Cleve's divisions to drive the enemy from the Rossville road and form on the left of Wood, whose position at Gordon's Mill had been heavily threatened at the same time that the cavalry and mounted infantry at Reid's and Alexander's bridges (a few miles down the Chickamauga) had been forced back by the enemy's advance, fighting stubbornly as they retired.

Starting about midnight on the 18th, Palmer's division made a tedious march of five miles, past Crawfish Springs and through what seemed almost illimitable forests, and at dawn on Saturday, the 19th, found itself in position next on the left of Van Cleve and about one mile north of Gordon's Mill. Its formation at this hour was the same as at Stone River—Cruft on the right, Hazen on the left, and Grose in reserve. For a week the troops had lived in an atmosphere of battle, and with their guns in their hands; yet few, except the higher officers, imagined that the dread issue was so soon to be decided. The men were jaded by their night march and previous harassing service, but were in excellent spirits notwithstanding—full of the confidence begotten of trained self-reliance, and brimming over with the dashing, half-reckless courage characteristic of old and successful campaigners. About 8 A. M., Grose's brigade was ordered to make a reconnoissance down the road and in the direction of Reid's Mill, to ascertain if the main road from Gordon's Mill to Rossville was clear of the enemy, and, if practicable, whether Colonel Dan McCook's brigade still held Reid's bridge, as it had been reported doing on the evening before. Threading its way through thick woods, with occasional clearings, Grose's command, at the end of two miles, reached Baird's division (formerly Rousseau's), which had marched all night with the rest of Thomas' corps, and had taken position on the Rossville road, while Brannan's division (in the main, Thomas' old division) had filed past him and formed upon his left, extending the line of battle northward, in the direction of Rossville. While the troops were halted upon Baird's right, heavy volleys of musketry were heard along the front, some distance to the left; but the sound soon died away, and the brigade then returned to the division, rejoining

it about half-past ten o'clock, without having encountered any enemy.

A mail which had arrived during its absence, was immediately distributed, and many of the Sixth Ohio were bending over their newspapers, or stretched in utter weariness on the ground, when the roar of artillery broke out hoarsely in the direction whence they had just returned, accompanied by heavy and continuous musketry firing. Brannan, on the extreme left, was hotly engaged, and Baird was becoming involved, as Bragg's solid masses swept across the Chickamauga, and, by a movement resembling a left wheel of the whole line, carried the assault southward, toward Gordon's Mill. All being quiet upon his own front, Crittenden ordered Palmer to the support of the left, and the division promptly started. It had proceeded less than one-third of the distance to the point reached by Grose's brigade two hours before, when it came upon the enemy in force, pushing steadily forward to envelop Johnson's division (of McCook's corps) which was hastily moving into position to cover Baird's flank, previously exposed. The division formed rapidly on Johnson's right—Hazen's brigade on the left, Cruft's next, and Grose's on the right, and, simultaneously, the line was extended still further to the right by a division of Thomas' corps, under General Reynolds—the same who, at Elkwater, used pleasantly to call the Sixth Ohio his "singing regiment." By one o'clock the Second Division had become engaged along its entire line, and the Third Brigade was rocked in such a tempest of battle as exceeded all its previous experiences, not even excepting those of Stone River.

We can not follow the Army of the Cumberland through all the phases of that terrific contest, in which Bragg, by his own confession, lost two-fifths of his army, and Rosecrans escaped destruction but by a hair's-breadth. The intensity and des-

peration of the struggle; the splendid fighting of that grand old army which was battling greatly superior numbers, and at many disadvantages in addition; the undaunted courage of the men, who could be overpowered and driven, but never whipped, because they *would* not be; the shifting of brigade after brigade, and division after division, toward the left, which was the vital point of the field; the shearing off of seven brigades upon the right, and the staggering of the center; the rock-like firmness of General Thomas, commanding the left, whose service was nothing less magnificent than saving the army, after Rosecrans (upon another part of the field) had given up the day as lost and retired to Chattanooga—these are all matters of history, to which a simple reference is all that the scope of this volume permits. Palmer's division fought under the command of General Thomas throughout—during the first day, in the position before mentioned, and on the second day, in the center of Thomas' line, with Johnson and Baird on the left, and Reynolds and Brannan on the right. Its loss was very heavy, but, happily, the Third Brigade escaped with somewhat fewer casualties than at Stone River.

The Sixth Ohio's share in those sanguinary conflicts in the woods, upon the banks of "Dead Man's River,"* is fully described in the official reports, and the private letter from one of its bravest and most intelligent subalterns, which complete this chapter. It is impossible to particularize the examples of daring and steadfast courage which crowned the lives of its Chickamauga slain, and covered with honor the record of almost every survivor. Though they were counted by hundreds, each one is ineffaceably traced on many a comrade's memory, and none needs repetition here to lend it newer

* The word "Chickamauga" is from the Cherokee tongue, in which it is said to mean "Dead Man's River."

luster.* As near as can be ascertained, the regiment went into action on the morning of September 19th with an aggregate strength of 345, or 23 officers and 322 enlisted men. Of this number 12 were killed, 6 mortally wounded, 76 received wounds which necessitated their transfer to general hospital, and in the majority of cases resulted in permanent disablement, and 16 were reported missing in action—making a total loss of 110. During the battle the regiment expended 27,680 rounds of ammunition, scores of the men firing more than 150 rounds each.

CASUALTIES OF THE SIXTH OHIO.

FIELD AND STAFF.—*Wounded*—Colonel Anderson, Adjutant Throop, and Sergeant-Major Mellen.

COMPANY A.—*Mortally wounded*—Corporal Kirkland W. Cowing and private Frank B. Brown. *Wounded*—Captain Gilman, Corporal John A. Cushing, and private James Harahan.

*But we need ask no pardon for quoting the following from General Crittenden's official report: "It gives me much pleasure to call attention to John Atkins, Company D, Second Kentucky Infantry, senior clerk in the Assistant Adjutant-General's office, who remained on the field with my staff both days, and aided me as much as any one in rallying the men. He is a good clerk, well educated, and in every thing competent to command, and is deserving of a commission. The same may be said of George C. James, private in Company A, Sixth Ohio Infantry, clerk to my Chief of Artillery and Topographical Engineer [Captain Mendenhall], who, when detailed as a clerk, stipulated that he should be permitted to join his regiment when on the march with the prospect of an engagement. On the march from Murfreesboro' to Manchester he joined his regiment; and also from the time of crossing the Tennessee River until the termination of the late engagements, in both of which he participated. If promotion can not be had in their regiments, some distinguished mark of honor should be bestowed on both."

COMPANY B.—*Killed*—Corporals Edwin H. Rowe and Philip B. Helfenbein, and private Richard R. Allen. *Mortally wounded*—Private John Aufderheide. *Wounded*—Captain Montagnier, Corporal Lewis N. Kibby, and privates David Schreiber, James Warren, and James Mitchell. *Missing*—First Lieutenant Holmes and private John A. Ziegler. (Private Adam Rohe was also captured the day before the battle.)

COMPANY C.—*Wounded*—Corporal John C. Hefferman, and privates William A. Baldwin, Edmund Luthy, and Antoine Brown. *Missing*—Private Jos. T. Fox.

COMPANY D.—*Killed*—Sergeant James F. McGregor and private George K. Kopp. *Mortally wounded*—Private Samuel W. Stephenson. *Wounded*—Privates Frederick H. Bastian, August Bristol, Reinhold Hoffman, Michael Renner, Wm. F. Dill, Frank A. Manns, and Frederick Soghan.

COMPANY E.—*Killed*—Private Robert E. Tuxworth. *Mortally wounded*—Corporal Benj. F. Terry (color-guard). *Wounded*—Corporal Alex. Rigler, and privates Charles Eckhardt, Jos. E. Lougenbach, Anthony W. Bowen, Reuben D. Burgess, Miles Blake, Horatio Tucker, Abram A. Truesdale, and John Fisher. *Missing*—Privates Nelson A. Britt (died in rebel prison) and John Paul Robenstein.

COMPANY F.—*Killed*—Privates Joseph Hooth and James H. Deans. *Wounded*—Sergeant Wm. E. Jackson, Corporals Frederick Linenbrink, Milton Limebach, and James Wood, and privates Henry Leonard, David Downey, George Hoffman, William Kessemeier, John Linceman, Seth G. Perkins, Stuart Terwilliger, Frederick Taphorn, Clement Theising, Anthony Schaffer, Charles Young, and James Yost. *Missing*—Private James Lafever and Musician Wm. Young.

COMPANY G.—*Killed*—Private John Huddlestone. *Wounded*—Second Lieutenant Cormany, Corporal Wm. A. Clark, and privates Wm. H. Service, John H. Loskam, Joseph Long, Joseph Katching, James A. Taylor, Andrew Kellar, and Wm. H. Sturgis.

Missing—First Sergeant Abraham G. Price and private John Singer (died in rebel prison).

COMPANY H.—*Mortally wounded*—Private John Christ. *Wounded*—Captain Tinker, Corporal Frank D. Wentworth, and privates James F. Attee, Richard Thompson, George W. Whistler, and August Friday. *Missing*—Privates Charles Schuster, Michael Manley, and William C. Allen (wounded).

COMPANY I.—*Killed*—Private Daniel E. McCarty. *Wounded*—Captain Bense, Sergeant Ferdinand McDonough, Corporals George S. La Rue, and William Crawford, and privates Newton Bucknell, August Grass, William Yager, and Christ. Kohli. *Missing*—Privates James Carson and William Maygaffoygan.

COMPANY K.—*Killed*—Sergeant John A. Osling (color-bearer) and Corporal Henry F. Funk. *Wounded*—Corporals Nehemiah V. Pennington and William Gain, and privates Christ. Albert, Wm. T. Goodwin, Frederick Wehking, and Theodore Ortman. *Missing*—Privates Wm. A. Lohn and Lorenz Huber.

RECAPITULATION.

	Field & Staff	Co. A	Co. B	Co. C	Co. D	Co. E	Co. F	Co. G	Co. H	Co. I	Co. K	Total
Killed	...	...	3	...	2	1	2	1	...	1	2	12
Mortally wound'd	...	2	1	...	1	1	...	...	1	...	...	6
Wounded	3	3	5	4	7	9	16	9	6	8	6	76
Missing	...	...	2	1	...	2	2	2	3	2	2	16
Total	3	5	11	5	10	13	20	12	10	11	10	110

MAJOR ERWIN'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

CAMP OF THE SIXTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 27, 1863.

Colonel Wm. Grose, commanding Third Brigade—

COLONEL: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Sixth Ohio Volunteers in the recent battle of "Missionary Ridge" [Chickamauga]. On the morning of the 18th inst. the effective force of the regiment was 23 officers and

324 enlisted men. On the evening of that day, while on outpost duty, private Hooth, of Captain Thatcher's company, was shot by the enemy's pickets, and instantly killed. On the morning of Saturday, the 19th, after returning from a reconnoissance made by the brigade under your personal direction [and also after the division had moved to Baird's support], we were posted in the second line of the brigade, two, or perhaps more, of the right companies extending beyond our front line—the right company detached and posted on the right of Cushing's battery. We had been thus placed but a short time when the engagement began, and soon became general. The enemy pushing toward our right, our regiment was extended in that direction, and all were hotly engaged at once. The loss of our regiment here was quite severe. Captain Gilman, Adjutant Throop, and Sergeant-Major Mellen were all severely wounded.

We held our position until the enemy was repulsed, when, our ammunition being entirely exhausted, we retired, by order of General Palmer, across the road to the rear of the Seventeenth Indiana Battery, to get a fresh supply of ammunition. Having received it, we were moving in order to rejoin the brigade, when the troops in our front and on our right gave way in confusion, and the enemy made a dash for the battery, which had been placed in reserve, and was without infantry supports. We immediately formed in the rear of the battery for its defense, under as hot a fire of musketry as I ever saw. The enemy, in front, were held in check by a furious discharge of grape and canister from the artillery, but in a few minutes gained our right flank, and from thence poured in a destructive fire. We then changed front to the rear on tenth company, and held them while five of the six guns were safely retired, when we fell back through the woods in rear of Brannan's division [which, late in the day, was transferred from its original position on the extreme left to the support of Reynolds]. We came out on the Rossville road at a point where Cushing's battery was stationed, and from there reported to you

and rejoined the brigade. Our loss in this fight was heavy. Colonel Anderson was struck by a musket-ball in the shoulder and severely wounded. Captain Tinker fell mortally wounded,* and Captain Montagnier was shot through both legs. Lieutenant Holmes was missed here, and I fear is either dead, or wounded and a prisoner.† The behavior of all these officers was above all praise. Night having now fallen, and the fight ceased, Colonel Anderson, for the first time, retired to have his wound dressed, when it was found to be of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of his remaining longer on the field, and he was sent to the rear, the command of the regiment then devolving upon me.

Early on the morning of the 20th we were employed, under your direction, in constructing defenses on an eminence east of the Rossville road, and nearly parallel with the latter in an open wood. These were nearly completed, when they were occupied by other troops (whose I do not know), and we were retired and placed in reserve. The brigade being in two lines, my regiment was in the second line, formed in double column at full distance, on the right of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, which was formed in like manner, and in rear of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, deployed in line of battle. We rested here about half an hour, when we were moved to the left and formed at nearly right angles with our former position, and facing a little east of north in a corn-field just east of the Rossville road. We were on the extreme left of the brigade, with the Twenty-fourth Ohio on our right. The

*Captain Tinker was shot through both legs, near the knees, and, in terrible suffering, was removed to the field hospital of the division, which the shifting of the lines next morning made it necessary to abandon. He was left in a dying condition, as was supposed (with not more than twenty minutes to live, the surgeon said); but about ten days afterward, as we shall see, was brought back to the Union lines, a paroled prisoner. His old comrades greeted him almost as one risen from the dead.

†Lieutenant Holmes, after conspicuous gallantry, was surrounded and captured, and sent to Richmond.

enemy, attempting to turn our left, were delivering a sharp fire in front of our position, when our batteries in the field opened upon them (as I now suppose, though at the time I thought they mistook my regiment for rebels), but, firing too low, killed and wounded numbers of my men and officers—among them Captain Bense, senior captain and acting major, and Lieutenant Cormany. It was a trying position—the enemy's fire in front and our own from the rear, and more danger in retiring than remaining.

At length the firing of the battery ceased, and I moved my regiment by the right flank to a little hollow, near which we reformed, and were then placed on the right of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and between that regiment and the Regular brigade, my left a little retired from the direction of my former line, and a portion of my front covered by one of the regiments of our own brigade. We here met the full force of the enemy's advancing columns, and were forced back in some confusion, but rallied and drove the enemy. The pursuit was broken and irregular on the part of all our troops, who inflicted severe punishment on the flying rebels. My regiment became divided, and, in returning, a portion of it, with some of my officers, got to the west side of the Rossville road, and for some time were separated from me. On our return from the pursuit, I reformed on the right of a portion of the Sixteenth Regulars, at the breastwork to the right of my last position. Here was also a portion of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, under one of its captains, and a few of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, with Lieutenant Kise and the colors of their regiment. We remained there until the brigade was reformed under your direction, and moved to the right in support of Reynolds' troops; and although under fire, more or less, all the time until retired from the field, we were not again actively engaged. We retired in good order, under a heavy cross-fire of the enemy's artillery (losing but one man, however), and encamped with the brigade at Rossville.

With a single exception, the behavior of my officers was all

that could be desired. I would especially mention Captain Bense, acting major, Captains Thatcher and Russell, and Lieutenants Irwin, Choate, and Glisan, whose gallantry was conspicuous. Among the non-commissioned officers and privates examples of gallant conduct were very numerous, but limited space forbids their mention except in general terms. During the whole of the two days' fighting the men suffered severely from the want of water. I am happy to be able to report my regiment in fine condition and good spirits. I annex herewith a statement in detail of the casualties in my command.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

S. C. ERWIN,

Major Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Commanding Regiment.

AN OFFICER'S LETTER.

CAMP AT CHATTANOOGA, TENN., November 6, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER: . . . . Now for a description of our part in the battle of Chickamauga. On the 18th of September our regiment had a severe skirmish with the enemy near Crawfish Springs, losing one man killed and another wounded, but holding our ground until reënforcements came up. About twelve o'clock that night we started and marched until morning, when we reached a position to the left of Wood's division on the Chickamauga. Here we made coffee and got a few minutes' rest, after which our brigade was ordered to make a reconnoissance, which was done, but without finding the rebels in force very near us. About 9 A. M. we came across Baird's division, and were about to return when a heavy musketry fire was opened in the direction of his advanced brigade [then attacking and driving a detachment of the enemy which had crossed the Chickamauga a short distance above Reid's bridge]. Our brigade was formed in line, ready to assist him if necessary; but the firing subsiding, we retraced our steps toward our own division. On our way back we met great numbers of Thomas'

troops going to the left, and wondered what it meant. We had scarcely retaken our places with the division, when we were ordered back to the left. Our brigade was formed in two lines—our right resting on Reynolds' division, and our left on Cruft's brigade; the Twenty-fourth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana forming the first line, the Twenty-third Kentucky and Eighty-fourth Illinois the second, and our regiment as reserve behind the battery.

The first line had been engaged but a few minutes, when the rebels began flanking us on the right, and the Sixth Ohio, with the battery, was ordered to extend the front line in that direction. As soon as we were formed, as indicated, (with the Thirty-sixth Indiana on our left and the battery upon our right), the rebels made their appearance, advancing against us in two columns. The battery promptly opened with canister; at the same time our regiment met them with such deadly volleys that they were soon driven from the field. They returned, but with no better success than before. The regiment remained some time after all its ammunition was expended, and, on being relieved by another one, was complimented by General Palmer for its gallantry and steadiness. By him we were ordered to a position in the rear of the Nineteenth Indiana Battery, where we could get ammunition, and, having refilled our cartridge-boxes, were again ready for action.

General Reynolds was at the battery, and, as Colonel Anderson moved our regiment to re-occupy its original position, he asked the colonel to remain and support it, but Anderson replied that his orders required him to report again to General Palmer, and we kept on. Reynolds said he feared he would lose the battery, as it was entirely unsupported, and all his own regiments were in action. We had just entered the woods on our way back to the first line, when we saw our troops giving way; and one of Reynolds' aids just then galloping up to the colonel, and begging him to come and save the battery, the regiment was about-faced, and double-quicked back. Before we got fairly into position, the bat-

tery became engaged, and I saw the rebels advancing upon it, in four columns. The men at the guns worked well, but fired somewhat too high. I watched the cannoneers and horses fall, picked off one by one by the unerring shots of rebel sharpshooters, and saw that, as the regiments on our right were broken, there was nothing to prevent us from being flanked. The last round of shot was fired, and we heard the command, "Limber to the front!" but still we lay there, determined to save those guns. The rebels had nearly surrounded us, but the battery—all except one piece—was safely retreating, when we received the order to raise and fire. We did so, and checked the charging enemy for a short minute, and then "changed front to the rear on tenth company," and fired a volley in that direction. We were now flanked on both sides, while the rebels were bearing down upon us in front. Things looked desperate, and I began to think of Libby. Reynolds, who still remained with us, had his horse shot under him, and at last ordered us to retreat double-quick.

As soon as we got out of this box, we reformed behind a rail fence, and soon afterward were joined by the Ninth Indiana, a splendid fighting regiment, from our own division. Reynolds then ordered us forward, and forward we went in fine style, assisted by the Ninth Indiana. Our advance was short, however, for we no sooner cleared a little stretch of woodland than we were met by a most murderous fire from both flank and front, and were obliged to fall back in some confusion. Rallying, however, as soon as we could, we fell back slowly, firing at every step. Here our loss was heavy—many privates killed and wounded, Colonel Anderson, Captain Tinker (my captain), and Captain Montagnier wounded, and Lieutenant Holmes captured. It was now nearly dark. We were relieved by Jeff. C. Davis' division (which had arrived not long before), received General Reynolds' thanks for what we had done,*

*In a private manuscript, General Reynolds says: "During the first day of the battle of Chickamauga, I met the Sixth Ohio retiring in some disorder from an overwhelming force of rebels. Colonel Anderson, al-

and by his orders then reported to our own division, which we found badly used up. How we suffered that night no one knows. Water could not be found; the rebels had possession of the Chickamauga, and we had to do without. Few of us had blankets, and the night was very cold. All looked with anxiety for the coming of dawn; for although we had given the enemy a rough handling, he had certainly used us very hard.

At last morning came, and found us all standing to arms, ready for whatever might happen. About six o'clock, Rosecrans made his appearance riding along the line, and looking worn and very weary. "Fight to-day," he said, "as well as you did yesterday, and we shall whip them!" I did not like the way he looked, but of course felt cheered, and did not allow myself to think of any such thing as defeat. About half an hour later our brigade was moved a little to the right and front of the position we had occupied during the night, and ordered to throw up log breastworks as quick as possible, which we did, with heavy skirmishing close in front and an occasional shell to remind us of our danger. By dint of an hour and a half of hard work, we had succeeded in throwing up very nice works, when we were "superseded" by another brigade, and ordered out into an open field on our left. Being intended as a reserve, we formed on the second line, but, alas! were hardly in position before the rebels recommenced the attack, and we were ordered still further to the left, where we formed under a hot fire of musketry, in the rear of the Eighteenth Reg-

though wounded in the arm, was gallantly rallying his regiment, aided by the officers (many of whom I can not personally recollect, but conspicuous among them was Major Erwin, who was subsequently killed at Mission Ridge.) The officers and men recognized me at once. I had seen them slowly retiring from the woods on my front, and, not knowing what troops they were, had already chosen a rallying point for them near my batteries. The position was pointed out, and they reformed with great promptness, and, resuming offensive operations, manfully performed their part in that memorable battle throughout this and the following day."

ulars. The rebels came on in four columns, in splendid style, though our artillery was doing terrible execution upon them. But as one gray line would go down, another would be thrown forward in its place, so that, notwithstanding they fought well, the Regulars were overpowered. Our brigade was then ordered to advance, and, simultaneously, a battery of 24-pound Napoleons got a cross-fire on the rebels, and poured such a storm of canister into their ranks that they had to fall back, badly cut up.

Our brigade was again moved, and formed a little to the right of a wooded hill (somewhat in advance of it) with the road between us and it. There were woods on most of our front, and through them the Eighty-fourth Illinois was deployed in line of battle; their right connecting with the line formed by the Eighteenth Regulars and Cruft's and Hazen's brigades, which line was almost at right angles with ours. Being the left of the regiment, my company was placed at the road. I walked forward a little, to reconnoiter our surroundings, and to my astonishment saw the rebels forming scarcely two hundred yards from us, on our immediate front. I counted four columns of them, and saw two generals riding along the lines encouraging the men. I immediately returned, found our brigade commander, and reported the condition of affairs; but he said they were our troops, and I could not convince him to the contrary; he said they *must* be our troops, because there was at least one line ahead of ours. I went back to my company and detailed two men—splendid shots, both of them—to go forward, and, if possible, pick off the officers that I had seen riding up and down the rebel lines. About ten minutes afterward, Colonel Grose ordered two of Lieutenant Cushing's guns to the road (on the left of our regiment), and the rebels opening a battery upon us simultaneously, the firing became brisk. Another battery to the rear of our line got excited, and began playing upon us with canister, apparently mistaking us for the enemy. We were thus under a heavy fire from both the front and rear, and naturally hugged Mother Earth very closely. This was the hottest place

your humble servant was ever in. The battery continued to play on us, notwithstanding our color-bearers bravely rose up and waved our flags to show the artillerists who we were; and it was not until Major Erwin sent back one of the men upon his horse that the firing ceased. During this cannonading we lost a number of men and officers, including Captain Bense and Lieutenant Cormany wounded. Our regiment was much demoralized by this; they said they could stand the rebel fire, but when it came to being shot by our own men, it was played out.

After this we were again moved, this time nearer the breastworks, and another regiment took our place. It was now about half an hour since I had seen the rebels forming on our front, and I expected every minute to see them come on a charge through the woods; and as we got into position, sure enough they began the advance, coming up furiously, four lines deep. The regulars were driven back pell-mell, and we waited for the troops said to be in front of us to fall back, but in vain—*there were none there.* Tramp, tramp, tramp, we heard a heavy body of troops come marching through the underbrush and leaves, but nothing could be seen, until suddenly a gray line burst into view, and, before we were aware of it, fired into us a terrific volley. Fortunately we were lying down at the time, so that few were hurt. Then began the game in real earnest, the two lines scarcely fifty yards apart, and each firing as fast as possible. But how long could our single weak line stand against four solid columns? We were compelled to fall back, and did so in some confusion.

It was now after twelve o'clock. In falling back, my company became separated from the others, but as soon as we were out of range, I formed what I had left, and started to find the regiment. It was like looking for a needle in a hay-stack—nothing was known of it. However, I found Colonel Waters, who had been cut off from the brigade with a fragment of his regiment, and reported to him, forming my company on the left of his detachment, which comprised about fifty men. [See the official report of Colonel Grose.]

Colonel Waters formed with a brigade which had not yet been engaged; the rebels were still driving our men, and in a short time we were again in action. We fought for a few minutes, and, as yet, were holding our own, when up came a brigade of the Reserve Corps and relieved us, whereupon we were ordered to fall back, and soon joined the retreating columns of what seemed to be our whole army. By this time it was nearly four o'clock. We had not eaten any thing since early in the morning, and had been without water all day. The rebels drew off about the same time that we did. If this Sunday evening we had only had two divisions of fresh troops, what a splendid victory would have been won!

"Oh, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do not work to-day!"

We retired to Rossville that night, where I rejoined what was left of the regiment—about one hundred and fifty men—and, with the army, remained in line of battle on Mission Ridge all next day, and on Monday night fell back within our lines at Chattanooga. . . . . Among those who fought with great gallantry, I noticed several negroes belonging to various regiments of our brigade, who were at the front continually. On Saturday I captured two rebels who were reeling drunk. In fact, I believe all the rebels had whisky in their canteens. . . . . I have given you a rather crudely-digested description of the battle, I know; but we are so very busy that I have to write at nights, and piecemeal at that. Please excuse mistakes.

COLONEL GROSE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS, IN CAMP AT CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 27, 1863.

Major-General J. M. Palmer, Commanding Second Division—

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part this brigade took in the recent engagements with the enemy. I

crossed the Tennessee River at the mouth of Battle Creek on the night of the 3d of September, by means of log-rafts, sending most of my train by the way of Bridgeport, six miles below, to cross on the bridge. I passed over without loss of either men or property. My command consisted of the Sixth Ohio, Colonel N. L. Anderson; Eighty-fourth Illinois, Colonel L. H. Waters; Twenty-fourth Ohio, Colonel D. J. Higgins; Thirty-sixth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel O. H. P. Carey; Twenty-third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Jas. C. Foy—aggregate of officers and men, including staff, one thousand six hundred and eighty-seven. To the above were attached Batteries H and M, Fourth United States Artillery, commanded by Lieutenants Cushing and Russell (ten pieces). In conjunction with the division we marched to Shell Mound, thence to Squirrel Town Creek, and thence to Lookout Valley. On the morning of the 9th inst., with the Twenty-fourth Ohio, Twenty-third Kentucky, and Eighty-fourth Illinois, I ascended, or rather climbed up, Lookout Mountain, near Hawkins' farm, nine miles to the right of Chattanooga, and met and drove the enemy from the mountain without sustaining any loss. The enemy left the mountain by a north-east course, *via* Summertown. Cavalry was all that I found on the summit. As I reached the point of the mountain overlooking Chattanooga, the remainder of my brigade, with the First Brigade, General Cruft, and General Wood's division, were entering the city. I may here notice Captain Isaac N. Dryden and his company, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, for daring bravery in the advance, in ascending the mountain and driving and punishing the enemy. Subsequently the brigade had light but successful skirmishing near Graysville and Ringgold, and on Chickamauga Creek, and also made a reconnoissance from the latter to Worthen's farm at a pass in Pigeon Mountain.

On the morning of the 19th inst., I was directed to make a reconnoissance below Lee & Gordon's Mill, on Chickamauga Creek, which I did, and found the enemy in force; and, on receiving your orders, afterward withdrew the brigade, joined the column,

and with it advanced upon the enemy, moving into an open woodland to the right of the road leading toward Chattanooga. My position happened to be on a small elevation, with General Cruft's brigade on my left and General Reynolds' division on my right. We met the enemy's lines about eleven o'clock. My brigade was formed in double lines—the Twenty-fourth Ohio, Colonel Higgins, and the Twenty-third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Foy, in the front line; the Thirty-sixth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Carey, and the Eighty-fourth Illinois, Colonel Waters, in the rear line; and the Sixth Ohio, Colonel Anderson, in reserve. Very soon after my front line met the enemy, the troops on the right of my brigade gave way, upon which the Thirty-sixth Indiana was immediately changed to the right to defend that flank. In a very few minutes the enemy passed so far around my right toward the rear that the Sixth Ohio, as well as the Thirty-sixth Indiana, Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Twenty-third Kentucky, were all desperately engaged, and so continued for two long hours. Here occurred the best fighting and least falling out of ranks (excepting the killed and wounded) that I ever witnessed. The ammunition of these four regiments finally gave out, and there being none at hand (bad luck!) they had to be retired. Now was the time for the Eighty-fourth Illinois to come into the breach. The colonel changed front to the right, and with his brave regiment contested every inch of ground until compelled to give way before overwhelming numbers. The enemy having reached what was then his right flank—formerly our rear—all were retired in tolerably good order, which ended my fighting for the day. General Cruft's brigade, which had not yet exhausted its ammunition nor been seriously engaged, now changed front to the enemy, engaged him, and came off masters of that part of the field.

The ensuing night we laid upon our arms without water or rest, and, though the fatigues had been great, yet there was more to endure upon the coming day. Ammunition replenished, we were again in position for the fearful labors that awaited us on the Holy

Sabbath, early on which day I was ordered to take position on the right of General Hazen's brigade, on the right of our division, which was done, and each regiment quickly threw before it barricades of logs, and such material as could readily be obtained. Before the action on our part of the line commenced, however, one of my regiments, the Twenty-third Kentucky, had been loaned to General Hazen to fill out his lines, and with the other four, at about nine o'clock, I was ordered to the left of General Baird's division to strengthen that flank. Before we reached the intended position in the line, the enemy came upon General Baird's division, and consequently upon my command, in fearful numbers. I formed the four regiments, under a destructive fire from the enemy, in a woodland fronting the north, and at right angles with the main line of battle—the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Eighty-fourth Illinois in the front line, and the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio in the second line. Thus formed we met the enemy, and had a desperate struggle, with fearful loss to both sides. The brigade advanced and was repulsed, advanced a second time and was again repulsed, and, with some forces that now came to our assistance, advanced the third time and held the woodland. In this contest for mastery over the woodland fell many of my best and bravest officers and men—the dead and dying of both armies mingled together over this bloody field. Here I parted with many of my comrades in arms forever (particularly old mess-mates of the Thirty-sixth Indiana), whose remains I was unable to remove from the field. In the conflict and amid the shifting scenes of battle, Colonel Waters, of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, with a part of his regiment, became detached from the brigade, and on the west of the road became intermingled with the division of General Negley, who, it seems, shortly after ordered that portion of Colonel Waters' regiment, with at least a portion of his own command, toward Chattanooga, on the pretext of sending that of Colonel Waters as train-guard, for particulars of which reference is made to the report of Colonel Waters. The residue of the Eighty-fourth

Illinois regiment, under command of Captain Ervin, of Company C, with Lieutenants McLain, Scoggan, and Logue, with parts of four companies, remained with the brigade, and forming on the left of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, did efficient and good service. Captain Ervin deserves notice for coolness and bravery during this fight, as also do the lieutenants above-named.

After the fighting had ceased, and with seeming success to our arms on this portion of the line, at about one o'clock P. M., I withdrew the Thirty-sixth Indiana, Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio, with that portion of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, under command of Captain Ervin, to near the position we had taken in the forenoon, near the right of General Hazen's brigade, and put my men in position to rest, and to await further developments. The Twenty-third Kentucky had remained with General Hazen, at that point, where I had left it in the morning. The enemy's sharpshooters and occasional cannonading meantime kept up amusement for us. It was here, near by me, that Colonel King, of the Sixty-eighth Indiana, fell a victim to the aim of a sharpshooter. In these two days my command took a considerable number of prisoners, and sent them to the rear. Among them was Captain E. B. Sayers, Chief Engineer of General Polk's corps, who surrendered to me in person, was put in charge of Lieutenant Scott, my Engineer, and sent back to General Thomas' corps hospital. Sayers was one of the Camp Jackson prisoners, and formerly a citizen of St. Louis. I presume that many of the prisoners taken on Sunday escaped.

About four o'clock a rebel deserter came in and informed us that Breckinridge's division was advancing toward the point where we had been in such deadly strife during the forepart of the day; which statement was soon verified by the roar of artillery and small arms in that direction, again moving upon Johnson's and Baird's shattered divisions. About the same time a heavy force of the enemy commenced an attack to our right and rear from toward Lee and Gordon's Mill, and from the direction we had come in the morning, and, opening the most terrific cannonading

I had heard during these battles, in a few moments completely enfiladed our entire rear. At fifteen minutes before five o'clock, Lieutenant Thomas, General Palmer's aid, brought me an order to retire my command, but which way or where to retire was not an easy question to solve. The enemy were fast approaching from the right and left toward our rear, their artillery fire meeting in our ranks. I immediately sent orders, however, to the regiments with me to retire across the farm to our rear, passing to the right of the farm-house, in the following order: Sixth Ohio, Thirty-sixth Indiana, and that portion of the Eighty-fourth Illinois with me, and the Twenty-third Kentucky, to bring up the rear. Portions of the Twenty-fourth Ohio were with each of those regiments. My artillery had been retired to the west of the farm. The forces that were to my left when I was thus faced about, had to retire further to my right and cross the farm further north. When I commenced the movement, it seemed evident that my small command would be swept away by the artillery fire of the enemy. To prevent breaking of ranks, or any further panic, and to indicate to the men that this was a time for coolness and "steady habits"—with Lieutenant Boice, one of my aids-de-camp, who carried the brigade flag at my side—I rode on the left of the front regiment, and on the side from which the enemy's severest fire emanated, until we passed the ordeal of danger. As soon as we were beyond the point of greatest danger, I halted the two front regiments, the Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana, and into line faced them to the rear, to defend and cover the retreat. This was done coolly and deliberately. General Palmer was here to consult with me and give directions. Here was the last I saw of Captain J. R. Muhleman, assistant adjutant-general of the division, and I presume he fell near this place, for we were yet under a sharp fire. As soon as all were closed up, and had passed this line, I retired the force about one-half a mile, across another farm, ascended a high wooded hill, and reformed faced as before, but out of the range of the enemy's fire. It was now dusk. Meeting General Cruft with his brigade

here, we consulted together with the division commander, and retired to Rossville, about four or five miles distant, on the Chattanooga road, and there rested for the night. It is due that I mention in this place an act of great bravery performed by my aid, Lieutenant Boice. After we had passed over the first farm, fearing that my orders to Captain Ervin, of the Eighty-fourth Illinois, had not been definitely understood, and that he with his command might be left behind and lost, I directed Lieutenant Boice to return again over the field of death and see that the captain was coming with his command. The direction was promptly obeyed, and the lieutenant made the trip and returned unharmed. My fears for his safety were inexpressibly relieved when I saw him return. For this and similar efficient service, during all these battles, Lieutenant Boice deserves the most favorable notice. In the position assigned me, with my command, on the 21st, at and near Rossville, although I did no fighting and a better situation could have not been given me, I lost one man killed and one wounded from the enemy's artillery. From thence we withdrew to our present position without further harm.

Lieutenant Russell, in command of Company M, Fourth United States Artillery, on Saturday, the 19th, was placed in position in the center of my front line, and did effective work. On Sunday he, as well as Lieutenant Cushing, commanding Company H, Fourth United States Artillery, played a heavy part on the enemy's columns. Although they look like mere boys, yet, for bravery and effective service, these lieutenants are not excelled, if equaled, in efficiency by any artillerists in the army. They have the credit of being in the last of the fighting, and then retiring all with the loss of but one piece (Lieutenant Cushing's) that had become disabled. Colonel Waters and his brave regiment deserve great credit for the manner in which the one commanded, and the other performed, the perilous duties devolving upon them during the battle.

The brave Colonel Nick Anderson, with his regiment, the Sixth

Ohio, performed an officer's whole duty up to the evening of the 19th, when, having been severely wounded during that day, he was compelled to be relieved. The command of that regiment thereupon devolved upon Major Erwin, who discharged his duties in a highly satisfactory manner throughout. Lieutenant-Colonel Carey, Thirty-sixth Indiana, brave to the last, received a severe wound during the battle on the 19th, and was succeeded in command by Major Trusler, who deserves a high meed of praise for continuing the good management of the regiment. The country will remember the brave old Thirty-sixth when these trying times are over. Lieutenant-Colonel Foy and the Twenty-third Kentucky, side by side with their comrades and brothers in arms from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, did their duty well. Colonel Higgins* and the Twenty-fourth Ohio can boast of as brave and dutiful officers and men as can be found in any army. Captain George M. Graves, my assistant adjutant-general, a brave and good officer, fell by my side, mortally wounded, on the 19th, while rendering efficient service, and has since died. Isaac Bigelow and George Shirk, two of my orderlies, were wounded on the 20th, the latter mortally. He was carrying the brigade flag when he fell. Corporal Dossey Lennin, of Company I, Twenty-fourth Ohio, seeing the flag fall, rushed to rescue it, and bore it off of the field, as he did his own regimental colors on two occasions the day before. Such bravery and high bearing as this is highly deserving the notice of the appointing power. My grateful thanks are due to the brave officers and men of the brigade for their noble conduct throughout these trying scenes.

My staff officers, Captain Brooks, inspector; Lieutenant Scott, topographical engineer; Lieutenant Livzey, aid-de-camp; Major Kersey, medical director; Captain Peden, provost marshal, together with those heretofore mentioned, and also my non-commissioned staff, have my grateful acknowledgements for their kind

*"Colonel Higgins and Major T. M. McClure were dismissed the service for bad conduct in this action" [Chickamauga].—*Ohio in the War.*

and efficient help during these laborious battles. Many officers and men of my command, whom it is impossible to refer to specially, are equally deserving with the best of soldiers. The patriots, Captain Adams, Eighty-fourth Illinois; Captain Tinker, Sixth Ohio; Captain Wadsworth, Twenty-fourth Ohio; Lieutenant Patterson, Thirty-sixth Indiana; Lieutenant Hoffman, Twenty-third Kentucky, with fifty-seven enlisted men, fell bravely on those battle-fields, sacrifices upon their country's altar. My heart bleeds to contemplate these irreparable losses. And for the suffering wounded, may the God of battles soothe their afflictions, heal them speedily, and restore them again to usefulness!

The following table shows the casualties of the brigade as near as it is possible to ascertain them at the present time:

Commander.	Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Mis'ing.		Total.		Aggregate.....
		Commis'd.	Enlisted ...	Commis'd.	Enlisted ...	Commis'd.	Enlisted ...	Commis'd.	Enlisted ...	
Col. Wm. Grose	Head-quarters.....	1	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	1	3	4
Lt.-Col. Carey..	36th Ind. Vols.....	1	13	8	89	.....	17	9	119	128
Col. Higgins.....	24th Ohio Vols....	.....	3	3	57	.....	16	3	76	79
Col. Anderson...	6th Ohio Vols.....	1	13	7	94	1	16	9	123	132
Col. Waters.....	84th Ill. Vols.....	1	12	2	81	.....	9	3	102	105
Lt.-Col. Foy.....	23d Ky. Vols.....	1	10	3	49	.....	6	4	65	69
Lt. Russell.....	Bat. M, 4th U. S. A.	.....	2	.....	6	.....	.....	....	8	8
Lt. Cushing.....	Bat. H, 4th U. S. A.	.....	4	1	16	.....	1	1	21	22
		5	57	24	395	1	65	30	517	547

Add to this the 659 lost at Stone River, with many other casualties in smaller engagements, and it shows a fearful destruction of human life in one small command.

