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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Ninety-Second

Illinois Volunteers.

“What we *say* here will soon be forgotten; but what they *did* here will ever live in the Nation’s memory.”—*Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburg.*

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS:
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Preface.

This work is published by the Ninety-Second Illinois Reunion Association, under the supervision of a Committee, appointed at the third Reunion, at Mt. Carroll, September 4, 1873. Neither member of the Committee had any qualification for the proper performance of the task imposed upon them; neither had a scratch of a pen to aid in the compilation of the work; neither had time at his disposal to devote to it. The material facts have been gathered from the diaries and old letters of the members of the Regiment, and have been hastily thrown together in chronological order. That it is but a broken fragment of an imperfect sketch of the services of the Regiment, the Committee well know, and full of imperfections, they fear; but they submit it to the generous consideration of their comrades, hoping that it may serve to revive, in the memory of each one who was a soldier in the Ninety-Second, some pleasant remembrance.

THE COMMITTEE.

Freeport, Illinois, January 15, 1875.

General 2 Aug 48 Putman

Illinois Historical Survey 95367- 9/13/48 Purvis Survey

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NINETY-SECOND ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.—THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE OF 1820.—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW OF 1850.—THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA BILL.—THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN IN 1856.—THE DRED SCOTT CASE.—THE DEBATE BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS IN 1858.—THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN 1860.—THE DELIBERATE SECESSION PREPARATIONS BY THE SOUTH.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.—THE PROGRESS OF THE CONTEST UNTIL JULY 1, 1862.—THE CALL FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND ADDITIONAL VOLUNTEERS.—HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE NINETY-SECOND WENT TO THE WAR.

What was it all about? How did it happen that the Ninety-Second Regiment went to the war? These are questions for a reply to which the old members of the Ninety-Second will have no need to look into a book; they will find the ready answers engraven upon the tablets of their memories in characters that can never fade. But their children will be asking these questions, and we may as well answer them now. What was it all about? That question reaches so far back into the past that we cannot tell the whole story. It was about the rights of man, and they began when Adam was created. If you throw a stone into a pond, a little circular wave will be caused upon the surface of the water, and the circle will grow larger, and inside of it will come another circle, and yet another; and another; and by and by one of the circles will break upon the shore at your feet, and the other side of the circles will cross the pond and break upon the farther shore. And so it is with the great events in history, only there are no shores for the circles of influence to break upon; they go back, by relation, many hundreds of years in the past,

and no man can tell how far the widening circles of influence of the great deeds of any age may reach into the coming centuries. We said it was about the rights of man. We will be more specific. It was about the rights of the black man; for, we think it safe to say now, whatever was said at the time, that African slavery was the real cause of the war. That is what it was all about. When the American Colonies were settled African slaves were introduced into the Colonies; the first were landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, by a Dutch trading vessel, in the year A. D. 1620. They were afterwards introduced into other Colonies, and before the American Revolution African slavery existed in most of the North American Colonies. During the Revolution the American slaves aided the American patriots in many ways. Many people believed that the Declaration of American Independence, upon which the American Revolution was fought, when it said "all men are created equal," meant ALL men, black as well as white; but many also believed that it did not apply to slaves, or Indians, or to any but white men. And when the American Revolution was ended, and liberty had been gained, it was construed not to mean liberty to black men, but to white men only. The Southern Colonies did not wish to give up slavery, yet there appeared at that time to be a general sentiment among the people at the North and South that slavery was wrong, and detrimental to the best interests of the newly developing communities; and when Virginia, in the year 1787, ceded to the General Government her title to the Territory out of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan have since been formed, on July 13, 1787, in the last Congress that convened under the Articles of Confederation, the Northwest Ordinance was passed for the government of all the Territory at that time owned by the infant Republic. And by Article VI of that Ordinance it was provided: "That there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." That was the way our revolutionary fathers provided for the government of the Territory belonging to the Union in the first legislative act they passed upon the subject.

But the invention of the Cotton Gin, a machine to separate the cotton seed from the cotton fibre, invented by Eli Whitney in 1792, and afterwards brought into general use, made the cultivation of cotton in the South, by slave labor, profitable; and a the cultivation of rice and sugar cane, by slave labor, becom

profitable at the South, there was built up thereby in the Southern Colonies a sentiment strongly favoring slavery. There were no such reasons for continuing slavery in the Northern Colonies, and it was abolished in New York and Pennsylvania, and the Colony of Massachusetts Bay refused to permit slavery when its State government was established. And in a few years after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in 1789, there were but few slaves in the Northern States, and very few colored people. When the Federal Constitution was adopted, slavery was indirectly recognized in that fundamental law of the new Nation, by its providing, in Section IX of Article I, that "the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress, prior to the year 1808." This was well known to refer to the African slave trade, and it was a concession to the extreme Southern States. It did not apply to the Territories out of which new States might be carved, and afterwards admitted into the Union, but only to the States at that time existing. But in the early days of the Republic the best and most enlightened sentiment of the nation, North and South, tended toward the broadest liberty, and the American Congress, soon after the constitutional prohibition expired, prohibited the African slave trade, by declaring it piracy upon the high seas. For many years afterward, in the South, slavery continued to grow more and more profitable; in the North it died out entirely, and a strong sentiment inimical to slavery rapidly grew up. In 1820, when Missouri was erected into a State, with slavery, it created great excitement and profound discussion in Congress and throughout the Nation; but slavery already existed in Missouri by a clause in the treaty ceding the Louisiana Territory, out of which the State of Missouri was formed, to the United States, and at the instance of Jesse B. Thomas, United States Senator from Illinois, slavery was allowed in that State, but prohibited in all the Western Territorial possessions of the United States in the future, North of 36° 30', that being the Southern line of the State of Missouri. That is known in history as the Clay Compromise, or Missouri Compromise of 1820. Some statesmen thought that it was the final settlement of all difficulty on the slavery question; but compromises seldom settle anything, and the Missouri Compromise of 1820 did not settle the slavery question; it only postponed the day of settlement. The people of the South did not any the less desire to extend the area of slavery; the people of the North did

not look with any less aversion upon the institution of slavery itself. The South saw the North prosperous, rapidly advancing in wealth and population, and new States preparing for admission into the Union, in which slavery would not be permitted. And the South saw its own section languishing in enterprise, and no new States continually coming into the Union at the South, to enable that section to hold the same relative political power in the Union; and political power was passing rapidly into the possession of the more populous, more enterprising free States of the North. Slaves escaping from the plantations in the South were aided by Northern citizens, fed and clothed, and secretly and illegally forwarded on their journey to freedom, in Canada. Free men of color from the North were reduced to slavery in some portions of the South. Freedom of speech was denied in a great portion of the South, and any one who there asserted that slavery was wrong was at the mercy of the mob, and always of a mob that had no mercy. Slaveholding was denounced in the North in a portion of the public press, and from the pulpit and the stump. In 1850 there was great excitement again in Congress; the ghost of slavery, although compromised out of sight in 1820, would not stay down. The South demanded, with bitterness and threats of war and disunion, additional safe-guards against the escape of their slaves; and the North, or many people at the North, did not like to become slave-hunters for Southern slave masters. But the South, being united, succeeded in dividing the North, and carrying with its section a portion of the Democratic party of the North, passed the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, so harsh in its terms as to meet the bitter denunciation of many of the wisest and best men at the North. Many men refused to obey the law, and were sustained in such refusal by the Supreme Courts of many of the Northern States. In 1854 Kansas and Nebraska were organized into Territories, and the bill for that purpose, introduced into the Senate by Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, in express terms trampled down the compromise adopted at the instance of Jesse B. Thomas, Senator from Illinois, in 1820. The excitement was intense, and the slavery question was almost the only question publicly discussed in the press and on the stump, both at the North and South. The South was united and the North divided. Most of the Democratic party at the North, following the lead of Senator Douglas, joined with the united South, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed, on July 13, 1854, providing that Kansas and Nebraska, notwithstanding the Com-

promise of 1820, dedicating that Territory to freedom, might come into the Union as States, "with or without slavery," as the people might determine at the time of their admission into the Union. Then came a race as to who should settle up those Territories, Southern people favoring slavery, or Northern people favoring freedom. The Southern planter went with his slaves, his prejudice against education, his pistol and his bowieknife. The Northern people sent out colonies of settlers with bibles and Sharpe's rifles, and the Northern settlers in Kansas built school houses and churches, and roads, and mills; read their bibles as their Pilgrim Fathers had done before them, and defended their settlements with their rifles. They were raided upon and many times temporarily overpowered by the bands of slaveholders from Missouri and Arkansas, but the Northern settlers in Kansas went to stay, and they did stay. In the long run intelligence and free labor always triumph over prejudice and slavery. They triumphed in Kansas and Nebraska.

But, while the contest was being fought out in Kansas and Nebraska—Yankee intelligence and freedom against Southern prejudice and slavery—many other interesting phases of the contest were developing. One of the most interesting, and one that ultimately assumed the most prominent part in the solution of the slavery question in the United States, was a law case that arose in the State of Missouri; an action of trespass *vi et armis*, by Dred Scott, a negro, against one Sanford, who claimed to be his master, to try the question of Dred Scott's freedom, and the freedom of his wife and children; which case found its way into the Supreme Court of the United States. The facts in the case were as follows: Dred Scott, the negro, was taken by his master, voluntarily on the part of his master, in the year 1834, to Rock Island, in the free State of Illinois, and for two years held in Rock Island as a slave, forty-seven years after the adoption of the North-West Ordinance of 1787, which threw its protecting shield of freedom over all the Territory from which the State of Illinois was formed, and sixteen years after the Free State Constitution of Illinois was adopted. The negro was then taken by his master to the military post of Ft. Snelling, in Minnesota, and there held as a slave two years longer. During the time he was held as a slave in Minnesota, Dred Scott was married, and had two children born unto him. The case was argued in the Supreme Court of the United States, at December Term, A. D. 1855; but it was not decided at that term. The Presidential cam-

paign of 1856 was approaching. The Democrats nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, for President; the Republicans nominated John Charles Fremont, who was the first Republican candidate for the Presidency. The canvass was exceedingly earnest, and the points upon which it turned were the extension of slavery and the breaking down of the Missouri Compromise of 1820. The supporters of Fremont were called "black Republicans," and "negro worshippers," and great prejudice seemed to exist against them. They were not successful in that Presidential campaign, and James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, was elected President of the United States. The Senate and Lower House of Congress were overwhelmingly Democratic. The South had apparently triumphed; they controlled two of the three important branches of the Government under the Constitution of the United States—the Executive and the Legislative—and they were sure of the other branch—the Judicial. Surely, if now, having the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government with them, they could "clinch" the repeal of the Missouri Compromise with a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, then abolition hate, and Yankee ingenuity and pluck, could not prevail against them. The decision came immediately after the election. The Dred Scott case was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, at the December Term, 1856. In that case, it was decided to be the law of the land, so far as the Supreme Court of the United States could decide it to be law: First, that negroes had no rights which white men were bound to respect, and consequently that no person who had African blood in his veins could be a citizen of the United States, even to the extent of being able to sue in its courts for his liberty or the liberty of his child. Second, that the right of property in human beings was distinctly affirmed in the Constitution of the United States. Third, that slavery could not be prohibited in the Territories by any authority whatever, or anywhere else where the Constitution of the United States was the paramount law. Fourth, that Dred Scott was lawfully held as a slave, both at Rock Island, in the free State of Illinois, and at Ft. Snelling, in Minnesota, and that it would have made no difference had he been taken there with the intention of a permanent residence.