For further and more minute particulars reference is made to the reports of regimental commanders herewith forwarded.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

W. GROSE,

Colonel Commanding Third Brigade.

L. Boice, *Lieutenant Sixth Ohio Regiment, A. A. D. C.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHATTANOOGA AND BROWN'S FERRY.

(SEPTEMBER 21-NOVEMBER 19, 1863.)

BRAGG had been too severely handled to renew the attack on Monday, September 21st, although Rosecrans' shattered forces, under the immediate command of General Thomas, lay all day in line of battle on Missionary Ridge, no further away than Rossville. He contented himself with making a cavalry reconnoissance, and sending forward a few guns to shell the Union lines, which they did toward evening, but without inflicting any serious damage. Meantime, Rosecrans had perfected his plans for fortifying Chattanooga, and thither, on the night of the 21st, the whole army was withdrawn, and with amazing energy began throwing up breastworks. Bragg's videttes promptly followed, and before night-fall of the 22d the rebels occupied Missionary Ridge, in full view of the beleaguered troops, shut up in the little dusty town below; but, beyond throwing a few wildly-aimed shells, did not molest them. It took Bragg some days to pick up the small arms and other trophies scattered over the battle-field, count his prisoners, and magnify his victory in grandiloquent dispatches to Richmond—wrangling fiercely the while with Polk and Hill for not having made it decisive—then march the bulk of his army to the south-eastern base of Missionary Ridge,

near Mission Mills and Chickamauga Station, for supplies and rest; and, meanwhile, the defenses of Chattanooga were being made impregnable. He was then urged to cross the Tennessee above his fortressed enemy, and march upon Nashville, but refused to entertain the proposition for a moment, alleging, among other reasons, his lack of transportation and pontoons, and the danger of having his army cut in two by a sudden rise of the river. His decision was undoubtedly a wise one.

However, while afraid to attempt either to fight or flank Rosecrans out of Chattanooga, Bragg was very sanguine he could be starved out; and in this idea was comprehended the whole of the rebel commander's strategy. Posting his right upon the Tennessee, four miles above Chattanooga, he invested the city with a line of camps extending along the heights and northward-facing slopes of Missionary Ridge, and thence across the narrow valley of Chattanooga Creek to Lookout Mountain, rising grimly twenty-two hundred feet above the Tennessee, and distant from Chattanooga barely three miles. His pickets pushed close up to those of the Union army, and threw up a line of earth-works along Orchard Knoll, and another and stronger one a mile further back, just at the base of Missionary Ridge. The river bank, for many miles below the "Nose of Lookout," he lined with watchful sentinels, supporting them at several points with some of his best artillery; and thus he not only held Rosecrans' single line of railroad communication with Bridgeport, and controlled perfectly the navigation of the Tennessee, but was even enabled to command the wagon-road cut into the face of the precipitous rock on the northern bank, where the river at "the Narrows" rushes between gigantic cliffs, formed on one side by Waldron's Ridge, and by spurs of the Raccoon Mountains on the other. Once a large train belonging to Palmer's division was

allowed to file into view at this point, when the rebels opened fire upon it from the opposite heights, killed and wounded several of the drivers, and disabled scores of mules before they could be cut loose and run past, leaving the wagons sticking there, midway, as it almost seemed, between the earth and heavens. The only route now left Rosecrans for bringing forward supplies was one that necessitated sixty miles of wagoning, over rough mountains and bad roads, that soon became all but impassable. This was to cross the pontoon bridge at Chattanooga, climb Waldron's Ridge, descend upon the other side to Anderson, move down the Sequatchie Valley to Jasper, and thence proceed to Stevenson, the nearest accessible depot upon the railroad. Even this route Bragg sought to render insecure by cavalry raids; and about a fortnight after the battle of Chickamauga, Rosecrans lost a thousand wagons and millions of rations at one fell swoop by Forrest in his rear, whence, however, the rebel trooper was finally driven with considerable loss. Famine was the foe, more dreaded than all Bragg's legions, which now confronted the Army of the Cumberland.

Five long and dreary weeks did the "siege of Chattanooga" continue, without any sign of relief, so far as the troops could discover, each day apparently more hopeless than the preceding, and bringing them nearer the final catastrophe. True, Hooker was hurried into Tennessee as soon as possible after the tidings of Chickamauga reached Washington, bringing with him the splendid reënforcement of eighteen thousand men—Howard's Eleventh and Slocum's Twelfth Corps—from the Army of the Potomac; but the impossibility of subsisting them at Chattanooga kept them far in the rear, not a brigade being nearer than Bridgeport. Sherman, too, was on the way from Memphis with as many more men, belonging to the Army of the Tennessee; but, by Halleck's order, he was tinkering

up the railroad as he advanced, and making lamentably slow progress in consequence. Without a murmur, the brave men cooped up in the "Hawk's Nest"* among the mountains submitted to their privations, and performed all the labors imposed upon them; for the American volunteer, during the great rebellion, was not a machine, an unreasoning instrument in the hands of his superiors, but an intelligent, thinking man, and, above all, a sterling patriot; and every private in the ranks now realized the importance of holding Chattanooga.

The Sixth Ohio's experience at this time differed in no important respect from that of every other regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. The leading events may be briefly chronicled. For two days after the army's withdrawal to Chattanooga, the regiment (now under the command of Major Erwin) lay in position upon the advanced line, with heavy details at work upon the fortifications, where the sound of the ax, pick-ax, and spade might have been heard at all hours of the night, as well as day. On the 24th it was relieved, and retired a little way toward the rear, but next morning returned to its place at the breastworks. Heavy firing at the front was of daily occurrence for a fortnight after the battle, and more than once it seemed as if the rebels were about to attack again in force. Before the end of September, however, the intrenchments had been made sufficiently strong to justify the troops in a feeling of perfect security, so far as concerned any direct assault from Missionary Ridge or Chattanooga Valley. On the 27th the Sixth Ohio went into regular camp, and was allowed a little rest. On the 29th, by a special arrangement with Bragg, two hundred ambulances were sent through the rebel lines to the hospitals at Crawfish Springs, whence they

*This is said to be the meaning of the word "Chattanooga" in the original Cherokee.

returned at midnight with six or seven hundred Union wounded—helpless, shattered forms that never more would be able to fight their country's battles, even should they recover. Among this number was Captain Tinker, whom all had supposed dead and buried, but who now re-appeared, clad in a dirty suit of mingled blue and gray, and weak as a child from intense suffering, yet as full of "grit" as ever.

"On Sunday, October 4th," says a diary, "a member of the Christian Commission preached to our regiment in the morning, and in the evening we had dress parade for the first time since the battle." On the 5th, "at dress parade, a shell from a rebel battery flew over the regiment, and struck the ground beyond. Almost every one made an involuntary bow. The rebel cannon, which dot the sides of Lookout, have been throwing shells all day, but hurt no one. The enemy also shelled our working parties." On the 3d, General Rosecrans addressed an ominous order to each of his division commanders, as follows: "Until further orders, only two-thirds rations will be issued to your command, and when you deem it sufficient, only *one-half* rations." Three days later another: "The locality from which fire-wood may be cut (by wood-parties, under the direction of the regimental quartermasters) will be carefully designated by yourself, care being taken that our *abattis* is not destroyed, and that no timber needed for the fortifications is appropriated. The troops must especially be prevented from burning the railroad ties, or in any way injuring the track." Says a Sixth Ohio letter: "Before we left Chattanooga, there was hardly a chip to be found within two miles of it larger than your thumb-nail."

On the 9th of October a general order was promulgated, announcing the consolidation of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, to form the Fourth Corps, under the command of

Major-General Gordon Granger, the same officer who mustered the Sixth Ohio into the three-months' service, and at its reorganization was spoken of for the colonelcy. Times had changed since then! The men parted from Crittenden with general regret, his kind manners and thoughtful regard for their comfort having made him personally popular with all. The change just noted was the first step in a general reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland, designed to reduce the number of its subordinate commands, strengthen those that were retained, and give greater compactness and mobility to the whole. The Sixth Ohio and Twenty-third Kentucky were transferred to General Hazen's brigade, and with it to the division of General Wood.

In command of what now became the Third Brigade, First Division, Fourth Army Corps—comprising, among its nine regiments, the Eighty-fourth Illinois, Twenty-fourth Ohio, and Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana—Colonel Grose took part in the subsequent operations around Chattanooga, the winter campaign in East Tennessee, and the advance upon Atlanta. On the 30th of July, 1864, while in front of the place last named, he was promoted brigadier-general, with which rank he continued in command of his brigade until June, 1865, soon after which he was detailed as president of the famous Crane court-martial at Nashville. He was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers on the 15th of August, in that year; resigned in the following December, and returned to his home in Newcastle, Indiana, and is now United States Revenue Collector in the Fifth District of Indiana.

Major-General Palmer commanded the First Division, Fourth Army Corps, until Thomas replaced Rosecrans at the head of the Army of the Cumberland, when he succeeded the

former in command of the Fourteenth Corps; was relieved therefrom, at his own request, a short time before the fall of Atlanta; afterward commanded in Kentucky, where, to his enduring honor, he incurred the hatred of every rebel in the State; resigned early in the year 1866, and returned to the practice of his profession at home; and, at this writing, is the Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois.

Brigadier-General Thomas J. Wood, the new division commander of the Sixth Ohio, was born in Kentucky, and upon his graduation at West Point, in 1845, was appointed second lieutenant in the corps of Topographical Engineers. Under Generals Taylor and Scott, he served with distinction throughout the Mexican war, being transferred, at his own request, while at Monterey, to the Second Dragoons. He passed six years with that command on the western frontiers, and being then promoted to a captaincy in one of the new cavalry regiments which were organized in the summer of 1855, spent four more years in active campaigning against the Indians on the plains. From the autumn of 1859 to the spring of 1861, he was engaged in traveling in the old world, upon leave of absence, extending his journeys to various parts of Asia and Africa, and some time during this period was promoted major. Reporting for duty before the expiration of his leave of absence, to aid in suppressing the rebellion, he was assigned the task of organizing and mustering Indiana's quota of volunteers, and continued in the performance of this duty until appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, on the 11th of October, 1861, and ordered to report to General Sherman, at Louisville. After commanding a brigade at Camp Nevin, for about two months, he was appointed to the command of the Sixth Division, Army of the Ohio, and thenceforward, until the close of the war, his service was uninterruptedly at the front, and

able throughout. He commanded the Fourth Corps for several months before its final disbandment, and then the Department of Mississippi. He attained the rank of major-general by hard fighting and faithful service, and is now colonel of the Second Cavalry.

William Babcock Hazen was born in Windsor County, Vermont, September 27, 1830, of Revolutionary ancestry, who fought their way to such positions as colonel and brigadier-general. When he was about three years of age, his parents emigrated to Portage County, Ohio, and from that State young Hazen was appointed cadet at West Point, in 1851, and four years later brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. He served on the Pacific coast, campaigning actively against the Indians, until the spring of 1856, when he came East, with the commission of second lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry. Two years of almost constant service against the Indians in Western Texas and New Mexico afforded him many opportunities for the display of characteristic gallantry and good conduct—such, indeed, that he was four times complimented in general orders from the head-quarters of the army—and, on the 3d of November, 1859, resulted in his receiving a severe wound in the left hand and right side, the bullet of his Camanche antagonist still remaing in the muscles of the back. Lieutenant Hazen was almost totally disabled for more than a year, and the breaking out of the war found him on duty at West Point, as assistant professor of infantry tactics. After some months of constant importunity to be relieved, in order that he might accept the command of one of the volunteer regiments whose colonelcies were offered him from time to time, Captain Hazen finally succeeded in obtaining "leave of absence," with authority to assume command of the Forty-first Ohio; and, in November, (1861,) accordingly led that fine regiment to the field. His

services as brigade commander in the same division with the Sixth Ohio have been frequently referred to in the course of our narrative. His superb behavior at Stone River, and the consummate ability with which he defended the "Round Forest," the key-point of the battle-field, were rewarded with a brigadier-general's commission to date from November 29, 1862, and stamped him a soldier who had mastered his profession and could be relied upon in any emergency. General Hazen's command, at the reorganization which we are now considering, was designated the Second Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Army Corps, and consisted of nine regiments, as follows: First, Sixth, Forty-first, Ninety-third, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio; Fifth, Sixth, and Twenty-third Kentucky; and Sixth Indiana.

On the 11th of October, General Hazen reviewed his new brigade, and for several days afterward there was much changing of camps and shifting of positions, consequent upon the army's reorganization. On the 13th, the Ohio soldiers in the Army of the Cumberland, voted for Governor and other State officers. In the Sixth Ohio, Brough received two hundred and five votes, and Vallandigham one. The aggregate vote of the latter, in Wood's division, was sixteen. On the night of the 15th, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher rejoined the regiment, wet, muddy, and tired, and at once assumed command. The other members of his detail were left in Cincinnati upon recruiting service, under the superintendence of Colonel Anderson, whose Chickamauga wound was a severe one, and prevented his return to the front for some months. On the 17th the rebels sent a raft down the river, now very high from recent rains, and broke the pontoon bridge at Chattanooga. Although constant vigilance prevented their subsequent attempts

from becoming successful, the floods in the Tennessee more than once repeated this injury, and temporarily cut off communication with the northern bank, whence the whole army's scanty supplies were received. On the 21st, the Sixth Ohio changed camp, two hundred and fifty yards nearer the breastworks. The labor of fortifying still went on, the regiment daily contributing thirty-eight men for that purpose, in addition to a detail of two officers and fifty-two men for picket duty.

Day by day the suffering of the troops for food increased, and "We are very hungry," or some equivalent expression, is an entry that constantly recurs in every diary kept at Chattanooga at this period. When the supply trains came in from Stevenson, a crowd of hungry soldiers might always have been seen at the store-houses, waiting to pick up every piece of cracker as large as a pea that might be dropped in unloading, or to hold their hats under the end of the wagon-bed to catch the still smaller crumbs that might chance to fall. Forage trains they would follow for hundreds of yards, in the hope that an ear of corn, or a few grains at least, might be jolted out into the mud. Horses and mules were dying daily from sheer starvation, while those that survived were so enfeebled as to be of little service. It is computed that ten thousand animals died during the siege of Chattanooga; at any rate, the road across Waldron's Ridge and back to Stevenson was fairly lined with dead carcasses.

On the 18th of October, Rosecrans was relieved, and General Thomas, whom every officer and soldier in the Army of the Cumberland revered and liked, next day assumed command. On the 23d, General Grant reached Chattanooga, with an order in his pocket, delivered him by Mr. Stanton, at Louisville, on the 18th, placing him in command of the three

departments of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Tennessee, consolidated as the Military Division of the Mississippi. Halleck had also written Grant at considerable length, concluding with this assurance: "Whatever measures you may deem proper to adopt under existing circumstances, will receive all possible assistance from the authorities at Washington."* How different from the treatment which the General-in-Chief and the Secretary of War had meted Rosecrans! Grant had grown immensely since the battle of Shiloh. At Vicksburg he had boldly planned and ably executed one of the most successful campaigns of modern warfare, and now was fairly entitled to be considered the first soldier of the Republic. New victories were soon to crown him such beyond all cavil; for it was Grant's great, yet well-deserved, good fortune to come to Chattanooga under circumstances which made him master of the situation, and gave the game into his own hands.

How to feed the army was now the first and vital question. The problem was solved by sending Hazen's and Turchin's brigades to seize the mouth of Lookout Valley at Brown's Ferry, nine miles below Chattanooga, by the U-shaped course of the Tennessee, (although scarcely three miles by the wagon-road across Moccasin Point, which is the peninsula enclosed within the U,) and by bringing up Hooker's column to occupy that valley in force, and guard the roads running thither from Bridgeport. In what proportion the credit of planning these movements should be distributed among Rosecrans, Grant, W. F. ("Baldy") Smith, and Thomas, it does not concern us here to inquire; and even the execution of that plan is embraced within the limits of our subject only in part.

On the 25th of October, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher received an order from brigade head-quarters as follows: "Reg-

*General Badeau's Life of Grant.

imental commanders will at once organize parties of picked men as specified below, each squad to be in charge of an officer *selected especially for efficiency and courage.* As soon as organized, each colonel will furnish these head-quarters with complete rolls of the squads, which may include the names of men on picket, if they are known to be effective. Commanders of parties will at once muster and drill their squads. . . The Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry will furnish seven squads of twenty-five men each, including officers and non-commissioned officers. . . Regimental commanders will at once take command of these squads, leaving the officer next in rank to command the remainder of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Langdon, First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, is detailed to command the remainder of the brigade, and will report at these head-quarters." No clue was furnished as to the object or destination of the movement; it was only known that the undertaking was as dangerous as it was important. The officers selected by Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher were Captains Russell, Thatcher, Getty, and Southgate (the only officers of that grade with the regiment), First Lieutenant Choate, and Second Lieutenants Meline and Glisan.

Next day a considerable portion of the Sixth Ohio was sent on picket, and nothing more was heard of the secret expedition until evening, when the detail was relieved and returned to camp. At midnight, the men before selected in the various regiments were ordered to get ready to move at once, without blankets, but with a full supply of cartridges. They fell in soon afterward, and marched to the brigade rendezvous, and thence through the town to the river, where a flotilla of clumsy flatboats and barges was in waiting, manned by oarsmen from Colonel Stanley's Eighteenth Ohio. Embarking promptly, the troops were instructed to maintain perfect silence, keep

close to the right bank of the river, and, on reaching their landing-place, to form with all possible speed, and seize the positions which would be pointed out to them; and at 3 A. M. on the 27th the whole force started—twelve hundred picked men in fifty-two boats, and organized in four sections or detachments, the first of which General Hazen accompanied. Six squads of the Sixth Ohio, occupying as many boats, formed the third regiment of the second detachment (Colonel Wiley's); the seventh squad, under Lieutenant Meline, being detached as rear-guard for the entire fleet. Meantime the remainder of Hazen's brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, and the whole of Turchin's brigade, had filed over the pontoon bridge at Chattanooga, and were marching across Moccasin Point as supports.

The moon was at its full, though obscured by clouds; the river high, and the current strong. The oarsmen bent to their tasks, pulling across toward the opposite shore, and one by one the boats dropped through the opening made for their passage in the pontoon bridge, their steersmen being guided by the glare of fires, half concealed, upon either side of the opening. No sound disturbed the night's deep quiet, save the dipping of the oars and the ripple of the waters. The current was soon found to be sufficiently strong to permit the oars to be dispensed with, and the boats floated silently down, striking a snag occasionally, or passing close under dark trees, whose overhanging branches seemed threatening to sweep the men into the stream. Two miles brought them opposite the rebel pickets, who could be plainly seen, taking their ease before blazing fires, talking together, or, perchance, humming over some old familiar air with happy unconcern. Holding their breath, as it were, the men passed under the frowning brow of Lookout, rising darkly above them on the left, with the

enemy's picket-fires gleaming on the wavelets, and threatening their discovery every moment. Safely, however, they glided on—seven miles, in all, under the fire of the enemy's pickets, yet unperceived. The rearward boats were falling behind a little, when an unseen presence amid the bushes on the northern bank said, in a low voice: "The General directs that you keep well closed up!" Then all was silent as before. The gray glimmer of early dawn was beginning to brighten into daylight, and reveille was just being sounded in the camps at Chattanooga, and the nearer ones of the enemy, as the first detachment reached Brown's Ferry, and rowed rapidly to the landing-place previously selected, on the left bank. The foremost boat was within twenty feet of the shore before its presence was recognized. Startled as by an apparition, the rebel pickets poured one volley into it, then turned and fled, pursued by the crews of the first three boats, pushing out the roadway that leads up Lookout Valley. In quick succession and perfect order the rest of the boats landed at two narrow gorges near by, cleft in the hills that stretch across the mouth of the valley, and forming a natural *tete-de-pont* for the bridge that was to be laid at this point.

The second detachment moved rapidly up the slope to seize the crest of the ridge upon the left of the road, and took position there, with the Fifth Kentucky on the right, the Sixth Ohio next, then the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, and the Forty-first Ohio on the left. Two companies from each regiment were quickly thrown forward as skirmishers, while the rest commenced felling the timber on the further slope and constructing a parapet, each squad of twenty-five having brought along two axes for this purpose. Alarmed by the picket-firing, and the sound of Hazen's axemen on the ridge, the rebels poured out from their camps a little way up

the valley, and attacked vigorously. But the Union line was now receiving reënforcements every minute from Langdon's men across the river—the boats just emptied plying thither and back under straining oars—and, after a few minutes of rattling musketry fire, the assault was repulsed. The enemy then opened fire with artillery, but with no better success than before; and in three hours Hazen's brigade was securely fortified, with an *abattis* of slashed timber in its front, while on the right Turchin was equally well posted upon the ridge beyond the road. The rebels gave up the contest, and moved off in full view up the valley. By 4 P. M., General Smith had the pontoon bridge completed, when some artillery and three more regiments of infantry were brought over; and the movement, which had been most admirably conducted throughout, was now a success beyond all peradventure. "Our losses," says General Hazen's perspicuous report, "were five killed, twenty-one wounded, and nine missing. We buried six of the enemy, and a large number are known to have been wounded, including the colonel commanding. We captured a few prisoners, their camp, twenty beeves, six pontoons, and a barge, and several thousand bushels of forage also fell into our hands. The enemy had at this point one thousand infantry, three pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry—an ample force, properly disposed, to have successfully disputed our landing." The casualty list of the Sixth Ohio comprised but one name—private Joseph Grau, of Company K, who was shot through the head and severely wounded.

The next day Howard's corps, of Hooker's column, came down Lookout Valley, well-clad and trim, though scarcely as hardy in appearance as the ragged, half-starved survivors of Chickamauga, who gave them welcome at Brown's Ferry. On the following night, Geary's division, of the Twelfth Corps,

was furiously attacked near Wauhatchie, but beat off their assailants with loss, after a gallant fight of nearly three hours' duration. Two good lines had now been secured by which to obtain supplies from Bridgeport, namely, the main wagon-road by way of Whitesides, Wauhatchie, and Brown's Ferry, a distance of twenty-eight miles; and the route by steamer to Kelley's Ferry, and thence through a gap in the Raccoon Mountains to Brown's Ferry, which reduced the wagoning to less than nine miles, including the distance across Moccasin Point. The siege of Chattanooga was virtually raised, the spirits of the army revived at once, and all felt that victory was surely organizing.

Hazen's brigade continued fortifying for two or three days, the Sixth Ohio occupying an uncomfortable bivouac on the steep sides of the ridge just behind the crest first seized. At 3 A. M., on the 30th, the little stern-wheel steamer "Paint Rock" ran the blockade of the rebel batteries on Lookout Mountain, and passed down the river on its way to Bridgeport for supplies. "Still on short rations," says a Sixth Ohio diary, under date of the 31st, "so that we are glad to get corn and parch it for food. Our daily allowance is two crackers, one-half pound of pork or beef, and one spoonful of coffee in the grain. General Hazen has had some corn ground, and the meal has helped us along a little." But this state of affairs lasted but a day or two longer, when the brigade was set to work to build log-huts for winter-quarters. In the midst of this labor, on the 5th of November, it was suddenly ordered back to Chattanooga. The weather was wet and raw.

On the 7th of November the Sixth Ohio changed camp to Fort Palmer, a lunette which had been constructed mainly by Cruft's old brigade. On the 10th it was on picket—"the rebs in plain sight," says a diary, "but very civil. Their vi-

dettes hallooed to ours that they would exchange whisky for coffee. We also heard their bands playing the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' and 'Annie Laurie.'" On the 11th, the regiment was paid by Major Diven, for the four months ending October 31st. On Sunday, the 15th, brigade inspection was held, and certain sentences of a late court-martial were carried into execution. Says a diary: "Napoleon Bonaparte was drummed through the brigade for cowardice! He is now a private in the Forty-first Ohio. A deserter had his head shaved and his uniform taken off, leaving him a ridiculous spectacle in drawers and shirt. The man who pulled the pants off him jerked too hard, and upset the prisoner, causing a laugh along the whole line." On the 18th, the Sixth Ohio was again on picket, hearing heavy firing on the right, and at night seeing rebel signal lights waving to and fro on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Says a sergeant: "Although all intercourse with the enemy's videttes is forbidden, by calling out we found that we were opposed by the Twenty-fourth Alabama; and when we told who we were, they replied, 'Bully for the Sixth Ohio!'" Next day Captain Donovan rejoined the regiment from recruiting service, and Adjutant Throop from absence by reason of wounds. They were just in time to have a share in the glorious work of storming Missionary Ridge.

Colonel Anderson, Captains Bense, Montagnier, and Gilman, and Lieutenant Cormany, had been granted leaves of absence after Chickamauga on account of wounds, and now were in Cincinnati. Captain Tinker, too feeble to bear removal, was in hospital at Chattanooga, and Lieutenant Holmes was in Libby. Lieutenant Irwin had discharged the duties of adjutant during the greater portion of Lieutenant Throop's absence, but was now himself absent on sick leave, as was Lieutenant

La Bille also. The resignation of Quartermaster Shoemaker was accepted on the 22d of October, and that of Lieutenant Antram on the 29th. The latter returned to Cincinnati, and subsequently performed some service in Hancock's corps. The former resumed the railroad business in the transportation department of Sherman's army; and, at the close of the war, found himself in North Carolina, in charge of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. For the past three years he has been the popular host of the American Hotel, at Wilmington, in that State. Lieutenant Goodnough, who commanded Company A for five weeks after the first day's fight at Chickamauga, was detailed as acting regimental quartermaster. On the 3d of November, Lieutenant Graham again joined the regiment, having been restored by an order from the War Department, dated August 12th; and next day Surgeon Stephens, after six weeks' efficient service as chief operator at the division hospital, was detailed as brigade surgeon. For a month after the battle of Chickamauga, or until the return of Sergeant Mellen (wounded), the duties of sergeant-major were performed by First Sergeant Nicholson, of Company K.

Thus, on the 20th of November, the officers on duty with the Sixth Ohio were as follows:

Field and Staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, Major Erwin, Adjutant Throop, Assistant Surgeon Bedell, and Acting Regimental Q. M. Goodnough.

Company A—Second Lieutenant Glisan (detached from Company D), commanding company since October 25th.

Company B—First Lieutenant Choate (detached from Company G), commanding company since September 19th.

Company C—Captain Southgate. (Lieutenant Kestner returned from recruiting service a day or two later.)

Company D—Captain Russell.

Company E—Second Lieutenant Graham, commanding company.

Company F—Captain Thatcher.

Company G—Captain Getty.

Company H—Second Lieutenant Meline, commanding company since September 19th.

Company I—Second Lieutenant Lewis, commanding company since September 20th.

Company K—Captain Donovan and Second Lieutenant Slanker. (The latter commanded the company for two months preceding the return of Captain Donovan.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

(NOVEMBER 20-25, 1863.)

NEVER did any commander play into the hands of his opponent more completely than Bragg, when, on the 4th of November, he detached a force of fifteen thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and eighty guns, and sent them into East Tennessee, under Longstreet, to crush or capture Burnside. His enemy thus weakened, while he had himself just been strengthened by the junction of Hooker's column upon his right, Grant desired to resume the offensive at once, or at least to make such a demonstration as would relieve the pressure on Burnside, for whose safety he was keenly solicitous; and he was only restrained from so doing by Thomas' inability to move for want of artillery horses, and other hindrances which his utmost exertions could not entirely remove. Sherman had already been ordered to "drop all work on the railroad, and push forward to Chattanooga as rapidly as possible;" and anxiously Grant awaited his arrival, with fresh horses, and such a reënforcement of veteran troops as could not fail to insure the success of projected operations.

The original plan contemplated moving Sherman across the Tennessee, at the mouth of North Chickamauga Creek, whence he was to ascend the north-eastern extremity of Missionary

Ridge, and sweep forward along the ridge, taking the enemy's intrenchments both in flank and rear. As it was conceded that a direct front attack upon the enemy's works on Missionary Ridge could only be made successful at a great and unnecessary cost of life—if, indeed, they could be carried at all—Sheridan's and Wood's divisions, of the Fourth Corps, were to cross Citico Creek, near its mouth, just above Chattanooga; move up the peninsula inclosed between the creek and the Tennessee River; form a junction with General Sherman's right, then swing toward the south-west, and sweep along the lower slope and base of Missionary Ridge. The remaining force in Chattanooga was to make a demonstration against the enemy's works directly in their front, looking out for the safety of the town, meanwhile, against a counter attack. General Hooker's two corps in Lookout Valley, with Cruft's (formerly Palmer's) division, which was to be brought up from Whiteside, were to threaten Lookout Mountain. In its execution, however, this plan was materially modified, as we shall see.

By the 20th of November, Sherman's command was nearly up; and, during the afternoon of that day, the troops at Chattanooga received precise and rigid orders for a movement at daylight on the next morning, with two days' cooked rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition. "All detailed men," said General Hazen's order, "provost and other guards, clerks, orderlies, cooks, and officers' servants (soldiers) will be put in ranks at once, and are relieved, temporarily, from present details. All musicians, and other men without arms, will be enrolled for a hospital corps, mustered, and put in charge of the medical officer. One enlisted man, a non-combatant, will be left in charge of each company camp, and one at regimental and brigade head-quarters." In the evening, however, these orders were suspended—on account of the rain, then steadily

falling, as the men supposed, but in reality because Sherman was behindhand, although he was straining every nerve and receiving every possible assistance. The 21st was a gloomy, wet day, and passed in quiet. Major Erwin rejoined the Sixth Ohio, from an absence of eight days in charge of a forage train, which had been obliged to go within fifteen miles of Kingston, East Tennessee, so completely had the country been stripped of supplies around Chattanooga. During the 22d (Sunday), great and mysterious activity was observed among the rebels on Missionary Ridge, large bodies of infantry, with trains and artillery, moving from the direction of Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga Valley toward the left, in plain view. The guns of Fort Wood shelled the enemy at long range for several hours. The orders of the 20th were repeated, but again they were countermanded, for the reason that Sherman had not yet been able to reach his assigned position. Toward evening, the Eleventh Corps, which had marched across Moccasin Point the day before, crossed the pontoon bridge to Chattanooga, and encamped close in the rear of Wood's and Sheridan's divisions.

At noon on the 23d—a beautiful day of late autumn—Wood's division, supported on the right by Sheridan's, was ordered to make a reconnoissance toward Orchard Knob, and develop the lines of the enemy, whom Grant suspected of an intention to slip away before the blow, so long preparing, could be delivered. The division was promptly formed on the level slope immediately south of Fort Wood, with Hazen's brigade on the right and Willich's on the left, both formed in two lines, and Beatty's brigade in reserve in rear of Willich's left. These dispositions were necessarily made in full view of the rebels, and within six or seven hundred yards of their outposts, but were mistaken for the preliminaries of a grand

review. Crowds of Bragg's men on Missionary Ridge were looking on with admiration at the pageant on the plains below, until those lines of blue and burnished steel swept past the picket stations, and the sharp crackling of musketry ran along the base of Orchard Knob; then they comprehended its meaning.

General Wood's official report is worthy of the events which it describes. We can not do better than follow his graphic narrative from this point onward, referring to General Hazen's and Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher's reports, in connection with the officer's letter also appended, for a more particular account of the Sixth Ohio's part amid these glorious scenes.

Fort Wood crowns a conical eminence about two hundred feet above the level of the river, situated about half a mile out of Chattanooga, in a south-easterly direction. From its parapet the rebel works and troops were clearly discernible. The descent of this hill, on the northern, eastern, and western sides is abrupt, but gradual on the southern, extending down into the valley, through which runs the Western and Atlantic Railway. At one and a half o'clock P. M. the arrangements were all completed, the troops were in position, and the reserve ammunition and ambulance trains in rear of Fort Wood. Then, at the bugle signal, the magnificent array and serried columns moved forward. Scarcely ever does it fall to the lot of man to witness so grand a military display. Every circumstance was present that could heighten the interest of the scene, or impart dramatic effect. On the ramparts of Fort Wood were gathered officers of high rank [Grant, Thomas, Howard, Granger, and others], crowned with honors gathered on other fields. There, also, were officers [General W. F. Smith, Quartermaster-General Meigs, etc.] 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, who was 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. . . . I should do injustice to the brave men who thus moved forward to the conflict in such perfect order, were I to omit to say that not one straggler lagged behind to sully the magnificence and perfectness of the grand battle array.

From Fort Wood to the railroad the country is open. South of the railroad the country passed over is partly open and partly wooded. Hazen's brigade had to pass over the open field, several hundred yards in breadth, and Willich's through the woods. On the southern side of the field the enemy's front line of pickets was posted. Orchard Knob, given in the order directing the reconnoissance as the guiding point, is a steep, craggy knoll, rising some hundred feet above the general level of the valley of Chattanooga. It is twenty-one hundred yards from Fort Wood, and had been held by the rebels as an outpost since the investment was first established. The position being naturally so strong, they had done but little to strengthen it by intrenchments on its summit. To the right of Orchard Knob, looking toward the South, a rocky, abrupt, wooded ridge extends several hundred yards toward the south-west, but is not so elevated as the knob. The enemy had formed rude but strong barricades on the northern slope, just beyond the crest of this ridge. To the left of the knob, still looking toward the south, a long line of rifle-pits extended away off to the north-east, and, trending round, reached almost to Citico Creek. Orchard Knob was the citadel of this line of intrenchments.

General Willich was ordered to direct his brigade on the knob, and General Hazen his brigade on the intrenchments on the right of it. As soon as the skirmishers moved forward, the enemy opened fire. Across the open field, and through the woods, the skirmishers kept up a sharp, rattling fire, steadily and rapidly

driving in the enemy. As the knob and intrenchments were neared, the fire became hotter, and the resistance of the rebels more determined, but the majestic advance of our lines was not for a moment stayed. Finally, Willich's brigade, which had met with less opposition than Hazen's, having arrived quite near the knob, "by a bold brush" ascended its steep acclivity, crowned its summit, and it was ours. In the meantime, Hazen's brigade was encountering a determined resistance from the enemy, sheltered by his breastworks, on the rocky ridge to the right. For a few moments the fire was sharp and destructive. More than a hundred casualties in the leading regiments attest the severity of the fire. But nothing could restrain the impetuosity of the troops, and in a few moments after Willich's brigade had carried Orchard Knob, Hazen's skirmishers poured over the enemy's barricades. The Twenty-eighth Alabama, with its flag, was captured almost entire. So soon as the knob and barricades were taken, the enemy fled, to take shelter in his intrenchments at the base of Mission Ridge. . . . Shortly after this brilliant dash, General Granger, commanding the Fourth Army Corps, joined me at Orchard Knob. Personal observation assured him of the extensiveness and completeness of our success. The result having been reported to General Thomas, he ordered the position to be held and intrenched, and soon the men were engaged in this work. While so employed, the enemy opened a most terrific fire of shot and shell on us from several batteries established on Mission Ridge. It was continued nearly an hour—in fact, until toward nightfall. It seems almost a miracle, but it is nevertheless true, that no damage was inflicted by the enemy's artillery, further than very slightly wounding one man by the fragment of a shell. . . . The whole of the night of the 23d was spent in intrenching our position, in which laborious work the troops evinced as much fortitude as they had shown gallantry in gaining the same. Not only was a line of rifle-pits and barricades constructed along the entire front of the division, but a strong *epaulement* for a six-gun

field battery was thrown up on the summit of Orchard Knob—Bridge's battery of four three-inch Rodman guns, and two Napoleons. The early light of Tuesday morning disclosed to the anxious gaze of the rebels such works as must have convinced them that we intended to hold the position. . . .

During the 24th the division was quiet, remaining in undisturbed possession of the important acquisitions of the previous afternoon. The enemy, in full view, and sheltered behind his rifle-pits at the base of Mission Ridge, made no effort to retrieve his losses. An occasional shot from the skirmishers, and the booming of a gun from Orchard Knob, varied the monotony of the day. We had ample opportunity to watch, with eager interest, the brilliant operations, though miles away, of General Hooker's command for the possession of Lookout Mountain; and when the morning sun of Wednesday, the 25th, had dispelled the mists from the mountain-top, and revealed the banner of the brave and the free flying from the topmost peak of Lookout Mountain, loud and long were the shouts with which my division made the welkin ring.

[General Wood then gives the orders which he received at night-fall on the 24th, to have every thing ready for an offensive movement early the next morning, and proceeds:]

In conformity with these instructions, during Tuesday night I had one hundred rounds of ammunition per man distributed to the troops, and the rations in the haversacks replenished. At dawn my division was ready for action, and only awaited the order from the senior officers to commence the onslaught. [This order was delayed by the non-appearance of Hooker's forces, sweeping along Mission Ridge from the south-west, as was the part assigned them for this day's operations.] Early in the forenoon, Orchard Knob became the station of officers of high rank and signal renown. The commanding general of the Division of the Mississippi was there, as was also the commander of the Army of the Cumberland. During the forenoon I was ordered to advance my

line of skirmishers to the southern edge of the wood intervening between my position and the enemy's rifle-pits at the base of Mission Ridge. This service was gallantly performed, [by the Sixth Ohio, Twenty-third Kentucky, and a regiment from Willich's brigade,] the enemy's skirmishers being rapidly driven back, and compelled to take shelter behind their rifle-pits. 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 Mission Ridge, near the tunnel. Severer opposition than had been expected was evidently being met with in that quarter; and to lessen this, 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 Mission Ridge, and hold them. The signal for the advance was to be six guns fired, in rapid succession, from the battery on Orchard Knob. The necessary instructions were at once given to the brigade commanders. It was now near three o'clock P. M.

Mission Ridge is an elevated range, with an average altitude of several hundred feet above the general level of the country, running from north-east to south-west. The part of it assaulted by my division, on the afternoon of the 25th, is about four miles from Chattanooga, and about a mile from Orchard Knob. Between the latter and the base of Mission Ridge is a broad, wooded valley, which, of course, had to be traversed before the intrenchments could be reached at the base of the ridge. Soon the booming of the six guns awakened the reverberations of the fastnesses of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain; and before the echoes had died away in the distant recesses of their rugged heights, the advance was commenced. As soon as our troops began to move forward, the enemy opened a terrific fire from his batteries on the crest of the ridge, where they were so posted as to give both a direct and cross-fire on the assaulting troops. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that the enemy had fifty guns

disposed on the crest of Mission Ridge. But the rapid firing of all this mass of artillery could not stay the onward movement of our troops. They pressed forward with dauntless ardor, and carried the line of intrenchments at the base of the ridge. The enemy, impressed, no doubt, with the uselessness of resistance, made no serious opposition, but sought safety by flight behind his intrenchments on the crest above us.

We had been instructed to carry the line of intrenchments at the base of the ridge, and then halt. But the enthusiasm and impetuosity of the troops were such that those who first reached the intrenchments bounded over them, and pressed on up the ascent after the flying enemy. [Among this number was the Sixth Ohio.] Moreover, the intrenchments were no protection against the enemy's artillery on the ridge. To remain would be destruction; to retire would be both expensive in life and disgraceful. Officers and men all seemed impressed with this truth, and, in addition, the example of those who had already commenced to ascend the ridge was contagious. Without waiting for an order, the vast mass pressed forward in the race of glory, each man eager 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 immediate commanders of the troops except 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 Mission Ridge was truly an effort sufficient to try the strongest limbs and stoutest hearts.

But suspense and anxiety were not of long duration. Steadily upward 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 Mission Ridge! Loud, indeed, were the shouts with which this spectacle was received. Some of the first troops on the crest pressed forward in pursuit of the flying enemy immediately in front of them, while others (with great good sense on the part of their brigade commanders) were deployed to the right and left to clear the ridge, and to relieve the pressure on our troops that had not yet gained the summit. The good effect of the flank attacks was almost instantly apparent, and soon the entire crest was occupied by our troops. Mission Ridge was ours! The enemy, whom we had seen during the two lonely months of the investment occupying this dominating position, was in full retreat. As the day was nearly spent, and the troops much worn and somewhat disordered by the ascent, the pursuit could not, of course, be long continued. Darkness was coming on apace, and the brigades were reformed on the crest of the ridge, where they bivouacked for the night.

The assault of Mission Ridge is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of military history. With so much armed resistance encountered, probably no assault was ever so eminently successful.* In fifty minutes from the time the advance commenced, the first flags were seen flying on the crest of the ridge.

*The chagrin and mortification of all rebeldom over the successful storming of Missionary Ridge was too keen for any attempt at concealment. General Bragg's official report says: "While riding along the crest, congratulating the troops [upon having checked a portion of the Union line on the right of Wood's division], intelligence reached me that our line was broken on my right, and the enemy had crowned the ridge. . . . . All 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. Every effort which could be made by myself and staff, and by many other mounted officers, availed but little. A panic, which I had never before witnessed, seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or his character. . . . . No

But the great achievement was not won without serious loss in gallant and accomplished officers and brave men killed and wounded. . . . . The grand summary of the captures by the division is as follows: Field-guns, twenty-nine; field-caissons, twenty-five; regimental colors, seven; stands of small arms, two thousand and fifty; and prisoners, over one thousand. [See General Hazen's report.]

AN OFFICER'S LETTER.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Nov. —, 1863.

DEAR ——: . . . . About 5 P. M., on the 24th, the Sixth Ohio was sent out on picket, between Orchard Knob and the base of Mission Ridge, and far on into the night could still hear Hooker's men driving the rebels from Lookout Mountain. Every thing on our own front passed off quietly, however, until about 10 A. M. on the 25th, when we received orders to deploy and drive the rebels to their works (their second line). Our boys went forward in fine style, finding the rebel pickets quite close to us, although up to this time we had seen nothing of them. The pickets fired, of course,

satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops on the left, in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column, and wherever resistance was made, the enemy fled in disorder (?) after suffering heavy loss. Those who reached the ridge, did so in a condition of exhaustion from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them." Says Pollard's "Lost Cause": "A brigade in the Confederate center gave way, and, in a few moments, what had been a regular and vigorous battle, became a disgraceful panic and an unmitigated rout. Never was a victory plucked so easily from a position so strong. . . . The day was shamefully lost. General Bragg attempted to rally the broken troops; he advanced into the fire, and exclaimed: 'Here is your commander!' but was answered with the derisive shouts of an absurd catch-phrase in the army, '*Here's your mule!*'"

but our boys gave them but little time, keeping them on the run from the start. As soon as we cleared a small wood and got into an open field, the rebels opened with artillery, and, I assure you, the fire was terrific. We halted about two hundred yards from the enemy's intrenchments at the base of the ridge, and commenced sharpshooting. [During a brief lull in this exercise, Sergeant Palm brought out a mail and distributed it—Rush Drake, the regimental postmaster, being in the ranks with a gun.] The men were deployed behind stumps, logs, or any thing else that would afford shelter, and the regiment seemed to be having quite a nice time, until the skirmishers from Willich's brigade, on our left, were ordered to fall back, and did so, leaving our flank exposed. The rebels soon had a column deployed to take us in the rear, whereupon we retired about fifty yards, and then General Wood ordered Willich's skirmishers forward again. Just as we were falling back, Major Erwin was struck in the head by a piece of shell and instantly killed. The regiment's total loss in this skirmish was about eighteen killed and wounded.

After this nothing particular occurred, except that the enemy still kept moving troops toward his right (our left), in order to meet Sherman's attack, and in so doing marched in full view along the summit of Mission Ridge. When Grant thought they had weakened their force on our front, he ordered the center and left center to advance and take the line of works at the base of Mission Ridge. About 2 P. M. our regiment was relieved from the skirmish line by the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, and ordered to the breastworks; and, as we knew nothing of the intended attack, we congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune in being relieved so soon. But the moment we reached our fortifications on Orchard Knob we saw that something was up. The regiment was placed on the left of the first line of our brigade, and had not long to wait before the six signal guns were fired on Orchard Knob, and then came the order to advance. Over the breastworks moved the line, the rebels opening their artillery upon

us almost immediately. We got through the woods and entered the cleared field, and then, with a yell, started on a run for the rifle-pits. It was a splendid and terrible sight. It reminded me of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"—cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left of us, cannon in front of us, volleyed and thundered. We all knew that the sooner we took the ridge the better it was for us, and every man put in *his very best.* From what I could see, our regiment seemed to be the best runners; we distanced the other troops, and were the first in the rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge.

Although our orders only required us to seize these works, we at once saw that we could not hold them, the rebel artillery and musketry from the ridge commanding them so closely that to stay there long would have been certain death. So we again led on for the summit. Such a getting up hill you never saw. We had to rest every few minutes, but gradually the troops moved up until nearly under the works, whence the enemy were still blazing away at us, and their batteries, in particular, working desperately. As soon as we had recovered breath during our last halt, the command "Fix bayonets!" was given. This the rebels heard, and it scared them mightily. As we rose up to move forward again, a volley was poured almost into our very faces, and many of our brave boys fell. The next minute we cleared the works and jumped right in among the rebels. Such a confused mass I never saw, nor expect to see again. Here were officers trying to rally their men, there a battery trying to limber up, and every-where masses of running rebels—fellows "lighting out" for dear life—and our men popping them over as if they were quails. I saw many a poor fellow bayoneted, but it was all fair play. You have no idea of the spirit of our troops in making the attack. Every man tried to be first on the hill, and such enthusiasm I never saw. It was glorious! As soon as we reached the summit, part of our regiment went for the battery, captured it, and compelled the gunners to work the pieces against their own men. The officer in command of the battery shot

two of our men with a revolver, and would not surrender. He was quickly shot down. Hazen saw that the rebs on our left still held their ground, and were giving Willich some trouble, when he ordered our regiment to charge down on their flanks, which we did with a yell, and in a short time the whole ridge was cleared. Every body seemed crazy with delight, doubling the rebels back and chasing them in every direction.

It was now near dark, and the country in front unfamiliar to all of us. We bivouacked on the ridge, and built rifle-pits with intrenching tools that Hazen had had loaded in the wagons before we started from Orchard Knob. As it afterward proved, this labor was superfluous, the rebels continuing a rapid retreat all night. Our brigade captured eighteen pieces of artillery, two battle-flags, about four hundred prisoners, and any quantity of small arms. The rebels did not save a single cannon they had on the hill. One gun that we took was marked, "Captured from Rosecrans on the 31st of Dec., '63, at Stone River." Hazen (who was with us all the time) and the other generals were all in splendid humor, and complimented the troops greatly. Two of my company were killed and three wounded, one of my men being shot through and through with a solid shot. . . . The Sixth Ohio was the first regiment that reached the summit with its flag. The First Ohio came up about the same time, but not with its flag.*

* Hundreds of amusing incidents occurred at Mission Ridge, of which the following will serve as specimens:

"I must tell you a good thing that Dick Southgate got off just as we reached the summit. A Johnny, looking anxiously over his log barricade, called out, 'H'yer, cap'n; I want to surrender—what shall I do?' 'Get over them logs to this side,' answered Dick; '*you'll be in the United States then!*'"—*Private Letter.*

"A Dutch boy in Company E, named Johnny ——, caught sight of five rebs peering over the logs, and all apparently aiming at him. '*Surrender, you G— d—d fools,*' he shouted, '*or I'll shoot every one of you!*'

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTOPHER'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS SIXTH REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,
CAMP NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENN., December 8, 1863.

Captain John Crowell, Jr., Acting Assistant Adjutant-General—

SIR: I have the honor to report the following as the part taken by my command in the engagements of the 23d and 25th of November, near Chattanooga. On the afternoon of the 23d, I was ordered to take position on the left of the second line of battle, and moved forward with the brigade, but took no active part in the fighting. That night we threw up breastworks in our front. On the evening of the 24th, the Twenty-third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Foy commanding, was ordered to report to me; and at dark my command was sent on picket, relieving the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio. About 10 A. M., on the 25th,

They caved handsomely, and having made them lay down their guns, Johnny gave them in charge of Throop. 'Now, take off all your leather,' said that worthy, 'and go right down the hill till you meet the provost guards. Give yourselves up to them, and you 're all right.' They started at once, picking up some of our wounded as they went."—*Private Letter.*

"Lieutenant Glisan, Sergeant Critchell, and some more Company A boys, with one or two from the First Ohio, turned the captured guns on the flying rebels, and used up the few rounds of shot and shell they found left in the caissons, in a hurry. Critchell was 'number one,' and somebody else, with an old sock wrapped round his thumb, was 'thumb-man.' Hazen, who had brought his pockets full of friction-primers from the base of the ridge, jumped off his horse and helped them sight the guns."—*Memorandum.*

"'Chickamauga!' rang through the lines when our men at last closed in on them. A rebel captain was captured by a boy of our regiment, and, refusing to go to the rear, the boy pushed him up on the breastworks, and, with a kick that sent him headlong down the hill, shouted, '*Chickamauga, G—d d—n you!*'"—*Newspaper Paragraph, from a Sixth Ohio Letter*

I was ordered to advance my line, and ascertain what force the enemy had in their works at the foot of Mission Ridge. I did so; and, driving the enemy's pickets into the rifle-pits, found that only a small force occupied them. The skirmishers of the brigade on my left fell back (having been ordered to do so), which obliged me to retire my line, and occupy the edge of the woods through which I had before passed. At this time Major Erwin was struck by a piece of shell, and instantly killed. In the death of this valuable officer, the regiment suffered a heavy loss, his bravery and efficiency having endeared him to all. Between two and three o'clock P. M., my command was relieved by the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, and returned to our line of works. [The Twenty-third Kentucky now took its proper place in another part of the line.] Soon afterward, the Sixth Kentucky, Major Whitaker commanding, reported to me, and I was assigned a position on the left of the first line of battle. At the signal for the advance, the line moved forward, and my regiment gained the crest of the ridge with the remainder of the brigade. I am pleased to say that every man and officer of my command, without exception, did his whole duty. To Major Whitaker, of the Sixth Kentucky, I am indebted for the aid he rendered me in the advance on the ridge. Attached, I forward a list of the killed, wounded, and missing during these engagements.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

A. C. CHRISTOPHER,

Lieutenant-Colonel Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, commanding Regiment.

Major Samuel Carrick Erwin, whose name heads the casualty list of the Sixth Ohio at Missionary Ridge, was born in Alleghany County, Penn., on the 21st of April, 1825; but for many years prior to the rebellion was a resident of Cincinnati, where he was engaged in the hat and fur business. From his boyhood he evinced a decided taste for military exercises; and, when the war broke out, was one of the first to

set about raising a company for the Sixth Ohio, as it afterward became, having then been a member of the Guthrie Greys for several years. His valuable and varied services in the field, his wounding before Corinth, his promotion to the majorship of the regiment, and the circumstances of his death, have all been related in their proper connections, and nothing remains to be added here, save to mention the high and dauntless courage which seemed to render him absolutely incapable of fear. "In a regiment where there are no cowards," writes one of his brother officers, "Major Erwin's bravery was preëminent;" and every soldier who knew him, whether in his own command or out of it, will attest the justice of this tribute.

CASUALTIES OF THE SIXTH OHIO.

The Sixth Ohio advanced under fire, on the 23d of November, with an aggregate strength of 265 combatants, including officers. Of this number there were killed, 5; mortally wounded, 5; wounded, but not mortally, 20; and missing, 5—making a total of 35, as follows. Nearly all these casualties occurred on the 25th:

FIELD AND STAFF.—*Killed*—Major Erwin.

COMPANY A.—*Mortally wounded*—Private Edward B. O'Brien. *Wounded*—Sergeant Robert G. Delaney.

COMPANY B.—*Wounded*—First Sergeant George B. Young, and privates Henry Kiess and Moses Thanhauser. *Missing*—Private Benjamin F. Lewis.

COMPANY C.—*Mortally wounded*—Private Wm. Schoch. *Wounded*—Sergeant John C. Pope.

COMPANY D.—*Killed*—Corporal Augustus G. Young, and private Joseph Imm. *Mortally wounded*—Simon Weeks. *Wounded*—Privates George F. Mosher and Martin Wiederecht.

COMPANY E.—*Wounded*—First Sergeant Abram R. Lemmon,

Corporal Alex. Rigler, and privates George W. Bowen and John C. Speidel.

COMPANY F.—*Killed*—Private Joseph Toomeyer. *Wounded*—Captain Thatcher and Corporal Thomas B. Manning.

COMPANY G.—*Wounded*—Private George W. Rush. *Missing*—Corporal George W. J. Miller, and privates Charles Boutwell, Wm. W. Garrard, and Wm. B. Rowe (died in rebel prison).

COMPANY H.—*Killed*—Private Valentine Merdian. *Mortally wounded*—Private Benjamin Worrell. *Wounded*—Privates George W. Whistler and Joseph Chlor.

COMPANY I.—*Mortally wounded*—Private Marx Essinger. *Wounded*—Corporal Henry Harmyer.

COMPANY K.—*Wounded*—Sergeant Wm. S. Squires, and privates Charles Warner and Frederick Wehking.

RECAPITULATION.

	Staff.... Field &...	Co. A...	Co. B...	Co. C...	Co. D...	Co. E...	Co. F...	Co. G...	Co. H...	Co. I....	Co. K...	Total....
Killed.....	1	...	...	...	2	...	1	...	1	...	...	5
Mortally wound'd.	...	1	...	1	1	...	...	...	1	1	...	5
Wounded.....	...	1	3	1	2	4	2	1	2	1	3	20
Missing.....	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	4	...	...	...	5
Total.....	1	2	4	2	5	4	3	5	4	2	3	35

GENERAL HAZEN'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
IN CAMP NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, December 10, 1863.

Assistant Adjutant-General Third Division, Fourth Corps, present—

SIR: . . . At 12 M., November 23d, I received orders to form my brigade near Fort Wood, and hold it in readiness to move in the direction of Mission Ridge (south-easterly), with the remainder of the division, on a reconnoissance. The position assigned me was on the right of the front line. The brigade was formed in five battalions, as follows:

First Battalion—Colonel Aquila Wiley, Forty-first Ohio Volun-

teer Infantry, commanding, was composed of the following regiments, namely: Forty-first Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Kimberly; and Ninety-third Ohio, Major William Birch. *Second Battalion*—Colonel W. W. Berry, Fifth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, commanding; of the Fifth Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Crainor, and Sixth Kentucky, Major R. T. Whitaker. *Third Battalion*—Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Langdon, First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, commanding; of the First Ohio, Major J. A. Stafford, and Twenty-third Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel James C. Foy. *Fourth Battalion*—Lieutenant-Colonel James Pickands, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, commanding; of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, Major J. B. Hampson, and Sixth Indiana, Major C. D. Campbell. *Fifth Battalion*—Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Christopher commanding. In all, 2,256 effective officers and men.

The first and third battalions were deployed in the front line, and the fourth and fifth were formed in double column in the second line. The second battalion was on picket, and in position to be used as skirmishers. The whole battalion was deployed as such; and, at the sound of the bugle, at 2 P. M., the entire brigade moved forward in exact order, and in two minutes the skirmish line was sharply engaged with that of the enemy, who gave ground after firing their pieces, and no considerable opposition was afterward felt until we reached their first line of rifle-pits, about one-half mile to the rear of their picket-line, where the pickets and their reserves endeavored to check our advance; but, pushing forward the first battalion—that being immediately in front of their principal force—the work, situated on a rocky hill, was carried in the most handsome manner, the regiment which was holding it, the Twenty-eighth Alabama, being captured almost entire, with their colors. This was not accomplished, however, without serious cost to the Forty-first and Ninety-third Ohio. Major Birch, leading the latter, fell here; and, also, eleven of his men killed, and forty-eight wounded. The Forty-first Ohio lost

eleven men killed, and fifty-two wounded. Colonel Wiley and Lieutenant-Colonel Kimberly, of that regiment, each had horses killed under them; and Colonel Berry, commanding the skirmishers, was struck twice. The position was actually carried at the point of the bayonet, the enemy being captured behind their work by the men leaping over it. During the last half-mile of the advance, my right was entirely exposed, and suffered severely from an enfilading fire of the enemy.

The night of the 23d was employed in strengthening our position by works, and the 24th was passed without engaging the enemy.

At about 11 A. M., on the 25th, I was ordered to advance my skirmish line sufficiently to develop the enemy's strength behind his main line of breastworks at the foot of Mission Ridge, about one mile in our front. This was handsomely done under the immediate direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, Sixth Ohio Infantry. In this advance, Major S. C. Erwin, Sixth Ohio, was killed by a shell, and eight or ten others killed and wounded. At about 3 P. M., I received orders to move forward with the remainder of the division, take possession of the enemy's works at the foot of Mission Ridge, taking cover behind them, and there await further orders. The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio was on picket, and used as skirmishers. The other formations of battalions were similar to those of the 23d instant, except that the Sixth Kentucky, reporting to Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, acted with the fifth battalion, and the Sixth Indiana acted with the second. Both lines were deployed—the third and fifth battalions forming the first line, and the first and second battalions the second. At the signal the brigade moved forward, and, simultaneously, a fire from at least fifty pieces of artillery was poured upon us from the crest of Mission Ridge. We moved in good order, at a rapid step, under this appalling fire, to the enemy's works—which were situated about three hundred yards below, and toward Chattanooga from, the crest of the ridge—the enemy

fleeing from these works at our approach. On reaching the enemy's works at the foot of the hill, the command covered itself, as ordered, on the reverse side, as best it could, but very imperfectly, because so near, and so much below, the crest of the ridge. The musketry fire from the crest was now telling severely upon us, and the crest presenting its concavity toward us, we were completely enfiladed by artillery from both flanks. The position was a singular one, and can be fully understood only by those who occupied it. The command had executed its orders, and to remain there till new ones could be sent would be destruction; to fall back would not only be the same, but would entail disgrace.

On commencing the advance, the thought of storming Mission Ridge had not entered the mind of any one, but now the necessity was apparent to every soldier of the command. Giving the men about five minutes to breathe, and receiving no orders, I gave the command, "Forward!" which was eagerly obeyed. (The forces of General Willich, on my left, had commenced the movement somewhat in my advance, and those of Major-General Sheridan, on my right, were a considerable distance in my rear. In my front were the troops of General Breckinridge, forming the left of the enemy's center.) Not much regard to lines could be observed, but the strong men, commanders, and color-bearers took the lead, in each case forming the apex of a triangular column of men. These advanced slowly, but confidently—no amount of fire from the crest checking them. Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, of the First Ohio, gaining a position where the conformation of the hill gave cover till within three yards of the crest, formed several hundred men there, checking the head for that purpose, then gave the command, and the column broke over the crest, the enemy fleeing. These were the first men of the entire army on the hill; and my command, moving up with a shout, its entire front was handsomely carried. The troops on my immediate left were still held in check, and those on my right were not more than half-way up the hill, and were being successfully held back.

Hurrying my men to the right and left along the crest, I was enabled to take the enemy in flank and reverse; and, by vigorously using the artillery captured there, I soon relieved my neighbors, and carried the crest within a few hundred yards of Bragg's head-quarters, he himself escaping by flight, being at one time near my right, encouraging the troops that had checked Sheridan's left.

The heroism of the entire command in this engagement merits the highest praise of the country. Colonel Aquila Wiley, Forty-first Ohio, commanding the first battalion, was shot through the leg, making amputation necessary. The loss to the service of this officer can not be properly estimated. . . . The services and losses of his battalion, composed of the Forty-first and Ninety-third Ohio, also stand conspicuous. Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, First Ohio Infantry, commanding the third battalion, was shot through the face just as he had reached the top of the hill; and, after lying prostrate from the wound, again moved forward, cheering his men. [General Hazen then recommends the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, as also of Colonel Wiley, to the grade of brigadier-general; makes honorable mention, and similar recommendation, in the case of Colonel Berry, Fifth Kentucky; and compliments Lieutenant-Colonel Kimberly for the manner in which he led the first battalion after Colonel Wiley's fall.] Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher, Sixth Ohio Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pickands, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, commanding battalions, rendered valuable and meritorious service. [After praising the gallant performances of Corporals Kramer and Angelbeck, Company I, Forty-first Ohio, and Sergeant Sutphin, Company D, Ninety-third Ohio, and naming six different officers and men who carried the colors of the First Ohio, as they were successively shot down, General Hazen proceeds:] The foregoing are but a few of the many instances of heroism displayed on this occasion that are worthy of special mention. Major William Birch, Ninety-third Ohio, and Major S. C. Erwin, Sixth Ohio,

who fell while bravely leading their men, were soldiers of rare efficiency, and their loss will be severely felt by the service, and deeply lamented by their friends. My entire staff, as has always been the case in the numerous battles in which they have been engaged, conducted themselves with the greatest bravery and usefulness.

In summing up the operations of the 23d and 25th, I have to report the capture of three hundred and eighty-two prisoners, besides a large number of wounded; two stands of colors; eighteen pieces of artillery, with their appendages [or sixteen pieces, without including two that were also claimed by General Willich]; six hundred and fifty stand of small arms; eleven loaded wagons, and a considerable quantity of clothing, camp, and garrison equipage. Forty-nine of the enemy, including one colonel, were buried by my parties. . . . My entire casualties are as follows:

REGIMENTS.	OFFICERS.		MEN.			
	Killed.....	Wounded.	Killed.....	Wounded.	Missing	Total.....
Forty-first Ohio.....	1	5	17	65	.....	88
Fifth Kentucky.....	2	6	8	46	.....	62
First Ohio.....	1	4	10	64	.....	79
Sixth Ohio.....	1	2	5	26	5	39
One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio	1	3	5	18	2	29
Twenty-third Kentucky.....	.....	2	9	34	.....	45
Sixth Indiana.....	.....	3	13	60	.....	76
Ninety-third Ohio.....	1	4	19	64	.....	88
Sixth Kentucky.....	.....	1	.....	22	.....	23
Total.....	7	30	86	399	7	529

I am, very respectfully, etc.,

W. B. HAZEN,

Brigadier-General.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EAST TENNESSEE.

(NOVEMBER 28, 1863-APRIL 16, 1864.)

IMMEDIATELY after routing Bragg, and while a portion of his army was still engaged in pressing the pursuit almost to Tunnel Hill, Grant ordered Granger's corps and General Sherman's command (which, at this time, included Howard's corps, and Jeff. C. Davis' division of Palmer's corps) to march to the relief of Knoxville, with all possible speed. Wood's division returned to Chattanooga on the evening of November 26th, and at 3 P. M., on the 28th, took up its line of march, with no baggage, and but one wagon to a regiment. The Sixth Ohio and Sixth Kentucky continued in the same "battalion," under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher. Captains Getty and Southgate, and Lieutenants Meline and Lewis, were left at Chattanooga, sick, as was Lieutenant Goodnough also, in charge of the regimental baggage. Captain Thatcher had been granted leave of absence on account of wounds, and Company F, for the next month, was commanded by Lieutenant Kestner. The weather was cold and wintry.

On the 28th, the division marched five miles; on the 29th, fourteen miles, crossing the Chickamauga on pontoons, and encamping just beyond Harrison; on the 30th, twenty-four

miles, passing through the loyal village of Georgetown; on the 1st of December, two miles to the Hiawassee River, over which the troops were ferried by the little steamer "Paint Rock;" on the 2d, twenty-two miles, through Decatur, and eight miles beyond, much of the distance over very bad roads; on the 3d, seventeen miles, by a tedious march of fourteen hours' duration, to Sweetwater, where the rebels had destroyed the bridge over Sweetwater Creek, and the troops crossed, in single file, upon logs; on the 4th, fifteen miles, the Sixth Ohio passing the night on picket; on the 5th, fifteen miles, crossing the Little Tennessee on a trestle-bridge, and passing through Morgantown; on the 6th, ten miles, passing through, and five miles beyond, Marysville, where news was received that Longstreet had retreated, and all was well at Knoxville; and on the 7th, twelve miles, crossing Little River on a raft-bridge, at Rockford, and encamping one and a half miles from Knoxville, a short distance outside of Burnside's fortifications. Sherman's forces had halted at Marysville, and, in a day or two, began retracing their steps toward Chattanooga, but the Fourth Corps was ordered to remain in East Tennessee. Four miserable months followed. Living from hand to mouth on half-rations, or none at all—eked out, or replaced, by such scanty supplies as could be gathered in those war-wasted regions—scarcely half-clad, and most of the time without any baggage, even their knapsacks, the troops were kept marching and countermarching, in a state of perpetual worry, on account of Longstreet's badgerings. The Sixth Ohio's service in East Tennessee was attended with more of hardship and privation than the regiment ever underwent elsewhere.

At daylight, on the 12th of December, the Sixth Ohio went on picket, relieving the Twenty-third Kentucky, and passed an uncomfortable night in the rain; on the 13th, was relieved

by the Ninety-third Ohio; on the 14th, re-arranged camp and had battalion drill; on the afternoon of the 15th, marched with the division through Knoxville, and three miles beyond; and on the morning of the 16th, by a rapid march of fifteen miles, reached Blain's Cross-roads, near which sharp fighting was in progress. Lieutenant Slanker was left in Knoxville, sick. On the 17th, Hazen's brigade changed camp one mile, to a gap in the Clinch Mountains. At 7 P. M., on the 18th, the Sixth Ohio was ordered out on picket, and there remained for two days, the weather being cold, with high winds. "A small lot of clothing was issued the men," says a diary, under date of the 20th, "and they are now a little more comfortable. Still no mail for the Sixth Ohio. We might as well be in Australia." For several weeks after this date, the question of "veteranizing" was much discussed among all the old regiments in East Tennessee, and a considerable number of them reënlisted, and went home on thirty days' furlough to reorganize. The Sixth Ohio, like its old comrades of the Ninth and Tenth, and many other regiments among the best in service, decided not to "veteranize."

The last few days of 1863 were bright and pleasant, but the new year came in bitterly cold. Says a diary: "We have to hang around our green pine fires so much, in order to keep from freezing, that my eyes are completely sore. All hands will soon be the color of parchment, by reason of the smoke. We are still on two-thirds' rations, the meat part of which is principally very lean mutton. No signs of our baggage yet." On the 5th of January, Second Lieutenant La Bille—who was soon afterward promoted to first lieutenant—rejoined the regiment from absence on sick leave, and assumed command of Company F, Lieutenant Kestner thereupon taking command of Company C. On the 8th—a cold, wintry day—the

Sixth Ohio was on picket on the Cumberland Gap road; on the 10th, it changed camp; and on the 11th received another small supply of clothing. On the 14th, the division marched seventeen miles, over roads in terrible condition from a sudden thaw, crossing the Holston River, on the railroad bridge, at Strawberry Plains. At the latter place, the Sixth Ohio was rejoined by Captain Getty, and Lieutenants Meline, Cormany, and Lewis, who had just come up from Chattanooga, with a detachment of convalescents and a large wagon train. Wheeler's cavalry attacked their party at Charleston, but were handsomely repulsed, with loss. Lieutenant Meline, who had lately been promoted to a first lieutenancy, resumed command of Company H, as did Lieutenant Lewis that of Company I. On the 15th, Colonel Anderson rejoined the regiment, and the same morning the division made a march of eight miles before seven o'clock, encamping at Dandridge, a pretty little town on the French Broad River. The wagons were sticking in the mud all the way back to Strawberry Plains, and many of the men had no suppers in consequence. On the evening of the 16th, the Sixth Ohio was sent out on reserve picket, skirmishing having been in progress on the front all day.

"About the hour of retreat on the 17th," says a letter, "the rebels attacked our outposts, and, after sharp skirmishing, finally drove them. At dark we were notified that a retreat would be commenced during the night, and were ordered to destroy such articles as we could not carry, but not to burn any thing that would make a blaze. Accordingly, I cut up a pair of shoes, mashed in a camp-kettle, and threw a gourd-full of soft soap on the ground. Expecting every minute to be called into line, we did not go to bed at all; but it took so long to move the train, that our brigade did not start until 3 A. M. (on the 18th). The roads were horrible. A dreary rain soon began

falling, and our progress was rendered slow and laborious in the extreme. Several wagons were burned, as the mules gave out. After marching all day, until 5 P. M., we went into camp five miles south-east of Strawberry Plains, and fifteen miles from Dandridge. Six miles from the latter place, rebel cavalry overtook us, and heavy skirmishing ensued. The Sixth Ohio was ordered to load, but was not actively engaged; nevertheless, three or four of our men were cut off and captured. [Among this number were privates Cohagen and Shelton, of Company K.] The rumor about this movement is, that Longstreet's and Ewell's corps are both massed on our front, and that our forces at Newmarket, having been driven back, we were liable to be flanked, and, perhaps, cut off. Take it as a whole, our Dandridge expedition was a miserable failure."

Wood's division, being now ordered to Knoxville, passed the next five weeks in guarding the approaches to that place from the south, and protecting the railroad toward Loudon. On the 19th (of January), it marched eight miles, encamping three miles beyond the Strawberry Plains bridge; on the 20th, five miles, or to within nine miles of Knoxville; on the 21st, nine miles, crossing the Holston River on pontoons; and on the 23d, ten miles, passing through Knoxville. On the 24th, the Sixth Ohio marched six miles, to Campbell's Station—fourteen miles from Knoxville—and there, during the next four days, constructed a stockade fort. On the 27th, Company D was sent to garrison Concord, a little station on the railroad, two miles from Campbell's. On the 30th, the regiment was relieved by a wing of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio; and, by a march of nine miles, rejoined the brigade at Lenoir's Station, on the railroad, where it next day began building log-quarters.

On the 2d of February, the brigade marched three miles toward Knoxville; then countermarched, and returned to Lenoir's. Regular drills were resumed a day or two later, but the men were too ragged for dress parade. On the 11th, the Sixth Ohio received a portion of its baggage from Chattanooga, and was thus made a little more comfortable. On the 16th, the brigade marched twenty-one miles, or to within one and a half miles of Knoxville. The night was very cold, and wood scarce, excepting green pine. Next morning the regiment moved camp, where wood was more plenty; and, on the 18th, was sent on picket. Snow began falling soon after daylight on the latter date, but the weather was too cold for much of a snow-storm. This day, Lieutenant Boice rejoined the regiment from duty on the staff of Colonel Grose; and on the 19th, Captain Montagnier was honorably discharged, by order of the War Department, on account of physical disability, arising from wounds received in action, as Captain Gilman had been also, on the 26th of December, 1863. Both of the officers whom the Sixth Ohio and the service thus had the misfortune to lose, are now living in Cincinnati. Lieutenant Irwin, who was honorably discharged on the 29th of January, also returned to Cincinnati, but is now dead. On the 20th of February, the brigade was inspected by Lieutenant-Colonel Comstock, of General Grant's staff, and the Sixth Ohio was paid for the last two months of 1863. On the 22d, after dark, the brigade set out on a rapid march to attack a body of rebels at Shuck's Gap, about twelve miles south-east of Knoxville. That night it crossed the Holston, and marched four and a half miles; resumed the journey at 1 A. M., on the 23d, but found the enemy gone, and returned at dark, after a hard march of twenty miles.

Longstreet now being reported falling back toward Vir-

ginia, a general advance of all the troops about Knoxville immediately followed. On the 24th, Wood's division marched nineteen miles, passing through Knoxville; and on the 27th, three miles further, to a short distance beyond Strawberry Plains. At the latter place, it crossed the Holston on boats, the Union troops having destroyed the railroad bridge, in order to retard Longstreet's advance, a month before. On the 26th, Major Bense—promoted to that grade during January, and now recovered from his wounds—rejoined the regiment, as did Lieutenant Slanker also. On the afternoon of the 28th, the division marched nine miles, passing through, and one mile beyond, New Market; and on the 29th, through a cold rain, and over wretched roads, eighteen miles, to Morristown, six miles beyond which place a division of rebel infantry was discovered. On the 2d of March, it retraced its steps a distance of seventeen miles, and went into what proved a ten days' camp, near New Market. "Longstreet is again reported advancing," says an officer's diary, "but I don't believe it. The Army of the Ohio appears to have a great dread of him." On the evening of the 5th, the Sixth Ohio was sent on picket.

On the 6th of March, General Hazen started home on leave of absence, leaving the brigade in charge of Colonel Anderson, who commanded it to the satisfaction of all for six weeks thenceforward. Next day, Lieutenant Goodnough was appointed provost marshal of the brigade, being succeeded as acting regimental quartermaster by Lieutenant Slanker. The latter was promoted to a first lieutenancy in April, and immediately appointed to the position whose duties he was already discharging. On the 8th, the Sixth Ohio received the remainder of its baggage from Chattanooga; and on the 11th—being then on picket—a partial supply of clothing. On the

12th, the division marched thirteen miles, to Panther Springs, and next day five miles further, to Morristown, where desultory skirmishing was kept up for two or three days. On the 15th, the Sixth Ohio was detailed for a two days' tour of outpost duty, during which the rebels in front fell back. On the 18th—a windy, March day, with the dust flying in clouds—the division made a rapid march of seventeen miles, to New Market; on the 19th, ten miles, to within two miles of Strawberry Plains, the Sixth Ohio passing the night on picket; on the 20th, nine miles, leaving Willich's brigade at Strawberry Plains; and on the 21st, nine miles more, to Rutledge. Four inches of snow fell on the 22d, but melted next day. On the 24th, the division marched nine miles, to Powder Spring Gap; on the 26th, returned to Rutledge, where the Sixth Ohio was immediately sent on picket; on the 27th, fourteen miles—nine miles to Bean's Station (whence the cavalry were sent on a reconnoissance six or eight miles further), and a countermarch of five miles; and on the 28th, thirteen miles back to Powder Spring Gap. On the 30th, First Sergeant Price, of Company G, who was captured at Chickamauga, returned to the regiment, having, several weeks before, succeeded in making his escape from Danville, North Carolina, and gaining the Union lines in safety at Fayetteville, West Virginia. His perilous journey, of between three and four hundred miles, in midwinter, through a country swarming with Confederate "patrols," consumed twenty-two days—or, rather, nights—and led over numerous rivers and creeks and several ranges of mountains. At Cincinnati, he was granted thirty days' furlough, which, at the date above given, had just expired.*

*Sergeant Price was one of four "Yankee" non-commissioned officers sent from Richmond to Danville, for the purpose of distributing Government clothing to eight thousand Union prisoners there confined. His MS.

On the 1st of April, the brigade was ordered to make a reconnoissance, and marched nine miles to Rutledge, in the rain. Next morning, at daylight, part of the brigade was sent out on the Morristown road to the ford over Holston River, and another detachment to Bean's Station. The Sixth Ohio remained on picket near Rutledge, where the whole brigade re-assembled during the afternoon, without having seen any enemy. On the 3d, the brigade returned to Powder Spring Gap, nine miles distant; and next day learned that Bull's Gap, an important position eighteen miles beyond Morristown, had been occupied by Union troops. Longstreet's withdrawal from East Tennessee was now an assured certainty. The long orphaned Fourth Corps was at once ordered to rejoin the Army of the Cumberland; and, with many a "Thank God, we are leaving East Tennessee!" turned its footsteps toward Chattanooga.

On the 6th of April, Wood's division marched eleven miles, encamping two miles from Strawberry Plains, and received a farewell order from General Schofield, thanking it for its soldierly deportment and valuable service while on duty in the Department of the Ohio; on the 7th it marched nineteen miles, passing through Knoxville and three miles beyond; on the 8th, eight miles toward Loudon; on the 9th, thirteen miles, to Lenoir's, the roads being in very bad condition from an all-night's rain; and on the 10th, seven miles, to Loudon,

narrative is one of exceeding interest—a model of circumstantiality, directness, and candor—and it is with great regret, therefore, that the writer finds himself compelled, by lack of space, to abandon his original design of giving it in full in Part II. Private Adam Rohe, of Company B, who was captured on the 18th of September, 1863, made his escape about the same time, from Salisbury, passed himself off as one of John Morgan's men, and finally struck the Union lines at a point somewhere above Knoxville.

where three battalions of Anderson's (Hazen's) brigade were that evening ferried across the Holston on scows, the remainder of the division following as rapidly as possible during the next two days. On the morning of the 12th, Lieutenant-Colonel Crainor's battalion and the Sixth Ohio started to the railroad, to take cars for Cleveland, but found the trains just withdrawn from that portion of the road, for service in accumulating supplies at Chattanooga. Resuming its journey at daylight on the 13th, the division that day marched thirteen miles, to Sweetwater, where the Sixth Ohio was sent on picket; on the 14th, eleven miles, to Athens; on the 15th, fifteen miles, to near Charleston, crossing the Hiawassee on a pontoon bridge; and on the 16th, sixteen miles, passing through Cleveland, and six miles beyond, to Drumgold's Gap, where it enjoyed several days of needed rest. The Sixth Ohio was left at "Tucker's Gap," four and a half miles west of Cleveland, and about the same distance from McDonald's Station, on the railroad to Chattanooga.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CLEVELAND, RESACA, HOME, AND MUSTER-OUT.

(APRIL 17-JUNE 23, 1864.)

SPRING had now returned in all its beauty and freshness, and the sixteen days which the Sixth Ohio passed at Tucker's Gap were pleasant ones indeed. On the evening of the 17th of April, the band of Colonel Grose's brigade (now in Cruft's division of Palmer's corps) visited the camp of the Sixth Ohio, and music and good-fellowship ruled the hour. On the 18th, Colonel Anderson resumed command of the regiment, General Hazen having returned to that of the brigade, and on the same day dress parade was held for the first time since before the battle of Missionary Ridge. Drills were also resumed. On the 19th, the promotions were announced of Captain West (still on duty with the Pioneer Corps), and First Lieutenants Graham and Lewis, all of whom were re-assigned to their old companies. Captain Shieffer, also promoted, rejoined the regiment on the 25th, and relieved Lieutenant Glisan of the command of Company A. At the date last given, Colonel Grose paid the Sixth Ohio a visit, and in accordance with department orders, a regimental pioneer corps was organized, composed of one sergeant, one corporal, and eighteen privates, under command of Lieutenant Goodnough. On the 29th, the division was reviewed by General Howard, the

new commander of the Fourth Corps, and a grand spectacle was presented to the lookers-on.

On the 2d of May, in obedience to orders, the baggage of the entire division was sent to Bridgeport, each regiment being allowed to retain but one wagon for transportation. Sherman's elaborate preparations being completed, his magnificent army of one hundred thousand veteran troops was now stripping for the campaign against Atlanta, and, as it proved, for the march to the sea. Quartermaster-Sergeant Hannaford, with Charles D. Martindale—long the prompt and efficient clerk at regimental head-quarters—accompanied the Sixth Ohio's baggage to the rear, and had the care of it until it was again brought to the regiment. On the 3d, the Sixth Ohio changed camp four and a half miles to Cleveland, which—in conjunction with the Twenty-fifth Illinois, another regiment whose term of service had almost expired—it was ordered to garrison, while the remainder of the division marched against the enemy ensconced behind Rocky Face Ridge. Colonel Anderson, as ranking officer, assumed command of the post. On the 7th, a supply of clothing—enough, at last, for every need—was issued the men, and the condition of the regiment was now most excellent in every respect. Captain Southgate, after a service of some months in charge of a convalescent camp at Chattanooga, rejoined the regiment at this date, and relieved Lieutenant Kestner of the command of Company C. On the 8th, the troops received intelligence of the occupation of Tunnel Hill, and the enemy's retrograde movements beyond. On the 12th, Major Bense was sent with a detachment to Red Clay, to look after some guerrillas reported to be lurking in that vicinity. Next day Colonel Anderson received a dispatch announcing the occupation of Dalton, and on the 16th another, bringing similar tidings from Resaca.