It was supposed by many that this decision, by the most august judicial tribunal in the world, would settle the slavery question forever. The fact was that it unsettled it more than the

passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, or the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. The court went too far. It was easy to be seen that, if that decision was to be followed out to its logical extent, there was no such thing as freedom anywhere in the United States for the black man; not in the Territories, nor yet in the States, for the Constitution of the United States was recognized as the paramount law in all the States and Territories. The Northern people, the anti-slavery people of the United States, denied the binding authority of that decision. They pronounced it monstrous, but they never dreamed of going into a rebellion over it. In the press, and in the pulpit, and on the stump, it was denounced. Greater political excitement prevailed than was ever known before. More colonies of settlers, and more bibles, and more rifles were sent by Massachusetts to Kansas. In 1858, in Illinois, the most remarkable political debate that had ever occurred in the history of the United States took place. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the author of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and Abraham Lincoln, Esq., of Springfield, Illinois, met in joint public debate, and the turning points of the whole series of debates were the questions of the extension of slavery, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case. Senator Douglas, as the champion of the Democratic party, affirmed the wisdom of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the binding force of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case; and Mr. Lincoln, as the champion of the Republican party, deplored both, and contended for a return to the tendencies in favor of freedom, which prevailed in the infancy of the Republic. It was the contest of intellectual giants. But Illinois went Democratic, and Senator Douglas and the Democratic party had the immediate victory. So confident was the South, in complete victory, with every department of the Government sustaining slavery, that the African slave trade was actually revived, and a ship load of African slaves imported into Georgia, by G. B. Lamar, of Savannah.

In 1860 came on another Presidential campaign. Four candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States were presented for the suffrages of the people. The contest was one of the most exciting that had ever occurred. The Democratic party was divided; one wing of that party supported Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, for President, and Herschel V.

Johnson, of Georgia, for Vice-President; the other wing of the Democratic party supported John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for President, and Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-President. The old-line Whigs supported John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. The Republican party supported Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hanibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President. Under the Constitution of the United States the vote is not direct for President and Vice-President; but in each State the voters vote for "Presidential Electors," as many as the State has Senators and Representatives in Congress. After the election, these Presidential Electors form an Electoral College, and a majority of votes in the Electoral College elects the President and Vice-President. The result of the Presidential election in 1860 was that, in the Electoral College, Lincoln and Hamlin had one hundred and eighty electoral votes; Douglas and Johnson had twelve electoral votes; Breckenridge and Lane had seventy-two electoral votes; Bell and Everett had thirty-nine electoral votes; that is, Lincoln and Hamlin had a majority of fifty-seven electoral votes, in the Electoral College, over all opposing candidates. Curious students of history may wish to examine the popular vote, which was as follows: Lincoln and Hamlin received 1,857,610; Douglas and Johnson, 1,365,976; Breckenridge and Lane, 847,553; Bell and Everett, 590,631. The election of Lincoln and Hamlin was the first great victory of the Republican party, and the anti-slavery sentiment of the Nation. And never was there a fairer election held, except that the supporters of Lincoln and Hamlin were mobbed in many, if not all, of the Slave States. Had the Democrats not quarrelled, and voted solidly, they must have succeeded. It seemed that the Southern Democrats deliberately resolved to quarrel, divide the Democratic vote, and thereby help to elect Lincoln and Hamlin, and for no other reason than that they might organize the Rebellion; and in support of this view it may be mentioned that, at Charleston, South Carolina, the hot-bed of secession, on November 7th, 1860, the very day following the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, the news of their election was received with cheers by the Secessionists of that rebel city, and with shouts for a "Southern Confederacy;" and on the ninth of November, 1860, only two days after the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, attempted to seize the United States arms in Fort Moultrie, one of the United States forts in Charleston Harbor.

Indeed, it became plain that the original Secessionists at the South had deliberately planned treason, and deliberately determined to put into execution their oft-repeated threats of disunion. Warlike preparations quickly followed each other in the South. On the tenth of November, 1860, a bill was introduced in the South Carolina Legislature, to raise and equip ten thousand men; and the Legislature of that State ordered the election of a Convention, to consider the question of Secession, and James Chestnut, one of the United States Senators from South Carolina, resigned; which was followed on the eleventh by the resignation of United States Senator Hammond, of that State. On the fifteenth of November, Governor Letcher, of Virginia, called an extra session of the Virginia Legislature. On the eighteenth of November, the Legislature of Georgia appropriated one million dollars to arm that State. On the nineteenth, Governor Moore, of Louisiana, called an extra session of the Legislature. On the first of December, a great Secession meeting was held at Memphis, in the State of Tennessee; and on the same day, the Legislature of Florida ordered the election of a Secession Convention. On the third day of December, the United States Congress assembled; and President James Buchanan, a Northern dough-faced Democrat, who sympathized with treason, denied, in his message to Congress, the right of the United States to coerce a seceding State. On the fifth of December, the delegates to the Secession Convention in South Carolina were elected. On the tenth, Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, resigned, and went home to Georgia, to engage in Secession; and on the same day, the Legislature of Louisiana assembled, and appropriated five hundred thousand dollars to arm that State, and called a Secession Convention. On the thirteenth of December, a special meeting of President Buchanan's Cabinet was held, to consider the question of reinforcing Fort Moultrie; and President Buchanan opposed it, and no reinforcements were sent. On the seventeenth, the Secession Convention of South Carolina assembled, and on the twentieth, passed the Ordinance of Secession by a unanimous vote; and President Buchanan sent a message to the South Carolina Secession Convention, pledging that Fort Moultrie should not be reinforced. On the twenty-sixth, Major Anderson, with one hundred and eleven men, evacuated Fort Moultrie, and took possession of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. On the twenty-seventh, the Revenue Cutter, William Aiken, was treach-

erously surrendered to the South Carolina authorities by Captain M. S. Coste; and on the twenty-eighth, South Carolina seized the United States property in the city of Charleston, and took possession of Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie; and on the thirty-first of December, South Carolina sent Commissioners to other Slave States, to stir up Secession. So the year 1860 went out. And the North stood still and quiet; amazed, but not frightened.

And the new year, 1861, came in with the same methodical preparations for war, on the part of the South. On the second day of January, Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, seized Fort Macon; and on the same day, the Secession militia of Georgia seized Fort Pulaski, and Fort Jackson, and the United States Arsenal at Savannah, Georgia. On the fourth of January, Governor Moore, of Alabama, seized Fort Morgan and the United States Arsenal at Mobile. And the people of the North observed that day as a day of fasting and prayer. On the seventh, the Secession Conventions of Alabama and Mississippi convened, and the Legislatures of Virginia and Tennessee assembled. On the eighth, Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, resigned and joined the Rebellion; and on the same day, the Secessionists of North Carolina seized Fort Johnson, at Wilmington, and Fort Caswell, at Oak Island. On the ninth of January, the steamer, *Star of the West*, bearing provisions to the United States garrison in Fort Sumter, was fired upon by the Rebel batteries in Charleston Harbor, and the steamer turned back; and on the same day, Mississippi passed the Secession Ordinance. On the tenth, the Florida militia seized Fort McRea, and Florida passed an Ordinance of Secession. On the eleventh, Alabama seceded; and on the same day, the Governor of Louisiana seized Fort St. Phillip and Fort Jackson, on the Mississippi below New Orleans, and Fort Pike and Fort Macomb, on Lake Ponchartrain, and the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge. On the thirteenth, the Secessionists of Florida took possession of the Pensacola Navy Yard and Fort Barnacas. On the sixteenth, Arkansas and Missouri called Secession Conventions. On the eighteenth, Virginia voted one million dollars for the Rebellion. On the nineteenth, Georgia adopted a Secession Ordinance. On the twenty-first, Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi, resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and joined the Conspirators; and all the Members of Congress from Alabama resigned and went home to engage in Secession, followed

on the next day by all the Members of Congress from Georgia; and on the following day, the Georgia militia seized the United States Arsenal at Augusta. On the twenty-sixth, Louisiana passed a Secession Ordinance. On the thirtieth, the United States Revenue Cutters, Cass at Mobile, and McLelland at New Orleans, were traitorously surrendered to the Rebel insurgents by their contemptible Commanders. This is the record of Secession preparation in the month of January, 1861, and it is by no means complete; we have aimed only to give the most prominent events. The month of February was as fruitful of Secession. On the first of February, the State of Texas seceded, and the Louisiana Secessionists seized the United States Mint and Custom House at New Orleans. On the fourth, the delegates from the Southern States met at Montgomery, Alabama, to organize the "Confederate States of America." On the eighth, the United States Arsenal at Little Rock, Arkansas, was seized. On the ninth, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, were declared the Provisional President and Vice-President of the so-called Southern Confederacy. And on the twenty-third, General Twiggs, a traitorous West Point hantling of the Republic, surrendered and turned traitor in Texas, taking with him over one million two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property of the United States.