The regiment was now counting by days the brief period which it yet had left to serve, and expected to remain at Cleveland until sent home for muster-out, but on the 17th marching orders came. It started for the front at once, marching that day nine miles. Captain Schieffer, still unfit for field service, was obliged to go to Chattanooga. On the 18th, the regiment marched twenty miles to Dalton; on the 19th, sixteen miles to a short distance beyond Resaca; on the 20th, twelve miles, passing through Calhoun; and on the 21st, sixteen miles to Kingston, where the Ninth Ohio was met on its way home. Reporting immediately to General Thomas, Colonel Anderson was ordered to return to Resaca, there to remain until June 6th, when the regiment would be "relieved from duty in the Department of the Cumberland, in order to proceed to Ohio for muster-out of the service." On the 22d, the regiment accordingly took cars for Resaca, where, with the First and Second Kentucky, it established camp on the west bank of the Oostanaula, to guard the railroad bridge at that point. On the 23d, the Tenth Ohio passed up, on its way home. The First Kentucky followed on the 29th, and the Second Kentucky five days later. Other troops, however, were continually moving toward the front, so that Sherman's flanking operations were still being prosecuted with as yet undiminished numbers.

The return of detailed men daily swelled the regiment's ranks, and by the 6th of June its aggregate of present for duty amounted to about four hundred and thirty men, exclusive of officers. The last promotions ever made in it were announced on the 29th of May, Lieutenant Choate becoming captain of Company B, which he had commanded since Chickamauga, and Second Lieutenant Cormany first lieutenant in Company G. Sergeant-Major Mellen, and private William C. Perkins,

of Company G, held commissions as second lieutenants for months, but could not muster, because the regiment was below the legal minimum strength. The same regulation prevented the Quartermaster-Sergeant and several of the first sergeants from returning home as commissioned officers, though in no capacity could they have discharged a soldier's whole duty with greater fidelity or acceptance than in the grades which they actually held.

At 7 A. M., on the 6th of June, the Sixth Ohio took cars for Chattanooga and turned its face toward home—yes, toward HOME! Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher had previously gone forward to secure transportation, etc., and met the regiment at Cincinnati. At Chattanooga a halt was made, to draw clothing, have the camp and garrison equipage condemned, transfer a squad of orphaned recruits to the proper authorities to serve out their full term of three years in other commands, and complete whatever else was necessary to do before returning home. There also the regiment was rejoined by Captain Thatcher, just relieved from four months' able service as Judge Advocate of a department court-martial, and who now relieved Lieutenant La Bille, of the command of Company F; by Captain West, whose long and useful connection with the Pioneer Corps was now terminated; by Lieutenant Holmes, who had been paroled in February and exchanged a short time before this date; and also by Captain Schieffer. Surgeon Stephens, being relieved from duty as brigade surgeon late in May, met the regiment on its arrival in Cincinnati, as did Lieutenant Peck also, for the first and last time leaving his trains in other hands. Captain Sheridan, on duty with the Signal Corps since Camp Wickliffe times, had been severely wounded in the fighting at Resaca, and was barely able to be brought in a carriage to greet the regiment's return at Cincinnati; while Captain Tin-

ker, then as for many months afterward, was confined to his cot, a helpless sufferer from the Chickamauga wound which has made him a cripple for life. Lieutenant Morris, relieved from duty as acting inspector-general of the post at Gallatin, did not rejoin the regiment until three days before its muster-out.

Proceeding by rail to Nashville, the Sixth Ohio took passage on the steamer Lady Franklin for Cincinnati, where friends were preparing such a "welcome home" as should justly express the city's pride in the record which its battle-thinned ranks had made during three years' constant service at the front. Its reception in Cincinnati, on the 15th of June, was an ovation whose proud and happy memories none of its survivors will ever forget. The regiment was met at North Bend by the steamers Swallow and Duke of Argyle, loaded with friends, and each having a band of music on board. The boats were lashed together, the Lady Franklin in the center, and the joyful reunions that the next hour numbered may be imagined, but never described. At Cincinnati several thousand people had gathered on the landing, and the streets through which the regiment was to pass were lined with thousands more, and brilliant with flags and other decorations. The regiment disembarked, formed as rapidly as the density of the crowd would permit, and, escorted by detachments of the Eleventh Ohio and other military bodies, with various civic dignitaries in carriages, marched to Pike's Opera House, where it was formally welcomed home in a speech by Colonel Stanley M. Matthews. Colonel Anderson replied briefly on behalf of the regiment, and the hungry men then proceeded to Melodeon Hall to partake of the banquet that fair hands had there provided them; which done, they were dismissed to the enjoyment of home and friends. Re-assembling as soon as

the muster-out rolls, etc., could be prepared, the regiment went to Camp Dennison, where, on the 23d of June (1864), it was mustered out of the United States service, with an aggregate strength of 532, including thirty commissioned officers, or a fraction more than one-half the number with which it left the same camp just one week less than three years before.

A considerable number of the Sixth Ohio afterward enlisted in the gunboat service and in Hancock's corps, and several obtained commissions in other new regiments. A majority of the officers, together with about one-half of the enlisted men, are now living in Cincinnati. Upon the strong recommendations of Thomas, Wood, and other of the Sixth Ohio's old commanders in the field, Colonel Anderson has lately been brevetted Brigadier-General "for gallant conduct and meritorious services in the battle of Stone River," and Major-General "for distinguished gallantry and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chickamauga," both to date from March 13, 1865. Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher is in the United States revenue service, and Captain Tinker, who deserves much more, holds a clerkship at the court-house. Major Bense, Captains Russell, Getty, Donovan, West, and Schieffer, and Lieutenants Kestner and Reynolds are all engaged in business in Cincinnati. Adjutant Throop —brevetted major in 1865—is practicing law on Third Street, with well-earned success. Lieutenant Cormany, who is also practicing law, declined a captain's commission which was tendered him in Hancock's corps, and afterward received the brevet of major. Captains Southgate and Choate, and Lieutenant Graham are likewise in Cincinnati.

Captain Thatcher is in the express business at Nashville, and Captain Sheridan, still on the stage—for some time past at Washington. Lieutenant Meline was commissioned captain

in the Second Regiment of United States Veteran Volunteers (Hancock's Corps), in August, 1864, and remained in service until April, 1866. He was for some time commissary of subsistence for the brigade to which his regiment belonged, afterward personal aid to Major-General Francis Fessenden, of the First Division, First Army Corps, and for six months was in command of Fort Porter, at Buffalo, New York. The well-merited brevet of major has been conferred upon him, "for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war." He is now engaged in the Treasury Department at Washington. Dr. Stephens, as before the war, is practicing medicine at Eaton, and Dr. Bedell, at Cardington, Ohio. Quartermaster Slanker is traveling agent for the oldest "native wine" house in Cincinnati. Lieutenant Holmes went East in the spring of 1868, and there remains on business. Lieutenant Morris, at latest advices, was in Nashville; Peck, in Omaha; Lewis, in Washington, and La Bille, in Elizabethport, New Jersey. Of the whereabouts of Lieutenants Goodnough, Boice, and Glisan, the writer can give no information.

Of the old commanders of the Sixth Ohio who are still in service, General Hazen—after a brilliant career during the last year of the war under Sherman—is colonel of the Thirty-eighth Infantry; Reynolds, colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, and Crittenden, colonel of the Thirty-second Infantry.

A careful computation shows that the total distance marched by the Sixth Ohio, was about 3,275 miles (more, rather than less), without including a vast amount of picket duty, foraging expeditions, and other service, on which only portions of the regiment were engaged, and which aggregate an average of from one thousand to twelve hundred miles more for each company. To these numbers are to be added about 2,650 miles as the dis-

tance which the regiment traveled by steamboat and railroad.

In the four pitched battles in which the Sixth Ohio took part, it lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, a total of 315 officers and men. Omitting the battle of Shiloh, this shows an average loss in each battle of about thirty-two per cent. of the number with which it went into action. It also participated in a number of skirmishes and minor engagements, sustaining several casualties in addition to the above.

The business training and clerkly capacity of a large proportion of the men in the ranks were the occasion of heavy details for duty in the Quartermaster's, Commissary, and other staff departments of the army, and very materially reduced its aggregate of present for duty during the greater portion of its term of service.

The healthfulness of the Sixth Ohio is a feature in its history of which every member of the regiment has just reason to be proud. In its entire period of service—three years and five days—it lost *only sixteen men* by disease, as follows: Companies B, E, G, and I, each one; Companies A, F, and K, each two; Companies C and D, each three, and Company H, *none*. At least two hundred men in the ranks never lost a day's duty. Such a showing as this could probably be made on behalf of no other regiment that served during the war of the great rebellion.

PART II.

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT.

CHEAT MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGNING.

THE MARCH TO CHEAT MOUNTAIN.

CAMP ELKWATER, September 21, 1861.

"Two days' rations in haversacks, and march at four in the morning," was the sententious order of the adjutant to the lieutenant in command, on the evening of the 12th inst. . . . We took a narrow path up the mountains, impassable for horses, and of so steep a grade as to make it fatiguing in the extreme to men. You can form no idea of these mountain passes. A slippery path, winding around a hill-side, obstructed by huge boulders and fallen trees, and so steep that you can hardly stand erect on it; rendered inaccessible to the sunshine by the immense chestnut, oak, pine, and ash trees that overshadow it, and fringed by a thick undergrowth of laurel, elder, sassafras, and hazel-bushes—six or seven miles of this is enough to dampen the military ardor of almost any one; but, like the man who carried the calf until it grew to be an ox, we have got accustomed to it.

Reaching the summit of the mountain, we discovered that the rebels were at their old game. The bushes were covered with blankets, and, in short, every other species of military toggery, of the very inferior materials with which the secessionists are equipped. The path, though devious, was easy enough to follow after that, for it was literally covered with clothing. A rapid trot down hill soon brought us into a pleasant little valley, near the center of which stood a lonely log-house, now deserted by its former tenants. Standing in groups around it was the Second Virginia Regiment, Colonel Moss, which had preceded us on the journey, having left Beverly the night previous, without a blanket

for cover, or even a "sheet-iron cracker" for sustenance. The former want they had supplied from the plunder left by the rebels, and the latter was liberally met by our boys from their haversacks.

A short rest—which the boys improved by attacking a row of bee-hives, bringing out the bees and scattering the "forlorn hope" that had made the assault—and we again started through the forest. An hour's climbing brought us to the base of a clearing, where a skirmish had taken place the day before, and where it was supposed the enemy was in position to receive us. The approach was made with great caution—our three companies, which were in the advance, being deployed as skirmishers, with the Third Ohioans as a reserve. Stealthily the men crept up the abrupt acclivities to the right and left of us, while another company made the advance in front. The summit reached, nothing unusual was to be seen—a log-house, an orchard, and the surroundings of a Virginia mountaineer's home, were nothing to be astonished at. Not a gray coat was visible, much to the chagrin of the men. Approaching the house, we were met by a Fourteenth Indiana man, who came limping along, overjoyed at discovering that friends were at hand. He had been shot through the thigh with a squirrel-rifle ball, and taken prisoner by the rebels in the skirmish of the previous day. With tears in his eyes, he informed us that the rear-guard of the enemy had left there but an hour before, and were retreating by the Stewart's Run road; that they had been informed of our approach and dared not risk an engagement; and that their men were almost starved and were so much fatigued that their officers could not control them, and were forced to follow the men, who had decided to retreat.

We entered the house. Another such scene I fervently hope I never may see. Lying upon the floor of the only room in the cabin were seven wounded rebels, left there by their fleeing comrades. Two sick men had been left to care for them, which they were either not able or unwilling to do, so that the whole burden fell upon a poor woman, who, with her five children, were tenants of the hut. Her husband, a zealous secessionist, had been taken prisoner. *He* was punished, and properly enough; but what crime had the innocent children committed, and the poor mother, in that lonely mountain glen? She moved about with that quiet, noiseless step so peculiar to intense sorrow, handing this one water,

bathing that one's aching temples, and attending to her household duties. The children stood about the horrid scene—the elder ones in mute despair, the younger prattling away unconscious of the terrors of *bellum, horridum bellum!* May He who is the Father of all, extend the ægis of his protection over that desolate household.

My reflections were disturbed by the bugle sounding "the assembly," and shouts of "forward!" and in a few moments the column was again moving through the woods and up the hill. Another wearisome march, the details of which would be but a repetition of the description of the former, brought us nearly to the summit of Cheat Mountain. We found the troops stationed at the fortifications on the summit in a very healthy state of mind for a fight—momentarily expecting an attack from the enemy, who was menacing their front with a supposed force of five thousand men. We bivouacked that night just below the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and next morning started for home.—"*J. J. M.*" *to Cincinnati Daily Press.*

A NOTABLE SCOUTING ADVENTURE.

[Of the numerous scouting expeditions undertaken by Corporal, afterward Captain, H. C. Choate and private James Martin, during the West Virginia campaign, the most famous is that referred to in Chapters IX and X. Martin was one of a detachment of Swiss, recruited at Tell City, Indiana, which became incorporated with Company I, of the Sixth Ohio, and was a young man of good education, great personal gallantry, and more than ordinary force of character. His account of the scout in question is as follows:]

CAMP WAGNER [ELKWATER], VA.,
September —, 1861.

Our captain, with forty-two men, was ordered to an important post up Stewart's Run, in order to take possession of the valley. The following day four of us were ordered out to reconnoiter. We were gone all day, but discovered no traces of the enemy, and in the evening returned to our captain. The next morning, in company with Corporal Choate and John McGlore, two daring men, I started out again, with the object of ascertaining the situation of the valley and the whereabouts of the enemy. We took with us a compass, spy-glass, and two days' rations. The first night we bivouacked on the mountain. It rained very hard, yet we dared not make a fire, on account of being so near the

enemy. The next morning, which was densely foggy, we started down the west side of the mountain, at the foot of which we came upon a farm. There we found fresh tracks of men, horses, and mules, and also biscuits and corn scattered upon the ground. As we approached the house, we saw three horses and one mule, all beautifully saddled. There were also some of the enemy's soldiers busily engaged in drying red blankets, and in making preparations to march. We were in hopes of making a good "haul," and went straight toward the house. As soon as the soldiers entered the house, I made haste with my comrade Choate, leaving McGlore as an outpost fifteen paces from the house. We saw some one look from a side door toward us, and, at the same time, I made signs toward the neighboring woods, as if I wished to call more comrades from thence. A man now came out of the house and asked to what regiment and division we belonged. I replied: "To the Sixth Ohio! We are here to take you prisoners or to kill you!" I placed my bayonet to his breast, and threatened, at the least movement, to run him through. Two shots were fired out of the house at Choate, but without taking effect. The powder of the first shot burned his hair and eyebrows. We ordered our prisoner to call the others out of the house, and to tell them that, if they did not comply immediately, he would be killed, and all that were in the house would be massacred. He called loudly, "For God's sake, Dr. Jones, please come out!" At the same time two soldiers ran swiftly through a back door, down the mountains, and made for the woods. A man, dressed as a lieutenant-colonel, now came very quietly from the house, and said: "You are men, and, I doubt not, also gentlemen, and will treat *us* as such. I am your prisoner." We very politely gave him in charge of our outpost (McGlore) near the fence. Then two more made their appearance, one badly frightened, and the other wearing a stubborn countenance. These, also, we handed over to our outpost. Then we cried:

"Out with the one who shot!"

"O God! spare the man in the house!"

"They will kill me!" he cried.

"No," said I to him. "You shot twice at my companion; yet, when the lives of your comrades were in my hand, I spared them because they were unarmed. We fight for the sake of a principle, without any personal animosity."

After the lieutenant-colonel had called him again, he came out, pale and trembling. Choate took his pistol from him, with these words: "Sir, you shoot badly. I can use this better." On questioning the prisoners, we learned that there were two more lying in bed, under the pretense of being sick. We did not molest them. Our prisoners were two officers, two surgeons, and one private. The latter told me that three and a half regiments had left their camps to attack our forces, and that, by this time, they must be between us and our camp.

We took from our prisoners their swords and revolvers, but, being unable to carry their muskets, we left them, after having taken off their locks. As we marched our captives toward our camp, we soon found traces of the enemy, and learned from a lady that they had passed two hours before. We treated our prisoners well, only urging them forward, and had told them to mount their horses. After traveling six or seven miles, we came to the place where our pickets had been stationed the day previous. Leaving the prisoners in charge of my companions, I advanced to obtain some information of our pickets, and found that the secessionists occupied our posts. Inquiring at a neighboring house, I ascertained that our four men stationed near there had been taken prisoners. The enemy were close upon our heels from behind, their pickets were before us, and the mountains were on our right and left. It was necessary to give up our prisoners and seek our own safety. The lieutenant-colonel gave us his word of honor that he would send us free and unmolested to our camp if we were taken with him; but we feared that we should be questioned too much, and that the general would not allow the lieutenant-colonel's promises to be kept. Moreover, we should have been compelled to give up *our own arms*, together with those that we had taken from our prisoners. We had no wish to return to camp in such a humiliating condition. Thanking the lieutenant-colonel for his kindness, we told him that we preferred to run the risks of getting safely back ourselves. "Well," said he, "you are brave boys. You have treated us well. Give me your names, your regiment, and company. Should you or your comrades fall into *our* hands, be assured we shall treat you as well as you have treated us. Give me your hands, and let us hope to meet in peace."

Thus we parted, as though we were the best of friends. We

sprang into the bushes—it was high time—ascended the mountain, and secreted ourselves behind fallen trees, within reach of the enemy's shots, had they discovered us. We were in hopes that our brave captain would be timely reënforced, and would drive the enemy back. If they had retreated, we could have given them a warm reception from our hiding-place. We heard several shots, and then all was quiet. It was now about noonday.

After much fatigue and danger, we came, half-famished, to the outposts of the Twenty-fourth Ohio Regiment. The boys gave us meat, crackers, etc.—just what we needed after living upon a quarter of a pound of crackers and raw rice for several days. From thence we marched to Camp Kimball, one mile further, on the Cheat River. Colonel Kimball had us called to himself, and, after having partaken of a good drink of whisky, we gave him the particulars of our expedition. There we heard the sad news that our captain, together with nearly all his men, had been surrounded by two regiments and taken prisoners. Colonel Kimball wished us to remain with him. Choate did remain, but McGlore and I decided to return to our own regiment. I was anxious to obtain some definite intelligence in regard to the fate of our brave little captain and my fellow-soldiers. As the Thirteenth Indiana was about to march toward our camp, we joined them, and reached our destination at nine o'clock Friday, after a march of eighteen miles.

It was now the fifth day and fourth night since we had left our company. My hands, face, and feet were torn with thorns, likewise my clothing and shoes, and my limbs were very weary; still, my courage was fresh, my musket bright, and my powder dry. At camp they all thought us either prisoners or killed. We had been dropped from the roll-book for three days. You can imagine how we were received by those who were left of Company I, especially after we related our story, showed the arms of the nine prisoners captured by us, and informed them of the assurance of the lieutenant-colonel that our men would be treated as gentlemen.

[Corporal Choate was retained as one of Colonel Kimball's scouts for several weeks. He became well known to the various regimental commanders at the Summit, as well as to General Reynolds, and was much trusted in all matters pertaining to his peculiar service.]

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF STALNAKER.

CAMP ELKWATER, VA., Nov. 18, 1861.

Incessant rains have rendered drills out of the question; and, consequently, every possible device is resorted to by our boys to dispel the *ennui* of camp life. Many ludicrous scenes occur daily. One transpired yesterday worthy of mention, and, although I am positive that the "nub" will be lost by recital, I attempt it.

We have some queer specimens of the *genus homo* among us, and the most remarkable is one Stalnaker, an F. F. V., who has rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the boys by his avaricious propensities. Our good wives and mothers would laugh at the idea of giving one dollar for a single head of cabbage or a chicken; but we have been compelled to patronize Stalnaker notwithstanding these exorbitant rates.

Our laws are stringent in regard to furnishing soldiers with liquor, and yesterday Stalnaker was detected in the act of selling two bottles of liquor to some soldiers. He was accordingly arrested and placed in the guard-house. Major Christopher having no doubt of his guilt, ordered him to be drummed out of camp; but some waggish officer hearing of it, persuaded the Major to try Stalnaker before a mock court-martial, and it was forthwith convened. The august body consisted of Captain Clarke, Lieutenants Southgate, Getty, Russell, and Judge Advocate Captain S. C. Erwin. Captain Wilmington acted as prosecutor, and Sergeant Throop as counsel for defendant.

Every thing being arranged, the prisoner was ushered in, evidently badly frightened.

Captain Wilmington arose and accused him of having been guilty of treason, by attempting to seduce from their allegiance certain soldiers by offering them bad whisky.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty," and sutler Andy Hall was called to the stand as witness for the prosecution, whereupon the following oath was administered:

"You do solemnly swear that you will not scruple to testify to any thing which may tend to convict the prisoner, as you hope for the success of the Southern Confederacy."

Witness clearly convicted the prisoner of selling the liquor to soldiers, and then went on to state many ridiculous things that

had never transpired, among which were that he had just received a telegram from his partner, Mr. Cobb, then in Grafton, saying that Stalnaker had obtained a ten-gallon demijohn of whisky from him, and that he (Cobb) had dreamed that Stalnaker was retailing the whisky to soldiers at fifteen cents a glass. A bogus dispatch was produced. The judge asked Hall if he could identify his partner's signature by telegraph, and upon his replying promptly that he could, the court looked very grave and appeared satisfied.

The prisoner was naturally astonished at this strange news, and protested that he was innocent, but the judge advocate shook his head and remarked that the affair began to look serious.

The witness then accused the prisoner of having a large amount of Confederate scrip in his possession, and upon his producing his pocket-book in order to refute the charge, he was reprimanded for attempting to bribe Captain Andrews to swear for him! Andrews taking the stand, testified that Stalnaker had given him five dollars to swear to a few things, but that his conscience reproached him.

Counsel for defendant then demanded that the money be returned. This had not been anticipated by the captain, and as he did not happen to have five dollars in gold, he produced a two-and-a-half piece. This was handed to the prisoner for identification, and in a bewildered manner he asserted that it was his five-dollar piece. Captain Andrews again got possession of the money, and changed it to a one-dollar piece. Stalnaker, at the instigation of his counsel, still claimed the money as his own, apparently not seeing the impossibility of a five-dollar gold piece dwindling into a dollar.

Lieutenant Royse next testified to the good character of the defendant, but upon being cross-examined confessed that the extent of his knowledge was derived from having bought several fowls of Miss Stalnaker. Witness was closely questioned as to the character of these transactions, and then dismissed upon the plea that his long association with the Cincinnati police court (as clerk) had rendered him unreliable.

By this time the prisoner was crying, and the court removed him. After the lapse of a few minutes he was again brought in, and sentence passed upon him, which was that he should be hung or shot, as he saw fit, and then drummed out of camp! The court not seeing clearly how the drumming out was to be accomplished after the shooting and hanging, decided to drum him out first, and

enforce the rest of the sentence should he ever return to camp. The drummers and fifers were called out, and Mr. Stalnaker left camp to the inspiring tune of the "Rogue's March," his pace quickened by two bayonets.—"*Nemo*" *to the Cincinnati Commercial.*

"SKEDADDLE"—HOW DID THE TERM ORIGINATE?

The term "skedaddle," which came into general use during the war, and must henceforth have a place in every "Dictionary of Americanisms," was first employed at the siege of Laurel Hill, so-called. Many of the Indiana skirmishers were reckless backwoodsmen, not half disciplined, yet unrivaled in their favorite exercise of bush fighting. Whether they found the need of a more forcible and homely word than any of the customary military phrases to describe the retrograde movements of the rebels, whether their ears naturally abhorred the tautological repetition of those phrases, or from whatever other whim it may have been, "skedaddle" had, as it were, a spontaneous origin in the mouth of these men. To any one who knows among what classes the word first gained currency, the attempts of learned scholars to trace it to a Greek root must seem a ludicrous waste of erudition. Nor is there the least reason, apparently, for believing that it has any affinity with the phrase "sgeadol ol," found in an old Irish New Testament, in a passage which our modern version renders "shall all be scattered," as has been suggested, in connection with the hypothesis that some facetious Hibernian first coined the word in his descriptions of the rout of the Union Army at Bull Run. In regard to the latter idea, it is enough to say that thousands are now living who can testify that "skedaddle" was in common use among the Indiana troops at Laurel Hill two weeks before the date of that battle. *E. H.*

TRAINING UNDER NELSON.

A PRIVATE'S DIARY.—(Extracts.)

DECEMBER 9th, 1861.—Marching orders this evening. We are in the division of General Nelson, a very unpopular commander. Have been sick for three days.

December 10th.—Reveille at 4 A. M. Felt a little better, and determined to accompany the regiment if possible. Got permission to go with the train. Mike Coleman let me strap my knapsack on behind his wagon, which enabled me to march light.

December 12th.—Started with the column this morning, and kept going till near sundown. On the march no one is allowed to fall out, so long as he can put one foot before the other, and the rear-guard is merciless. I never felt so tired in my life (still half-sick, as I am) as I do to-night; but, thank Heaven, I was somehow enabled to keep up.

December 16th.—Our camp is named after Governor Wickliffe, now in Congress. I came off guard about 8:30 A. M., and a little after nine o'clock was arrested, and taken to the guard-house, for not going on drill. All the old guards, fifty or more in number, were with me—the matter being perfectly understood all over the regiment.

December 17th.—All of yesterday's guards, including Sergeant T——, of Company A, who arrested me for the same cause, were marched to the guard-house for refusing to go on drill this morning. The imposition is too palpable for the boys to submit to it.

December 19th.—Drill, drill, drill! The major was the only field officer out, the colonel being sick, and the lieutenant-colonel in charge of the pickets. Orders read to-night excuse the old

guards from drill until the afternoon of the day on which they are relieved. This saves me from going to the guard-house again.

December 24th.—Our company on picket about three miles back toward New Haven. Four of us, with Dave Medary as corporal, were posted on the dirt road to Hodgensville. A clear, star-light night. "Christmas-eve" makes us think of home.

December 27th.—Rain last night. No drills to-day, in order to allow time to complete the vaccination of the regiment, which was begun two days ago.

December 29th, Sunday.—Company inspection. A royal good dinner, Bartlett, Dave Medary, and Ziegler each having received a box of good things last night by express. Ziegler's catawba, right from old Green Township, completed the feast. Loammi Smith gave us a toast, and Gates tried to raise a song; after which, remembering that it was Sunday, we wound up by singing "Old Hundred."

December 30th.—In the afternoon was detailed for extra duty, and helped put up a tent for Captain Phillipps, division commissary. Was called a "murphy" for my pains by one of his clerks named Woods, and when the work was done, refused the proffered whisky-bottle.

January 1st, 1862.—New Year's, and a holiday. At dress parade this evening Alf. Burnett put the whole line into a grin by getting some distance behind the colonel, and making grimaces at the men. He was discharged a good while ago, but remains with the sutler still.

January 3d.—"Necessity is the mother of invention," and John Collins is the father. He has contrived a little stove for our mess, consisting of a camp-kettle laid on its side in a box of earth, with a mess-pan fitted to the kettle's mouth for the stove-door. A single length of pipe, to which is attached a bottomless fruit-can, does duty as stove-pipe, the whole being twenty-eight inches long. This is neatly fitted by a double rivet of three nails into a circular hole cut in the upper side of the kettle. The pipe passes through a rip made in a seam on the side of the tent opposite the door, and is protected on the outside by a mess-pan. This quaint apparatus works well, and is much admired for its ingenuity.

January 13th.—Cold and windy. Our Sibley tents were issued this afternoon, and put up immediately. There are five to a company, which necessitates the consolidation of some of the messes.

Such electioneering and button-holing as there was by excited individuals, to win over the requisite number of recruits from other messes, and thus prevent the dismemberment of their own, it was a sight to see. Our mess is all right. At night I was on guard at McDougal's stables, and slept in the hay-loft, warm and comfortable.

January 17th.—On wood squad again. The mules stalled with the first load, and we had a great time in getting them started. Borrowed Ed Rowe's Shakspeare, and began reading "Romeo and Juliet."

January 24th.—The ——th Indiana is under arrest, "for shirking duty by the plea of sickness, in many cases feigned," as the special order from General Nelson says. The General took away their colors to-day. Three hundred and fifty-one sick were excused from duty in that regiment this morning, while the Sixth Ohio had but fourteen.

January 29th.—On guard. Rain, sleet, mud, and misery. The countersign was "Biloxi," which the German, whom I relieved, transmitted to me as "Peacock's eye!"

January 30th.—Snow on my morning watch that froze to my blanket, overcoat, and gun. Major Christopher told me that I looked "like one of the Old Guard of Napoleon;" and, in truth, I did feel *very* old. A cold and dreary day throughout, with two inches of snow. Slept all the forenoon, and in the afternoon finished reading my last "Atlantic."

February 10th.—We have papers giving particulars of the capture of Fort Henry. Hope that Fort Donelson has also fallen before this. Why are *we* not stirring? I have five letters to answer, but am out of postage stamps, and can neither buy, beg, nor borrow them.

NELSONIANA.

The following is the famous "Beef Soup Order," referred to in Chapter XIV:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 14.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, ARMY OF THE OHIO,
CAMP WICKLIFFE, KY., December 27, 1861.

I. Fresh beef will be issued to the troops three times a week only, to wit: on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. No altera-

tion will be made in this respect, except by general order from these head-quarters.

II. Of the fresh beef, soup will be made. The following method of preparing it is recommended: To every thirteen pints of water put seven pounds of beef, two and a half ounces of salt, three ounces of flour, a very little pepper, two pounds of potatoes, rice, or any other suitable vegetable, and three ounces of sugar. Place them all in the pot at the same time, except the flour (the water cold). Put the pot on the fire, and, when it is once fairly boiling, diminish the fire, and let it simmer gently for three hours and a half. Next take out the meat, and keep it warm in a pan. Then mix the flour with enough water to make a liquid batter, and stir it well into the soup. Boil half an hour longer, skimming off the fat. Then serve the meat and soup separately. Observing these directions, most excellent soup will be made. This formula will be copied for the use of cooks.

III. The officers of the regiments, particularly the captains, are required to give their personal attention to this subject. Nothing distinguishes a good and conscientious officer so much as a careful consideration of the health and comfort of those in his command.

By order of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON.

J. MILLS KENDRICK, A. A. A. G.

Our boys are furious for practical jokes, and are constantly on the lookout for subjects. One of the latter was recently found in the person of a new teamster, who has the charge of six large, shaggy mules. Jehu was discovered to be the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband article in this camp—which a wag resolved to possess himself of. Aware that the teamster's presence was the great obstacle to the consummation of his desire, he devised the following plan to get him out of the way. Approaching the man, who was busy currying his mule, he accosted him with:

"I say, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.

"Certainly; but this isn't your business. It's after tattoo now, and there is a fellow right here hired by the Government on purpose to curry all the teams that come in late.

The driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the aforesaid "hair-dresser" kept himself, whereupon he was pointed to General Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where "the fellow hung out."

"You can't mistake him," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil. (He has been drinking some to-day.) But don't you mind that; make him come out, *sure!*"

Off posted Jehu, and, entering the tent where our Napoleon of the Fourth Division sat in a deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, gave him a slap on the back sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the General confronted his uninvited guest in a moment.

"Well, sir, who the devil are *you*, and what do you *want*, sir?"

"Old chap, I've got a job for you—six mules to be curried, and right away, too," said the captain of mules, nothing daunted by the flashing eye of the General.

"D—n you, sir! What do you mean, sir? Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Yes, sir-ee!" replied Jehu, elevating his voice to a pitch that rendered the words audible a square off; "you are the fellow that Uncle Sam has hired to curry the mules. Come, now, I don't want any foolishness about it. Just clean them there mules, and I'll give you a drink of busthead."

"You infernal villain!" roared the General, now perfectly furious, "I am General Nelson, commander of this division."

Jehu placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and, extending his fingers, waved them slowly, in a manner intended to be indicative of great wisdom. The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jehu from the tent just in time to save his head. By this time, of course, the Bourbon had been duly cared for, and in it the boys drank the "big mule-driver's" health with a gusto. The story soon got wind, and is now the standard joke of the season.—"*Nemo*" *to the Cincinnati Commercial, January* 8, 1862.

On one occasion, when General Nelson was marching through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, we halted for the night in a

narrow valley between two mountains. The roads were very bad, and the trains continued coming in at all hours of the night. The General had gone to bed, not, however, until he had abused things in general, as was his custom when men and movements were not "on time." A wagoner, who had just got in, espied, sitting before a camp-fire, Mr. Sam. Owens, a man of talent and infinite fun withal, then serving as volunteer aid upon General Nelson's staff (and, at that particular moment, upon the stool of repentance for having sat down upon the General's hat a little while before). The driver inquired of him where he should leave his team. "Just beyond you, there," pointing to the spot as he spoke; "and, when you have taken care of your horses, go to that tent yonder, the second one from here, and there you will find a big fat man, sleeping on a lounge. Wake him up, and he will give you some hot coffee. The quartermaster thought you drivers would need it, and has left him here to attend to it. He is hard to wake, though, the quartermaster says; you will have to grab him right tight, and give him a good pull, then a push, and then *roll him quick and fast*, like you would a barrel. He swears a good deal when he is first waked up, and will try to frighten you away; but just you hold on to him till he is fairly awake, and he will give up."

The driver obeyed instructions to the letter. After a firm grab, a decided pull, and a vigorous push, with a "roll like a barrel" at the end of it all, "Come, old chap!" said he, "I want that coffee. It's no use to swear and bluster; it's got to come!" Hardly were the words uttered, when General Nelson sprang from his couch, and the volley of oaths that then ensued so terrified the poor driver that, it is said, his hair turned gray.—*Private Letter.*

While I am speaking of General Nelson, let me tell a story which I have just heard, prefacing it with the remark that I have no doubt whatever of its truthfulness.

Riding through the camp of one of his sickliest regiments, the General perceived a private carrying a mackerel in his hand.

"What is that you have in your hand, sir?"

"A—a mackerel," was the hesitating reply.

"Got a mackerel! Well, sir, doesn't your commissary give you enough to eat?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want of mackerel, then?"

"Why," answered the now thoroughly frightened man, "why, I have heard that mackerels are good for diarrhea."

"You have been told this, sir!"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is your captain, sir?"

"Captain Johnson."

"Well, sir, report to Captain Johnson whether the treatment proves successful; and if it does, I will order *four hundred barrels of mackerel!*"—"*Zeke*" *to the Cincinnati Times, January* 26, 1862.

General Nelson has the confidence of the whole division, and, more than this, is really *liked* by most of the men, notwithstanding the coarseness, the regular quarter-deck style of his manners. I saw him perform an act of genuine kindness yesterday. A poor fellow, belonging to the Fiftieth Indiana, a mere boy in appearance, just recovering from the measles, happened to encounter the General on horseback near head-quarters. "Old Buster," (as the boys call Nelson,) stopped him and demanded to know his business so far from his regiment; whereupon the boy tremblingly produced a pass, and explained that he had come over to the bakery to buy some bread; "he still felt right weak, had n't any appetite, and could n't go hard-tack now."

"Well, sir, and why did n't you get the bread?"

"Why, they asked me ten cents a loaf, and *five* cents is all I 've got."

"I 'll see about this. Here is a quarter; go and tell that rascally baker to give you five loaves of bread for it—*by order of General Nelson!* And if he does n't do it, come and report to me, sir!"

Before the poor boy could collect his wits sufficiently to begin stammering out his thanks, the old fellow was half-way to head-quarters. Soon afterward he went down to the bakery himself and gave the baker such a blowing up as he won't soon forget. What made the case a good deal worse for the latter is, that the price of bread is the subject of a special order, fixing it at five cents a loaf.—*Private Letter from a Sixth Ohio soldier at Camp Wickliffe.*

Dr. J. Taylor Bradford is responsible for the following

"General Nelson said to me one day, 'Bradford, the mothers of the Sixth Ohio boys, were all blue hens!' [Referring to an anecdote of Captain Caldwell, a recruiting officer of the Revolution, who had great fondness for cock-fighting, and declared that no game cock was reliable, unless from a blue hen.] They are good fighters; they have more talent and better health, have more well-bred gentlemen among them (and some bigger rascals, too,) and are harder to manage, than any other regiment in the army!'"

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

On the afternoon of a cold and cheerless day in March, 1862, I beheld, for the first, and I trust the last, time, a military execution. Though not in my place in the ranks that day, I was one of several thousand troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, assembled in obedience to the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, FOURTH DIVISION,
CAMP ANDREW JACKSON, TENN., March 4, 1862.

[GENERAL ORDERS, No. 26.]

The Fourth and Fifth Divisions will assemble, under arms, to-morrow, March 5th, at 3 P. M., to witness the execution of private Michael Connell, Company E, Twenty-fourth Ohio Volunteers, condemned to be shot for offering violence to his superior officer.

By command of
BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON.

J. MILLS KENDRICK, A. A. A. G.

The superior officer referred to was Corporal Alonzo Pocock, Company K, Twenty-fourth Ohio, who, being on duty as Corporal of the Guard, attempted to arrest Connell, for certain disorderly proceedings committed while under the influence of liquor, and was fired at by him four or five times with a revolver, though without receiving any injury. This occurred at Camp Wickliffe, Kentucky, on the night of the 9th of January, 1862. The offender was promptly brought before a General Court-Martial, of which Colonel Stanley Matthews was president, where he pleaded guilty, and was condemned to suffer death by shooting; but, as he had been a good soldier in the main, and some time had elapsed since his

trial, the belief had been gaining ground that his sentence would be commuted. Such, indeed, was the hope of the officers of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and of his comrades, to a man.