And now we turn to the North. What was the North doing all this time, in the face of all this warlike preparation and concerted treason, on the part of the South? The truthful answer is, nothing, absolutely nothing. President James Buchanan did nothing; and the Northern people waited for the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, as President of the United States. The Northern people were exceedingly quiet; but they were very solemnly in earnest, in their determination to maintain the integrity of the United States Government. When Abraham Lincoln left his home in Springfield, Illinois, to go to Washington, to be inaugurated as President, on taking leave of his fellow citizens at the depot, he said: "My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him. In the same Almighty Being

I place my reliance for support; and I hope that my friends will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." On his journey to Washington, the Secessionists attempted his assassination. At one time an attempt was made to throw the railroad train off from the track. At Cincinnati a hand-grenade was found concealed on the train. A gang in Baltimore had arranged, upon his arrival, to "get up a row," and, in the confusion, to make sure of his death with revolvers and hand-grenades. The plot was discovered by a detective; and a secret, special train was provided to take him from Harrisburg, through Baltimore, at an unexpected hour of the night. The train started at half-past ten from Harrisburg; and as soon as the train had started, the telegraph wire was cut. His safe arrival in Washington, the next morning, was telegraphed over the North. Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as President of the United States, on the steps of the Capitol, March fourth, 1861, General Winfield Scott having charge of the military escort. General Scott, in his autobiography, says: "The inauguration of President Lincoln was, perhaps, the most critical and hazardous with which I have ever been connected. In the preceding two months I had received more than fifty letters, many from points distant from each other; some earnestly dissuading me from being present at the event, and others distinctly threatening assassination, if I dared to protect the ceremony by military force." Without General Scott's military force, it is confidently believed that the diabolism of treason would have accomplished the death of Abraham Lincoln before his inauguration as President. In his Inaugural Address, he spoke calmly and kindly to the South. We quote only a few sentences:

"Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that, by the accession of a Republican Administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There never has been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed, and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all of the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches, when I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists.

"A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that, in the contemplation

of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert, that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever; it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

"I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this, which I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.

"I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection.

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

These words of President Lincoln, so calmly and kindly spoken, had no effect upon the people of the South; they had deliberately entered into Secession, and they steadily pursued their chosen course. They continued to seize the Forts, and Mints, and Custom Houses of the United States, and to organize, equip, and drill their soldiery. On the eleventh of April, Federal troops were stationed in Washinton city; and on the twelfth, the Rebels commenced the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and that

Fort was surrendered to them, by Major Anderson, on the day following. On the fourteenth, Governor Yates called a special session of the Illinois Legislature. On the fifteenth of April, the President issued a proclamation commanding all persons in arms against the Government to disperse within twenty days, and called an extra session of Congress, to meet July fourth, and called for seventy-five thousand Volunteers for three months. The Governors of Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri, refused to furnish troops under the President's proclamation, claiming that their States would remain "neutral" in the contest; but the call was more than filled within twenty-four hours. On the nineteenth of April, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was attacked by a mob while passing through Baltimore to Washington. On the twenty-fourth, Cairo, Illinois, was occupied by Union troops; and on the twenty-fifth, Illinois Volunteers removed twenty-two thousand stand of arms from the United States Arsenal in St. Louis, to Springfield, Illinois. On the twenty-seventh, all the officers of the Regular Army who still remained in the service, were required to take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States. On the third of May, President Lincoln called for forty thousand three years Volunteers, and twenty-two thousand troops for the Regular Army, and eighteen thousand seamen. The call was quickly filled. On May twenty-fourth, thirteen thousand Union troops crossed the Potomac, and occupied Arlington Heights. On the first of June, there was a cavalry skirmish at Fairfax Court House, Virginia. On the third, Colonel Kelly defeated the Rebels in a skirmish at Philippi, Virginia, killing fifteen. On the tenth, was fought the battle of Big Bethel; and on the eleventh, a skirmish at Romney; and on the same day, a skirmish occurred at Cole Camp, Mo. On the seventh of July, General Patterson defeated the Confederates at Falling Water, Virginia. On the fifth, Siegel was defeated at Carthage, Missouri. On the twelfth, Colonel W. S. Rosecrans defeated the Confederates at Rich Mountain, Virginia, the enemy losing one hundred and fifteen killed and wounded, eight hundred prisoners, and their wagons, guns, and camp equipage. On the twenty-first of July, occurred the battle of Bull Run. The Union forces, forty-five thousand strong, under the command of General McDowell, were defeated, losing four hundred and eighty-one killed, one hundred and four wounded, and one thousand two hundred and sixteen missing. General Beauregard reported the Confederate loss at two hundred and

sixty-nine killed, and one thousand four hundred and eighty-three wounded. The Union troops disgracefully retreated upon Washington, and the Confederates disgracefully retreated toward Richmond. On the tenth of August, General Lyon, with five thousand troops, attacked General McCulloch, at Wilson's Creek, Missouri. General Lyon was killed, and Colonel Siegel and Major Sturgis retreated to Springfield, but McCulloch did not follow. The Rebel loss, as reported by McCulloch, was two hundred and sixty-five killed, and eight hundred wounded; Federal loss two hundred and three killed, and one thousand and twelve wounded and missing. On the tenth of September, occurred the battle of Carnifex Ferry, the Federals being successful under Brigadier General Rosecrans. On the twenty-first of October, was fought the battle of Ball's Bluff, in which General Baker, of the Union Army, and United States Senator from Oregon, was killed. The Union troops were defeated, with a loss of two hundred and twenty-three killed, three hundred and sixty-six wounded, and three hundred and fifty-five prisoners. On November seventh, General Grant, with two thousand eight hundred troops, attacked Belmont, Missouri, and drove the enemy from his camp; who, being reinforced, renewed the battle, and General Grant retreated. Union loss, eighty-four killed, two hundred and eighty-eight wounded, and thirty-five missing. On January nineteenth, 1862, was fought the battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, in which the Rebels were defeated, and the Rebel General Zollicoffer killed. On February eighth, General Burnside captured from the Rebels the six forts on Roanoke Island, with three thousand small arms, and two thousand five hundred Rebel prisoners. On the sixteenth, Fort Donelson surrendered to General Grant, with fifteen thousand prisoners, forty cannon, and twenty thousand stand of small arms. The Union loss was three hundred and twenty-one killed, one thousand and forty-six wounded, and one hundred and fifty missing. On March eighth, General Curtis was attacked by Van Dorn, Price, and McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, Missouri. General Curtis defeated the Rebels. The Union loss was two hundred and twelve killed, and nine hundred and twenty-six wounded. On April sixth, the Rebels, under General Albert Sidney Johnson and General Beuregard, attacked General Grant at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, and were defeated on the next day by General Grant. General Johnson was killed. The Union loss was one thousand six hundred and fourteen killed, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-one wounded, and three

thousand nine hundred and fifty-six missing, and the Rebel loss fully as great. On the eighth of April, Island No. 10, in the Mississippi below Cairo, was captured by General John Pope, with five thousand Rebel prisoners, one hundred siege guns, twenty-four pieces of field artillery, five thousand stand of small arms, two thousand hogsheads of sugar, and large quantities of ammunition. On the twenty-fifth of April, Commodore Farragut captured New Orleans. On June first, the Rebels were defeated at Fair Oaks, and withdrew. The Union loss was eight hundred and ninety killed, and four thousand eight hundred and forty-four wounded. On June thirtieth, 1862, General McClellan retreated from Richmond, after several days' very severe fighting and terrible loss. On July first, was fought the battle of Malvern Hill, the last of the Richmond battles. In the six days' fighting before Richmond, the Union loss was one thousand five hundred and sixty-one killed, seven thousand seven hundred and one wounded, and five thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight missing. On this day, July 1, 1862, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand additional Volunteers; and it was under this call that the Ninety-Second enlisted. We have only faintly touched upon the terrible struggle which had been going on with treason since President Lincoln's inauguration. Immense armies were in the field; and while the Union forces were many times successful, their ranks were sadly thinned by battles and disease. Some one must take up the muskets our dead and wounded soldiers could no longer handle, and continue the battle for the Union and Liberty so heroically commenced; and the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers was a part of the grand Army of three hundred thousand that marched to the war under the President's call of July 1, 1862. And this is the way we have told the story of what it was all about, and how it happened that the Ninety-Second went to the War.

CHAPTER II.

RECRUITING—REGIMENTAL ORGANIZATION—THE FIRST DRESS PARADE—CAMP LIFE AT ROCKFORD—REGIMENTAL DRILL IN PRESENCE OF THE LADIES—THE FIRST MARCH—THE FIRST MAN WOUNDED—CAMP AT COVINGTON, KY.—ORDERS TO MARCH—COMPANY A BUYS MUTTON FOR THE HOSPITAL—CAMPING IN A SNOW-STORM—LEXINGTON—MT. STERLING—THE DIFFICULTIES ON THE NEGRO QUESTION—KENTUCKY METHODISTS—MARCHING AWAY FROM MT. STERLING—WINCHESTER—SUITS AGAINST THE COLONEL FOR STEALING NEGROES—LEXINGTON—NICHOLASVILLE—MARCHING AFTER JOHN MORGAN—A SLAVE AUCTION—TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE—OFF FOR LOUISVILLE—EMBARKING ON STEAMERS—"GOOD BYE, LOYAL KENTUCKY."