Promptly, at three o'clock, the command began assembling at the spot selected. It was a large meadow, with a hollow running through it, whence the ground sloped upward on either side, forming a kind of natural amphitheater. Some time was consumed in posting the troops, which was done in such a manner as to form three sides of a large hollow square, a number of regiments being in column of companies arranged in *echelon*, the better to command a view of the execution. At four o'clock, the actors in the tragedy about to be enacted, entered the field, in the following order: first, the brass band of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, playing a dead march; next, a squad of soldiers under a lieutenant, with muskets loaded by other hands, for the terrible duty of executioners; then, the coffin, of pine boards planed, on a bier borne by four men, close behind whom, with his arms pinioned, followed the condemned, walking in cadenced step between the chaplain of his regiment and a Catholic priest from Nashville; last of all, another squad of soldiers. Connell was a tall, fine-looking Irishman, of perhaps eight and twenty years of age; his step was firm and erect, and his whole mien undaunted to the last. Commencing at one of the open corners of the square, the mournful procession moved slowly down the lines, around the inside of the square, and finally halted in the center. The coffin was placed upon the ground, and Connell took his place directly in front of it, upon one side of a tiny streamlet flowing down the hollow before described; on the opposite side, the lieutenant formed his squad, facing their victim, and distant from him scarcely a dozen paces. Major Hall, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, in a firm, clear voice read the general order, embodying the proceedings of the court-martial, the sentence, and its approval by General Buell. Then the eyes of the doomed man were bandaged with a white handkerchief, and he stood alone before his coffin. The thousands who were looking on, with bated breath, were as still as statues. "*Ready!*" how fearfully distinct the word did sound! "*Aim!*" At this instant a mounted officer dashed toward the lieutenant, and in a low tone delivered some message, which I at first thought must be a reprieve; for the eight leveled guns were at once brought back to a "ready," the bandage was removed from the eyes of the victim, and the chaplain

and priest were at his side in a moment. They remained in conversation with him for perhaps five minutes, although the dreadful suspense made the time seem much longer. "Humph!" said a colonel, a graduate of West Point, who sat on his horse just in front of me, as I stood upon a fence watching the proceedings with horror-struck intentness: "Are they all this time absolving him?" as if begrudging the poor wretch a moment more of life. I could have felled him to the earth for the heartless words! Soon, however, the bandage was replaced, the ministers in holy things again retired, and the commands were repeated, "*Ready! aim!* FIRE!" The smoke drifted quickly away; he sank gently down upon his coffin, fell over on his right side, and the next moment a lifeless corpse rolled heavily forward upon the grass. Four balls took effect, passing through the left breast—three caps missed fire, and one man did not pull trigger. Up to the last moment, Nelson hoped a reprieve would yet arrive from General Buell, and it was owing to this hope that the poor wretch, meeting his fate so bravely, had been granted five added minutes of lengthened misery to live. Returning to camp when all was over, the bands went playing "The girl I left behind me," but the men followed silent and moody. They felt that

> "Earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice."
>
> *Private Manuscript.*

COMING UP AT SHILOH.*

THE rain, which had been falling steadily since shortly after midnight, ceased at day-break. The morning dawned slowly and moodily, above the wooded hill-tops that rose steeply from the farther bank of the creek close by, right over against the corn-field in which, on the preceding evening, we had comfortably pitched our camp. The bugle wound an early reveille; then came the call to strike tents, (though one-half of the brigade was yet busy in hurried preparations for breakfast), and presently the assembly sounded. We were on the march again by the time the sun would have liked to greet us with his broad, level-thrown smile for "good morning," if the sky had been clear and open enough, instead of covered, as it was on this damp, chilly April morning, with dull, sullen masses of cloud that seemed still nursing their ill humor and bent on having another outbreak. The road was heavy; an old, worn stage-coach road, of a slippery, treacherous clay, which the trampings of our advanced regiments speedily kneaded into a tough, stiff dough, forming a track that was enough to try the wind and bottom of the best. For some miles, too, the route was otherwise a difficult one—hilly, and leading by two or three tedious crossings in single file over fords, where now were rushing turbid, swollen streams, gorging and overflowing their banks every-where, in the channels which, nine months out of the twelve, give passage to innocent brooklets only, that the natives of these parts may cross barefoot without wetting an ankle. Spite of these drawbacks, the men were in fine

* This chapter is abridged from a paper published in the "Continental Monthly" Magazine, for October, 1864. It was written by a former member of the Sixth Ohio.

spirits; for this was the end of our weary march, from Nashville and we were sure now of a few days' rest and quiet.

A few minutes after midday we reached Savanna, and were ordered at once into camp. By this time the sky had cleared, the sun was shining brightly, though, as it seemed, with an effort; the wind, which had been freshening ever since morning, was blowing strong and settled from out the blue west, and the earth was drying rapidly. The Sixth Ohio and a comrade regiment of the Tenth Brigade pitched their tents in an old and well-cleared camping ground, on a gently-sloping rise looking toward the town from the south-eastward; a little too far from the river to quite take in, in its prospect, the landing with its flotilla of transports and the gunboats which they told us were lying there, yet not so far but we could easily discern the smoke floating up black and dense, from the boats' chimney stacks, and hear the long-drawn, labored puffs of the escape pipes, and the shrill signals of the steam whistles. Altogether our camping ground was eligible, dry, and pleasant.

It was on Saturday, the fifth day of April, 1862, that the Fourth Division, being the advance corps of the Army of the Ohio, came thus to Savanna, and so was brought within actual supporting distance of the forces under General Grant at Pittsburg Landing, ten miles up the farther bank of the Tennessee. General Grant had his head-quarters at Savanna, and there immediately upon our arrival our commander reported his division. Long before night, camp-rumors had complacently decided our disposition for the present. Three days at Savanna to allow the other corps of our army to come up with us, and then, by one more easy stage, we could all move together up to Pittsburg Landing, and take position beside the Army of the Tennessee.

There was but an inconsiderable force here, composed, for the most part, of new troops from two or three States of the Northwest. I remember, especially, one regiment from Wisconsin, made up of great, brawny, awkward fellows—backwoodsmen and lumbermen chiefly—who followed us to Shiloh on the next evening, and through the whole of Monday fought and suffered like heroes, as they were. Our first inquiries were concerning our comrade army, and the enemy confronting it at Corinth. Varied and incongruous enough was the information that we gleaned, and in some details requiring a simple credulity that nine months of

active campaigning had quite jostled and worried out of us. It seemed settled, however, that our comrades up the river were a host formidable in numbers and of magnificent armament and *materiel;* altogether, very well able to take care of themselves, at least, until we could join them at our leisure.

There were some things which, if we had more carefully considered them, might, perhaps, have abated somewhat this pleasant conviction of security. The enemy had lately grown wonderfully bold and venturesome—skirmishing with picket outposts, bullying reconnoitering parties, and picking quarrels upon the slightest provocation. He had even challenged our gunboats, disputing the passage up the river in an artillery duel at the bluffs not far above the landing, whose hoarse, sullen rumbling had reached us where we were resting on Thursday afternoon, at the distance of thirty miles back toward Nashville. But, then, on how few fields had Southern chivalry ever yet ventured to attack; how seldom, but when fairly cornered, had its champions deemed discretion *not* the better part of valor! So we cast aside all serious thought of immediate danger at Pittsburg Landing, not a few pronouncing these demonstrations of a foe who had shown our army only his heels all the way from Bowling Green and Fort Donelson, really diverting from their audacity.

At sunset, the Sixth held dress parade—the first since our march from Columbia; but I, on duty that day as one of the "reserve guard," was merely a looker-on. I was never prouder of the old regiment in my life; it went through with the manual of arms so well—and in the presence, too, of so many spectators from other regiments. Orders were given to prepare for a thorough inspection of arms and equipments at ten o'clock on the next morning, then parade was dismissed, and so the day ended. The wind died away, and the night deepened, cool, tranquil, starlit, on a camp of weary soldiery, where contentment and good-will ruled for the hour over all.

Beautifully clear and calm the Sabbath morning dawned, April 6th, 1862; rather chilly, indeed, for it was yet in the budding time of spring. But the sky was so blue and cloudless, the air so still, and all nature lay smiling so serene and fair in the glad sunshine—it was a day such as that whereon the Creator may have looked upon the new-born earth, and "saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good;" a day as if chosen

from all its fellows and consecrated to a hallowed quiet, the blessedness of prayer and thanksgiving.

Hardly a man in our division, I believe, but awoke that morning with a happy consciousness of long hours that this day were to be his own, and a clear idea of just how he should improve them. My programme was the general one, and simple enough it was. First, of course, to make ready for inspection, and, that ceremony well gotten through with, to enact the familiar performance of every man his own washerwoman and seamstress: the remainder of the day should be devoted to the soldier's sacred delight of correspondence—to completing a letter to Wynne, begun back at Columbia, and writing home. Out by the smoldering fire, where the cooks of our mess had prepared breakfast nearly two hours before, I was busily at work furbishing with the dust-fine ashes the brasses of my accouterments, when the boom of cannon burst upon the air, rolling heavily from away to the southward from what we knew must be the neighborhood of the camps at Pittsburg Landing. It was after seven o'clock. The sun was mounting over the scrubby oak copse behind our camp, and the day grew warm apace. Another and still another explosion followed in quick succession.

What could it mean? Only the gunboats, perhaps, shelling guerrillas out of the woods somewhere along the river bank. Impossible; too near, too far to the right, for that. It could hardly be artillery practice, for to-day was the Sabbath. And the youngest soldier among us knew better than to give those rapid, furious volleys the interpretation of a formal military salute. Could it really be—battle?

Every man almost was out and listening intently. Louder and fiercer the reports came, though still irregular. Now and then, in the intervals, a low, quick crepitation reached us, an undertone that no soldier could fail to recognize as distant musketry. Ominous sounds they were, portending what—if not actual battle? If a battle, then certainly an attack by the enemy. Were our comrades up at the landing prepared for it?

The first cannon had not long been fired when General Nelson rode by toward Grant's head-quarters, aids and orderlies following upon the gallop. Presently came orders:

"Three days' rations in haversacks, strike tents, and pack up.

Be ready to move at a moment's notice. They are fighting up at the landing."

There was no need for further urging. By ten o'clock every disposition for the march had been completed. Nearly three long hours more we waited with feverish anxiety for the final command to start, while the roar of that deathly strife fell distantly upon our ears almost without intermission, and a hundred wild rumors swept through the camp. General Grant had gone up the river on a gunboat soon after the cannonading began. A few minutes after midday we struck tents, were furnished with a new supply of cartridges and caps for our Enfields, and waited several minutes longer. At length the column formed, and, though still without orders, except those which its immediate commander had assumed the responsibility to give, the Fourth Division started. The Tenth Brigade had, as usual, the advance, and, in our regular turn, the Sixth came the third regiment in the column. We had just cleared the camping grounds, I well remember, when General Nelson rode leisurely down the line, his eye taking note with the rapid glance of the real soldier of every minutiæ of equipments and appearance generally. Some natures seem to find in antagonism and conflict their native element, their chief good—yet more, almost as much a necessity of their moral organism as to their animal being is the air they breathe. Such a nature was Nelson's. His face to-day wore that characteristic expression by which every man of his command learned to graduate his expectation of an action; it was the very picture of satisfaction and good humor. He wheeled his horse half-way around as the rear of our brigade passed him, and a blander tone of command I never heard than when, in his quick, authoritative manner, he rang out:

"Now, gentlemen, keep the column well closed up!" and passed on toward the next brigade.

Gentlemen! how oddly the title comes to sound in the ears of a soldier!

From Savanna to the Tennessee, directly opposite Pittsburg Landing, is, by the course we took, perhaps ten miles. The route was only a narrow wagon-path through the woods and bottoms bordering the river, and the wisdom was soon apparent which had beforehand secured the services of a native as guide. Most of the latter half of the distance was through a low, slimy swamp land,

giving rank growth to an almost continuous forest of sycamore, cotton-wood, and other trees which love a damp, alluvial soil, whose massive trunks were yet foul and unsightly with filth and scum deposited by the receding waters at the subsidence of the river's spring freshet a month before. Stagnant ponds and mimic lagoons lay all about us, and in our very pathway, some of the deeper ones, however, rudely bridged. Very rapid progress was impossible. It had been found necessary to leave our artillery at Savanna, whence it would have to be brought up on the transports. The afternoon wore on, warm and sultry, and the atmosphere in those dank woods felt close and unwholesome. Not a breath of air stirred to refresh the heated forms winding in long, continuous line among the dark boles of the trees, through whose branches and leafless twigs the sunlight streamed in little broken gleams of yellow brightness, and made a curious checker-work of sheen and shadow on all beneath. Burdened as we were with knapsacks and twenty extra rounds of ammunition, the march grew more and more laborious. But the noise of battle was sharpening every few minutes now, and the men pushed forward. It was no child's game going on ahead of us. We *might* be needed.

We *were* needed. A loud, tumultuous cheer from the Thirty-sixth Indiana came surging down through the ranks of the Twenty-fourth Ohio to our own regiment, and away back beyond to the Twenty-second and Nineteenth Brigades in the rear. "Forward!" and we were off on the double-quick. General Nelson was at the head of the column. There a courier had met him, with urgent orders to hasten up the reënforcements; the enemy were pressing hard for the landing. Unmindful of all impediments—trees and fallen logs, shallow ponds and slippery mire shoe-top deep; now again moderating our pace to the route step to recover breath and strength; even halting impatiently for a few minutes now and then, while the advance cleared itself from some entanglement of the way—so the remainder of our march continued. It seemed a long way to the landing, the battle dinning in our ears at every step. At length it sounded directly ahead of us, and, looking forward between the tree-tops, a good eye could easily discover a dark cloud of smoke hanging low in mid-air over the battle-field. Suddenly we debouched into a level corn-field, extending quite to the river's verge. The clearing was not a wide one, and the fur-

ther bank of the Tennessee was in plain sight—the landings, the bluff, and the woods above stretching away out and back beyond.

What a panorama! The river directly before us was hidden by a narrow belt of chaparral and the drift that had lodged along the banks, but the smoke-stacks of three or four transports were visible above the weed-stalks and bushes, and the course of one or two more could be traced by a trailing line of smoke as they steamed down toward Savanna. The opposite bank rises from the river a steep acclivity, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in perpendicular height, down whose sides of brownish-yellow clay narrow roadways have been cut to the landings below. Cresting the bluff, woods overlooked the whole and shut in the scene as far as the eye could follow the windings of the Tennessee. In their depths the battle was raging with unabated fury. A short distance up the river, though completely hidden from view by an intervening bend, the gunboats were at work, and even our unpracticed ears could easily distinguish the heavy boom of their great thirty-two pounders in the midst of all that storm of artillery explosions. Glorious old Tyler and Lexington! primitive, ungainly, weather-beaten wooden craft, but the salvation, in this crisis hour of the fight, of our outnumbered and well-nigh borne-down left. A signal party, stationed a little above the upper landing, and half-way up the bluff, was communicating, in the mystic language of the code, with another upon our side the river. The steep bank was covered with a swaying, restless mass of blue-uniformed men, too distant to be distinctly discriminated, yet certainly numbering thousands. "Reserves!" a dozen voices cried at once, and the next moment came the wonder that our march had been so hurried, when whole brigades, as it seemed, were thus held in idle waiting. We were soon undeceived.

Out into the corn-field filed the column, up the river, and nearly parallel to it, halting a little below the upper one of the two principal landings. Here there was a further delaying for ferriage.

"Stack arms; every man fill his canteen, then come right back to the ranks!"

Not to the Tennessee for water—there was no time to go so far—but close at hand, at a pond, or little bayou of the river; and, returning to the line of stacks, a few more long, unquiet minutes in waiting, and eager gazing toward the battle. And then

we saw what that dark, turbulent multitude over the river was: oh, shame! a confused rabble, composed chiefly of men whose places were rightly on the field, but who had turned and fled away from the fight to seek safety under that bluff.

Forward again, and the regiment moved, with short, aggravating halts, up to the point on the river where the Thirty-sixth Indiana had already embarked, and was now being ferried over. The Twenty-fourth Ohio crossed at the lower landing. There were a number of country folks here, whose intense anxiety to see every movement visible on the farther side of the river kept them shifting their positions continually. One of these worthies was hailed from our company:

"Say, old fellow! how's the fight going on over there?"

He was an old and somewhat diminutive specimen, grizzle haired and stoop shouldered, but yellow and withered from the effects of sun and tobacco rather than the burden of years. For a moment he hesitated, as though guarding his reply, and then, with a side-long glance of the eyes, answered slowly:

"Well, it aren't hardly decided yet, I reckon; but they're a drivin' your folks—some."

Evidently he believed that our army had been badly beaten. The emphatic rejoinder, "D——d old secesh!" was the sole thanks his information brought him, the characterization, aside from the accented epithet, being doubtless a just one.

A minute later we passed a sergeant, whose uniform and bright red chevrons showed that he was attached to some battery. He was mounted upon a large, powerful horse, and seemed a man of considerable intelligence.

"Do the rebels fight well over there?" demanded a voice from the column a half-dozen files ahead of me.

"Guess they do! Anyway, *fit* well enough to take our battery from us—every gun, and some of the caissons."

Another soldier met us, unencumbered with blouse or coat of any kind, his accouterments adjusted over his gray flannel shirt, and his rifle sloped carelessly back over his shoulder. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face, all begrimed with smoke and gunpowder, wore an expression haggard and gaunt. He was a sharpshooter, he told us, belonging to some Missouri regiment, and had been out skirmishing almost ever since daylight, with not a mouthful to eat since the evening before. His cartridges—and he

showed us his empty cartridge-box—had given out the second time, and he was "used up." In his hat and clothes were several bullet holes; but he had been hit but once, he said, and then by only a spent buckshot.

"Boys, I'm glad you're come," he said. "It's a fact, they *have* whipped us so far; but I guess we've got 'em all right *now*. How many of Buell's army can come up to-night?"

A hurried, many-voiced reply, and hastening on past a heterogeneous collection of soldiery—couriers, cavalry-men, malingerers, stragglers, a few of the slightly wounded, and camp followers of all sorts—we quickly reached the river's brink. The boat was lying close below. Twenty feet down the crumbling bank, slipping or swinging down by the roots and twigs of friendly bushes, the regiment lost but little time in embarking. The horses of our field officers were somehow got on board, and, with crowded decks, the little steamer headed for the landing right over against us. Two or three boats were there hugging the shore, quiet and motionless, and there were still more at the lower landing. One or two of these the deck hands pointed out to us as magazine boats, freighted with precious stores of ammunition, and the remainder were now being used as hospital boats. The wounded had quite filled these latter, and several hundred more of the day's victims had already been sent to Savanna. One of the gunboats, fresh from its glorious work beyond the bend, shortly came in sight, moving slowly down stream, as though reconnoitering the bank for some inlet up which its crashing broadsides could be poured with deadliest effect, if the enemy should again appear in sight.

An informal command to load was given us presently, but many had already anticipated it. How terribly significant becomes the simple mechanism of loading a rifle when one knows that it is the preparation for deadly battle! The few details which we could gather from the deck hands concerning the fight were meager and unsatisfactory. They told us of disaster that befell our army in the morning, and which it seemed very doubtful if the afternoon had yet seen remedied; and their testimony was borne out by evidences to which our own senses were unwilling witnesses. The roar of battle sounded appallingly near, and two or three of our guns were in vigorous play upon the enemy so close on the crest of the bluff that every flash could be

seen distinctly. Several shells from the enemy's artillery swept by, cleaving the air many feet above us with that peculiar, fierce, rushing noise, which no one, I believe, can hear for the first time without an instinctive feeling of dismay and awe.

At the landing—but how shall I attempt to set that picture forth? I have never yet seen told in print the half of that sickening story. Wagons, teams, and led horses, quartermaster's stores of every description, bales of forage, caissons—all the paraphernalia of a magnificently appointed army—were scattered in promiscuous disorder along the bluff-side. Over and all about the fragmentary heaps, thousands of panic-stricken wretches swarmed from the river's edge far up toward the top of the steep; a mob in uniform, wherein all arms of the service and well-nigh every grade were commingled in utter confusion; a heaving, surging herd of humanity, smitten with a very frenzy of fright and despair, every sense of manly pride, of honor, and duty, completely paralyzed, and dead to every feeling save the most abject, pitiful terror. A number of officers could be distinguished amid the tumult, performing the pantomimic accompaniments of shouting incoherent commands, mingled with threats and entreaties. There was a little drummer boy, I remember too, standing in his shirt sleeves and pounding his drum furiously, though to what purpose we could not divine. Men were there in every stage of partial uniform and equipment; many were hatless and coatless, and but few retained their muskets and their accouterments complete. Some stood wringing their hands, and rending the air with cries and lamentations, while others, in the dumb agony of fear, cowered behind the object that was nearest them in the direction of the enemy, though but the crouching form of a comrade. Terror had concentrated every faculty upon two ideas, and all else seemed forgotten: danger and death were behind and pressing close upon them; on the other side of the river, whither their eyes were turned imploringly, there was the hope of escape and an opportunity for further flight.

Meanwhile, louder than all the din and clamor else, swelled the roar of cannon and the sharp continuous rattle of musketry in the woods above. There other thousands of our comrades—many thousands they were, thank God!—were maintaining an unequal struggle, in which to further yield would be inevitable destruction. Brave, gallant fellows! more illustrious record than they

made who here stood and fought through all these terrible Sabbath hours need no soldier crave. There has been a noble redemption, too, of the disgrace which Shiloh fastened on those poor, trembling fugitives by the river-side. That disgrace was not an enduring one. On many a red and stubborn battle-field those same men have proudly vindicated their real manhood, and in maturer military experience have fought their way to a renown abundantly enough, and more than enough, to cover the derelictions of raw, untrained, and not too skillfully directed soldiery.

There was a rush for the boat when we neared the landing, and some, wading out breast deep into the stream, were kept off only at the point of the bayonet. Close by the water's edge grew a clump of sycamores. Up into one of these and far out on a projecting limb one scared wretch had climbed, and, as the boat rounded to, poised himself for a leap upon the hurricane deck; but the venture seemed too perilous, and he was forced to give it up in despair. The plank was quickly thrown out, guards were stationed to keep the passage clear, and we ran ashore. Until now there had been few demonstrations of enthusiasm, but here an eager outburst of shouts and cheers broke forth that well-nigh drowned the thunderings of battle. Not waiting to form on the beach, the men, as they debarked, rushed up the bank by one of the winding roadways. The gaping crowd parted right and left, and poured upon us at every step a torrent of queries and ejaculations. "It 's no use;" "gone up;" "cut all to pieces;" "the last man left in my company"—so, on all sides, smote upon our ears the tidings of disaster. Much fewer, but cheery and re-assuring were the welcomes: "Glad you 've come;" "Good for you;" "Go in, boys;" "Give it to 'em, Buckeyes"—which came to us as we passed.

We gained the summit of the bluff. A few hundred yards ahead they were fighting; we could hear the cheering plainly, and the woods echoed our own shouts in response. The Thirty-sixth Indiana had already been pushed forward toward the extreme left of our line, and was even now in action. General Nelson had crossed half an hour earlier. The junior member of his staff had had a saddle shot from under him by a chance shell from the enemy, to the serious detriment of a fine dress-coat, but he himself marvelously escaping untouched. Two field-pieces were at work close upon our left, firing directly over the heads of our men in front; only a random firing at best, and I was glad when an aid-de-camp galloped

down and put a stop to the infernal din. Amid this scene of indescribable excitement and confusion, the regiment rapidly formed. Our knapsacks—were we going into action encumbered with them? The order was shouted to unsling and pile them in the rear, one man from each company being detailed to guard them. It was scarcely more than a minute's work, and we formed again. A great Valkyrian yell swelled out suddenly along the line, and, looking up, I saw General Nelson sitting on his big bay in front of the colors, his hat lifted from his brow, and his features all aglow with an expression of satisfaction and indomitable purpose. He was speaking, but Company B was on the left of the regiment, and, amidst the storm of huzzas pealing on every side, I could not catch a single word. Then I heard the commands, "Fix bayonets! trail arms! forward!" and at the double-quick we swept on, up through the stumps and underbrush to the support of the Thirty-sixth Indiana. A few score rods were gained, and we halted to recover breath and perfect another alignment. The firing in our front materially slackened, and presently we learned that the last infuriate charge of the enemy upon the left had been beaten back. We were told to rest where we lay, until further orders. The sun sank behind the rise off to our right, a broad, murky red disk, in a dense, leaden-hued haze; such a sunset as in spring-time is a certain betokening of rain. By this time cannonading had entirely ceased, and likewise all musketry, save only a feeble, dropping fire upon our right. Those sounds shortly died away, and the battle for that day was over. Night fell and spread its funeral pall over the field.

On that field, freely and generously had been poured of the nation's best blood, and many a nameless hero had sealed with his life a sublime devotion far surpassing the noblest essay of eulogy and all the extolments which rhetoric may recount. Thank God, those sacrifices had not been wholly fruitless! The Army of the Tennessee, although at most precious cost, had succeeded in staying the living waves of Southern treason until the Army of the Ohio could come up, and Shiloh was saved. The next day saw those waves rolled back in a broken, crimson current, whose ebb ceased only when the humiliated enemy rested safe within his fortifications at Corinth.

BATTLE-PICTURES FROM SHILOH.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—(Private MS.)

SHILOH was the first great battle I saw during the war. I was then a private in the Sixth Ohio Regiment, belonging to Ammen's brigade, under General Nelson, whose division was the foremost one of Buell's army to come to the succor of the Army of the Tennessee. The Sixth Ohio was a few minutes too late to assist the Thirty-sixth Indiana (which had crossed the river just before us), in repelling the last charge upon the Union left; and while we rested in line of battle, a short distance behind that gallant command, waiting for orders, the closing in of night put an end to the combat for that day. For two or three hours a young moon gave us a little glimmering light, there in the shadows of the wood, and by it I saw a comrade, Benson, trying to make an entry in his pocket diary. Just then the captain called me, and I found sitting beside him at the foot of a tree, an old acquaintance from Cincinnati, then a lieutenant in Payther Jay's regiment, attached to the division of General Sherman. He had been under fire all day, without a mouthful of food, except a couple of crackers that one of his men had given him, and said he was fagged out. He took off his cap, and showed us the visor shot entirely away by a ball which had grazed his temple. We asked him a hundred questions; in few words, he told us the fight had gone steady against us all day, but we were all right *now*—Buell and Lew Wallace would turn the tables completely in the morning. That man you can see on 'Change, in Cincinnati, every day; and if you had the same recollections that I have, of his quiet, manly utterances on that night between two battles, it could not but inspire the same hearty respect that I feel every time I take his friendly hand.

Between nine and ten o'clock, we were moved forward some distance, in dead silence, save for the crackling of the twigs, and an occasional muttered command passed down the line; for by this time it was growing very dark, and orders were, that every thing should be done quietly, so that the rebel pickets should not hear us. No supper, no fires, and with most no blankets, our knapsacks having been left in a pile on the bluff, when we first landed. Fortunately, I had strapped my India-rubber blanket over my cartridge-box belt, instead of on my knapsack, before leaving Savanna, and now it proved most useful. I was just getting ready to wrap up in it and lie down, when two horsemen rode up, and one of them leaning forward in his saddle, said, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, "Is Colonel Anderson here?" "No, sir, he is on the right." "Pass the word down the line that General Nelson is on the left, and wishes to see Colonel Anderson!" A figure was soon seen coming from the right, and then I heard the following orders given in the same low tone as before: "Colonel Anderson, I want you to send forward two companies, under two of your best and most trusty officers, to examine the ground that we must pass over in the morning, and, if possible, to ascertain where the enemy are, and see if the gunboats have their range. Let the men press forward earnestly and silently, until they meet the pickets of the enemy; but, on no account, let them fire, not even if fired on. They must be resolute, and the enemy will fall back before them."

How glad I was that Company B was not detailed for such a duty as that! About half an hour later, a crash of musketry off upon our right front told us that the companies chosen for it, from the right wing, had begun their work. A member of Company F was mortally wounded by that volley, though we did not learn the fact until next morning. Every ten minutes through the night we heard a heavy *boom* from the gunboats, at the river behind us, and the next moment a thirty-two pound shell would go sweeping by, over the tree-tops, toward the rebel lines. A heavy thunderstorm about midnight ushered in a rain which continued till near dawn. Amid such surroundings, an oppressed feeling of uncertainty and suspense naturally pervaded the ranks, and made all wish for daylight.

The gray light of Monday morning was just struggling through the gloom and haze, when the men were roused, bedrenched, be-

numbed, and thoroughly miserable, and formed in line of battle. What would I not have given for a cup of coffee, after that dismal night's experience! But there was no time for breakfast, though I did put a few pieces of crackers into my mouth, from a stern sense of duty to my inner man, and washed them down with Tennessee River water, as we stood waiting in line. Following the skirmishers, we started. Colonel Ammen, mounted on old "Bob," rode along our front, as we moved forward, and I shall never forget his telling us, in his easy, drawling way, "Now, boys, keep cool; give 'em the best you've got!" And, surely, no man's example was ever more in keeping with his precept than "Old Jakey's" was that day. Holding the extreme left of the Union line, his brigade was severly tried, and more than once the utmost of his trained skill was called into requisition, to hold it steady in its place; yet, on only one occasion, did I perceive the faintest trace of flurry in his face or manner—that was when, having borrowed Captain Terrill's field-glass, he rode out in front of the battery to reconnoiter the enemy and Terrill let off a Napoleon directly in old "Bob's" rear. It was too much for the nerves of that exemplary veteran—he broke and ran, straight toward the rebel line. Colonel Ammen had his hand on the reins in an instant, but he had narrowly escaped being thrown, and, for just a moment, he appeared really disconcerted.

In the course of our advance, we had to cross three or four ravines, (in one of which I sank over shoe-tops in mud), and also passed through the camp of General Hurlbut's division, as we afterward learned it to be, beautifully situated in a little level clearing about half a mile from our starting-place. The woods contained a great deal of underbrush, and this, with the broken nature of the country, made it necessary to halt quite frequently and correct our alignment; so that we were nearly an hour in gaining a mile of ground, the rebel pickets falling back as ours advanced. Not far beyond Hurlbut's camp, we came to a portion of the battle-field which had been hotly contested on Sunday, and here the ground was strewn with dead and wounded, among whom our own men largely predominated. A considerable number of wounded had crawled or been carried to one of the ravines, out of range of the fire which swept the slopes above. Many had died there, and others were in their last agonies as we passed. Their groans and cries were heart-rending. One poor fellow begged most piteously

to be put out of his misery, and another kept repeating, "*O God, have mercy! O God, O God!*" until we passed out of hearing. The gory corpses lying all about us, in every imaginable attitude, and slain by an inconceivable variety of wounds, were shocking to behold, but *they* made no sign and claimed no recognition; *their* sufferings were over. Not so with the wounded. Strangely soon a soldier grows accustomed to the society of the dead upon the battle-field, until he can thread his way among them almost unconcerned, but hardened he must be, beyond all reclamation, who can steel his heart against the cries and prayers for help of the wounded and the dying. If they who lightly talk of war, even now, *so* soon after the nation's late great agony, could only see, and for themselves experience the horrors of even one great battle, they would speak the little, fearful word with less of levity and inconsiderate heat of temper than they do.

Reaching a peach orchard on the right of what we afterward ascertained was the Hamburg road, our skirmishers developed the enemy's main line, advantageously posted on a wooded crest beyond the orchard, and the battle opened in earnest. My company was detached to reënforce the skirmishers thrown forward on the left to prevent the rebels from turning our flank in that direction. We kept pretty well together for nearly an hour, but after that every man did what seemed good in his own eyes, much in the style of the ancient Israelites. I had a piece shot out of the left elbow of my blouse, and also had a narrow escape from being wounded in the canteen. At one time, during a brief lull in the firing, we recaptured a cannon which the enemy had taken from our men the day before, and I helped to drag it away to our lines. We had to pass a fallen tree, near which were resting several of our men, in their weariness lying and sitting on the ground. They all got up as we approached, except one, who appeared to be asleep. "Get up here!" said Captain Wilmington, "can't you see this cannon coming right over you?" He did not stir. The captain shook him, but still no motion. Then they turned him over, and I saw the brains exuding from a bullet-hole just above the right eye; he was dead—cold and stark.

Between nine and ten o'clock, under a perfect tempest of shot and shell from two of the enemy's batteries, scarcely six hundred yards distant, our brigade began to waver, and more than once I thought it *must* yield—the fire was so hot, and we had not one

cannon wherewith to answer it. I knew that help had been sent for, and looking around over my right shoulder, with what joy I saw artillery coming through the woods at a gallop! It was Captain Terrill's battery of regulars, just up from Savanna by boat, with Terrill himself—splendid officer and soul of knightliest honor—riding ahead of it. He dashed out to the edge of the wood, and, with a single sweep of the eye taking in the whole situation, waved his hand for the battery to wheel into position, and in less than two minutes was hurling shell across the orchard into the rebel ranks. His second shot blew up a caisson, and in an incredibly short space of time our line was sensible of great relief.

How it carried me back to other times, and yet *not* happier ones, to hear, amid the roar and racket of the battle, the well-remembered voice of the censor of the Burritt Society, at Farmer's College, now giving the words of command to a section of Terrill's battery! Ludlow fought his pieces splendidly, and part of his honors we claimed, because he was once the "Little Corporal" of our own Company A.

When our division halted, at rest in line of battle, after having cleared its immediate front of rebels, I saw many of our jaded men asleep upon the ground, although, at no great distance upon the right, the battle was still dinning in our ears. I was lucky in getting a place at the foot of a sapling, where, with my arms folded over my faithful Enfield, I dozed quite comfortably for about ten minutes. The division afterward moved out the Hamburg road, through the camps of Stuart's brigade, nearly to the Lick Creek ford, meeting on the way a man belonging to some Iowa regiment, whose right eye had been shot out. His face being covered with blood and terribly disfigured, he presented a ghastly spectacle. After supper, Goettle and I went down to a ravine just beyond our halting place, and found several hospital tents there, put up by the rebels, of course, and crowded with wounded, whose groans and cries would have melted a heart of stone. When we came back, the company had gone out on picket, but no one could tell us where, and we were not sorry to have to stay behind with the rest of the regiment. The night was rainy and very dark. Sergeant Cormany told us next morning that, wishing to change his picket station for one more sheltered, he stepped to a neighboring tree, and sat down upon a log, as he sup-

posed it to be, but which daylight revealed as a dead rebel, lying upon his face at the foot of the tree.

Next morning, the men were roused before daylight, and the whole division formed in line of battle; but as soon as it was discovered that the rebels were still retreating, we moved back to the camping grounds of Stuart's brigade, and the Sixth Ohio began making itself comfortable in and near the old camp of the Seventy-first Ohio. A squad of Snivelers—for that was the name of our mess—built a fire at an old stump, and had just boiled their much-needed coffee, when General Nelson rode up and dismounted at Colonel Anderson's quarters, under a tree, near by. Little Davy, our corporal, said that if he only had some sugar to put in it, he would offer the General a cup of coffee. I supplied him with sugar, and, blushing like a girl, Davy gracefully tendered the General his tin-cup, full, fragrant, and steaming with a decoction of genuine Rio. Nelson took the cup with the blandest of thanks, his whole face lighting up as he did so. He afterward brought the cup back himself, praised the coffee, and told Davy he had never tasted any thing in his life that did him more good—it was just what he had been wanting. It was a trifling incident, yet I shall never forget it; and whenever I hear men talking about the brutality and coarseness of General Nelson, that scene always rises before me, as distinct as though I had just witnessed it.

Heavy details began burying the dead that same afternoon. On our immediate front, at least, the rebels were generally buried first, the Union dead being left longer, in order to afford surviving friends opportunities for recognizing them. A hundred yards from Company B's place of bivouac, the burial party dug a trench about fifty feet long, six feet wide, and three or four feet deep, toward which they continued bringing rebel dead nearly all the afternoon. I saw more than twenty bodies lying on the edge of the trench at one time. One corpse was that of a handsome, intelligent looking man, with a fine forehead and jet-black hair. He had both legs broken by a cannon-ball, and having somehow got his trowsers off, he was in white cotton drawers only, and they were stiff with blood. The face was very white—he must have bled to death within five minutes after being struck. The bodies were laid, side by side, upon their backs, in the bottom of the trench, and the earth being shoveled in, a little heap of yellow clay was all that remained to mark the nameless sepulcher of our country's enemies. Our

own dead were buried with more care. A favorite method of preparing them for interment was to fasten the arms across the breast with the cross-belt from the man's own equipment, and the knees close together with his cartridge-box belt. Many were buried singly, and all those who could be identified had rough head-boards planted over them, made from the sides of cracker-boxes, barrel-staves, and the like, while, in other cases, a pen of rails was built around the grave. Many a mausoleum on which a fortune was lavished has been less honored than these rude devices were, as the shrines of true and unforgetting affection.

To my mind, the most awful sights upon the field of Shiloh were discovered in those parts of the wood where the leaves and brush-wood had been set on fire by the gun-boat shells. There many a blackened corpse was found, with the clothing burnt to a cinder upon it, and the features swollen and discolored past all recognition; and some of these were in such attitudes as to compel the sickening fear that death must have come in more dreadful form than even the wounds which stretched them helpless on the earth. One fearful spot that our brigade fought over was a ravine, that we named the Valley of Death, near the peach orchard before mentioned. It was thickly strewn with Union dead, chiefly from the Ninth Illinois, Company B of which regiment had been flanked in that position, as appearances indicated, and had left more than twenty of its members, including First Lieutenant Vogel, lying there, within less than the length of one-fourth the regimental front. One of them, George L. Lehr—I remember the name perfectly—lay upon his back (as did a large majority of all the dead that I saw) with a letter clutched firmly in his right hand, which was thrown across his breast, as if to furnish the means of identification to any who should find his corpse. It was Thursday noon before the last of the dead were buried, by which time a ghastly green mold had overspread their features. More than a week after the battle, our company, when on picket, found and buried a corpse in a swampy thicket beyond the old camp of the Seventy-first Ohio; also, an unexploded thirty-two pound shell from one of the gun-boats.

A workman, says a homely proverb, is known by his chips. In a log-hut, back at the landing, our regimental surgeon—"the Great Eastern," as our boys used irreverently to call him—was kept busy for two days and nights after the battle, in cutting off legs and

arms, and finally accumulated a pile of those dissevered members, just outside the door, nearly three feet high. Thank God, although my lot was afterward to learn, by terrible experience, the agonies that a wounded man can undergo, yet live, I was not one of the helpless, neglected sufferers sent northward from the field of Shiloh.

AN OFFICER'S RECOLLECTIONS.—(Private MS.)

. . . . . Reaching the river opposite Pittsburg Landing, we saw the battle right before us. Drums were beating, musketry crashed and crackled incessantly, artillery answered artillery, and the rebel shells were even beginning to drop upon our side of the Tennessee. . . . . Of our regiment, three companies went over first: Company A, Captain Westcott; Company F, Lieutenant Thatcher, and Company D, Lieutenant Gee. The rest of the regiment was to follow by another boat. That on which we embarked was nearly full of wounded men, but our boys felt that there was work to do, and hardly stopped to look at them. The boat landed; my company was the first to get off, and up the narrow road to the top of the bluff we went, with Company D behind us. Company A, being on the hurricane deck, could not get off so quickly, but followed immediately, Captain Westcott at its head. As we hurried up the bank, some of the wounded greeted us with remarks that did the boys good. One, whose side was torn open by a shell, said: "God bless those men! they mean business! Just see how they march!" Another said: "You 're just in time, boys; we 'll lick 'em yet!" Thousands upon thousands of able-bodied men were there also—the cowards! They told us we were cut to pieces, the battle was lost, etc., and from the wounded men alone did we get any encouragement.

At the top of the bank we met General Nelson. He asked us what command we were. I answered, "Three companies of the Sixth Ohio." Said he: "Sixth Ohio, I expect a good account from you! Report to Colonel Grose, Thirty-sixth Indiana. Southgate (one of his aids taken from our regiment), show them where to go." We marched to the rear of the Thirty-sixth, which was already in line. Shells were whizzing overhead, and men were being wounded, behind us even. Colonel Grose was in front of his regiment, as cool as an iceberg. I told him we had three

companies to report to him. He said he was glad to have us with him, and told us where to form, and I then hurried back to the men. About a hundred stragglers had been got together by some officers, and formed just in front of us; but just at this time a shell came plunging along close to our heads, and the stragglers scattered quicker than a flash of lightning. They troubled us no more after that. We were ordered to advance; then the order was countermanded, and the Thirty-sixth moved forward alone toward a battery, which the rebels were just getting ready to charge. The gallant Thirty-sixth gave them the compliments of Buell's army, and the first lick from that hard old hitter, General Nelson. We advanced to a hollow, a position where we could protect the left flank of the Thirty-sixth, but Grose's men did not need such help, doing their work most splendidly without us. The battle soon died away, and the rebels retired to refresh themselves for the next day's contest, which was to drive us to the water's edge. For once, however, they counted too fast. Buell was on the ground, and all night long his troops were arriving and getting into position for the morrow's struggle.