That was a gloomy period in the history of the war, when President Lincoln issued his call for "three hundred thousand more," on July first, 1862. McClellan had been hurled back, with terrible loss, from the very battlements of Richmond. Soldiers on crutches and soldiers with an "empty sleeve" were becoming familiar sights in the North. The rough pine boxes at the express offices were often seen; they contained the remains of the "boys in blue" who had fallen on the battle-field, in the camp, or the hospital, brought home for burial, that loving eyes might bedew their graves with tears, and loving hands bedeck them with flowers. The North was commencing to realize how terribly in earnest the battle was. To many it appeared that the country could not spare any more of its young men. In Northern Illinois the golden grain fields were bowing their heavily laden heads, and inviting the commencement of the harvest, and the laborers were few. The quota of Illinois was large, and it required time to get the machinery of recruiting and organization into working order. At length, on the fourth of August, the good President "put his foot down firmly," and directed a draft of three hundred thousand in addition to the call of the

first of July. Then the people, with an impulse that was grand, took hold of the work in earnest. In every school house in the three counties from which the Ninety-Second was recruited, meetings were held; the fife sent out its shrill notes, and the drum its roll, and the old flag was displayed; the harvest hands gathered to the meetings after their days of toil. Patriotic songs were sung: "We will rally around the Flag, boys, rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Freedom," and patriotism took up the refrain, and answered it, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more." Gray haired fathers, who had already sent one or more sons to the battle, attended the meetings, and saw their remaining sons enlist. Many who went only to hear the speeches and songs, were touched with the prevailing spirit of patriotism, and signed their names to the muster rolls. Eloquent speakers, many of whom did not say "Go, boys," but said, "Come, boys," told the story of the Nation's peril. Many who had seen the battle's terrible carnage, and were not dismayed, were ready to go again to the front, and eloquently plead with the people to "fill the vacant ranks of their brothers gone before." The sacred fires of Liberty were kindled in these meetings, and the people lifted up to the high resolve of demonstrating to the world the strength of Republican government, that a free people, of their own free will, with courage sublime, would not halt in the battle for the Nation's existence, but march forward, filling the battle-broken ranks of the army corps in the field. It was a greater task than any nation had before accomplished; not to beat off the assaults of a foreign foe, but the far more difficult one of "saving ourselves from ourselves." It was in these meetings that "party was sunk in patriotism;" and those who had been fighting political battles clasped their hands in friendship, and signed together the agreement to enlist, and together to march and fight. No one who witnessed the recruiting in the summer of 1862, in Northern Illinois, will ever forget it; the people rallying from their harvest-fields, leaving the ripened grain ungathered, to fill the ranks of the new regiments. It was grand, beyond all power of ours to tell. The true story of the enlistment of the ten companies of the Ninety-Second would require more space than this whole book. It never will be told in print. Grandsires will tell to their grandchildren the story of that great uprising of the people, when the fires of Liberty were lighted in the hour of the Nation's need; and they in turn will tell it to their grandchildren; and its effect will not be lost in the Re-

public for generations to come. It was at first thought that one regiment might be raised in the counties of Stephenson, Ogle, Carroll, Jo Daviess, Winnebago, Boone, McHenry, and Lake. But it was found that four regiments and three companies were ready to muster, when finally put into camp at Rockford. Major Smith D. Atkins, of the Eleventh Illinois Infantry, by the direction of Governor Yates, had charge of the enlistment of companies in Stephenson, Jo Daviess, Ogle, and Carroll counties. By his direction, Captain Stouffer, of one of the Mt. Carroll companies, afterwards of the Ninety-Second, went into camp with his company at Rockford, on July twenty-second, 1862, and was joined by the other companies, afterwards organized into the Regiment within a few days thereafter. By the twenty-sixth of August, forty-three companies were encamped at Rockford. Barracks were built of pine boards; but it was not till long afterwards that the soldiers learned to appreciate how comfortably they were situated. The companies, by ballot, selected their Captains and Lieutenants; and the officers and men of the companies selected the regimental officers. For days there was little drilling. The making up of regiments, and who should be Colonel, and who Lieutenant Colonel, and who Major, were the important questions discussed. The following ten companies unanimously resolved themselves into a regimental organization: Captain William J. Ballinger, Lena, Stephenson County; Captain Wilber W. Dennis, Byron, Ogle County; Captain William Stouffer, Mt. Carroll, Carroll County; Captain Lyman Preston, Polo, Ogle County; Captain Matthew Van Buskirk, Polo, Ogle County; Captain Christopher T. Dunham, Freeport, Stephenson County; Captain John M. Schermerhorn, Lena, Stephenson County; Captain James Brice, Rochelle, Ogle County; Captain Egbert T. E. Becker, Mt. Carroll, Carroll County; Captain Albert Woodcock, Oregon, Ogle County. And, with the same remarkable unanimity, every commissioned officer and soldier in the ten companies petitioned Governor Yates to be mustered in a regiment together, under Major Smith D. Atkins, of Freeport, Stephenson County, as Colonel. Their unanimous request was granted. And with the same unanimity, Benjamin F. Sheets, of Oregon, Ogle County, was chosen Lieutenant Colonel; and John H. Bohn, of Mt. Carroll, Carroll County, was chosen Major. On September fourth, 1862, under the direction of Hon. A. C. Fuller, Adjutant General of Illinois, the Ninety-Second was mustered into the United States service "for three years, or

during the war," by Lieutenant Long, U. S. A. As soon as mustered, Adjutant General Fuller made a speech to the Regiment, thanking the men for their patriotism, and telling them how much Illinois expected from them. The unanimity which had prevailed in the organization of the Regiment was continued. Isar C. Lawver, of West Point Township, Stephenson County, who had received a military education at the Military School at Nashville, Tennessee, and had refused to join the Rebellion, when that school broke up at the commencement of the war, and who had been drilling the companies at Rockford, upon the unanimous petition of all the line officers, was appointed Adjutant of the Regiment. George W. Marshall, of Mt. Morris, Ogle County, First Sergeant of Company K, was promoted to Regimental Quarter-master. Clinton Helm, M. D., of Byron, Ogle County, was appointed Regimental Surgeon; Thomas Winston, M. D., of Mt. Morris, Ogle County, First Assistant Surgeon; Dr. Nathan Stephenson, of Fair Haven, Carroll County, Corporal of Company I, was promoted to Second Assistant Army Surgeon of the Regiment; Rev. O. D. W. White, of Mt. Carroll, Carroll County, was appointed Chaplain; Lieutenant Orville T. Andrews, of Rockford, Winnebago County, who had lost a leg in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, was appointed Sutler. The line officers met, and drew lots for the letter of the company in the Regiment, by which the company was to be afterwards known. Little, square slips of paper, with the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, were written and put into a hat; and each Captain drew out a slip, and the letter on the slip became the letter of his company. Captain W. J. Ballinger, of Lena, drew letter A. His company was enlisted in Stephenson County, and principally in the townships of Winslow, West Point, and Kent. Harvey M. Timms, of Loran, was First Lieutenant, and William Cox, of Winslow, Second Lieutenant. On the day of muster, the company numbered ninety all told. Captain Albert Woodcock, of Oregon, Ogle County, drew letter K. His company was enlisted from all parts of Ogle County. Horace J. Smith, of Oregon, was First Lieutenant, and Horace C. Scoville, of Mt. Morris, was Second Lieutenant. There were ninety-four rank and file. Captain C. T. Dunham, of Freeport, drew letter F. His company was organized at Freeport, but was made up of men from all parts of Stephenson County. Alfred G. Dunham, of Cherry Valley, was First Lieutenant, and William C. Dove, of Freeport, was Second Lieutenant. The com-

pany numbered ninety-five. Captain Matthew Van Buskirk, of Polo, drew letter E. His company was enlisted in Ogle County, in the vicinity of Polo, Forreston, and Brookville. Joseph L. Spear, of Polo, was First Lieutenant, and Jeremiah Vorhis, of Polo, was Second Lieutenant. The company was ninety-four strong. Captain Wilber W. Dennis, of Byron, drew letter B. His company enlisted in Ogle County, in the vicinity of Byron and Rock Vale. William H. Crowell, of Marion, Ogle County, was First Lieutenant, and Ephraim W. Bauder, of Leaf River, Second Lieutenant. The company mustered eighty-five. Captain John M. Schermerhorn, of Lena, drew letter G. His company was raised in Stephenson County, principally in the townships of West Point, Kent, and Waddams. John Gishwiller, of Lena, was First Lieutenant, and Justin N. Parker, of Lena, Second Lieutenant. The company had ninety-five rank and file. Captain Lyman Preston, of Polo, Ogle County, drew letter D. His company was enlisted in Ogle County, in the vicinity of Polo and Pine Creek. George R. Skinner, of Polo, was First Lieutenant, and Oscar F. Sammis, of Polo, Second Lieutenant. The company had ninety-four officers and men. Captain Egbert T. E. Becker, of Mt. Carroll, drew letter I. His company was enlisted in Carroll County, Mt. Carroll, Lanark, Cherry Grove, and Wysox being well represented. David B. Colehour, of Mt. Carroll, was First Lieutenant, and Alexander M. York, of Lanark, was Second Lieutenant. The company was ninety-six strong, aside from the Captain, who was the strongest man in the company. Captain William Stouffer, of Mt. Carroll, drew letter C. His company was raised in Carroll County, Mt. Carroll, Savanna, and York being well represented. Robert M. A. Hawk, of Lanark, was First Lieutenant, and Norman Lewis, of York, Second Lieutenant. The company mustered ninety-three. Captain James Brice, of Rochelle, Ogle County, drew letter H. His company was enlisted in Ogle County, principally in Rochelle and White Rock. James Dawson, of Rochelle, was First Lieutenant, and Edward Mason, of White Rock, Second Lieutenant. Captain Brice had one hundred and six officers and men in his company, aside from himself; and the Captain was too old to be counted, except for his lofty patriotism, which induced him to enlist when far on the downhill side of life. Company H was the overflowing company of the Ninety-Second. The officers and men of the Regiment had not been subjected to the searching medical examination required by strict justice,—justice to the

men themselves, and justice to the Government, which required not only patriotic hearts, but well developed brawn. Yet, taken together, it was a band of sturdy yeomanry, equal to any for the fatigue of the march or the shock of battle. We feel perfectly safe in saying, that no finer body of men, physically, mentally, and morally, were ever mustered together into a military organization.

On September 5, 1862, the first regimental order was issued by the Colonel, announcing the duties of the day, from reveille in the morning until taps at night; and the roll calls, sick calls, meal calls, commissary calls, quarter-master calls, guard mounts, squad drills, company drills, battalion drill, and dress parade, took up every moment of time from sunrise to sundown. Captains found that they had parted with some of their authority. If they wanted to stroll down into the city, it was necessary to obtain a pass; and, if in the evening, the countersign to return by; and passes for the men had to be approved at the head-quarters of the Regiment. That evening the first regimental dress parade was held. Just at sundown, the Regiment was formed into line by Adjutant Lawver. They were without arms; and the Colonel was received, with great solemnity, by each officer and soldier removing his cap, with military precision, at the word of command. Captain Becker and associates sang The Star Spangled Banner. The Orderly Sergeants reported the strength of their companies. The commissioned officers marched to the front and center, and "maintained an awful line, as they marched up to face the Colonel for the first time at dress parade." They saluted him gravely. Parade was dismissed. The Orderly Sergeants marched their companies to their quarters, and the officers hurried after them. The first day's soldiering was done.

On the sixth, Lieutenant Tibbits, U. S. A., paid each man in the Regiment thirteen dollars, one month's pay. The seventh was Sabbath. Many were permitted to spend the Sabbath at home, with family and friends once more. Many attended church in Rockford, and many in the grove adjoining the camp, on the banks of Rock River, a beautiful spot. The camp was filled with visitors from miles around. On Monday forenoon, the Regimental Quarter-master issued uniforms; and in the afternoon, the first regimental drill was had, still without arms. The next day, all the duties called for by orders were gone through with. Kind friends at home seemed afraid the boys would starve; and wagon loads of cooked provisions, turkeys, chickens, pies,

cakes, puddings, and everything else that loving sister or mother could imagine a soldier would eat, were brought to camp, and resulted in about half the Regiment first learning to "double-quick," in their reluctant endeavors to perform the "Rock River Quickstep." That never was a popular march with the Ninety-Second; but, sooner or later, every officer and soldier learned it to perfection. It was laughable to see them "light out," solitary and alone, when the silent, but painful order came to "march," and to note how slowly and demurely they would creep back to their quarters. On the eleventh, the Colonel left for Springfield, to draw arms and accoutrements; and the next day, Lieutenant Colonel Sheets commanded the Regiment, for the first time on battalion drill. He made a fine appearance on "Old Blucher," whose long body, and long legs, and long neck, and long nose, were proofs that he scented the battle a long way off, and longed for the fray. On the thirteenth, the Colonel returned from Springfield with Enfield Rifles for the Regiment. The fourteenth was Sabbath, and the first regimental inspection was held. There was preaching in the grove, attended by the entire encampment. Dress parade, with a religious song by Captain Becker's glee club, closed the duties of the day. On Monday, the "dress" coats were issued. The little men looked laughable in their dress coats, which fit them like a shirt on a bean pole; but the large men, with their hands dangling wildly, six inches below their coat cuffs, and their coat skirts just below their belts, were the most laughable. By dint of considerable swapping between the big and the little fellows, a nearer approach to a fit was obtained; and the company tailors, by cutting off redundancies for the little ones, and letting out seams for the big ones, finally brought the men into fair uniformity in dress. The Regiment was now in complete uniform; the guns and equipments were new and bright; the men were becoming steady in their drill, and methodical in their movements; the officers acquiring confidence in their ability to command. Company A bought a handsome sword for Captain Ballinger, which was presented with speech-making and replies, and wound up with an oyster supper given by the Captain to his company. On the seventeenth, by special application to Governor Yates, permission was granted to the Colonel to furlough twenty men from each company for forty-eight hours. The men drew lots for the privilege of once more visiting home, and two hundred soldiers were made happy. Many thought their luck was hard, when a comrade with no wife and children would

get the lucky privilege, and they, knowing their wives and babies were lonely at home, would draw blanks. On the twenty-fourth, the furloughed men were back to camp; and the Regiment marched to the Fair Grounds, while the County Fair was in progress, as did the other regiments in camp at Rockford; and the members of the Ninety-Second thought they won the most plaudits for drill and soldierly bearing. On Sunday, the twenty-first, there was the usual inspection of arms, clothing, camps, quarters, kitchens, and company books. Captains were beginning to learn that they were responsible for every article issued to their companies, and must give receipts for and take receipts for everything obtained or issued. There was preaching to the multitude of soldiers and citizens in the grove, dress parade at sundown, and a temperance lecture to the troops in the evening.

On Tuesday, the twenty-third, the papers contained the President's preliminary emancipation proclamation, giving the Rebels one hundred days to return to their allegiance. That it created much discussion in the Regiment, is true. It was a rainy day; the ordinary camp duties were suspended, and little knots were gathered through the camp discussing it. The general verdict was approved. Indeed, many hoped that the war would not end before the hundred days had expired, and the freedom of the black man had become secure. Some of the arguments used by the soldiers were exceedingly apt and logical, as was this: "According to the Southern idea, the black man is property. Well, now, we can confiscate property in war. Nobody complains if we take their mules to draw our wagon trains. If a confiscated mule could take my musket and stop a Rebel bullet in my place, I would not be sorry about it. I guess a nigger, who is property, can be confiscated from the Rebels; and if he will take a musket and help us fight, all the better for the property." The soldiers could see that freedom to the black man meant regiments and brigades of black men, with muskets and bayonets. On the next day, a train load of excursionists, from Winslow, Lena, Freeport, and other places, visited camp, to see their friends in the Regiment. At battalion drill that afternoon, five thousand ladies and gentlemen looked on; and it was an awkward drill, for the officers would bow to their particular friends among the young ladies; and the men would not keep their eyes steadily to the front, touching the ground at fifteen paces; but they, too, would have some recognition for sweethearts, or a sly glance as they passed, just to see if she was looking. The Colo-

nel had so many sweethearts to attract his attention, that he at one time forgot all about the Regiment, and it marched bang up against a high board fence. The next Sabbath, the Ninety-Second escorted the 74th Illinois Volunteers to the depot, that regiment having been ordered to Louisville, Kentucky. On the first of October, knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens were issued. The few old soldiers in the Regiment, with airs of importance, showed those who had never seen one before, how to pack a knapsack. From the first to the sixth, it was beautiful weather; the camp was full of visitors, and the drills were fine displays. On the seventh, twenty-seven dollars advance bounty money was paid each man. On the night of the seventh, some foolish difficulty arose between a portion of the 96th and Ninety-Second men, while in the city; and it required the efforts of the officers of both regiments to prevent it taking the shape of a general scrimmage with muskets. On the eighth, the 96th Illinois Volunteers left Rockford for the South. On the morning of the ninth, the Ninety-Second received its first marching orders. There was no drilling. The camp was full of fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, bidding their soldier-boys "good-bye." It was no ordinary journey on which that thousand men were about entering; it was a march to battle, and, for many, to the grave. No one could tell who would come back again, and who would fall by the way. They were sad good-byes. On the morning of the tenth, in full strength, with blankets rolled and knapsacks packed, the Ninety-Second, with music, and with colors flying, marched down through the streets of Rockford, and embarked on a special train for Chicago, reaching there at 3 P. M.; marched through the streets of Chicago to the Illinois Central Depot, and stacked arms. At 6 P. M., the Regiment took a special train for Cincinnati, and at 10 A. M. next day, was delayed, waiting for the repair of the railroad bridge over the Wabash River, near the battle-ground of Tippecanoe. Some of the soldiers straggled off into the surrounding orchards, for apples; and Dick McCann, of Company D, of Polo, was ferociously attacked by a tame deer, and while making a wild retreat, the deer, with his sharp antlers, helped Dick along. Dick was the first man wounded in the Ninety-Second, and the only one who ever retreated without orders. Owing to various delays, the Regiment did not reach Indianapolis until after dark, and was all night reaching Cincinnati, arriving there at daylight; and marched immediately through the streets of Cincinnati, in

the solemn stillness of the Sabbath morning, crossing the Ohio River on a bridge of floating coal barges, and on through the city of Covington, treading, for the first time, the "sacred soil" of Kentucky, and camped four miles south of the Ohio, in the valley of the Licking. The sullen roar of artillery was heard to the southward; it was the Union advance, pushing along the rear guard of the Rebel column, under Kirby Smith, whose near approach to Cincinnati had frightened some of the Porkopolisites nearly out of their wits. The Regiment held a dress parade at sundown; and then, without tents, for the first time, spread their blankets on the ground, and lay wearily down, with only the star-lit dome of heaven above them.

On Monday, the Regiment drew Bell-Tents, and a six-mule team and wagon for each company. The entire day was spent in breaking in the little three-year old mules, and in pitching tents, and fixing up camp. On the next day, there was a review and inspection of the Regiment, General Baird, Division Commander, being present; and he complimented the Regiment highly for its fine marching and drill. On the fifteenth, the Union regiments that had garrisoned Cumberland Gap, reached Covington, ragged, footsore, and weary. The camping ground was among the most abrupt hills and gullies; and the battalion drills at Covington will long be remembered. No matter how rough the ground, the regimental manœuvres were gone through with all the same; and it was laughable to see the men sometimes helping each other up the abrupt banks, or trying to dress into line on a side-hill so steep they could not stand still in the position of a soldier. At noon, on the eighteenth of October, the Regiment received orders to be ready to march at 4 P. M. It was not to march by cars or steamer, but to strap knapsacks on backs; roll blanket, and tie the ends together, and hang it over the shoulder; put on a belt with a cartridge box and forty rounds of ball cartridges; bayonet scabbard, with bayonet in it; and, with a heavy Enfield Rifle, take the "route step" and trudge along through the country, weary mile after weary mile. The start was always splendid; every man in ranks, colors flying, drum corps playing, arms at a shoulder or right shoulder shift, and left, left, left, always with the tap of the bass drum; but after a while, the drum corps quit playing, the colors were furled, and "route step" was the command. The officers returned swords to scabbards, and the men no longer carried their arms in any particular way, or tried to keep step, but trudged along, like any other weary

foot-man, for miles and miles and miles, through towns, over streams, passing farm, and orchard, and forest, up hill, down hill, on, on, on. The march was to Independence, county-seat of Kenton County, probably thirteen miles from the camp at Covington, through a beautiful country, along a broad, smooth, limestone pike road. Needham, the Drum Major, had marched in the army before, and he tried hard to keep the Regiment from pushing on so fast, but it was useless; the men were fresh and strong, and they pushed ahead, determined to reach camp and have the march over. The men, as they marched along that October afternoon, continually heard the rumble of artillery-firing to the front, the skirmishing of the Union forces with the Rebels under Morgan, whose advance, on its march southward, occupied Lexington that day. The Regiment went into camp after dark, on the County Fair Grounds of Kenton County. It was a much longer march than the Regiment ought to have made; and weary and tired out with their first day's marching of thirteen miles, began late and ended late, many sank upon the ground in an exhausted condition, and went supperless to sleep. It rained during the night,—rained as it only can when thousands of men are laying out in the storm without shelter. Reveille sounded at the first gray of morning; the Regiment was roused from slumber, and many stood cold and shivering. A high board fence inclosed the Fair Grounds; but not a board could be touched for fires to fry the "sow-belly" and make coffee; and many munched their "hard-tack" in the rain, and made no effort to cook. Many who had disdained the coarse army shoes, with broad heels and flat, thick soles, and clung to their neat-fitting French calf-skin boots, learned their error; they could not get their boots on their swollen feet, and, tying them together, they slung them over their shoulders, and marched on the gritty pike in their bare feet. At seven A. M., the Regiment moved out, and down the pike road, and made nineteen miles that day. The Regiment marched at sunrise on the twentieth, and left the pike road to strike Falmouth in the Licking River valley; but after fourteen miles' march, being delayed by the 19th Michigan wagon trains, halted for the night. On the twenty-first, the march was resumed early. Soon after marching, the Colonel observed some men of Company A going into the fields. Their movements were watched. They killed a couple of sheep, and, dressing them, put the mutton into the company wagon of Company A. The Regiment kept on, and reached Falmouth at eleven A. M. The

owner of the sheep killed, professing to be a good Union man, was soon detailing his loss of mutton to the Colonel. The men of Company A were called up; they saw they were caught; and, as the Colonel suggested that it would be a good thing to take up a collection and pay for the sheep, it was quickly done. Then said one of them, "Well, Colonel, I suppose we can have the mutton now?" But the Colonel replied, "No, it is paid for; and this time I will let you off without further punishment. But, boys, just take the mutton up to the hospital, to make broth for the sick." The joke on Company A got out among the other companies of the Regiment; and if any one said, "Ba! ba!" to a Company A man after that, he had to run or fight. The Regiment went into regular camp at Falmouth, and, the next day and the day following, had regular battalion drills.