About ten o'clock we were ordered in from our station in the hollow, to join the regiment, which was then in position in rear of a battery. The night was dark as Egypt; no one had any supper, and fires were forbidden. The company had just got fixed, when orders came for Companies A and F to reconnoiter the country in front, and also to see whether the gunboats had the correct range. We were not to halt until we found the enemy, nor on any account to fire, even if attacked. A countersign and rallying cry were furnished us before starting. Captain Brutton took the first platoon, and I the second; each threw out a section as skirmishers, and out we went, groping along in the darkness upon our hands and knees. The moans of the mangled and dying were dreadful to hear, and the bravest of our number could not help shuddering when, every once in awhile, our hands would come in contact with a warm, dead body, or a soft, slimy substance, that we knew was clotted blood. Every few minutes the gunboats would send a shell shrieking over our heads, but the noise *they* made was welcome as the voice of a friend. On we went until suddenly, off to our right, on Captain Brutton's front, we heard the cry, "Who comes thar?" There was no mistaking the accent. "Friend, with the countersign," was the answer. "Who comes

thar?" was repeated, followed the next instant by a volley of musketry. Both platoons rallied at once. We counted our number, and one man was missing—poor Brocksmith could not be found. He had received a horrible wound while in the act of giving the countersign, never dreaming that he had come upon a rebel outpost; and walking, or crawling rapidly, to the rear for help, he had missed the company, and gone back without speaking a word or making any sign. The next morning we learned that he had found his way to the regimental hospital, and died in the arms of our hospital steward.

Moving forward again with increased caution, we came in sight of the rebel fires, and then halted. Soon afterward a terrible rain storm commenced. We sent in regular reports, as ordered, till early dawn, when our company advanced as skirmishers, to find Brocksmith, if possible, as at that time we had not heard a word from him. Through the woods the division soon appeared in sight, moving in line of battle toward us; and, having no definite orders, Captain Brutton and I deployed the whole company, and advanced along with the rest of the skirmishers, comprising one company from each regiment in the division, under the direction of Captain Brown, of the Second Kentucky. Going on through one of the Union camps captured on Sunday, we came to a place where, a few hundred yards ahead of us, we saw the rebel cavalry moving about among the tents and trees. Skirmishing began at once, and the rebels fell back, our men in pursuit, firing as they went whenever they could see a good opportunity. Through other camps, past our own and rebel hospitals, over the dead and wounded, up hill and down, on we went, with the full line of battle a few hundred yards behind us. Presently the rebels opened on us with artillery—one or two pieces pushed forward some distance beyond their main line; but we continued to press them back until we reached an orchard, by which time the firing had become hot on both sides. Here the skirmishers of the First and Second Kentucky gave a cheer and started forward, double-quick. Answering with another cheer, away went our boys, too, but had not gone very far, when suddenly we found ourselves in a perfect hail-storm of bullets. We had rushed up to a rebel line of battle, hitherto concealed, and now the gentlemen in gray thought they had us. We respectfully declined receiving more of their attentions until we could meet them on something like equal terms,

and hastily withdrew to the edge of the wood, back of the orchard. Soon afterward our company was recalled from the skirmish line, and rejoined the regiment. Then commenced the battle in earnest. . . . . .

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.*

While crossing the river on Sunday evening, and before we had landed, I noticed a lady on the hurricane deck of another boat, laden with troops, just by us, who appeared to be expostulating with a group of soldiers. She seemed to be much excited, and waved her hand in the direction of the battle. Another young woman, on the same boat, was wringing her hands and weeping. As our company, in disembarking, passed her, she exclaimed: "Men, you must fight for your country, or die!" The words were answered by a cheer. Being landed, we hurried up the banks. As I ran by, I thought I would learn from the "reserve" what I could of the progress of affairs; but, looking around, nothing but mangled men, and terrified able-bodied—— I will pass it over. The sickening sight, and the exclamations, "The day is lost!" "There is a panic," etc., were beginning to unnerve me, so I closed my eyes and ears to all that was going on around, and ran along. On top of the bank we were cheered by the sight of Nelson, with his well-known "fatigue" coat and feathered hat. "Sixth Ohio, I expect a good account from you!" "Yes, yes! hurrah!" and our walking pace was changed into a double-quick. . . .

After hostilities had ceased on Monday evening, our brigade marched out beyond the futhermost camps, then in our possession again, but presenting a scene of desolation. Soon all were busy preparing supper from provisions of the commissaries, which, luckily, had not all been carried away by the enemy. I am not a friend to fat pork, but it tasted sweet to me that evening. While we were getting supper, a flag of truce, consisting of a yellow handkerchief tied to a sapling pole, emerged from the woods beyond us. It was carried by a tall Alabamian, who brought with it the wounded lieutenant-colonel of the Fiftieth Illinois, borne

* Written by Sergeant Nicholson, of Company K, Sixth Ohio, and published in full in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, whence it was transferred to the "Rebellion Record," Vol. IV.

on a litter. The bearers had pieces of white rags tied on their arms, which I learned designated a detail for hospital duty. I am glad to be able to say something good of an army of traitors; we will "give the devil his due." Andy Hickenlooper tells me that one of his corporals, who was wounded, received many attentions from the rebels. An officer handed him a rubber blanket, saying that though he himself needed it bad enough, the wounded man needed it worse. Others brought him food and water, and wrapped him up in woolen blankets. Such instances were not uncommon. I had captured an overcoat and blanket on the field, and expected to pass the night more comfortably than that of Sunday. Throwing the cape of the cloak over my head, and rolling myself up in the blanket, I was soon in a deep sleep—the only dream I had being that every soldier was shaking with the ague; in the midst of which I awoke, to find the rain pouring in torrents, and myself lying in a pool of water. Fires were not allowed, and we shivered through the remainder of the night. . . . . .

Great praise is due to the general and staff officers of the Fourth Division. Nelson was constantly riding up and down, a conspicuous mark for sharpshooters, and his aids were flying about in all directions in the thickest of the fight. Buell also attended to his business like a true general, riding about all parts of the field. "Old Jakey Ammen," our acting brigadier, took matters as quietly as if he was only drilling his brigade; and once having found a pile of corn, sat down coolly *to husk it for his horse*, not even deigning to escape the showers of bullets by seeking the shelter of a tree.

IN THE RANKS AT STONE RIVER.*

CHRISTMAS came to us in camp at last. Christmas-day, but not the good old Christmas times—social, generous, "merry Christmas!" To us it was only December 25, 1862.

We had been for some weeks quietly encamped near Nashville. Almost the entire Army of the Cumberland was in this vicinity, stretched away out on the various roads centering here from the southward, waiting and watching the rebel Army of Tennessee, massed under Bragg at Murfreesboro', thirty miles distant. An army of repose, truly; but it was not the repose of stagnation or sloth, as the manifestations of life and life-like energy every-where bore abundant testimony. It was only an unwilling passivity, a period of needful rest and discipline, while the army could gather strength and its chief complete preparations for the work it was to do. For days past we had now been under marching orders. Even the hour and the order of march had once or twice been set —and still we were here. So that when the orderly-sergeant, coming to our tent this Christmas night, just after tattoo, peered in at the aperture of the door held open with both hands, and oracularly pronounced, "Reveille in the morning at four o'clock; march at daylight, with three days' rations!" we received the announcement with all the philosophical indifference that doubt could engender. But this time there was no need to doubt, and next morning, December 26, 1862, we moved forward toward Murfreesboro'.

The Army of the Cumberland had lately been divided into three corps, since numbered as the Fourteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-

* This sketch and its sequel, "In Hospital after Stone River," were originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, for November, 1863, and January, 1864, respectively. They were written by a corporal of Company B, Sixth Ohio, during convalescence at a general hospital in Cincinnati.

first, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Thomas, McCook, and Crittenden. The former two, constituting our center and right wing, advanced upon the roads leading from Nashville to Franklin and Nolensville. The route of the latter, as the left wing, was by turnpike direct to Murfreesboro'—having, of course, the other corps upon its right. Of this corps our division formed a part—the "Iron-clad Division," organized by the iron Nelson, whom it had followed through a long campaign of toil and danger.

The day opened dark and gloomily. Certainly the elements at least were not propitious. The soft southerly breezes of the day before had roughened into rude, spiteful gusts, blowing from a dozen points of the compass all at once—chill, sweeping gusts, that came freighted with the breath of coming storms, and great heaving masses of clouds, which, drifting slowly along the upper deep, covered away out of sight every bit of blue sky beyond, and robbed even the daylight of all its life, and power, and beauty. Four short miles from the camp we were leaving, and seven from Nashville, is the State Lunatic Asylum of Tennessee; but though we led off at a steady, swinging gait, we had not yet reached it when the storm came upon us. A steady, persistent, pouring rain, whose every component drop seemed to find a malicious delight in plashing in our faces and discovering every practicable breach in the rubber blankets under which those of us who were fortunate enough to possess them sought to find shelter. Delusive hope! and so we presently found it. As the rain grew harder, and the wind settled keen from the west, we halted by the road-side, and squatting down in the mud or resting our dripping forms against the picket-fence, waited nearly an hour. But we had not seen eighteen months of field service now for the first time to experience the discomforts and hardships of active campaigning, or to learn the harder lesson of patience in the midst of untoward circumstances which we were powerless to improve. What could we do but simply "stand and take it," just as a matter of course—as if we were only sponges? I was glad when at length we were ordered to "fall in," and the march was resumed. It must have been somewhat after noon—the soldier, mind you, is not always able to take accurate note of time—when the rain ceased, leaving us several hours before night wherein to experience the delights of the steaming process, and attain a not very disagreeable condition of mere humidity.

Tramp, tramp in the mud and rain, onward among the old scenes made so familiar by last August's campaign, with skirmishers in the advance and flankers upon each side of the column —a cautious, well-ordered, determined movement forward. We were not dealing with an enemy wanting either courage or skill. Forced back from one outpost after another, those gray-clad pickets retired deliberately, compelled us to fight for every half mile gained, and made our advance a matter of tedious, wearisome detail. Several times during the afternoon our advance battery was called into active play to clear the way for the main column, and more than one wounded man passed us, borne to the rear by two or three stern-looking comrades. Every now and then we could hear away off to the right the report of heavy cannonading, and we knew that Thomas and McCook were at work likewise. Near the village of Lavergne, midway between Nashville and Murfreesboro', we came upon a strong body of rebels, well posted in a wood, with the support of artillery, and evidently disposed to offer a determined resistance. It was already late in the afternoon; a lively exchange of shot and shell, followed by a successful charge made by one of the brigades upon our right, and our day's work was done. Filing off through the fields to our left into a wood of low, scraggy cedar, we formed in line of battle, stacked arms, and began our dispositions for the night.

"Water, water every-where"—every-where but here, where we most needed it. I was twenty minutes in finding a little shallow pool of rain-water, whence I filled the three canteens slung over my shoulder and my quart cup besides, and started back. Suddenly, from the darkness before me, the challenge—

"Halt! who goes there?"

It proved to be a picket from my own regiment, and I was allowed to pass on—not without devout thankfulness that my explorations, innocently extended a quarter of a mile in advance of our picket-lines, had not ended in a rueful acquaintance with some Southern dungeon. Fires in double or treble rows were already flaring and crackling all up and down our lines, and the preparation for supper was soon completed. Our haversacks, of course, supplied both materials and utensils for cooking. Coffee was speedily made in our tin-cups; a slice of pork transfixed on a sharpened stick or ramrod, and held before the flames, formed the body of the feast, and with the addition of the inevitable

"cracker," all things were ready. We had earned the appetite to enjoy it, and we did. Then came the night's bivouac. Tents had been left back at Nashville, and knapsacks, but there was no scarcity of blankets and great-coats; so that, though a drizzling rain came up again about midnight, Davy* and I—blanket-fellows for many months—slept beside a blazing fire right royally.

The morning was dismal enough, with a raw, chill fog enveloping every thing, the trees slowly drip, drip, dripping, and a light rain still falling. A hurried breakfast and rolling up of blankets, a careful inspection and wiping out of our Enfields, and we were ready again for work. The task, however, of clearing our front and occupying Lavergne fell to the troops upon our right; and it was ten o'clock before our brigade was again on the march, in a cold, driving rain that beat right in our faces.

Lavergne was a mass of ruins. Half a dozen of the smaller houses still remained; blackened chimneys standing lone and desolate above gray beds of ashes—significant monuments of the folly and crime of rebellion—told the fate of the rest. It was a pitiful exhibition of the devastations of war; the waste and ruin that come with the mere presence of an army, whether of friend or foe. Much of this general destruction was the work of a reconnoitering expedition pushed out from Nashville several weeks previous; but a rebel occupancy of nearly four months had likewise left its traces on every side in the spoil of fences, mutilated shrubbery, fields and gardens overrun and trampled down, and the unseemly heaps of worthless rubbish and miscellaneous *débris* that an abandoned camp always shows. There were signs, too, of our own work here—dead horses by the roadside, buildings with great holes gaping in their sides where our shells had come crashing through, trees splintered and torn, and bullet marks in abundance. A little one-story frame structure on the left, near the railroad crossing, must have been an especial target for our sharpshooters, for one side of it was completely riddled. I noticed it particularly, because here was the terminus of the telegraph line communicating with head-quarters at Murfreesboro', and in at one of the open windows the wires were still extending.

Rain, rain, rain—would it *never* cease raining? Plash, plash

through the mud, occasionally a halt—worse always than the march—now and then a shot or two ahead; and so, enlivened only with disjointed speculations upon the chances for "a fight at Murfreesboro'," the day wore on. Our cavalry were doing good service in clearing the advance and scouring the woods upon each flank, and several times during the day disconsolate-looking prisoners were marched past us under guard on their way to Nashville. Toward evening the sun came out through the mists of the western horizon, and beaming upon us a faint, sickly smile, sank away out of sight. We turned off to the right, and straggling along up through a wood full of underbrush and fallen timber for half a mile or so, rested this second night nine miles from Murfreesboro'. Our company was ordered out on picket. A dark, chilly night, but without rain; and so, sleeping at the reserve post as we all did, except for a single "relief" of an hour and a half, with a bed of corn-blades underneath and a well-fed fire at our feet, it was not difficult to make out the night quite comfortably.

Next day was Sunday. A beautiful, bright, quiet Sabbath morning. Following two such days of amphibious life, how delightful it seemed! Here we lay all day, busy in the forenoon in distributing rations brought up from the provision train by a special detail, and in putting our arms and equipments into prime condition again; in the afternoon basking in the pleasant sunshine, and strolling forward occasionally to the crest of the low sweep of ridge-land, where a line of outposts had been established when we were relieved in the morning. Rebel pickets were in plain sight across the meadows and corn-fields, the more daring, indeed, within good rifle-range, so as to afford just enough of desultory skirmishing to make the work mutually piquant and entertaining. About sundown our line was skillfully pushed forward, and Stewart's Creek, a small stream half a mile from the camping place of our regiment, that night separated the hostile pickets.

A bright frosty morning next day, growing warm and hazy as the sun mounted in the east, and under foot muddy enough. Cannonading and skirmishing, of course, preliminary to the march, and by nine o'clock we were moving again. Across the fields, over fences, through thickets, and woods, and jungles of weeds innumerable, only at intervals catching a glimpse of the turnpike off to our left, along which the main body was easily

advancing, wading creeks, pressing forward in little enough of order at times, yet the best that was possible, seven good miles by the road, and by our route doubtless something more. Our enemy did his work well, and so did we. Skirmishing almost constantly, gallant advances and steady falling back—altogether it was a day of lively work and excitement. Almost too lively, too exciting, some of us began to think when about noon a shell came whiz-z-zing between two files in one of our rear companies, and buried itself in the dirt a half-dozen yards to our right, fortunately without exploding.

The sun was low in the west when we halted, a little more than two miles from Murfreesboro'. Few of us suspected the truth; we were already on what was to be the battle-ground of Stone River. We were content to rest here for the night; and while the twilight faded away, our mess sat around its bivouac fire discussing at once the incidents of the day, the probabilities of the morrow, and our suppers.

"Fall in, Company B! fall in!"

There was no time for inquiry. We swallowed our coffee, or threw it away if too warm for that, and swinging on our equipments formed in line, ready—for what? Nobody knew; but presently the word was passed down the line that we were to go on into Murfreesboro' that night. Noiselessly as possible we moved forward to the edge of the woods, a piece of level, grassy ground, almost cleared of trees, and waited till the hours wore far toward midnight. At last permission came to bivouac where we lay. I must confess that those were anxious hours for me. Our outmost line of pickets was not three hundred yards in advance, and twice that distance, we had good reason to believe, would bring us full upon a strong picket force of the enemy—how strong it was impossible to determine. There were rebel camps, too, certainly within a mile. We could see the light of their fires along what must have been a line of considerable length, and stepping off a few rods to the right, could catch shouts and halloos occasionally, borne upon the breezes swelling from the southward, and the busy hum of a distant multitude. Away from beyond these came the rumbling of cars upon the railroad track, the whistle and the low *whoop-oop* of locomotives, and the incessant puff, puff of steam works of some kind in Murfreesboro'. Every thing in that direction gave token of life and activity. A surprise

was not to be thought of. And then the uncertainties, the dim horrors, the possible ambuscades, the darkness and the confusion of a night attack. It was a prospect that I shrank from. God help us, had we attempted to occupy Murfreesboro' *that* night; Big Bethel would have been innocent pastime in the comparison.

A quiet night after all. The wind rose a little by and by, and before midnight it was raining again. Davy and I slept under a stout, bushy little oak, whose leaves, all withered and dead as they were, still clung to their native twigs, and even at this dead of winter sheltered us considerably.

Daylight came at last, stealing feebly through the clouds. Our officers roused us. A raw, disagreeable morning, and, worst of all, I had not had time to make coffee when we were called into line, and moved forward into the cotton-field between our bivouac and the advanced line of picket skirmishers whom we were to support and relieve. Ever since the peep of day these had been popping away from behind their rail-fence with a harmless industry quite admirable, and being popped away at in return, with equally innocent results, from behind the railroad embankment just ahead of them. By and by, however, the sport grew more dangerous; our regiment had two or three wounded at it during the day, besides three or four more struck, as we lay there in line, by spent balls that came buzzing about our heads and buried themselves in the earth all around us. We gave them a careless, matter-of-course sort of reception that I am sure was quite creditable to our reputation as veterans. But when, late in the afternoon, some of the enemy's guns, transferring their attentions from a battery of the Fourth Regular Artillery which was attached to our brigade, began playing upon us, what a hugging of old dirty, damp Mother Earth there was! Their pieces were in beautifully commanding range of us, and it was fortunate that their aim was uniformly too high. We could see their quick bursts of flame, usually two at once, away over on an elevation against our left—fortunately, always in time to throw ourselves on the ground before the report and the whistling of the shells overhead reached us, almost together. Most of these shells fell in the woods behind us; but beyond smashing up a single wagon that had been pushed forward with either ammunition or provisions, there was, I believe, no damage done anywhere. This state of affairs did not last long. Several of our batteries had been

firing briskly at intervals throughout the day, and three of them now opening again, our persecutors were glad to retire.

Off to the right there was much heavier work. It could not have been more than half a mile distant, though hidden completely by an intervening corner of the woods, whence it came swelling sometimes into a genuine roar of battle that reminded us vividly of the second day at Shiloh. Rumors toward evening began to fly thick and fast. The fighting on our right was the repulse of successive charges of the enemy upon one of our batteries, or it was the protection of our workmen, who were clearing a road for our artillery through the woods to a point commanding Murfreesboro' itself; again it was only a resolute advance of our skirmishers in the face of a heavy fire. As to the disposition of our forces and the plans of our commanders, every body had heard a score of positive statements, not one of which any body more than half believed, except the lone fact, to which they all seemed to bear certain testimony, that the corps of McCook and Thomas had marched across from the direction of Franklin and Nolensville, and were taking position immediately on our right. This was the one grain of reliable truth in a wonderful mass of exaggeration and pure invention. As rumors multiplied, speculation, of course, grew more active. Should we have a battle here on the morrow, or would not the next morning find us in peaceful occupation of Murfreesboro', with Bragg in headlong retreat southward—somewhere? I have noticed among old troops a growing disbelief in the probabilities of actual conflict, an almost unconscious, instinctive sort of skepticism as to the imminence of battle; at least this was true of our army. It was hardly to be wondered at in troops who had seen the laborious siege of Corinth ended by a peaceful evacuation; and whose subsequent experience in the severe campaign through Kentucky and Tennessee, was little more than a constant repetition of decisive opportunities thrown away before their eyes by opposing commanders. And so, although there was an always present consciousness that it *might* come at any moment, few of our regiment, I think, really believed the stern trial by battle so near at hand.

The day continued to grow colder hourly. About noon there were two or three little rain-gusts blown down to us from out some heavy masses of clearly-outlined, wintry-looking clouds rolling up from the west like great billows; then the sun looked

out upon us once or twice cold and cheerless; the wind, blowing bleak from the north-west, rose almost to a gale, and the day left us out in that unsheltered cotton-field dreary and comfortless enough. There was need now for the blankets and great-coats which had hitherto been almost as much burden as service, and fires were fed with a fine disregard of the price per hundred of fence-rails. Happy was he on this evening who could find a seat or a place to lie down before the blaze, neither windward nor leeward exactly, but just between the two—where was enough of the fire's generous glow without any of its smoke and sparks. The night was passing, and despairing of our promised relief by another brigade, I gathered a great heap of cotton-stalks for a bed, and wrapping up in my blankets, with my feet thrust almost into the fire, essayed to sleep. Perhaps I should have succeeded in time, when I had grown accustomed to the whistling of that cutting night-wind about my head; but a comrade shortly called to me, with the welcome intelligence that our relief was coming at last, and we were speedily marched back to the woods for the night. Davy, as our senior corporal and *ex officio* chief of mess, quickly seized upon a good stout log whereat to kindle a fire; and we soon had one burning and blazing thirty feet long, upon each side of which we ranged, and sat, each upon his own outspread blanket, enjoying it. Ah! that seems a pleasant night to me now, as I look longingly, yet sadly, back to that scene around our bivouac fire, the last that our mess ever gathered around. Two of our little party of thirteen, by another night's bivouac, were quietly sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and six more lay wounded on the battle-field, or, more fortunately, in the shelter of a hospital tent.

The dawn broke in the east by and by, and we were stirring again. It was the morning of Wednesday, December 31, 1862. There was little firing directly in our front this morning, but there was no mistaking the ominous signs of preparation visible on every hand; and when sixty rounds of cartridges had been distributed to each, and a special detail told off to bear away the wounded, we felt that it meant battle. It must have been about the time that the sun was rising, though we could not see it for the clouds and fog, when a fierce, irregular cannonading broke forth away off to our right, the sharp, rattling fire of distant musketry filling every short interval. It was the attack of Har-

dee's rebel corps upon our right. Sitting beside our smoldering fires we waited and listened, as those sounds of conflict gradually grew nearer, till the sun broke through the lingering damp and murk, and came out, bright and gladsome, high up in the eastern sky. At last we formed; then a countermarch in the entanglements of that cedar thicket; and at "rest" we waited again. Presently Rousseau's division came marching slowly by to take position a little in advance, just to our right. Other troops were in motion every-where. We could hear their cheers swelling up from our left and far back to the rear, as Rosecrans' battle-order, dated that very morning "Before Murfreesboro', Tennessee," was read at the head of each regiment, penned, doubtless, by the lamented Garesché, who fell a few hours later, one of that day's most illustrious victims.

Meantime the storm of battle bore steadily toward us. *This* is the time for one to think and feel—before the battle, when you can see those waves of death come rolling on, wild and wrathful, and, knowing the while that you must soon be the rock upon which they must beat, have only to stand and passively await the shock. But at no time this morning was there much outward manifestation of feeling. Men clustered around little fires quickly kindled—for the air in those woods was still keen and frosty—and smoked and talked discursively of the sunshine and the day's events and prospects; and I remember seeing two or three sitting apart intently perusing stray copies of some late newspaper; but there was little levity, and a settled expression, as of one who goes to meet a great responsibility, rested upon almost every face. Perhaps a half-hour thus. Then we marched out into the cornfield to the left, and somewhat to the rear of that cedar thicket; and there, while we waited for a brigade of regulars that brought up the rear of Rousseau's division to move forward and give us the clear field for maneuvering, had time for a comprehensive glance at the shifting panorama around us. The timber we had just left shut us in on the front; but the open fields behind us, and the turnpike all along as far back as we could see it, were checkered with dark, moving masses of blue uniforms—here lost in the shadows of a wood, there emerging again, in a little disorder, perhaps, but at this distance not discernible—now a brief halt, then onward once more—sometimes by a flank, sometimes in line—but, in the main, all moving forward toward us.

Of all those thousands there was need of every man. Our right, surprised and overpowered, had been forced back in disorder; and Rosecrans, compelled to abandon his matured plans for attack, was already making rapid dispositions for mere defense. We did not know the half of the perils that this morning's disasters had heaped around the Army of the Cumberland; yet there was enough about us to show unmistakably that it was no longer acting upon the aggressive. Rumor was not prolific, indeed; but worse than that, it was constantly, consistently unfavorable; and the confirmatory evidences of our own eyes were startling. All along our left front there was animated skirmish fighting; upon our side, certainly, not an advance. Wounded men were coming in from the woods before us, with uniforms torn and bloody, and that peculiarly ghastly expression of countenance that characterizes the sufferers on a battle-field; and the crash of musketry in the direction whence they came was growing perceptibly louder and nearer almost every minute.

Yet I hardly thought that our turn had come so soon, when, changing front by a rapid movement on our left, "Forward!" rang down the line, and the regiment swept up to the cedar wood, into it, and, though for the moment much broken by the undergrowth, fallen logs, and great protruding boulders, forward still for perhaps two hundred yards. The line in advance of us, a brigade that had passed us only a few minutes before, had been crushed and beaten back, and were drifting toward us in utter confusion. Organization and discipline were forgotten; they were fleeing for their lives. A sudden halt, a hurried alignment, such as a body of old troops comes to make almost instinctively, and then I noticed that our field officers had dismounted and were commanding on foot. Company B held the regiment's extreme left, and I, in my place, at the head of the second platoon, had not yet caught a single command, when crash burst a volley from our right wing, and was swiftly carried down the line; and almost before I had time to comprehend its meaning, the rebel bullets were hissing all about us. We were in action.

I despair of any adequate description of battle. It is one of those things that utterly refuse the investiture of language. One may give his hours unceasingly to the study of battle stories, and at last have no knowledge of its actual realities. I only know that it was terribly, deadly earnest work. There was excitement,

of course, but every man seemed to understand his duty and know exactly how to do it. I never had more perfect or readier command of every faculty in my life. All thought of personal danger was over with the firing of the first shot. There was no time for fear. Every power of body and mind was bent to the work; every eye strained forward on that line of dingy gray, with its banner, broad-barred and faded, flaunting defiantly in the center; wavering, reeling, checked completely, as the full weight of our fire first poured into their ranks; then, as it seemed, gathering strength from desperation, and pressing steadily toward us. Their formation was not our thin, almost unsupported line; regiment followed regiment in deep, massive columns of attack, that forced their way forward with a momentum all but irresistible.

I fired but three times altogether. Oh, the horrible tempest of fire in those few moments! Then the incessant din of musketry, the ringings in one's ears, the smell and the smoke of gunpowder, the defiant cheers, the intensity of intellection, the desperation even at last! I had just discharged my second shot, this time upon one knee, taking low and deliberate aim, when I heard a call from behind. It was our little second lieutenant, soldier true and tried, who, mounted upon a boulder and bending slightly forward, was looking over our heads toward the rebel line, now not three hundred yards distant.

"*Fire, boys, fire! They are advancing!*"

To my dying day I shall never forget the expression of that face, so fearful in its intensity, and the concentration of every emotion in the one dreadful idea of possible defeat. I reloaded and fired again. Just then I caught a glimpse through the trees of another line of dusky uniforms advancing toward our left, and, like lightning, it flashed upon me that in five minutes more, if still unsupported, we should be outflanked. At that moment a whistling volley of bullets came over from that new enemy, and for me the battle was over.

I remember no acute sensation of pain, not even any distinct shock, only an instantaneous consciousness of having been struck; then my breath came hard and labored, with a croup-like sound, and with a dull, aching feeling in my right shoulder, my arm fell powerless at my side, and the Enfield dropped from my grasp. I threw my left hand up to my throat, and withdrew it covered with the warm, bright-red blood. The end had come at last!

But, thank God, it was death in battle. Only let me get back out of that deathly storm and breathe away the few minutes that were left of life in some place of comparative rest and security. It all rushed through my mind in an instant. I turned and staggered away to the rear; and, as I did so, a comrade brushed by me, shot through the hand, who a moment before was firing away close at my side. I saw feeble reënforcements moving up, and I recollect a thrill of joy even then, as I thought that the tide of battle might yet be turned, and those rebel masses beaten back.

But *my* work was done. I was growing faint and weak, although not yet half-way out of range of fire. A narrow space between two massive boulders, over which rested lengthwise the trunk of a fallen tree, offered refuge and hope of safety from further danger. I crawled into it and lay down to die. I counted the minutes before I must bleed to death. I had no more hope of seeing the new year on the morrow than I now have of outliving the next century. Thank God, death did not seem so dreadful, now that it was come! And then the sacrifice was not all in vain, falling thus in God's own holy cause of freedom. But home and friends! Oh, the rush of thought then!

Let the vail be drawn here. The temple of memory has its holy place, into which only one's own soul may, once in a great season, solemnly enter.

The battle still raged. Only a little while longer. Then the firing slackened and ceased, and I knew that one side must have given back in rapid retreat. But which? I was lying off to the left of our direction of advance, so that I had seen nothing except only once or twice a wounded man going to the rear, and could only take counsel of Hope. Then close upon my right, though I still could not see them, the sound of men marching, with shouts and cheers, and the confused clamor of a multitude of voices all talking at once. It was the rebel host rejoicing over victory. What followed I could only conjecture. Since then I have heard the whole story. Our regiment had held them until overpowered and well-nigh surrounded, giving, meantime, many precious minutes to our batteries to take position; and when presently they came, eager and confident, sweeping on out of the woods, across the corn and cotton-fields, upon our shattered lines, they met a storm of missiles—shot and shell, grape and canister, and swarms

of rifle-balls—that speedily sent them in fragmentary masses back through the woods whence they came.

And so I lay there, with my head pillowed on my blanket, while the battle swelled again around and over me—bullets glancing from the sides of the stones that sheltered me, or sinking into the log above me, and shot and shell crashing through the tree-tops and falling all about me. Two shells, I remember, struck scarcely ten feet from me, and in their explosion covered me with dirt and splinters; but that was all. Still I lived on. I smile now as I think of it, how I kept raising my left hand to see if the finger-nails were growing white and purple, as they do when one bleeds to death, and wondered to find them still warm and ruddy. Hemorrhage must have ceased almost, and the instincts of existence said, "Live!" Then came the agony of waiting for removal from the field. How I longed and looked for some familiar face, as our men twice charged up into that wood, directly over me; but they belonged to another division, and had other work to do than bearing off the wounded. But in those intermissions of battle when, for several minutes together, there was scarcely a shot from either side, why was there no help given us? Where was the ambulance detail of my own regiment, that was made only this morning? Perhaps assistance *was* near, but I, lying off there alone and thus hidden away, might be ovorlooked. In my blouse pocket was a new knit sleeping-cap, sole luxury of my camp life, sent a month before from home. I drew it out, not without some difficulty, and, elevating it on a stick, began waving it. But there was no one to heed the signal, and by and by I gave it up in despair.

I had lain down upon my outspread rubber blanket, with my overcoat on, in the same dress and equipment with which we had gone into action; but the afternoon sun was losing its power, and I began to feel cold and miserable. Presently there was another lull at our part of the line, as the battle surged away off along the left, and I resolved to make one desperate effort to reach the rear. Twice I fell back, unable to rise; but the third attempt was successful. To my astonishment I found myself able to walk without much difficulty; but I had no strength to lavish unnecessarily, and reluctantly leaving my blanket, my haversack, and canteen, as prizes for some fortunate rebel, I wandered back toward our lines. Across those corn and cotton-fields again, now strewn with

the dead and wounded—our own blue and the rebel gray mingled together—heedless alike of the piteous calls and prayers from every side for the assistance I could not give, and of the perils of shot and shell whistling past me, and at last I reached the turnpike, faint and exhausted. A little further down I came to a little, low log-cabin, with its strip of red flannel fluttering before it to indicate its present use, its two small rooms crowded hours before with the wounded and dying, and scores more sitting or lying around smoking fires on the outside. Ambulances were coming and going, freighted with their precious burden of maimed and helpless humanity; and still the wounded were accumulating constantly.

I remember the almost hopeless weariness with which I sat down before the fire to wait my turn for removal, when a familiar voice called me. It was one of my own company, who had escaped this morning's ordeal of fire by a fortunate detail a few weeks before on the "Pioneer Corps," and whose kindness to me in this hour I shall never forget. He took off my cartridge-box, of which I had in vain tried to unburden myself, cleared a place by the fire for me, rolled up a barrel for me to rest against, and as soon as possible procured me a seat in an ambulance; then, after such feeble thanks as I had strength to give him, we were driven off. The road was blockaded with troops and confused masses of artillery, ammunition trains, and ambulances; while stragglers, singly or in fragmentary squads, skulked about every-where. The afternoon was waning fast, when we finally reached the field hospital of our division, which had been established the day before about five miles back from Murfreesboro'. It was a motley collection of tents—hospital, Sibley, wall, bell, flies, any thing, indeed, that could be found and made to afford shelter—pitched in a promiscous heap in a large, open meadow, sloping up from the turnpike off to the left. No one could direct us to the hospital of the Sixth Ohio, and I was little able to go farther; so a place was presently made for me among our comrades of the Ninetieth Ohio, where I found needful care and rest at last. In kind, skillful, tenderest hands, reader, and though they were strangers all, I felt that I was among friends at once.

IN HOSPITAL AFTER STONE RIVER.

THERE was scarcely more than an hour of sunshine left on that fearful first day at Stone River, when the driver assisted me out of the ambulance and gave me in charge of the attendants at the field hospital of the Ninetieth Ohio. The large, square-made hospital tent was already becoming crowded, some of its inmates evidently new-comers like myself. At the further end one of the surgeons was busily at work bandaging a ghastly wound in the arm of a poor wretch, the sleeve of whose blouse, cut away at the shoulder and all matted and stiff with gore, was lying on the ground beside him. One of the attendants, with both sleeves rolled up to the elbows, had just set down a basin of darkly-colored water and was assisting the surgeon in securing the bandage. Another of the wounded sat on the ground a little behind the group, waiting with mute patience for his turn to come next. Close by, and down upon one knee, was the chaplain,* with a memorandum-book and pencil, taking the sufferer's names, with the commands to which they respectively belonged, and the home address of the friends of each. Not in vain, I thought, was even this last care, for it could scarcely be very long before sad occasion to improve it would be given by some of our number.

The surgeon† was soon ready for me, and proceeded to examine the wound with evident care and interest. "A very narrow escape, young man," he said, at length. "Hardly one in a hundred would ever have lived to leave the field with such a wound as that. Do you see, chaplain? Right through the base of the neck and behind the right clavicle, which it has evidently struck and fractured just here, and then glancing upward seems to have shattered the acromius. How the trachea escaped without serious injury I can

* Rev. George L. Kalb.

† Assist. Surg. C. P. O'Hanlon.

not see; and it is a perfect marvel that the subclavian artery here was not severed, and that, you know, away from surgical appliances, must have been certain death. Young man, you are singularly fortunate."

Doubtless he spoke the truth. But who that is at all conversant with army surgery does not know the manifold perils—the horrors of secondary hemorrhage, the fearful exhaustion produced by suppuration, and the many other possibilities quite as imminent and dangerous—which lurk in the future of a gunshot wound?

"A bad wound, doctor, I know; but if I do well, *very* well, is it possible for me to get through?"

I watched closely the expression of his features, while he seemed to be considering a moment for a reply.

"If you were at home"—he said it gravely and with a sort of measured emphasis—"if you were at home, I should not hesitate to say, yes; but here in an army hospital, you know, the case is different. It is more than I should like to promise."

Little enough, surely, to hope for from these words, and yet my heart thanked him as truly as did my tongue for their manly candor. The wound was soon dressed, though skillfully and carefully; then a few fresh bundles of corn-blades were brought in, the spoil of a barn at no great distance; and on the bed that they made when shook up in one corner I sat down with a weary contentedness to find only quiet and rest. A little later one or two more of the morning's wounded came in and received the ready care of the surgeon, who seemed still unwearied, although many hours of continuous labor had afforded him no respite, even so much as to take a mouthful of food.

Sunshine disappeared erelong, and looking blankly out through the half-open door, toward the south-west, I could see the crimson flush of sunset fading into the dim glimmer of twilight, and then darkness came and covered away all. There had been little sustained firing off on the battle-field for an hour or more; only at quick intervals a few rapid rounds of artillery, expressive apparently of exasperation and defiance rather than any earnest work, dying away into the irregular, dropping fire of distant musketry. It was quite dark, however, before the sounds of battle ceased entirely, and even through the night there continued to come the clear, startling ring of quick-repeated rifle-shots, assuring that worn and anxious army of ours of the vigilance of its outposts,

and confirming the enemy's unwilling conviction that, though it had been taken at fearful disadvantage, forced back in part for miles, and scattered apparently in fragmentary confusion, the Army of the Cumberland was yet unbroken in organization, and in spirit defiant as ever.

About dusk our suppers were brought in—a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and the wearied attendants beginning soon after to seek their blankets and lie down beside the fire just without the tent door, only the two whose watch was in the early half of the night remained with us. It was unusually warm for the season, as indeed had been the weather for several days past; but the glow of heat that the little stove at my feet gave out was quite grateful, though requiring the removal to the opposite end of the tent of the flickering candle which, upheld in the socket of a bayonet stuck into the ground, threw a dim, yellow light over all.

A quieter night than I had anticipated; yet I could not sleep. Home, with all its memories and associations, the cause that I had so loved, and in my humble way had served even unto this last; the Past, the trembling Present, the unknown To Be that seemed so near! How could the body sleep, even had it been at ease, when in the soul echoed the march of thoughts so real and solemn? So the night wore on—in thinking, waiting, wondering, in weariness and pain. The old year was passing away. We were dying together. It seemed hard so to die—by suffocation, I thought, from internal hemorrhage that was slowly filling my lungs with blood. Respiration was almost impossible, except in a sitting posture, and propped nearly upright though I was, my breath came only with thick, irregular gasps. How the time in those hours of suffering seemed to lengthen and linger on! But midnight came at length, and then the new year. Toward morning there was a sensible relief of that horrible feeling of suffocation, and I dropped into a brief and broken slumber.

When I awoke day was breaking chill and gloomily. It was Thursday morning, January 1, 1863. How were they spending "Happy New-Year's"—our friends up there in the North? Happily ignorant, of course, of the fateful strife that should yet echo through how many desolated homes, and thrill with what mingling of lofty pride and anguish unutterable how many stricken hearts!

There was an angry exchange of picket-shots when it grew fairly light, and at several different periods throughout the day

enough of the sounds of battle were borne from over the open fields and meadows to the southward to prove the strife still undecided; but it was plain that no general engagement was in progress. Once or twice, however, the enemy made demonstrations upon the right of our line, menacing communication with Nashville, that seemed to threaten a transfer of the battle directly to the vicinity of our hospital; and when at one time shells began to drop, crashing into the meadow only a little beyond where our tents were pitched, the possibilities suggested were by no means agreeable. The prospect of capture, at least, seemed far from remote, and it tended but little to occasion a feeling of security to know that on the day previous the enemy had made such a dash, and, after holding all the hospitals in this part of the field for half an hour or more, were only repelled by the determined heroism of a body of our cavalry, who reached the ground just in time to prevent more serious disasters. Happily our fears were not destined to be realized; and those contending armies were in the same old sullen attitude of defiance when night came on—dark, raining, wretched. Lying there in that hospital tent, snugly blanketed, and in less of pain than for many hours, I thought with pity of the comrades out in that bleak storm without fire or shelter—many of them, indeed, destitute of even blankets and food. And the wounded that were still on the field!