On the twenty-fourth, the Regiment marched at six A. M. for Lexington, and, after marching sixteen miles over a very hilly country, camped on the banks of the Licking; and, on the next day, marched fourteen miles, being turned out, off from the pike onto a dirt road at four P. M., by command of General Granger, to save a mile's march, and was two hours marching, in mud ankle deep, to make a mile and a half, and camped at dark near Cynthiana, in a snow-storm, with snow five or six inches deep. The Colonel declined to occupy a house near at hand for his head-quarters, but had the snow cleared away, and his tent put up, and a fire built close to the door in front, and then sounded the "officers' call," just to show the officers how snug and comfortable one could make himself, even in a dark night, and in a snow-storm, by a little work. He then sounded the "orderlies' call," and only to show them how easy it was to make themselves comfortable by trying. But it was a sad sight to stroll through the camp and see the men stand shivering in the storm, weary, and apparently helpless. It is only by long experience that soldiers learn how to take care of themselves. Money had been voluntarily subscribed by the officers and men, to purchase instruments for a band; and Collen Bauden left by rail that evening for Cincinnati, to purchase the silver horns for the Ninety-Second band. On the twenty-sixth, the Regiment tramped on through the snow to Paris, and camped at four P. M. On the twenty-seventh, marched early for Lexington, but, after marching five miles, was ordered to halt and go into camp. The twenty-eighth was a beautiful day, and the Regiment marched early, and reached Lexington at three P. M. The march was along the

pike north of Lexington, the most beautiful portion of the blue-grass region of Kentucky. The Regiment passed the plantation of Cassius M. Clay, walled in by stone fences, its oak-studded blue-grass fields filled with blooded Short Horns. The Regiment was joyfully welcomed in Lexington, by the colored people, especially by one little darkey at the head of the Regiment, who sang without ceasing, in a sesawing sort of a way,

“ Wake up, snakes, pelicans, and Sesh'ners!

Don't you hear 'um comin'—

Comin' on de run?

Wake up, I tell yer! Git up, Jefferson!

Bobolishion's comin'—

Bob-o-lish-i-on!”

The Regiment marched through the city in column of platoons, arms at a right shoulder shift, and a thousand voices joined the chorus of “ John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave.” The Regiment passed in sight of the monument of Henry Clay, a beautiful iron column, one hundred and thirty feet high, and camped one and a half miles west of Lexington.

On the twenty-ninth, orders came to march; and on the next day, we were off on the pike to Winchester, and marched twelve miles and camped. Negroes came flocking to the Regiment, and desired to accompany it, but were advised by the Colonel not to do so. During the night, some of the soldiers who had been out foraging approached a picket post, where Lieutenant Scoville, of Company K, was on duty, and were arrested; and not being able to account for their turkeys, chickens, and honey, the Lieutenant ordered them to be retained at the picket post until morning; but during the night, they slipped away from the picket post, taking all their turkeys, chickens, and honey with them, and the army blanket of the Lieutenant in addition. The Lieutenant made no report of their arrest the next morning. On the morning of the thirty-first, marched early, passing through Winchester, and as soon as east of the town, an advance guard was sent out for the first time. The Regiment went into camp in the woods, early in the afternoon. During the month, the Ninety-Second had marched five hundred and fifty miles. All day long, negroes had been flocking to the Ninety-Second, but were uniformly advised to return to their masters.

On Saturday, November first, 1862, the Regiment reached Mt. Sterling, Montgomery County, Kentucky, and went into

camp one mile south of the town. While the Regiment was marching into the grove to encamp, the following communication was handed to the Colonel:

"FAYETTEVILLE CO., KY., Nov. 1st, 1862.

COLONELS COCHRAN AND ATKINS:

Gentlemen: My brother-in-law, Mr. Graves, informs me that one of his servants has left, and may be following your command. Mr. Graves has had a great deal of trouble during the Rebel raid; they have taken sixty odd of his cattle, and one of his best horses. I feel well satisfied that Mr. Graves has not aided the Rebellion; he is a pacifier man, stays at home attending to his farm. You will confer a special favor on me by granting any aid Mr. Graves asks in regaining his servant, which may be compatible with your stations.

Very Respectfully Yours,

HOWARD SHAFFER,
JACOB HOUGHS."

On the back of which was written the following:

"COL. ATKINS, Comd'g 92d Ill. Vol.:

I am satisfied, from the statement of the above gentleman, as well as other evidences I have, that Mr. Graves is a loyal citizen. He informs me that he has a Boy within your lines; if so, have him put outside of the lines.

Yours Truly,

J. C. COCHRAN,
Col. Comd'g Demi-Brigade."

The Colonel was evidently in a brown study; he read the order over again, and then called Major Bohn, and giving him the order, directed him to learn if the "Boy" referred to was in the lines of the Regiment, and if so, to have him put outside, and to endorse his action in writing on the order. The Colonel visited the village, and had an interview with the so-called Union men, and returned to camp in the evening. That evening the Colonel examined the Proclamation of President Lincoln, dated September 22, 1862, and published by the War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, September 24, 1862, in General Orders, War Department, No. 1391, and found that it contained the following:

"Attention is hereby called to the Act of Congress entitled, 'An Act to make an additional Article of War,' approved March 13, 1862, and which Act is in the words and figures following:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional Article of War for the Government of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

"ARTICLE—All officers or persons in the Military or Naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due; and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court-Martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

"SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage."

President Lincoln, in his Proclamation, added, "And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and section above recited."

The Colonel called Major Bohn, and called for the order from Colonel Cochran, and his endorsement; the order was handed to the Colonel, with the following endorsement by Major Bohn:

"HEAD-QUARTERS 92D ILL. VOL.,
CAMP DICK YATES, MT. STERLING, KY.,
November 1st, 1862. }

The within named servant has been taken without the lines by order of S. D. Atkins, Col. 92d Ill. Vol.

JOHN H. BOHN,
Major 92d Reg. Ill. Vol."

The Colonel read the endorsement, by the Major, and called his attention to the Article of War, and the Proclamation of President Lincoln, above quoted, and desired to know what answer he could make why he should not be Court-Martialed and dismissed the service; and assured him that he was astonished that any citizen of Carroll County, Illinois, would engage in the unspeakably low employment of hunting up black men flying from slavery. But the Major was an able lawyer, and quite equal to the occasion. Said he, "In the first place, I was obeying the positive order of my superior officer, Colonel Atkins; and in the second place, I did not return the 'Boy' to 'any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due.' I took

him to the picket post, and told him to make tracks for the north side of the Ohio river." The Major's plea was accepted, and he was not Court-Martialed. But it was unanimously resolved by the Field Officers, that if Colonel Cochran sent any more such orders they should not be obeyed; but that the Proclamation of President Lincoln, and the new Article of War, should be the rule on that question.

The following day was the Sabbath. The camp was regularly laid out, and policed. A Rebel soldier, who was home on a furlough, was brought in. Scouting parties were sent out on all the roads, and permanent picket posts and regimental guards established. The Colonel prepared an order assuming command of the Post of Mt. Sterling and vicinity, and went to the village to have it printed. Before printing it he read it to the "Loyal Kentuckians," who gave their general approval. As soon as done reading the order, he was presented with several written commands from Colonel Cochran, directing him to deliver up fugitive slaves. He referred the citizens to the Proclamation of President Lincoln and the law of Congress enacting the new Article of War, and declined to obey the orders of Colonel Cochran. He was informed, by the citizens, that Colonel Cochran had directed them to report his refusal to him, and was assured that no Kentuckian would countenance a set of "nigger thieves," and that all "Loyal Kentuckians" would withdraw their support from his command. They were evidently pleased at his refusal, regarding it as a test question, and said that if the Colonel was sustained, Kentucky would be a unit for the cause of Jefferson Davis. The Colonel then added the last paragraph to the order, and it was printed as follows:

" HEAD-QUARTERS CAMP DICK YATES, {
MT. STERLING, KY., Nov. 2, 1862. }

" General Orders, No. 1.

" In compliance with General Orders No. 1, issued from the Head-quarters of Demi Brigade, I hereby assume command of the post of Mt. Sterling and vicinity.

" Loyal citizens will be protected as such, and the civil authorities assisted in the enforcement of the laws.

" All loyal citizens and soldiers in Mt. Sterling and vicinity are commanded to give information of the whereabouts of any one who is now, or has been in any capacity in the Confederate service, and to arrest all such parties found in Mt. Sterling or

vicinity, and report them in custody to the commander of the post for further proceedings.

"All loyal citizens are commanded to give information to the commander of the post, of the whereabouts of any citizen who has at any time during hostilities given any aid or comfort to the common enemy.

"Farmers are invited to bring their marketable products to the town and camp for sale, and will be granted protection in so doing.

"Dealers in intoxicating liquors are commanded not to sell, or in any way to dispose of any intoxicating liquor to any soldier. Any one doing so will, for the first offense, have his stock in trade destroyed; and for the second offense, be severely punished and confined.

"Loyal citizens who are the owners of slaves, are respectfully notified to keep them home, as no part of my command will in any way be used for the purpose of returning fugitive slaves. It is not necessary for Illinois soldiers to become slave-hounds to demonstrate their loyalty; their loyalty has been proven upon too many bloody battle-fields to require new proof.

"By command of

SMITH D. ATKINS,

Col. 92d Ill. Vol. Com. Post.

"I C. LAWVER, Adj't."

That order appeared, for a little while, to have settled the fate of the Ninety-Second. There was no Kentuckian loyal enough to stand the last paragraph! The very officious "loyal Kentuckians," who had essayed to control the Colonel in his action, were the most bitter in denouncing him and the Regiment.