For me, the two events of Friday morning were the extraction of the bullet from my shoulder and writing home—this latter the greater work of pain and difficulty. On the field the day continued wet and raw for several hours, giving little promise of any decisive action that should relieve the gloom and suspense that rested on the hearts of all. The surgeon* coming into the tent soon after dinner, we were told that heavy fighting was almost certain to occur before night-fall; but for hours the quiet of the field continued undisturbed, except by the desultory skirmishing usual to hostile picket-lines in such proximity. Late in the day, however, a brisk cannonade sprang up, distinct, uniform, sustained, but becoming by degrees more rapid and irregular. Presently a wild, prolonged, tumultuous shout, which, as I sat there listening breathlessly, seemed to be drawing momentarily nearer, until all at once it was overwhelmed, lost completely, in the outburst of one grand, continuous roll of artillery thunder, laboring

* Dr. Richard N. Tipton, of Tarlton, Pickaway County, Ohio.

between the earth and sky for expanse sufficient to contain its mighty volume. Even at such distance the roar of battle came swelling toward us, burdened with momentous significance of the salvation or the destruction of the Army of the Cumberland, with an awful sublimity beyond all description. Few who were present on that Friday evening at Stone River but will recall the scenes and sounds of this hour as the grandest and most terrific example of the use of field artillery that their experience has ever afforded. It was impossible for such a cannonade to be long maintained, but when it began to subside somewhat the crash of small arms filled every intermission. Suddenly the battle slackened, while one could count the reports of the artillery shots, but this was only for a few moments. Then a loud, fierce yell of triumph—great swelling waves of sound surging all up and down a lengthened line—as if in that one outburst of passion, hopes and fears, voiceless hitherto, and the bitter resolves begotten of long suspense, had all found full expression at last. The hospital attendants were out on the rising slope just before the tent door, and from their exclamations I gathered that the nearer portions of the battle-field were in distinct view, and through its smoke and apparent confusion they could catch glimpses of the shifting, struggling masses that were there contending.

"*They are running! See, see!* HURRAH!"

The cheer that went up was as much, it seemed, a spontaneous gush of enthusiasm as a demonstration of exultant delight, but it thrilled my very soul. The rebel hosts had been beaten, swept away, ground, as it were, into atoms, and the broken remnants, before a grand, sweeping line of charging bayonets, were flying, almost without resistance, across the fields and far beyond their own position of an hour previous. Doubtless, they thought, as the Army of the Cumberland was then thinking, of the Wednesday just past, and well might feel that the avenger of blood was upon them.

The night was already beginning to fall, and half an hour later all was quiet and darkness again. A few of the wounded came in after supper; the rest were lying uncared for out in the mire where they had fallen, under the cold rain that was now descending. About ten o'clock heavy picket firing ran hurriedly along a portion of our line, and continued to quicken for several minutes. Was it a night attack, with all its horrors augmented by the in-

tense darkness and the storm? *That*, on such a night would have been the last resource of desperation. The firing shortly died away, however, and nothing but the rumble of long trains of wagons, returning to Nashville for supplies, and the light plash of the rain on the canvas overhead, broke the stillness that had settled on all within our hospital tent.

Saturday morning brought us the glorious particulars of the preceding evening's work; but it was late in the afternoon before I found any one who could relieve my anxiety to know how had fared in the strife the gallant remnant spared from Wednesday's carnage, to rally under the blue banner of the "Guthries"—the token of the Queen City's loving pride in the fame of one of its own favorite regiments.

"Only one was hurt in Company B," he said, "and he was killed. It was your little corporal."

It was too true—shot through the left side; only the quick cry to a comrade, "Oh, John!" and all was over. It was fitting that on the field he had given his life to win he should find his last long resting-place. Sincerer mourners never followed the plumed hearse in all the array of gorgeous woe than the comrades who, in sorrowful, sacred silence, lowered into a soldier's grave all that remained of little Davy. True friend and comrade tried, he sleeps there still.

Two others of our mess had fallen on Wednesday morning, and six more of that little band of thirteen were lying, wounded and suffering, scattered among the hospitals that lined for a weary distance the road-side to the rear. The colonel, with a painful flesh-wound since the first day's fight, was yet bravely leading what remained of the regiment; but our captain, they said, was in Nashville, mortally wounded. He lived only a few days. The circumstances of his death greatly affected me when I heard them narrated, months afterward, by the ward-master; for I had been his company clerk, and knew how true a soul his was. "Much easier," he told the surgeon, who was making his morning rounds; but when the attendants came to dress the wound, as usual, the cause was only too apparent—mortification had begun. A little while he lay quiet, as if sinking drowsily to sleep; then turning upon his side with considerable exertion, he spoke low but distinctly:

"Good-by, Hettie! I am going."

It was the last effort: he was dead.

Wynne* came in about dusk, wet and dripping. The words of greeting were few and quiet enough; but oh, how much of satisfied longing, and waiting, and hoping there was in his presence alone! Roused at midnight by the ominous message, "Wounded severely," he had made a few hurried arrangements, stuffed a haversack with such simple articles as a thoughtful heart might suggest would be useful, and had ridden out from Nashville, through mud, and rain, and perils not a few from rebel guerrillas, to come to me and begin those unwearied ministrations through which, thank God! I am alive to-night.

The night echoed two or three little spiteful gusts of musketry, but the Sabbath morning broke bright, serene, lovely, with not a shot to disturb its sacred quiet. It was yet early in the forenoon when the glad news came, "Murfreesboro' is evacuated and in our possession!" Victory, victory at last! Wrung, as it were, from the very agony of desperation, where was it ever more nobly won than on the red and stubborn field of Stone River?

The first death in our hospital occurred on the morning following. He was a tall, stalwart man, stricken down in the strength of manhood, who, after days and nights of tossing agony, passed away at last in a kind of quiet stupor. They carried him out in a few minutes, wrapped in the blanket that covered him when he died; and so, they said, he was buried by the detail whose duty this office was. There were several other deaths within the next fortnight; one of them more shocking, I thought, than any scene that battle itself had ever presented me. It was a boy from an Indiana regiment† belonging to my own division, whose fair and open countenance seemed scarcely affected by the exposure of sixteen months in the field. In years he was still young, for he told us one day that he was not yet quite eighteen. His wound was in the neck, the bullet passing quite through, and out behind at the right shoulder, and so injuring the larynx that it was only with difficulty he could speak, even in a whisper. Evidently he was a great sufferer, yet *so* patient, *so* uncomplaining to the last. Nearly two weeks had passed since that memorable Wednesday, when one morning he told the nurse, whom he had beckoned to his side, that his wound was growing very painful, and if secondary hemorrhage occurred, as was almost certain, he knew that he could not live. He spoke of it with much

* The writer's brother.

† Isaac English, of the Ninth Indiana.

composure, as if he felt that death was inevitable, and was resolved with that spirit to meet it. As I sat, supported by ponderous rolls of blankets that the thoughtful care of one of the attendants had procured for me, and awaiting wearily the customary morning rounds of the nurses to whom belonged exclusively the duty of dressing wounds, I could see every motion of the poor fellow on his cot directly opposite. Presently I heard a peculiar strangling cough, and looking toward him I saw the nurse bending over him and raising him into a sitting posture, while the blood gushed in streams from his mouth, his nostrils, and the external wound in his throat. The surgeon was called instantly; but his endeavors, I saw, were hopeless. The great carotid artery had sloughed away, and in less than five minutes the nurse was supporting only a drooping corpse. It was a sickening sight, a horrible death. Wounded in much the same spot, how soon might not the end of earth come so to me? I buried my head in my blankets, and strove to shut the scene away from my vision; but the picture haunted me, and for days and weeks afterward it would come to me at times, all ghastly and crimson, with a vividness and power that made me shudder.

The commander of our corps visited us one day, in the course of a tour through the hospitals, and I remember well the few earnest, manly words that he addressed us, full of encouragement and appreciation. The subdued, almost tender, expression of that grave face his command had often remarked; but it never before impressed me as so finely, so nobly in accord with place and circumstances as now. It was but a passing moment, of course, but I am sure there was hardly one pleasanter episode in all our tedious life at that field hospital than General Crittenden's hurried call.

So the days came and went. The weather was wet and raw, or cold and wintry, almost constantly. The battle grew to be an old story. From the reports that reached us we learned that the army had settled quietly again into the old monotony and routine of camp-life, seldom broken but by the occasional duty of guarding immense wagon-trains to and from Nashville, from which, of necessity, all supplies were thus laboriously transported, until the railroad could be re-opened. After the second week there were fewer deaths in the field hospitals. There were fewer inmates, too, from other causes, for most of the wounded could bear removal, and were being forwarded to Nashville as rapidly as possible. From thence, they told us, we were all to be sent directly home. Home!

In that one little word what worlds of happiness and sweet fruition of hope and long desire were stored away, awaiting our enjoyment! Hardly the returned exile, retracing the steps and the scenes of long, long ago, knows to the full *all* that the grand old Saxon monosyllable can mean to a sufferer in an army hospital; and although there may be delight in the burning heart-thrill of the traveler, sated with sight-seeing and novelty,

> "As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand,"

it is faint and pitiful, I have learned to think, compared with the one wild, soul-full aspiration, the yearnings unutterable, that come with the wounded soldier's thoughts of home.

Ten days after the battle arrivals from the North began to stream in. Individuals, brimming over with congratulations and words of cheer for the fortunate brother, or son, or friend who had happily braved the storm of battle, and was here in his place at the front to tell the story—or who had come to soothe and comfort his sufferings, if he had survived a less fortunate fate—or to perform the last sorrowful task of bereaved affection in the removal of his clay to the quiet grave-yard at home; delegations from cities and States; Sanitary Commissions, with welcome supplies for the needy, or—without; and once I remember seeing one wearing upon his breast a little steel plate, having a simple device engraved upon it containing the words, "U. S. Christian Commission," with his gray blanket rolled up and slung, soldier-wise, over his shoulder, his haversack and canteen by his side, and a tin-cup hanging at his belt.

It was nearly two weeks before my system yielded much to the violence it had suffered. Then came a long, sleepless night of torture; appetite failed next, and spirits and strength, I could daily feel, were deserting me together. At last Wynne contrived my transfer to Nashville. Skillful, kind, and constant had been the care bestowed upon the stranger comrade by those whom now I was leaving;* and my feeble thanks, as I tottered out to the ambulance, were but the shadowing forth of a great kindling gratitude that will burn continually so long as spirit retains its consciousness. The sun was throwing broad, lengthened shadows across the streets of Nashville, and though the day had been rather warm and genial

* Especially by George Borden, Company C, Ninetieth Ohio.

since the sky cleared in the morning, the evening air was freshening chill and wintry, when the ambulance stopped before the iron gate of the inclosure of Number Fourteen, and, with a feeling of complete exhaustion that I was loath to recognize, I was lifted out and borne on a stretcher up into a comfortable, airy room in the second story. A kind of sacredness will ever be associated in my mind with the remembrance of that little square room, which now I was not to leave again for more than three long months. It was there that Death drew near and bent over my pillow, so close that I could feel his icy breath upon my cheek, while in mute, ghostly silence we looked steadfastly each in the other's face for weeks together. It was there, too, that the All-Merciful came likewise, encircling my sinking frame with an arm all-powerful, and spreading about my couch the tokens of a loving-kindness ever new and inexhaustible. God be praised! I was spared to live.

Here I had come among friends. I knew the surgeon* and some of the attendants; the ward-master† was an old mess-mate of mine, and Wynne could be with me daily. Resting at last in the cot prepared for me, how grateful seemed the fresh, white sheets, and the soft, ample pillows! and how it enhanced the pleasure, as I read the print upon each, "From the Soldiers' Aid Society of the Ladies of Northern Ohio," to recognize in them the tokens that, far removed as duty and distance had made us, yet in the faithful woman's heart there at home we were nearer and dearer than ever.

Spite of care and nursing, weakness continued to gain upon me. Oh, but to reach home! One morning I heard footsteps approaching in the hall without, and the door opened. Wynne entered, and, though I could not turn my head to catch a glimpse of his companion, I knew the whole truth in an instant—it was S——, who had come to bring me home. It was too much, and I wept like a child. But I was not now to go home. A rebel raid had severed railroad connection with Louisville; and while a fleet of steamboats, one of which would bear me northward, lay waiting at the wharves for the necessary convoy of a gunboat, the danger that I had feared overtook me.

It was Thursday morning, I recollect, in the first week of Feb-

*Dr. Fisher W. Ames. †John Collins.

ruary. The night, as usual, had passed wearily and wakeful; but punctually at six o'clock, just as the first gray glimmer of dawn began to steal through the closed shutters, the bugle sounded the reveille, and the hospital was all life and stir again. In our solitary, detached room, occupied by two wounded officers and another untitled one besides myself, the nurse was bustling about, busy in putting matters in order for the day, when suddenly I felt a peculiar, quick throb—so it seemed—in the right shoulder, and then a warm trickling down the arm. I raised my left hand to my shoulder, and, when I removed it, saw that it was besmeared with blood. Somehow it scarcely startled me—not that I did not know the fearful hazard of secondary hemorrhage—but I called the nurse, and he hastened for the surgeon. He was gone but a little while, yet as many moments more and his return would have been only to a white, warm corpse. I remember the sensation as vividly as though its horrors had been but an hour ago. I could feel myself sinking away; a quiet, painless lethargy was stealing over my brain; fixed upon the wall opposite, my eyes saw objects dim, trembling, spectral; in my ears were strange, unearthly ringings, such as I know not how to liken. Earth was receding—eternity at hand.

"When Wynne comes bid him good-by for me. I am going at last."

The lieutenant's* voice came distinctly, cheerfully:

"Never give up, my boy! You are worth a hundred dead men. We'll save you yet."

The surgeon† and nurse entered the room together. I remember closing my eyes with a feeling of utter weariness, and a calm desireless content—nothing more. When I came to my senses again the ward-master was supporting me with his left arm, and with the other hand was emptying a tumbler of raw liquor into my mouth, while the surgeon had just succeeded in staunching the flow of blood with some powerful styptic. A strange, weird sensation—that vague, dreamy return to consciousness. I have marveled at it since with my untutored notions of psychology; but distinctly predominant over all else came first the thought of upbraiding, for their cruel care, the forms that were bending over me.

*Lieutenant Heston, Seventeenth Kentucky. The other officer was Lieutenant Wood, Nineteenth Illinois.

†Dr. J. W. Alexander, surgeon of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Those moments of syncope, when over my soul had rolled the waters of oblivion, I seemed to feel had been a very heaven of delight, and it was pitiful service to recall me thence to life and suffering again.

How shall I describe the days and weeks that followed?—the infantile weakness; the utter prostration of all the powers of mind and body that form the glory and the strength of manhood; the weary days and wakeful nights; the hopeless endurings of pain; the thousand little nameless miseries that nested in my cot, and made it a place of racking torture day and night? Still less how can I hope to find in words the power to tell all that was lavished upon the helpless wretch of tender care that never wearied, and a devotion which human affection could carry no further? How hope to be able to speak, as fain I would, of the long watchings and ministries incessant, the kindly, cheery words and loving offices of those true, faithful ones about me whose services I know I can never repay?

I began to rally somewhat in a few days, and, when he could stay no longer, S—— went home without me. My heart was full when the farewells came to be said that evening; but, though my eyes were dim with tears, and my voice quavered brokenly, it was not all for that. My nurse was gifted with an exquisite ear for music, and a voice whose melody and pathos linger in my memory even now; and the influences of taste and cultivation, with a temperament gushing with genuine fine feeling, had improved them both. To-night Desiré—his birth-place was in sunny France, he told us—sat by the grate-fire humming over a few simple airs, in which he was joined by the two officers, who likewise formed part of his charge, and the trio together produced a harmony rather sweet and soothing. At length he broke forth into the "Battle-Cry of Freedom;" and, as the others caught up the refrain, the notes swelled higher and louder, till time and place seemed well-nigh forgotten. The song was a new one to me then, and *so* sung, it thrilled me inexpressibly. The early days of the war; the grand uprising of the loyal North; the wild, burning enthusiasm of Sumter times; the calm resolves of an earlier period that had left but little *then* to be decided; the grand infinitude of principle—of Right, and Truth, and Justice—that was underlying the whole fierce struggle, and had made our cause one that it was, oh! how noble a thing to have fought and suffered for, and, if

need be, yet to die for! Such memories came surging back over my poor, weak, disordered brain, in a wild, sweeping rush of feeling which I was powerless, utterly, to control.

Day by day the surgeon pronounced me better. By and by I grew able, with a little assistance, to totter across the room, and once more hope revived. But the dull red smear that stained the wall right above my cot was a constant reminder of the perils I had not yet passed, and forbade any assurance of absolute safety. The 22d of February drew near, whereon the mottled loyalty of Nashville was to be made manifest by divers demonstrative betokenings of the most approved usage. On the night preceding it Wynne and I talked long together, till I persuaded him to relax his vigils so much as to seek a little rest, reclining in a high-backed chair placed at my bed-side. I watched him dropping off into a transition doze, and wondered if it was yet midnight. Every thing was so still I could hear the low hissing of the gas-jet, though the flame was hidden by a shade dexterously improvised from a folded newspaper, and could note every nibble of a little venturesome mouse gnawing away in the bureau which occupied the nearest corner of the room. Suddenly I felt a warm gushing stream coursing down the breast. I knew its meaning in an instant—arterial hemorrhage from the superior thyroid. I shouted to Wynne, though he wakened at the first sound of my voice. To spring from his chair, to rouse the nurse and dispatch him for the surgeon, to cut away the covering bandages, was the work of no more time than it has taken me to tell it. This time I *was* alarmed, and the heart, beating fearfully, but poured out its life-current the faster. It was well that appliances were at hand, ready prepared for such an emergency, for my life hung upon a quadruplicate of minutes. I heard Wynne breathing hard and quick; but his hand was steady as he poured on the astringent powder, and held it in place with the thumb, first upon one side, then, when the crimson stream burst forth likewise at the remoter wound, upon both. He succeeded.

"Thank God, I've saved you!" And the surgeon, hurrying in a minute later, found a bed all dabbled and soaked with blood, and in it, bolstered half-upright, a pale, statue-like wretch, but living and suffering still.

But my story grows wearisome. Again strength slowly returned; but weeks afterward gangrene threatened, and then physical endur-

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ance seemed exhausted. The bitterness, the despair, the desperation of that period, I may never attempt to make known to another.

Desiré* had returned to the field a fortnight before. Not long since I saw his name in a daily newspaper; it was heading a list of the killed from the Nineteenth Illinois upon the Chickamauga. I read it with a pang of genuine sorrow, and within me another voice arose, crying for "vengeance!"

The spring smiled in due season, and new life, and strength, and hope came with it. Out through the window I could see the sunshine resting lovingly upon all external nature, and bathing every object in mellow, liquid splendor. Sometimes I fancied that I could feel the zephyrs sporting about the room; and from the great, glad, free outdoors came the carol of birds—the robin's warbling gush of song, the twitter of swallows, and the chirpings of house-martins as they fluttered about the eaves. One Sabbath morning my nurse brought me in a fresh, green bough, the earliest leafage of the spring; and when the flowers began to bloom the little table at my bedside was beauteous and fragrant with their deckings-forth, renewed constantly by fair hands,† that did the service of kind and loyal hearts even in Nashville.

Oh! only to get back to that brave world of life, and joy, and beauty again! The time came at last, and home and friends were won once more.

Truly it was a marvelous deliverance, and now I often wonder why it was so signally vouchsafed to me, when others, happier and more useful far, by dangers less and more remote, perished on every side. The past already grows distant and dream-like; but I can never forget the scenes and sufferings, or the devotion and the care of friends, which have consecrated the memory of those times that together make up the recollections of my experience "in hospital after Stone River."

*Desiré Chenoweth, Company A, Nineteenth Illinois.

†Mrs. D. D. Dickey (since dead) and her sisters, the Misses Uffington.

APPENDIX.

ROSTER OF THE INDEPENDENT GUTHRIE GREYS.

THE list of active members of the I. G. G. Battalion (as shown by the roll-book) on the 16th of April, 1861, when recruiting began for the three-months' Sixth Ohio, was as follows. (* indicates service in the three-months' Sixth Ohio, and unless otherwise specified as a commissioned officer; † indicates similar service in the three-years' Sixth Ohio; ‡, in some other organization.) This list is, probably, not quite perfect, but is as nearly so as circumstances permit the writer to make it:

Major (vacancy).
Adjutant, Eliphalet Loring (naval service).*‡
Quartermaster, W. Byron Carter.
Paymaster, G. H. Barbour.
Judge Advocate, James V. Guthrie.‡
Surgeon, F. H. Ehrman.*†‡
Ensign, J. C. Parker (naval service).*†‡
Sergeant-Major, Charles C. Pierson.

OFFICERS OF FIRST COMPANY.

Captain, Marcus A. Westcott.*†
First Lieutenant, John M. Wilson.*
Second Lieutenant, Henry McAlpin.*†
First Sergeant, James M. Donovan (also, three-months' term as First Sergeant).†
Sergeants, Frank Tait, Ammi Baldwin (one-hundred days' service)‡, and Charles E. Thorp.
Corporals, Julius C. Guthrie,* N. L. Anderson*†, Lewis S. Worthington*, and B. R. Wilson.

OFFICERS OF SECOND COMPANY.

Captain, Julian White.*
First Lieutenant, J. Willis Wilmington.*†
Second Lieutenant, Thomas S. Royse.*†
First Sergeant, John H. Carter.‡
Sergeants, Henry H. Tinker*†, Joseph A. Andrews (also, three-months' term as First Sergeant)*, and Dudley S. Gregory (not commissioned).*†
Corporals, Charles B. Russell (also, three-months' term as Sergeant)†, C. B. Frazier, John W. Morgan*†, and John W. Beesley, Jr. (not commissioned).*

COMRADES (PRIVATES).

William P. Anderson (also, three-months' term as non-commissioned officer).†‡
C. O. Andress.
James Bense.*†
Solomon J. Bidwell (also, three-months' term as non-commissioned officer).†
Augustus B. Billerbeck.*†
A. H. Bocking (naval service).‡
T. A. Bosley.
E. P. Brasher.
J. H. Burkham.
William D. Burkham.
And. S. Burt.‡
John W. Carrigan (not commissioned).*
Alex. C. Christopher.*†
James H. Cochnower (also, both terms as non-commissioned officer).‡
William Disney (one-hundred days' service).‡
H. A. Edwards.‡
R. G. Ellis.
David A. Enyart.‡
Lewis Fagin, Jr.
L. M. Frank.
William S. Getty.*†
Kingston Goddard, Jr.
Charles H. Heron.*†
George Hodel, Jr. (not commissioned).*†
G. M. Hulburd.
M. S. Kramer.
Peter F. Lapham (one-hundred days' service—not commissioned).‡
Charles Lawrence.
Ammi W. Lord.
W. W. McFarland.‡
M. M. Marks.

Jules J. Montagnier.*†
Augustus G. Parker.
Charles C. Peck (also, three-months' term).†
William H. Pierce (not commissioned),*†
Robert Ritchie.
James Y. Semple (also, three months' term as non-commissioned officer).‡
Edward M. Shoemaker.*‡
George S. Smith.*‡
Richard Southgate.*†
George B. Tait.
W. G. Taylor.
W. S. Tolliver.
Hugh Tudor.
W. R. Tudor.
William Vandivier.
J. Lloyd Wayne, Jr. (one-hundred days' service).‡
J. Winner.
John Wooley.‡

The following names appeared upon previous rolls as active members, but, for various reasons (as resignation, removal, transfer to life honorary roll, etc.), had been dropped before the 16th of April, 1861. Among them are many remembered as energetic and influential members, some of whom retained on active membership up to a very short period before the outbreak of the war:

Dr. J. Adams.
Frank Alter.
John H. Anderson.
Joseph L. Antram (also, three-months' term as non-commissioned officer).†
Harry G. Armstrong.‡
John A. Asbury.*
T. F. Baker (one-hundred days' service).‡
James G. Baldwin.‡
John M. Baldwin.
Thomas W. Baldwin.
Caleb Bates.‡
D. Vince Bennett.
Aaron S. Betts.‡
A. Bevis.
E. J. Binford.
William K. Bosley.*†
Thomas H. Boylan.*†
Charles H. Brutton.*†
E. A. Buck.
C. J. F. Burley.
Charles G. Carter.
Charles C. Champlin.
Ed. A. Chandler.
C. M. Chenoweth.
Thomas H. Chenoweth.
Charles M. Clarke.†
James M. Clark.
F. G. Cleneay.
Phil. B. Cloon.‡
John W. Coleman.
John C. Cowpland.
John C. Culbertson.‡
Charles Culenkamp.
S. G. Cuyler.
Frank S. Davis.
E. B. Dennison.‡
H. M. Diggins (not commissioned).‡
John Eagan.
N. W. Emerson.
Samuel C. Erwin.*†
D. K. Este, Jr.
George Eustis.
Frederick J. Ferris.
Dr. E. Freeman.
Lewis French.
William D. Gallagher.
I. O. Gessner.
C. B. Gill.
H. B. Gilmore.
Presley N. Guthrie.
Matt. Hagen.
J. C. Hare.
D. K. Harvey.
S. T. Hemminway.
J. L. Hill.
Charles Hofer.
John F. Hoy.*†‡
H. Huntington.
Henry G. Irwin.
William S. Irwin.
Charles J. James.
James A. Johnson.‡
Frank C. Jones (naval service).‡
John J. Jones.
J. J. Joslyn.‡
L. H. Kellogg.
H. W. Kemper.
J. W. Kilbreth.
James Kincaid.
John Krucker (not commissioned).*†
George P. Lawson.
F. Leavitt.
J. W. Lehman.
Frank Lewis.
Thatcher Lewis.
Alexander Lockwood.
Charles A. Lockwood.
J. S. Lockwood.
John Logan.
Ed. Lovell (naval service).‡
John D. Lovell.
John J. Lown.
R. B. Lynch (not commissioned).†
Joseph J. McDowell.
W. B. McGeorge.
Wm. Wilson McGrew.
W. H. McKinney.
I. B. McLinn.
M. P. McQuillan.
C. H. Marshall.
A. Martin.‡
Frederick H. Mellen (not commissioned).†
A. J. Morrell.
Charles Mudge.
W. C. Neff.
Samuel B. Neill.
William P. Noble.
Joseph N. Oliver.
Daniel Price.
James H. Price.
William W. Price.
William M. Pursell.
M. Ranger.
James M. Reynolds.‡
Alex. L. Richmond.
Anthony O. Russell.*†
Daniel Sayer.
Lehman Schloss.
Dr. Samuel Sexton.‡
George Sharp.
R. L. Simonton.
J. J. Slocum.
Albert L. Smith.
Walter J. Smith.
J. A. Stevens.
George K. Stillman.
J. H. Stratton (not commissioned).*†
S. S. Stratton.
Charles W. Sullivan.
Truxton T. Swift.
Ezekiel H. Tatem.*†
S. C. J. Thayer.
David Thomas.

P. B. Umstead.
William C. Vallette.
James F. Vinton.
David S. Wallace.
Thomas C. Ware.
George B. Weidler.
William B. Wells.
Carleton White.
David Wilcox.
Aaron Wiley.
W. W. Winder.

ROSTER OF THE SIXTH OHIO (THREE-YEARS' TERM).

The rosters following are made up from the muster-out rolls on file in the Adjutant-General's Office, at Columbus. Occasional inaccuracies in dates and the spelling of names may, perhaps, be found, and, of course, must be in those cases where the muster-out roll is in error. Members of the regiment will confer a favor upon the writer by calling his attention to them, in order that the proper corrections may be made in subsequent editions, should any be called for.

The writer has been unable to procure a roster of the three-months' Sixth Ohio. (See foot-note on page 37.)

FIELD AND STAFF.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Colonel, N. L. Anderson.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Alex. C. Christopher.
Major, James Bense.
Surgeon, Alfred H. Stephens.
First Assistant Surgeon, Israel Bedell.
Adjutant, Everett S. Throop.
Regimental Quartermaster, Josiah W. Slanker.

Sergeant-Major, Frank H. Mellen.
Quartermaster-Sergeant, Edwin A. Hannaford.
Commissary-Sergeant, Julius L. Stuart.
Hospital Steward, Charles E. Lewis.
Principal Musician, George W. Pyne.
" " Charles H. Bueltel.

Killed.

Major Samuel C. Erwin, Nov. 25, 1863.
Adjutant Albert G. Williams, Dec. 31, 1862.

Resigned.

Major Anthony O. Russell, Feb. 28, 1863.
Adjutant Charles H. Heron, Aug. 1, 1862.
Quartermaster Edward M. Shoemaker, Oct. 22, 1863.
Assistant Surgeon Fisher W. Ames, June 12, 1863.
Assistant Surgeon Wm. W. Fountain, Aug. 8, 1863.

Honorably Discharged.

Colonel Wm. K. Bosley, Aug. 19, 1862.
Principal Musician Jacob A. Fifer, Nov. 21, 1862.
Principal Musician Benj. F. Phillips, Nov. 21, 1862.

Promoted (Commissioned in the Regiment).

Sergeant-Major W. P. Anderson, Aug. 3, '61.
" " Wm. E. Sheridan, Dec. 12, '62.
" " Henry Gee, March 20, 1862.
" " A. G. Williams, June 3, 1862.
" " James F. Irwin, Nov. 8, 1862.
" " Jas. F. Graham, Jan. 10, '63.
Quartermaster-Sergeant Chas. C. Peck, Dec. 12, 1861.
Quartermaster-Sergeant Wm. R. Goodnough, April 22, 1863.
Commissary-Sergeant Josiah W. Slanker, Jan. 12, 1863.

Transferred.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Robert W. Wise, May 31, 1862.

COMPANY A.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Frank S. Schieffer.
First Lieutenant James K. Reynolds.
Second " Wm. R. Goodnough.

First Sergeant Henry A. Petty.
Sergeant John W. Moore.
" Edwin Edwards.
" Robert G. Delaney
" Brian P. Critchell.
Corporal John A. Cushing.
Private Wm. P. Babbitt.
" Theodore Creager.
" Alex. Drennen.
" Chas. F. Dressel.
" John A. Forbes.
" Darius H. Gates.
" John W. Hussey.
" George C. James.
" Michael J. Kelley.
" Charles D. Martindale.
" Charles Messerschmidt.
" Isaac Newman.
" Christopher Roth.
" Clement Schwarte.
" Theodore W. Seib.
" Oliver H. P. Tracy.
" James Valentine.
" John A. West.
" Henry W. Wilson.

African undercook James Malone.

Recruits (Transferred June 7, 1864).

Private Henry Coon.
" Wm. De Charms.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Second Lieut. Chas. H. Foster, Dec. 31, 1862.
Sergeant James F. Canady, Jan. 29, 1863.
Corporal Kirkland W. Cowing, Oct. 7, 1863.
Private Frank B. Brown, Nov. 9, 1863.
" Frank H. Halliday, Feb. 1, 1863.
" Wm. Krohmer, Jan. 7, 1863.
" Edwin B. O'Brian, Dec. 12, 1863.
" Wm. S. Shaw, Dec. 31, 1862.

Died of Disease.

Corporal James M. Newman, March 20, 1864.
Private Henry Daggert, June 23, 1862.

Officers Resigned and Honorably Discharged.

Captain Marcus A. Westcott, March 9, 1863.
" Chas. Gilman (wounds), Dec. 25, '63.
Second Lieut. Wm. P. Anderson (promoted A. A. G.), Sept. 15, 1862.

Transferred.

First Lieut. Henry McAlpin (promoted), to Co. B, July 6, 1862.
First Lieut. Jonathan Burt Holmes, to Co. B, May 1, 1863.
Second Lieut. James M. Donovan (promoted), to Co. E, Sept. 22, 1861.
Second Lieut. George T. Lewis, to Co. I, May 1, 1863.
First Sergeant F. H. Mellen (appointed Sergeant-Major), April 1, 1863.
Private J. A. Fifer (appointed Chief Musician), Dec. 1, 1861.
Private Chas. C. Peck (appointed Q. M.-Sergeant), Dec. 1, 1861.
Private Benj. F. Phillips (appointed Chief Musician), Dec. 1, 1861.
Private George W. Pyne (appointed Chief Musician), July 5, 1863.
Private J. W. Slanker (appointed Commissary-Sergeant), Aug. 27, 1862.
Private J. L. Stuart (appointed Commissary-Sergeant), Feb. 2, 1863.

Private James Harrahan, to V. R. Corps, March 15, 1864.
Private Henry Herman, to V. R. Corps, Jan. 11, 1864.

Discharged (signifies for promotion in Sixth Ohio, and † for promotion in other commands).*

First Sergeant J. B. Holmes,* Nov. 13, 1862.
" " Thos. H. Hunt,† Oct. 10, 1861.
" " E. S. Throop,* Feb. 4, 1863.
Sergeant Chas. D. Jones,† Oct. 10, 1861.
" Albert De Villia, Feb. 26, 1863.
Corp. Jos. A. Culbertson,† Oct. 10, 1861.
" Frank R. Jones,† June 29, 1861.
" Chas. Loomis,† Oct. 13, 1861.
" Israel Ludlow,† June 25, 1861.
" Channing Richards,† Oct. 10, 1861.
Private Wm. Bradford,† Aug. 27, 1861.
" Jos. A. Christman, May 25, 1862.
" Henry M. Cist,† Oct. 10, 1861.
" Frank R. Davis, Feb. 2, 1863.
" Geo. D. De Charms,† Dec. 31, 1861.
" Isaac H. De Long, Nov. 15, 1863.
" Chas. M. Evans, Nov. 4, 1863.
" James B. Fairchild, June 14, 1862.
" Theodore C. Fitch,† April 17, 1863.
" Thos. Fitzgibbon, Feb. 18, 1863.
" Lee M. Fitzhugh,† April 15, 1862.
" Louis A. Foot, June 13, 1863.
" Wood Fosdick,† Sept. 10, 1861.
" Spencer Franklin,† Nov. 25, 1861.
" John W. Gamble, Dec. 1, 1862.
" Welcome L. F. Gates, Dec. 4, 1862.
" Dudley S. Gregory, Oct. 5, 1861.
" Wm. McL. Gwynne,† Oct. 5, 1861.
" Henry F. Hawkes,† Sept. 10, 1861.
" Geo. Hodel, Dec. 18, 1862.
" Henry Hook, April 21, 1862.
" Wm. H. Jenkins, Aug. 27, 1861.
" Chas. Kinsey,† Nov. 24, 1862.
" John Krucker,† Oct. 10, 1861.
Private David Love, Feb. 7, 1862.
" Edward Manser,† Oct. 18, 1861.
" John E. Miner, Oct. 10, 1861.
" Elias R. Monfort,† Oct. 5, 1861.
" James Moore, Jan. 19, 1863.
" Robert P. Moore,† Feb. 2, 1863.
" Levi Newkirk, Sept. 27, 1861.
" Walter W. Paddock, Feb. 7, 1863.
" Samuel H. Perry,† Oct. 23, 1861.
" James K. Reynolds,* Nov. 24, 1862.
" Edward S. Richards,† April 16, 1862.
" Herman Rodel, Feb. 7, 1863.
" Thomas M. Selby,† May 6, 1862.
" Peter Shaw, March 9, 1863.
" Edwin F. Smith,† Aug. 24, 1861.
" John R. Stewart, April 16, 1863.
" Chas. M. Thompson, March 10, 1863.
" Thos. W. Veatch, Nov. 28, 1862.
" Alfred West, May 23, 1862.
" Byron D. West,† April 12, 1862.

Dropped, etc.

Corporal Jos. Reel, June 30, 1863.
Private Samuel N. Collings, Dec. 9, 1861.
" Henry M. Lewis (date not known).
" Clement H. Marzerretta, Sept. 10, '62.
" Chas. D. Murdoch, Oct. 31, 1862.
" Edwin L. Smith, Dec. 9, 1861.
Wagoner George W. Kelley, Oct. 31, 1862.

COMPANY B.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Henry C. Choate.
First Lieut. J. Burt Holmes.

First Sergeant Geo. B. Young.
Sergeant Thos. M. Carr.
" Fred. J. Miller.
" Guy C. Nearing.
" Henry M. Palm.
Corporal John Harvey.
" Louis N. Kibby.
" David Schreiber.
" Fred. Rodenberg.
" Henry W. Kahle.
Wagoner Michael Coleman.
Private John Alves.
" John C. Bagott.
" Wm. Barner.
" Wm Reed Bartlett.
" Christian Behrens.
" Alonzo Burgoyne.
" Carlton C. Cable.
" Thomas M. Cleveland.
" John Cline.
" Wm. E. Doherty.
" R. Rush Drake.
" John Duffey.
" Chas. Fitzwater.
" Emil Fritz.
" Horace Gates.
" Albert Goettle.
" John Keiss.
" Sebastian Lerg.
" Hiram Marsh.
" Daniel T. Miles.
" Henry Miller.
" James Mitchell.
" Wm. M. Owen.
" Louis N. Reif.
" Robert Rippon.
" Adam Rohe.
" Robert Rowell.
" Andrew Schuttenhelm.
" Lemuel F. Smith (detached in January, 1863, and never reported afterward).
" Josiah H. Stratton.
" Moses Thanhauser.
" James Warren.
" James B. Watkins.
" Edward Wells.
" J. Richard Williamson.
" John Adam Ziegler (prisoner of war at muster-out).

African undercook Pink Beagler.
" " Daniel Jennings.

Recruit (transferred June 7, 1864).

Private Wilson Rowell.

Missing in Action.

Private Benj. F. Lewis, Nov. 25, 1863.
" John Logue, April 7, 1863.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Captain Henry McAlpin, Jan. 10, 1863.
Corporal Phil. B. Helfenbein, Sept. 19, 1863.
" David H. Medary, Jan. 2, 1863.
" Edwin H. Rowe, Sept. 19, 1863.
Private Richard R. Allen, Sept. 19, 1863.
" John Aufderheide, Sept. 23, 1863.
" John Boerst, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Albert Hardy, Dec. 31, 1862.

Died of Disease.

Private Michael Behrman, Aug. 3, 1863.

Officers Resigned and Honorably Discharged.

Captain Jos. A. Andrews, April 22, 1862.
" Jules J. Montagnier (wounds), Feb. 18, 1863.
Second Lieut. Wesley B. McLane, Oct. 25, '63.
" " Thos. S. Royse, April 14, 1862.

Transferred.

First Lieut. James K. Reynolds (detached and never served with Co.), to Co. A, May 1, 1863.
First Lieut. Chas. B. Russell (promoted), to Co. D, Nov. 28, 1862.
Second Lieut. Albert G. Williams (promoted), to Adjutant, Nov. 20, 1862.
Private Robert Andrew, to Co. H, June 19, 1861.
Private Edwin A. Hannaford (appointed Q. M.-Sergeant), May 2, 1863.

Sergeant Wm. J. Thorp, to V. R. Corps, Sept. 30, 1863.
Corporal E. Hannaford, to V. R. Corps, Dec. 1, 1863.
Private Chas. Burckhardt, to V. R. Corps, Aug. 1, 1863.
Private Anson Clapper, to V. R. Corps, Oct. 31, 1863.