An amusing incident occurred the first Sabbath the Regiment was in Mt. Sterling. Captain Woodcock and Lieutenant Horace J. Smith were out walking, when they were hailed by a citizen, and invited to come in and stay to dinner. During the conversation which ensued, Captain Woodcock had informed his host that he belonged to the Methodist Church. When dinner was announced as ready, the Kentuckian, with true Kentucky hospitality, addressed them, saying: "Well, gentlemen, before we dine, let us take a drink of Bourbon whisky; you drink, don't you, Lieutenant? There is no use of asking the Captain, because he told me he was a Methodist, *and the Methodists all drink!*" The Lieutenant declined, and so did Captain Woodcock; but the Kentuckian did not understand how Woodcock could be a mem-

ber of the Methodist Church, and not drink Bourbon whisky before dinner. There was, evidently, considerable difference between Methodism in Kentucky and Methodism in Illinois.

On Monday, the regular duties of the camp were resumed. Many negroes flocked to see the dress parade, and some Kentucky white ladies came to see, and to hear the music and hear the songs by the glee club. On Tuesday, November 4th, 1862, the Regiment held an informal election for Member of Congress from the Third Illinois District, which resulted in an almost unanimous vote for Hon. E. B. Washburne. It was of no importance. Illinois soldiers in the field were disfranchised! Hospitals were arranged in the unoccupied buildings in the village, and under the care of the Regimental Surgeons and Miss Addie Parsons, of Byron, and Miss Fannie Carpenter, of Polo, the two heroic lady nurses, the "Daughters of the Regiment," the sick of the Ninety-Second were comfortably provided for. The Regiment had review, inspection, and dress parade. Many prisoners were being picked up by our scouting parties. On the fifth, Captain Becker, of Company I, with a sufficient guard, went to Lexington, to turn over fifty prisoners that had accumulated in the command. Two more prisoners were brought into camp. At night it rained. At about twelve o'clock at night, the reports of two guns were heard in quick succession. Needham, Drum Major, beat the long roll, and in just three minutes the Regiment was in line of battle. Scouts were sent out in all directions, but no enemy was found. Some said the guns were fired by negroes hunting coons. No one was hurt; but Needham stove in the heads of three drums in beating the long roll, and Major Bohn got into his pantaloons with his pantaloons wrong end up. As soon as it was demonstrated that no enemy was near, the men returned to their slumbers. On the sixth, Benjamin Hetrick, of Company B, was shot and fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun at the guard tent. He died the next day, and his funeral, on the eighth, was attended by the entire Regiment. The ninth was Sabbath, and the customary inspection of arms, clothing, and quarters was held. The weather was beautiful. The preaching by the Chaplain was largely attended. The camp was flooded with upward of five hundred colored people, men and women, old and young, gaudily dressed, and in tatters and rags, and of all colors. A soldier, in his diary, writes: "Some of the slaves are as white as the Yankees. One child was as white as any child, and was really pretty. The

more I see of slavery, the more I hate and despise the accursed thing." There were more orders from Colonel Cochran to deliver up fugitives, but they were not obeyed. At night, if any negroes were in the camp who were not employed as servants by the officers, they were turned out of camp. There were no rations to be issued to them, no tents or clothing for them; and while the Colonel would not issue orders to return them to their masters, he was compelled to keep his camp from being flooded and overwhelmed with them. From day to day, the negro problem was the great difficulty. If a negro was employed by an officer as a servant, and was furnished with a written certificate by the officer to that effect, he was protected. If his master called for him, and was a Rebel, he was quietly informed that his application was useless. If he could establish his loyalty, there was no instance where the officer longer employed the negro; neither the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, nor Major employed any colored servant in Kentucky. The thirty-seven officers of the Regiment were all entitled to servants; and just fifteen employed Kentucky negroes in that capacity, and all of them the former slaves of Rebels, either serving in the Rebel army, or giving aid or comfort to the Rebellion. But it appeared as though the whole State of Kentucky was fated to go wild over those fifteen colored servants.

On the fourteenth of November, the water having given out in the spring near the encampment, the camp was moved three miles north of Mt. Sterling, on the Maysville pike, on the plantation of Colonel Thompson, who was serving "loyal Kentucky" in the Rebel army. Here the Regiment camped by the side of his cattle pond. The frosty nights had somewhat purified the water. The pond was simply a hole scooped out in a field, and the bottom puddled to hold the rain-water that accumulated in it. Thoroughly boiled, and set out over night in the frosty air, it was a very palatable and healthful drink. On the fifteenth, Major Bohn drilled the Regiment for the first time. In the night, orders came to march to Nicholasville, and report to General Baird. On Sabbath morning, November sixteenth, the Regiment marched at six o'clock, down through Mt. Sterling, and out on the Winchester pike. About sixty men of the Regiment were left in the hospitals at Mt. Sterling, under the charge of Dr. Nathan Stephenson, Army Surgeon. Little regret was felt at leaving Mt. Sterling. But, while the people could not forgive the Regiment for its course on the negro question, they were exceed-

ingly hospitable, and many good Union families were there. It can be said, to the great credit of the village, that, after the Regiment had left, the residents were exceedingly kind to the sick of the Ninety-Second left behind. The Regiment marched twelve miles, and camped on the old ground it had occupied the night before reaching Mt. Sterling. A hard rain-storm prevailed during the night. The Regiment again marched at daylight. Many negroes came in from the fields and woods, as the Regiment marched along, and brought wild stories of the gathering of ten thousand armed people at Winchester, where Colonel Cochran was encamped with the 14th Kentucky Infantry, and, with the assistance of the Kentucky "loyal" blue-coated soldiers, were determined to take the colored servants employed by the line officers out of the Regiment by force, and "clean out" the whole Regiment of "nigger thieves." A few miles before reaching Winchester, a Kentucky lady pointed out a colored lad as her "Boy," and demanded of the Colonel his release; and when asked if she was a Union woman, she replied, "No, I am a Rebel. You can keep him now, but you will never take him or any other slave beyond Winchester; and you yourself will be put into jail, unless you are killed." The Regiment all knew that the Colonel did not want to be killed, or go to jail. When the Regiment reached the top of the hill near Winchester, where the men could look down into the town, it was apparent that the stories told by the negroes, although exaggerated, contained much truth. The streets were crowded with hundreds of people, mostly on foot, and many mounted. The windows of the houses, on both sides of the streets, were crowded with soldiers of the 14th Kentucky Infantry. The head of the Regiment marched close to the town and halted, and the Regiment closed up, and at the word of command, dressed into line of battle. Then came the commands, "Order arms. Load at will. Load." Cartridges were handled, and torn, and charged; rammers were drawn, and balls rammed home; and the jingling steel ramrods returned, and gun-caps placed on the nipples. Another command, "Attention, battalion. Order arms. Fix bayonets." The rattling bayonets were placed on the Enfields, and secured. The Colonel then said, "Soldiers of the Ninety-Second, we are threatened with difficulty in passing through this town. I hope there will not be any. Listen to my orders. You will march in silence. No word must be spoken. If you are spoken to, you must not reply. If a gun is fired at you; if a brickbat, or club, or stone be thrown at you,—do not

await orders, but resent it at once with bullet and bayonet. To be attacked by citizens whose homes we are guarding, and by soldiers of Kentucky in the service of the United States, is no ordinary warfare; we cannot meet it in the ordinary way. You must not fire first; but if fired upon, kill every human being in the town, and burn every building." A shout from the Regiment that shook the houses, told that the men understood the orders, and would obey them. All was again silent. A squad of mounted Kentuckians, who had rode up to the head of the Regiment, and listened to the Colonel's orders, scattered through the town, telling the crowd what the Colonel's orders were. The Colonel commanded, "Attention, battalion. Shoulder arms. Right shoulder shift arms. By sections, right wheel. Forward, march." Away the Regiment went. A soldier writes in a letter home, "Lieutenant Hawk had charge of the van-guard, and as he came sweeping around the square, with his fine, soldierly bearing, and fight in his eye, the cowards fell back, putting their pistols under their coats, knowing full well that it was useless to say fight to the Ninety-Second." The Sheriff of the county, on horse-back, rode up by the side of the Colonel, and asked if he might speak to him, and was told that he could. He then served summons upon the Colonel in several suits for stealing niggers. One attempt was made to take a negro servant out from between the sections of Company E, but it was not successful, and no other molestation was experienced in Winchester. Had the Regiment straggled along through Winchester, there would have been trouble; but loaded guns, fixed bayonets, and a silent march, were things not counted upon by the Kentuckians. South-west of the town about a mile, the Regiment was halted at the side of the road on the hill, and the guns were emptied into the woods, the whole Regiment firing at the word of command, the first time, and the last time, that the Regiment together ever heard the command, "Ready, aim, fire." It was said that the camp of the 14th Kentucky was at the foot of the hill, in the direction of the firing; but it was concealed by the woods, and no one in the Ninety-Second knew it. The rattling bullets from the Enfields did no harm, for the camp of the 14th Kentucky was deserted; they were all up at Winchester, where they had been swelling the ovation given by the "loyal Kentuckians" to the Ninety-Second as it marched along. It was a grand thing to have the entire population turn out and give the Regiment a continual ovation; it was not just the kind of an ovation that would have pleased

the Regiment best, but it was better than no ovation. Marched thirteen miles, and went into camp at Pine Grove. The rain had ceased, and the evening was beautiful. Captain Schermerhorn, always ready for sport, had laid a large barn-door on the ground, and was superintending a dancing match between a lot of negroes. The Captain knew how to pat "Juba," and knew just where to put in encouraging remarks, like "Go in, Sambo," and "Lay right down to it, Cæsar;" and the shouts of the boys enjoying the scene soon brought the entire Regiment out, to help the sport along. It was a merry lot of men that formed the ring there, in the moonlight, around the barn-door on the ground, and laughed and shouted at the dancing of the darkies. And when they had wearied of that, or the darkies had wearied, they called on Major Bohn to sing a comic song. The blushing Major complied, and sang what he chose to call the Colonel's favorite, commencing, "Julie am a handsome gal, her heart am young and tender." Then the Colonel, not being able to sing a song, gave a specimen of the "Mexican double-shuffle," while Captain Schermerhorn patted "Juba" and made encouraging remarks to the Colonel. When not on duty the men and officers of the Ninety-Second were always on an exact equality. Picket posts were established, and a line guard put around the Regiment, and in the middle of the night an attack was made upon the picket post between Winchester and the camp. A volley was fired by the picket. A white woman living outside of the picket post, said there was a large body of men there in the night, and after the firing, pressed in a wagon to carry their wounded back toward Winchester. The Regiment marched at daylight, and passed again through Lexington. The streets were crowded with people. In column of sections, the Regiment silently marched through the streets, with colors flying, and drum corps playing. After gaining the hill at the southern extremity of the town, the Major rode up to the head of the Regiment and informed the Colonel that there was trouble in the rear. The Colonel rode rapidly back, and found company A surrounded by a crowd of deputy sheriffs, special policemen, and cadaverous looking Kentuckians, who had attempted to take a negro out from between the sections of that company. The Regiment came to an about face, and marchd back to company A. The Colonel commanded company A to load at will, and the ball cartridges soon went into the guns. The Colonel took out his watch and told the crowd, "I give you just three minutes to clear these streets; if you