Discharged (signifies for promotion in Sixth Ohio, and † for promotion in other commands).*

First Sergeant George W. Cormany,* Feb. 4, 1863.
First Sergeant Chas. H. Foster,* Aug. 1, 1862.
" " James Y. Semple,† Sept. 6, '61.
Sergeant Hibbard H. Hendricks, Dec. 4, 1862.
" Stephen A. Thayer,† Jan. 9, 1862.
" Edmund B. Warren,* July 1, 1862.
Corporal Edward Bultman, March 25, 1863.
" John R. Taylor, Oct. 22, 1862.
Musician Gustave Franke, March 25, 1863.
Private Edwin H. Andrews, Jan. 11, 1863.
" John Collins, Jan. 20, 1863.
" Theophilus Davis, April 14, 1863.
" Edward F. Gettier,* Dec. 20, 1861.
" Jacob Hanneman, July 27, 1863.
" John Helfenbein, June 22, 1863.
" Hugo Hochstaedter, Sept. —, 1863.
" Henry P. Jones, Oct. 4, 1862.
" Henry Kiess, May 23, 1864.
" Jos. Loeser, Jan. 17, 1862.
" John P. Marion, Sept. —, 1862.
" Paul Merker, Aug. 22, 1862.
" Arthur A. Parker, July 31, 1862.
" Henry E. Roberts, March 19, 1863.
" Samuel D. Schooley,† Aug. 26, 1862.
" Fred. H. Smethorst, March 12, 1863.
" Wm. J. Souther, May 6, 1863.
" Wm. H. Windeler,† Sept. 7, 1862.
" Samuel R. Winram, Dec. 27, 1862.

Dropped, etc.

Corporal Chas. W. Tolle, Aug. 18, 1862.
Private Squire D. Gray, Nov. 15, 1863.
" Jacob Houck, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Ellis E. Lloyd, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Wm A. Malonee, Sept. 1, 1861.
" Noah H. Phillips, June 19, 1861.
" Joseph Scholes, Dec. 1, 1861.
" Edwin Stace, Oct. 1, 1862.
" John Wilson, July 11, 1862.

COMPANY C.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Richard Southgate.
First Lieut. John R. Kestner.
Second Lieut. Leonard Boice.

First Sergeant Matt. H. Hamilton.
Sergeant John C. Pope.
" Francis H. Thieman.
" William Boyd.
Corporal Edward P. Horne.
" James Jordan.
" Mervin Crowl.
" John Sykes.
" John C. Hefferman.
Private Fred. Auberdak.
" William Bente.
" Antoine Brown.
" John Callahan.
" John Collins.
" Henry F. Engels.
" James Estell.
" David Fitzgibbon (prisoner of war at muster-out).
" Jos. T. Fox.
" Hugh P. Gaddis (at Chattanooga at muster-out of regiment).
" Wm. Hadskeep.
" Henry Hayne.
" David Hewson.
" Kayran Horan.
" Casper Keller.
" John Laerch.
" Wm. Leickhardt.
" Wm. Lidell.
" George Lind.
" Francis Ludwig.
" Edmund Luthy.
" Mitchell S. Morsbeck.
" Bernard C. Myers.
" Thos. J. Ryan (prisoner of war, etc.)
" George Santhoff.
" Ernest Schreiber.
" Francis Scott.
" Augustus Seiver.
" Wm. L. Smith.
" Henry Stocklin.
" Jacob Stocklin.
" Alfred H. Sulser.
" Lawrence Swartz.
" Bernard Uhling.

African undercook Nathaniel Burnett.

Recruits (transferred June 7, 1863).

Private Edwin Ayres.
" James McPeak.
" William Whiteside.

Killed, and Died of Wounds).

Corporal Alois Kaelin, Dec. 31, 1862.
Private Wm. Schoch, Dec. 25, 1863.

Killed Accidentally.

Corporal Hibbard P. Ward, Aug. 3, 1862.

Died of Disease.

Private Francis Kelley, Dec. 30, 1863.
" Wm. Taaffe, March 15, 1862.
" Herman Volkers, Oct. 24, 1861.

Officers Resigned and Honorably Discharged.

Captain James W. Wilmington, July 6, 1862.
First Lieut. Francis H. Ehrman (appointed A. C. S.), Sept. 25, 1862.

Transferred.

Second Lieut. Chas. Gilman (promoted), to Co. A, Sept. 11, 1862.

Private Adolph Jurgens, to V. R. Corps, Oct. 29, 1863.

Discharged.

First Sergeant Wm. Brown, Sept. 23, 1863.
Sergeant John Crotty, March 19, 1863.
" Augustus W. Peters, April 14, 1863.
" Francis R. Tresch, Aug. 29, 1861.
Corporal Ezekiel Craven, Aug. 29, 1861.
" Francis Farley, Aug. 29, 1861.
" Thos. Kerwin, June 8, 1863.
Private Justice H. Achtermeyer, Dec. 2, 1861.
" Geo. M. Backus, Feb. 6, 1862.
" Wm. A. Baldwin, Dec. 9, 1863.
" Rufus E. Bryan, April 30, 1863.
" James Carney, April 8, 1863.
" Dennis Collins, Feb. 4, 1863.
" Horace A. Kelley (for promotion in another command), Aug. 26, 1862.
" Fred. B. King, Aug. 29, 1861.
" Chas. Gauckler, Feb. 20, 1863.
" Herman Kloeffler, Feb. 27, 1863.
" Wm. Koehler, Nov. 10, 1862.
" Henry W. Kruse, April 21, 1863.
" Joseph Kunkle, Aug. 29, 1861.
" Wm. L. Mackenzie, July 24, 1863.
" Martin Meehan, Sept. 24, 1861.
" Francis M. Murphy, April 30, 1863.
" Thomas Oliver, Feb. 6, 1862.
" Simeon B. Rice, April 30, 1863.
" Michael Rogers, Feb. 6, 1862.
" John Saquens, Jan. 19, 1863.
" Andrew Schube, June 19, 1863.
" James W. Sharp, Feb. 14, 1863.
" John K. Smith, Jan. 6, 1863.
" Theodore Wager (to enlist in 4th U. S. Artillery), June 22, 1862.
" Joseph Weisbrod, April 30, 1863.
" Edward Williams, Aug. 7, 1862.

Dropped, etc.

Sergeant Bernard O'Farrell, Nov. 18, 1862.
Private Gustave Bethge, Oct. 1, 1862.
" John Burke, April 10, 1863.
" Joseph Davis, June 30, 1861.
" James M. Donohue, Aug. 1, 1862.
" Clements Dulle, June 30, 1861.
" John Farmer, June 30, 1861.
" Jas. W. Haslem, April 10, 1863.
" James W. Hitchens, April 10, 1863.
" Wm. H. Holden, July 18, 1862.
" Chas. Keiver, Sept. 4, 1861.
" John B. McGee, June 30, 1861.
" George Mackley, March 1, 1862.
" James B. Meehan, Nov. 26, 1861.
" George Moore, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Herman Mosler, July 20, 1862.
" Gustave Rhein, Aug. 1, 1862.
" Frederick Smith, June 30, 1861.
" Joseph Trickler, April 23, 1864.
" Wm. H. Van Pelt, July 18, 1862.
" George Walters, Oct 1, 1862.

COMPANY D.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Chas. B. Russell.
First Lieut. Geo. W. Morris.
Second Lieut. Wm. R. Glisan.

First Sergeant Wm. F. Balming.
Sergeant Wm. Bowers.
" Ewell West.
" Amos Willoughby.
" Dennis O'Brien.
Corporal Wm. A. Clockenburg (absent).
" Wm. A. Yates.
" Wm. H. Drips.
" John Turner.
Musician Wm. A. Cormany.
" Oliver D. Blakeslee.
Private Joseph Anter.
" Frederick H. Bastian.
Private Chas. H. Bansley.
" August Bristol.
" Herman Brockman.
" George W. Brown.
" John Butcher.
" Luther Carpenter.
" Wm. Darby.
" Frank Dellar.
" Joseph Desar.
" Wm. F. Dill.
" Hugo Edler.
" Wm. F. Failor (at Chattanooga at muster-out).
" John Farrell (at Chattanooga at muster-out).
" Alex. K. Green.
" Conrad Herring.
" Thos. Herring.
" Reinhold Hoffman.
" Antoine Imer.
" Frank Korte.
" John J. Lodge.
" Thos. H. B. McNeil.
" Frank A. Manns.
" Albert H. Marthens.
" John Mechley.
" Thos. J. Morgan.
" George F. Mosher.
" Wm. C. Rees.
" Andrew Remlinger.
" Michael Renner.
" George Richarter.
" Thos. J. Rice.
" George G. Sabin.
" Wm. Saxon.
" Thos. Scannel.
" Frederick Soghan.
" Frederick Speck.
" Wm. Yout.
" John Wakeman.
" Stephen H. Weeks.
" Wm. H. Weeks.
" John Wiederecht (absent).
" Martin Wiederecht (absent in hospital—Mission Ridge wounds).
" John L. Williams.

Officers Resigned.

First Lieut. John C. Parker, Feb. 15, 1862.
Second Lieut. Thos. H. Boylan, Feb. 14, 1862.
" " Harry Gee, Sept. 11, 1862.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Sergeant James F. McGregor, Sept. 20, 1863.
Corporal Augustus W. Young, Nov. 25, 1863.
Private Adam Hugel, Feb. 5, 1863.
" George K. Kopp, Sept. 20, 1863.
" Joseph Imm, Nov. 25, 1863.
" Samuel W. Stephenson, Oct. 10, 1863.
" Simeon Weeks, Nov. 30, 1863.

Killed Accidentally.

Captain Ezekiel H. Tatem (railroad accident), July 15, 1862.

Died of Disease.

Private Anthony Carroll, Oct. —, 1862.
" Joseph Post, Oct. 22, 1862.
" Chas. Vanway, Oct. 22, 1861.

Transferred.

Second Lieut. Jos. L. Antram, to Co. H, April 17, 1863.
Private Fred. H. Alms, to Signal Corps, Jan. 16, 1864.
Private Wm. F. Doepke, to Signal Corps, Jan. 16, 1864.
Private Levi L. Pritzell, to Co. H, June 18, 1861.
Private Edwin D. Smith, to Battery M, 4th U. S. Artillery, Oct. 23, 1862.
Private Kellian Strassher, to Co. H, June 18, 1861.
Private Nicholas Stumpf, to Co. H, June 18, 1861.
Private Edward Ulm, to Co. H, June 18, 1861.

Corporal Liberty H. Jenkes, to V. R. Corps, Aug. 31, 1863.
Private George W. Lawrence, to V. R. Corps, Aug. 31, 1863.

Discharged.

First Sergeant James H. Cochnower (for promotion in another command), Dec. 13, 1861.
Sergeant Geo. T. Marshall, Nov. 29, 1862.
" James W. Morgan, Aug. 26, 1862.
Corporal Wm. Hawkins, Feb. 24, 1863.
" Wallace Hume, Jan. 19, 1863.
" James Johnson, Feb. 5, 1862.
" Giles D. Richards, March 23, 1863.
Private Jos. Bender, May 1, 1863.
" John Birnbaum, Dec. 29, 1862.
" C. Columbus Cones (for promotion in another command), Aug. —, 1862.
" Chas. DeLeon, March 26, 1863.
" Albert C. Drips, March 9, 1863.
" Jacob Gross, Feb. 13, 1863.
" Samuel Kellar, Aug. 28, 1861.
" Fred. Lancaster, March 19, 1863.
" Henry H. Lanius, Nov. 13, 1862.
" Chas. Mitchell, May 16, 1862.
" John E. Rees, Sept. 29, 1861.
" George W. Weiss, ——.
" Wm. W. Williams, April 14, 1863.
" Thos. Wolcot, Oct. 9, 1862.
" John F. Wolfick, July 31, 1862.

Dropped.

Corporal Thos. Daniels, May 7, 1862.
Private Edward Chattin, April 1, 1862.
" Jos. Lively, June 30, 1861.
" James H. Mahon, ——.
" Adam Roberts, April 1, 1862.

COMPANY E.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Wm. E. Sheridan.
First Lieut. James F. Graham.

First Sergeant Abram R. Lemmon.
Sergeant James Lawler.
" Wm. Fisher.
" Joseph Turley.
" Wm. Leike.
Corporal Pulaski W. Fuller.
" Alex. Rigler.
" Peter Mabis.
Private George W. Adams.
" Joseph Ade.
" Israel Arnold.
" John Benedick.
" Miles Blake.
" Anthony W. Bowen.
" Christopher C. Bowen.
" George W. Bowen.
" Nelson A. Britt (prisoner of war—died in rebel prison).
" Henry A. Brown (at Chattanooga at muster-out).
" Maurice D. Brown (at Chattanooga at muster-out).
" Reuben D. Burgess.
" James Carr.
" Patrick Corcoran.
" Andrew Dielman.
" Eugene Diserens.
" Chas. Eckhart.
" Adam Emmert.
" George W. Fisher.
" John Fisher.
" Adam Hess.
" John Hoban.
" John G. Jager.
" John Kauffin.
" John Kincella.
" Wilberforce Knott.
" Richard Lambert.
" Abiel Leaver.
" John E. Long.
" Joseph E. Longenbach.
" James H. Lyons.
" Andrew Miser.
Private Robert Porter (absent).
" John Paul Robenstein (prisoner of war at muster-out).
" Oliver Saffin.
" John B. Sampson.
" Benj. F. Scull.
" George T. Seeley.
" John H. Simmons.
" Samuel Shroder.
" Wm. Shroder.
" Joseph Sousmer (at Chattanooga at muster-out).
" John C. Speidel.
" Abram A. Truesdale.
" Horatio Tucker.
" Enoch West.
" Robert Wise.
" William Wise.

Recruits (Transferred June 7, 1864).

Private George Benn.
" Peter H. Britt.
" Archibald Mangan.
" Fairfax W. Nelson.
" Sherwin S. Perkins.
" Henry B. Stites.

Officer Resigned.

First Lieut. John F. Hoy, July 21, 1861.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Corporal Benj. F. Terry, Sept. 28, 1863.
Private Chas. Davis, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Robert Davis, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Chas. Deikmeyer, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Agathon Otto, Jan. 22, 1863.
" Simeon Shattuck, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Michael Schawbe, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Robert E. Tuxworth, Sept. 19, 1863.

Died of Disease.

Private Edmund H. Hall (at Knoxville, Tenn.), date not known.

Transferred.

Captain Samuel C. Erwin (promoted Major), April 18, 1863.
First Lieut. James M. Donovan (promoted), to Co. K, April 18, 1863.
First Lieut. Frank S. Schieffer (promoted), April 7, 1864.
Second Lieut. Henry C. Choate (promoted), to Co. G, Jan. 28, 1863.
Second Lieut. George W. Morris (promoted), to Co. D, Feb. 14, 1862.
Sergeant James F. Graham, appointed Sergeant-Major July 8th, 1862.
Private John Hollister, to Co. H, June 19, 1861.

Private Peter Kreps, to V. R. Corps, Feb. 21, 1864.

Discharged.

First Sergeant Joseph L. Antram (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), Aug. 19, 1862.
First Sergeant Leonard Boice (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), Jan. 28, 1863.
First Sergeant Earl W. Stimson, July 31, 1862.
Corporal Robert Howdon (to enlist in navy), March 4, 1863.
Corporal Chas. Williams, Feb. 16, 1863.
Private Chas. H. Baldwin, Jan. 14, 1864.
" William Betts, ——, 1862.
" Oliver Chamberlain, Aug. 28, 1861.
" John E. Craig (for promotion in another command), Sept. 25, 1861.
" Joseph L. Ferdon, April 19, 1863.
" Herman Frastrom, June 16, 1862.
" Thomas Greenwood, June 15, 1863.
" Matthew Grogran, Feb. 13, 1862.
" John Harrison, Jan. 19, 1863.
" Carl Korner, Feb. 8, 1862.
" Samuel J. Lawrence, Aug. 28, 1861.
" Samuel Pierson, Feb. 12, 1863.
" Joseph Rebel, June 15, 1863.
" Nicholas Rudolph, June 29, 1862.

Private Samuel Skelton, Feb. 12, 1863.
" Matthew Smith, Feb. 18, 1863.
" James L. Terry, April 19, 1862.
" Ulrich Wahrenburger, ——, 1861.
" Benj. V. Williams, Sept. 16, 1863.

Dropped, etc.

Corporal Geo. Hewison, Jan. 19, 1863.
Private John Climer, March 17, 1862.
" Jacob Cumming, June 19, 1862.
" Valentine Cumming, June 19, 1862.
" Jasper Graham, Feb. 26, 1862.
" Chas. Ireland, July 18, 1862.
" John Jounghaus, June 19, 1862.
" Henry Morgan, June 19, 1862.
" Joseph O'Connor, June 19, 1862.
" Hugh O'Donnell, Aug. 1, 1862.
" John O'Neil, March 26, 1863.
" John Quinn, June 25, 1861.
" Albert S. Ritchie, June 19, 1862.
" Henry Stanley, Dec. 25, 1863.
" Daniel Wilguss, Dec. 20, 1861.

COMPANY F.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Justin M. Thatcher.
First Lieut. Jesse C. La Bille.

First Sergeant Wm. H. Read.
Sergeant Otto Brewer.
" Wm. E. Jackson.
" John A. Siegel.
" John E. Hewitt.
Corporal John B. Miller.
" Edward Lawrence.
" August Nierman.
" Wm. R. Wood.
" Fred. Linenbrink.
" Milton Limebach.
" James Wood.
" Thos. B. Manning.
Musician Joseph Lafeber (prisoner of war at muster-out).
Wagoner John McClury.
Private John Battell.
" Harry T. Blake.
" Edward Brady.
" Louis Descordes.
" David Downey.
" Michael Enright.
" James R. Erwin.
" Henry Evers.
" Frederick Finer.
" George Hoffman.
" Wm. Kessemeyer.
" Bernard Klatte.
" Peter Lagaly.
" Ernst Lawrence.
" John Lawrence.
" Franklin Lefeber.
" Henry Leonard.
" Herman Limes.
" John Linceman.
" Perry McAdams.
" Milton McCully.
" August Martin.
" Jos. T. Nepper.
" Seth G. Perkins.
" Jonathan Reames.
" Henry Rohlman.
" Joseph Ruff.
" Anthony Schaffer.
" Henry Smith.
" Levi Sommers.
" Gustav Stube.
" Frederick Taphorn.
" Stewart Terwilliger.
" Clement Thiesing.
" Daniel Toomeyer.
" Peter West.
" Wm. Witte.
" Wm. Wolf.
" James Yost.
" Chas. Young.
" Wm. Young (prisoner of war at muster-out).

African undercook Carter Hughes.
" " Wm. Pope.

Recruits (transferred June 7, 1864).

Private Joseph Annear.
" Ferd. Armbruster.
" Frank Butsch.
" Joseph Furst.
" John Ruff.
" Jacob Weaver.

Officers Resigned and Honorably Discharged.

Captain Chas. H. Brutton, Jan. 14, 1863.
First Lieut. James F. Irwin, Jan. 29, 1864.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Corporal Louis Evers, Dec. 31, 1862.
Private Christ. Ark, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Wm. Brocksmith, April 7, 1862.
" Thos. Brown, Dec. 31, 1862.
" James H. Deans, Sept. 19, 1863.
" Gottfried Heileman, Jan. 20, 1863.
" Jos. Hooth, Sept. 18, 1863.
" John Q. Root, Jan. 5, 1863.
" Joseph Toomeyer, Nov. 25, 1863.
" Henry Willis, Jan. 5, 1863.

Died of Disease.

Private Edwin S. Crawford, Dec. 5, 1862.
" Andrew Oerthel, Sept. 24, 1861.

Transferred.

First Lieut. Chas. H. Heron, appointed Adjutant, June —, 1861.
Second Lieut. Frank S. Schieffer (promoted), to Co. E, Feb. 17, 1863.
First Sergeant Wm. E. Sheridan, appointed Sergeant-Major, Dec. 17, 1861.
First Sergeant Albert G. Williams, appointed Sergeant-Major, May 31, 1862.
Private Chas. Hottendorf (to serve out time in 41st Ohio), June 6, 1864.
Private Thos. Neald, May 17, 1863.

Corporal Frederick W. Hipp, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 9, 1863.
Private Toby Sayler, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 6, 1863.
Private Wm. Simpson, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 6, 1863.

Discharged.

Sergeant David J. Decamp (for promotion in another command), May 8, 1862.
Sergeant Daniel A. Griffin, ——.
" Vere W. Roessi, Sept. 24, 1861.
Corporal John R. Frankeburger, June 4, 1862.
" Edward P. Perkins, Jan. 14, 1862.
Private Jacob Crites, Aug. 13, 1863.
" Caspar N. Gunther, April 12, 1863.
" George Hearth, Oct. 4, 1862.
" Henry Nierman, June 17, 1862.
" Thos. Noble, July 30, 1862.
" Henry Peters, Nov. 13, 1861.
" Chas. Rocap, Oct. 14, 1862.
" Geo. W. Vandegrift, Aug. 29, 1862.

Dropped, etc.

Private Michael Carrigan, June 20, 1862.
" Wm. Gloeb, Dec. 3, 1861.
" Louis Kolp, Aug. 31, 1862.
" Michael Miller, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Wm. Ovelgonner, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Wm. Overend, Oct. 1, 1862.
" George W. Plummer, Oct. 1, 1862.
" John R. Ramsey, April 10, 1863.
" Ivonia Rollins, April 10, 1863.
" Larkin Smith (sick in hospital).

COMPANY G.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Wm. S. Getty.
First Lieut. George W. Cormany.

First Sergeant Abram J. Price.

Sergeant John W. Easely.
" Herbert Sullivan.
" John Peer.
Corporal Henry F. Howe.
" Dewitt C. Hays.
" Chas. S. Dunn.
" Harry Simmons.
" Chas. A. H. Hucker.
" John Sullivan.
" Thos. Burnett.
" Wm. Lotze.
" George W. J. Miller (prisoner of war, etc.)
Musician Jacob Braunse.
Private Walter Baldwin.
" Wm. Body.
" Peter Bolser.
" Chas. Boutwell (died in rebel prison).
" Hamer Bradbury.
" Joseph Burkhardt.
" Joshua Cain.
" Wm. E. Collins.
" Thos. Cromwell.
" Andrew M. Dunn.
" Daniel A. Egan.
" Andrew Fenhoff.
" Atlas B. Fisher.
" Horace Fisher.
" Wm. W. Garrard (prisoner of war, etc.)
" John S. Gilson.
" Peter Hofsace.
" Nicholas Kehr.
" Andrew Keller.
" John H. Loskam.
" Rudolph Maczume.
" Robert C. Nelson.
" Albert G. Parrent.
" Wm. C. Perkins.
" Benj. Post.
" George Rhymearson (detailed).
" John J. Richards.
" Wm. B. Rowe (died in rebel prison).
" Geo. W. Rush.
" Anson W. Schenck.
" Wm. H. Service.
" John Singer (died in rebel prison).
" Isaac H. Sturgis.
" Wm. H. Sturgis.
" John R. Sullivan.
" Wm. F. Sullivan.
" James A. Taylor.
" Peter Walton.
" James H. Willis.
" Henry Zarbrock.

African undercook George Washington.
" " John Jennings.

Recruits (transferred June 7, 1864).

Private Gustave Bender.
" Joseph Katching.
" Joseph Long.
" Frank Parsnips.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

First Sergeant George B. Ridenour, Dec. 31, 1862.
Corporal Oliver P. Rockenfield, Dec. 31, 1862.
Private J. Addison Colwell, Jan. 15, 1863.
" John Huddleston, Sept. 19, 1863.
" Samuel P. Stallcup, April 7, 1863.
" Robert M. Taulman, Jan. 20, 1863.

Died of Disease.

Sergeant Wm. H. Lloyd, Sept. 19, 1862.

Transferred.

Captain Anthony O. Russell, promoted Major, Aug. 19, 1862.
First Lieut. Jules J. Montagnier (promoted), to Co. B, Feb. 3, 1863.
First Lieut. Henry C. Choate (promoted), to Co. B, May 27, 1864.
Second Lieut. James F. Irwin (promoted), to Co. F, Feb. 19, 1863.
Private Maley Lemmings, to Co. H, June 26, 1861.
Private Wm. R. Goodnough, appointed Q. M.-Sergeant, May 31, 1862.
Private Silas S. Dunn, to V. R. Corps, Oct. 29, 1863.
Private John Fenhoff, to V. R. Corps, Oct. 29, 1863.
Private Frederick Haha, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 13, 1863.
Private Milton Parvin, to V. R. Corps, March 7, 1864.
Private Michael G. Ryan, to V. R. Corps, Aug. 1, 1863.

Discharged.

Sergeant Lewis Schramm, Feb. 10, 1863.
Corporal Wm. A. Clark, Jan. 27, 1864.
" Walter Lawrence (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), July 11, 1862.
" Julius C. Schenck, March 31, 1863.
" Joseph Biggers, May 4, 1862.
" Alfred Burnett, Aug. 29, 1861.
Private Augustus Clements, Oct. 23, 1862.
" Wm. H. Eberle, July 16, 1862.
" Wm. J. Graham, Aug. 27, 1863.
" Chas. Heable, Feb. 15, 1863.
" Gottlieb Hirstbruner, Feb. 26, 1863.
" Wm. R. Joyce, Jan. 7, 1863.
" Joseph McManus, Aug. 7, 1863.
" Joseph Metzler, Sept. 19, 1862.
" Ambrose A. Phillips, May 12, 1862.
" Alex. Schenck, Sept. 17, 1861.
" August Schmidtman, May 17, 1863.
" Wm. H. Sloan (for promotion in Marine Brigade), March 7, 1863.
" James J. Waggoner, July 25, 1862.

Dropped, etc.

Private Alex. Barclay, July 1, 1862.
" Henry Bereiter, Aug. 8, 1862.
" Eden B. R. Biles, May 1, 1864.
" H. W. H. Dickman, Oct. 3, 1862.
" Thos. Fennell, Sept. 7, 1862.
" James J. Gildea, May 1, 1864.
" Isaac Huff, May 1, 1864.
" Wm. McLaughlin, May 1, 1864.
" Wm. Mausington, Nov. 28, 1862.
" Robert Nolan, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Michael P. Way, May 1, 1864.

COMPANY H.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Henry H. Tinker (absent from wounds received at Chickamauga).
First Lieut. James F. Meline.

First Sergeant Benj. F. Hopkins.
Sergeant Joseph H. McClintock.
" Chas. A. Haller (absent sick).
" Joseph S. Wehrle.
" Joseph Gaug.
Corporal Albert Speece.
" Benj. D. Hall.
" Joseph R. Northcraft.
" Frank P. Winstett.
" Frank D. Wentworth.
" John A. Bonner.
" Henry Schaffer.
Bugler Wm. Schmidt.
Musician John F. Dressel (absent).
Wagoner George Harrison.
Private Wm. C. Allen.
" Thos. Armstrong.
" James F. Attee.
" Joseph Chlor.
" Joseph O. Clark.
" John Cronin.
" John W. Douglas.
" Henry Duvall.
" Wm. C. Ellis.
" Henry Frazer.
" August Friday.
" Henry W. Frillman.
" George Greenfield.

Private Lewis Hahn.
" John F. Hanley.
" Herman Hinkly.
" Hannibal M. Hopkins.
" Henry Keith.
" Thomas Kennedy.
" Patrick Logue.
" Daniel McGillicuddy.
" Absalom Maxwell.
" Robert Mench.
" John Muir.
" Joseph Neville.
" James O'Malley.
" Hiram E. Page.
" C. Peyrot (absent).
" Joseph Rohler (absent).
" Stephen Ross.
" Chas. Schuster.
" Killian Strasser.
" Richard Thompson.
" George Whippy.
" George W. Whistler.
" James B. Willits.

Missing in Action.

Private Michael Manly, since Sept. 19, 1863.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Private John Christ (Chickamauga wounds), ——, 1863.
Private Valentine Merdian, Nov. 25, 1863.
" Henry Rasher, Feb. 17, 1863.
" Martin Seebauer, Jan. 20, 1863.
" Chas. Waltermet, Jan. 2, 1863.
" Benj. Worrell, Nov. 27, 1863.

Killed Accidentally.

Second Lieut. Solomon Bidwell, Oct. —, 1861.

Officers Resigned.

First Lieut. Jos. L. Antram, Oct. 28, 1863.
" " John W. Morgan, Sept 11, 1862.

Transferred.

First Lieut. Wm. E. Sheridan (promoted), to Co. E, April —, 1863.
Private Maley Leming (to enlist in gunboat service).

Private Joseph Hahn, to V. R. Corps, Jan. 24, 1864.
Private Samuel Lawrence, to V. R. Corps, Jan. 24, 1864.
Private Ferd. Schoenfelder, to V. R. Corps, Oct. 29, 1863.

Discharged.

First Sergeant Wm. H. Pierce (for promotion in another command), Aug. 4, 1862.
Sergeant John L. Miller (for promotion in another command), Sept. 29, 1862.
Sergeant Samuel Walker, Jan. 20, 1864.
Corporal Wm. A. Ream, March 11, 1862.
" Joseph Sandheger, Sept. 9, 1862.
" Levi Thompson, Feb. 28, 1863.
Private Levi H. Barehus, Dec. 27, 1861.
" Wm. Bourgard, March 17, 1863.
" John G. Boyle (for promotion in another command), Sept. 29, 1862.
" Delevan Brown, April 6, 1863.
" Eugene Brown, Sept. 21, 1862.
" Bryan C. Eager (to enlist in 4th U. S. Artillery), Dec. 18, 1862.
" John M. Gay, Jan. 14, 1863.
" Lawrence Geiss, Aug. 4, 1863.
" Max Hendricks, Aug. 12, 1862.
" John Hollister, Feb. 29, 1862.
" John G. King, Sept. 22, 1861.
" Jos. Legrand, Jan. 9, 1864.
" Owen Murphy, Aug. 4, 1863.
" Levi L. Pritzell, Jan. 10, 1862.
" John Riley (by sentence court-martial), Nov. 14, 1862.
" David Singer, Feb. 9, 1863.
" Andrew Sullivan, Nov. 3, 1862.
" Edward Ulm, April 21, 1863.
" Anthony Walsh, Jan. 6, 1863.

Dropped, etc.

Corporal Chas. Ashman, Dec. 31, 1862.
Private Robert Andrews, Aug. 31, 1863.
" Wm. Carrington, Aug. 18, 1862.
" Henry Colmburg, Aug. 18, 1862.
" John Maley, Dec. 9, 1861.
" John D. Newman, Aug. 18, 1862.
" Nicholas Stumpf, July 21, 1861.
" Antonio Smith, Aug. 18, 1862.
" Henry C. Thatcher, Aug. 31, 1863.
" John Wilson, Aug. 18, 1862.

COMPANY I.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain Benj. F. West.
First Lieut. George T. Lewis.

First Sergeant Wm. L. Wolverton.
Sergeant John Hanley.
" Ferd. McDonough.
Corporal Wm. Langenheim.
" Wm. Crawford.
" Chas. Fahlbusch (detailed).
" Richard Garwood.
" Henry Harmeyer.
" Fred. Larcom.
Musician Edward Ficke.
Wagoner Frederick Shoenell.
Private Otto Anner.
" Gustave Bauer.
" B. Frank Brahm.
" Adolph Bruner.
" Henry Buddenbaum.
" Newton Bucknell.
" George Burner.
" Edward P. Catlin.
" Benj. W. Clark.
" Jos. Dreher.
" Antoine Frave.
" August Grass.
" Edwin Green.
" Joseph Gutzweiler (detailed).
" Jacob Hauser.
" Gottlieb Heller.
" James V. Hirley.
" Adolph Hof.
" David Hunnuch.
" Roland O. Jones.
" Wm. Jurgens.
" Dennis H. Kennedy.
" Christ. Kohli (absent in hospital, from wounds).
" Jacob Landis.
" Jacob Lesie.
" John C. Lynch.
" John McGlore.
" James Martin.
" Wm. L. May.
" Eli Miller.
" Hiram Mosier.
" August Nischan.
" John L. Rea (detailed).
" Timothy Ryan.
" Christ. Schweitzer.
" Matthias Seibert.
" Sylvester Weber.
" Wm. C. Weber.
" Wm. Yager.
" John Zimmerman.

African undercook Geo. Washington.

Recruits (transferred June 7, 1864).

Private John Collins.
" Joseph Henderson.
" Samuel Parker.
" Andrew Ray.
" Joseph Seiter.

Missing in Action.

Private James Carson, Sept. 20, 1863.
" Wm. Maygaffoygan, Sept. 20, 1863.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Private Marx Essinger, Nov. 25, 1863.

Private Jacob Hilliecker, Feb. 4, 1862.
" Daniel E. McCarty, Sept. 19, 1863.
" Heinrich Nortman, April 7, 1862.
" Samuel Pulver, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Jacob H. Rapplee, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Frederick Springmeyer, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Gregoire Yehle, Sept. 11, 1861.

Died of Disease.

Private Wm. Wenzel, July 8, 1862.

Officer Resigned.

Second Lieut. Walter Lawrence, Feb. —, 1863.

Transferred:

Captain James Bense (promoted Major), Jan. 20, 1864.
First Lieut. Richard Southgate (promoted), to Co. C, Nov. 2, 1862.
Second Lieut. Josiah W. Slanker, to Co. K, April 30, 1863.

Discharged.

First Sergeant Wesley B. McLane (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), June 27, 1863.
Sergeant George T. Lewis (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), Feb. 3, 1863.
Corporal Henry C. Choate (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), April 5, 1862.
Corporal Henry Gibson, March 16, 1863.
" George S. LaRue, Jan. 27, 1864.
" Thos. Long, March 16, 1863.
" Edward Roderigo, Feb. 9, 1863.
" John Williams, March 16, 1863.
Private Thos. Cartwright, March 16, 1863.
" Frederick Ellerman, May 2, 1863.
" Wm. Forristall, Oct. 22, 1863.
" Frank Gerhardt, Dec. 31, 1862.
" Frederick Heckert, April 18, 1864.
" Edward Hof, Sept. 26, 1862.
" Otto Hof, Nov. 27, 1863.
" John Jackson, June 30, 1863.
" John Muhler, Sept. 26, 1862.
" Orlando M. Smith, March 16, 1863.
" John Storker, Nov. 27, 1863.
" Wm. T. Swift, March 16, 1863.
" Wm. Y. Thorburn, Dec. 31, 1863.
" James Wilson, March 16, 1863.

Dropped, etc.

Private Frederick Beck, June 24, 1861.
" Peter Bruner, June 24, 1861.
" John Burckhardt, June 24, 1861.
" Michael Connell (paroled prisoner), May 1, 1864.
" Samuel Erminger, Feb. 12, 1863.
" Robert Fenley (paroled prisoner), May 1, 1864.
" Wm. Geisel, June 24, 1861.
" John Little (paroled prisoner), May 1, 1864.
" Jacob Litzel, June 24, 1861.
" Thos. Marshall (paroled prisoner), May 1, 1864.
" John Oysterboy (paroled prisoner), May 1, 1864.
" Robert H. Pence, June 11, 1862.
" Michael S. Witmer, March 19, 1862.
" Miritz Zink, June 24, 1861.

COMPANY K.

Mustered out with Regiment.

Captain James M. Donovan.
First Lieut. Chas. C. Peck.

First Sergeant George B. Nicholson.
Sergeant Jethro T. Hill.
" Wm. S. Squires.
" Wm. Gain.
Corporal Albert Kimball.
" Joseph H. Cohagen (died in rebel prison).
" Nehemiah V. Pennington.
Musician Lewis Hatt.
Private Christ. Albert.
" John A. Barth.
Private Henry Beckman.
" John H. Bowlby.
" Geo. W. Bowlby.
" Louis C. Brehm.
" George Buskirk.
" Robert S. Culbertson.
" Francis J. Cullom.
" Chas. Cunningham.
" Frederick Eggeman.
" Henry Elsing.
" Constantine Fecker.
" Wm. T. Goodwin.
" Joseph Grau (absent from wounds).
" John Hafling.
" Isaac B. Hart.
" Daniel Henrie.
" Peter Hoffman.
" Jacob Hoffnagel.
" Lorenz Huber (prisoner of war, etc.)
" John A. Koo.
" August Kreyenhagen.
" John C. Leistner.
" Wm. A. Lohn (prisoner of war, etc.)
" Theodore B. McDonald.
" Frantz Meier.
" Pedro Montaldo (absent, from wounds).
" John Moorhouse.
" Theodore Ortman.
" Thos. Parker.
" Reason Reagin.
" Clark C. Saunders.
" Henry E. Scholle.
" John Seitz.
" Henry Shelton.
" George W. G. Shipman.
" Henry Shockman.
" Jos. W. Tomson.
" Samuel Walker.
" Chas. Warner.
" Frederick Wehking.
" Geo. W. Yeager.
" Gerhard Zumweilde.

Recruit (transferred June 7, 1864).

Private Andrew Murphy.

Killed, and Died of Wounds.

Sergeant Thos. G. Drake, Dec. 31, 1862.
" John H. Osling, Sept. 20, 1863.
Corporal Henry F. Funk, Sept. 19, 1863.
" Henry G. Kreyenhagen, Jan. 9, 1863.
" Joseph Martin, Feb. 8, 1863.
Private Lewis F. Frantz, Dec. 31, 1862.
" George Kelsch, Feb. 1, 1863.
" David Klein, March 5, 1863.
" Jacob Nickel, Jan. 31, 1863.
" Theodore Wesselman, Dec. 31, 1862.

Killed Accidentally.

Private Harvey S. Ford, Aug. 9, 1861.

Drowned.

Private Frank Guhra, Sept. 27, 1861.

Died of Disease.

Private Alex. Schmidtman, Sept. 6, 1863.
" Raymond Welling, Oct. 5, 1862.

Officers Resigned, etc.

Captain Chas. M. Clarke, Sept. 8, 1862.
First Lieut. A. B. Billerbeck, Oct. 16, 1861.
Second Lieut. Edward F. Gettier (dismissed), March 30, 1863.

Transferred.

Second Lieut. Justin M. Thatcher (promoted), to Co. F, Dec. 24, 1861.
Second Lieut. Josiah W. Slanker, appointed R. Q. M., April 19, 1864.
First Sergeant Henry Gee, appointed Sergeant-Major, Dec. 16, 1861.
Musician John H. Bueltel, appointed Chief Musician, July 5, 1863.
Private John M. Drake, to Signal Corps, Oct. 22, 1863.

Private Chas. E. Lewis, appointed Hospital Steward, Dec. 1, 1861.

Sergeant Wm. Pappenbrook, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 1, 1863.
Private Alex. Love, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 1, 1863.
Private Wm. McBride, to V. R. Corps, Nov. 1, 1863.

Discharged.

First Sergeant James F. Meline (for promotion in Sixth Ohio), Feb. 19, 1863.
Sergeant Herman E. W. Backus, Jan. 4, 1862.
" Henry N. Couden (for promotion in Mississippi Marine Brigade), April 8, 1863.
Corporal James T. Barquloo, Dec. 4, 1862.
" Chas. Donnelly, April 18, 1863.
Private Geo. Andrews, March 2, 1863.
" Theodore Austin, Feb. 6, 1862.
" Frank Crets, Dec. 4, 1861.
Private David D. Davis, Feb. 6, 1862.
" Henry C. Davis, March 13, 1863.
" Henry Gauckstadt, Aug. 27, 1862.
" Joseph Haddock, March 13, 1863.
" Christopher H. Kuhn, Aug. 3, 1863.
" Jefferson McClure, July 31, 1862.
" Wm. A. Roebuck, Feb. 9, 1863.
" Mort. Singer (to enlist in 4th U. S. Artillery), Oct. 23, 1862.
" James F. Smith, March 16, 1862.
" Trueman C. Tryon, Jan. 4, 1862.
" Harrison Waltz, Aug. 28, 1861.
" Thos. S. Withnell, Feb. 9, 1863.

Dropped, etc.

Private Frank Christman, Oct. 1, 1862.
" Clements Dulie, Dec. 5, 1861.
" Wesley W. Long, Oct. 31, 1862.
" Chas. Weideman, April 24, 1864.
" George R. Wilder, Oct. 1, 1862.

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