remain that long these streets will run with blood." The crowd exhibited commendable anxiety in getting around the street corners in the rear of the Regiment, and out of sight. The march was resumed, and the Regiment went into camp three miles south of Lexington. Very polite attentions were extended to the Colonel. General Quincy A. Gilmore, of the United States Army, commanding a Division at Lexington, sent the Colonel an invitation to dine with him—but concluding it was a ruse to get him into the hands of the sheriff, the Colonel declined, and returned an invitation to the General to ride out to camp and enjoy a little hard-tack and coffee. That it was a ruse was soon demonstrated, for General Gilmore immediately sent a peremptory command for the Colonel to report at his Headquarters in Lexington; but his aid-decamp was informed by the Colonel, that he was already under orders to report to General Baird, his own Division Commander, at Nicholasville, and if General Gilmore really desired to see him he must ride out to the camp of the Ninety-Second. The Governor of Kentucky also extended his polite invitation to the Colonel to dine with him in Lexington, but the Colonel sent word to the Governor to ride out to the camp and dine with him. The next morning the Sheriff of Lexington brought a letter from General Gilmore to the Colonel, written, Gilmore said, at the request of the Judge of the Court, advising the Colonel to give up the negroes the line officers had employed as servants, as, if he did not, he would be subject to very severe penalties for contempt of court. But the Colonel stood by the law of Congress and the Proclamation of President Lincoln. The Colonel ought to have been punished for contempt; for he certainly entertained the liveliest contempt for General Gilmore, and the Governor of Kentucky, and the Judges, and all the balance of the Ketuckians and Regular Army officers, who thought more of the institution of slavery than they did of their country.

On the nineteenth, the Regiment trudged along in the rain nine miles to Nicholasville, and went into camp. On the twentieth, it cleared up, and the camp was permanently established. On the next day, Brigadier General Juda inspected the Regiment, and placed it first for drill, discipline, care of arms, and cleanliness of camp. General Juda was a fussy old gentleman, but a very thorough Inspector General. The Colonel received the following communication from General Baird, commanding the Division:

"HEAD-QUARTERS 3d DIVISION, ARMY OF KENTUCKY, }
NICHOLASVILLE, KY., NOV. 21st, 1862. }

"COL. SMITH D. ATKINS,

Commanding Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers,

"*Colonel*: It having come to the knowledge of the General Commanding, that during the time you were stationed at Mt. Sterling, Ky., and subsequently, while upon the march from thence to this place, grave questions, with regard to the rendition of fugitive slaves, have arisen; and, also, that upon your march, your Regiment was subjected to insult by certain members of the 14th Kentucky Volunteers, combined with citizens and others, he directs that you furnish a full and complete report of all that transpired relative to that subject; and particularly, as to how many negroes may, at that time, have taken refuge in your camp, and the circumstances connected therewith. You will also state, in your report, whether you delivered over any of these persons to their claimants, and if so, under whose orders, and what circumstances.

"I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. H. POLK,

Capt. and A. A. A. G."

On the next day the Colonel replied to the communication of the Commander of the Division as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS 92d ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, }
NICHOLASVILLE, KY., NOV. 22, 1862. }

"CAPT. B. H. POLK, A. A. A. G.,

"*Sir*: In compliance with your communication of yesterday, I have the honor to report:

"That, on the first day of November, inst, Saturday, I arrived, with my Regiment, at Mt. Sterling, Ky. On the road several negroes desired to accompany my Regiment, but I uniformly advised them not to do so.

"I had scarcely arrived in camp, when a man presented an order from Colonel Cochran, of the 14th Ky., commanding me to deliver up a fugitive slave, and, finding that the slave had got into my Regiment on the road, I ordered him put out of the lines, which was done. See exhibit 'A.'

"On Sunday, I issued General Order No. 1, assuming command of the Post of Mt. Sterling and vicinity. Before printing it I read the order to some of the 'loyal' citizens of Mt. Sterling, which order did not, at first, contain the last paragraph, relative

to slaves. While reading it a person sought me out and presented a written order from Colonel Cochran, commanding me to deliver up a slave, and said to me that Colonel Cochran had directed him to report me if I refused. I read the order, and told him that I did not wish to harbor the slave of any loyal man, but that as I understood the law, I had no right to deliver up fugitive slaves by taking them beyond my lines under guard, and that I would not, even under that written order of Colonel Cochran, hunt up any slave and send him beyond my lines, and within the lines of the enemy; that I was in command of Mt. Sterling and vicinity, and that to obey that order I might have to go as far as Abingdon, Va., with the fugitive; but that if he was a 'loyal' man, and his slave was within my lines, that I presumed that no opposition would be made by any one if he took him. The man claiming the fugitive, and the others whom I had before supposed to be 'loyal' men, seemed greatly gratified that I had refused to give up a fugitive slave upon the order of Colonel Cochran, and informed me that the matter could now be settled, making of it a test question; and told me that all the people of Montgomery County, Kentucky, would now be against me. My Regiment was stigmatised as 'nigger thieves' in my hearing, and Illinoisans declared worse enemies of Kentucky than the Rebels. After this exciting conversation, I added the last paragraph to my General Order No. 1.

"At this time I am very certain that there were not six slaves within my Regimental lines.

"I cautioned my men against enticing any slave within my lines, and urged upon them the impolicy of, in any way, interfering with the slaves of loyal masters. My pickets would, however, occasionally bring one in, all of whom claimed to be slaves of Rebels, and seeking protection. On receiving Colonel Granger's General Order No. 15, dated Nov. 4th, I ordered, in compliance with that order, that all persons, not enlisted men, or regularly employed, to be put out of my camp, and one colored person, and only one, was put out, and that included ALL within my Regimental lines at that time.

"Colonel Cochran sent me repeated orders upon this subject, (See Exhibit 'C.') some of which I have preserved, and some of which I have lost, but none of which have I obeyed, except the first one, as above stated.

"I endeavored to adopt a conciliatory course; did not permit

my camp to be filled up with "hangers-on," and none to remain in after nightfall, except officers' servants, furnished with written certificates, as per Army Regulations, and trusted that time would allay the excitement. On Sabbath, the 8th, my camp was filled with negroes, sent in from miles around, to the number of five to eight hundred, in violation of my published order; and the people seemed determined, by threatening my Regiment, and sending their slaves into camp, to raise the question, and force it to a violent issue.

"When people came to my camp and furnished evidence of their loyalty, and any of my line officers had EMPLOYED their slaves, I introduced them to my officers; and in every instance where their loyalty has been undoubted, my officers have refused to longer employ their slaves as servants, and they have been permitted to take them. I uniformly refused to "order" my officers to give them up; and I have as uniformly urged them not to employ slaves of loyal men. In at least ten instances, where the loyalty of the persons has been established to the satisfaction of my officers, they have refused longer to employ the slaves, and their masters have been permitted to take them away quietly without opposition.

"Two days before I was relieved of the command of the post at Mt. Sterling, the citizens informed me that the order relieving me had been made; and I often heard that the 14th Kentucky Infantry would join with the mob and the Rebels, and would "clean out" my Regiment. In marching through Mt. Sterling, no violence was offered but once, when a man said he would take a negro from between the sections; and I commanded my men, that if he did so to bayonet him. One or two people standing on the sidewalk drew pistols, but none were fired. All along the road, I was told that at Winchester the 14th Kentucky Infantry regiment (Colonel Cochran's), with the mob, would take every negro out of my Regiment, or kill every man in it. When at the edge of the town, I halted my command, ordered the men to load and fix bayonets, and march in sections. I commanded my Regiment to march silently, and in order, and under no circumstances to provoke an attack, or to answer any insulting remark or questions; but if fired upon by any one, or if stones or clubs were thrown, to fire in self-defense. The town was full of people and soldiers, the sidewalks lined on both sides, many armed with side arms, and, I am fully convinced, intended an attack, but were intimidated by my bayonets and loaded guns. Only

one disturbance occurred, which is fully narrated in exhibit "D," to which I beg to refer.

"That night, while encamped at Pine Grove, west of Winchester, Lieutenant B. F. Sheets, of 1st Battalion, Kentucky Cavalry, and an officer of the 14th Kentucky, came to the guard; but, as I then knew of their actions during the day, as stated in exhibit "D," I refused to admit them, but received from them a written communication signed by officers of the 14th Kentucky Infantry, marked exhibit "E," to which I beg to refer.

"While marching through Lexington, Kentucky, a crowd, armed with revolvers and stones, forcibly made an attempt to take a negro from between two of the sections of my Regiment. I was at once notified, and rode to the rear, and told the crowd that if the attempt was again made, the streets of Lexington would run with blood, as we could and would defend ourselves from any attack. No further resistance was offered.

"The next morning, the Sheriff of Lexington, Kentucky, came to my camp and desired to serve papers on me in civil suits, to which I made no resistance; and he left divers chancery summons and orders of court with me, one of each of which I inclose as a specimen of all the others, marked exhibit "F."

"I was also complimented by a large batch of similar documents at Winchester, Kentucky. The Sheriff of Lexington, Kentucky, also brought me a letter from Brigadier General Q. A. Gilmore, written, he said, at the request of the Judge of the Court, advising me to obey the summons and court orders, as, otherwise, I would be liable to severe punishment for contempt. I replied to him, that I was busy with the Rebellion, expecting soon to meet the enemy, and could not stop to hunt up negroes, or formally answer bills in chancery, or orders of court, but would be happy to spread upon the records of the court a complete defense after the war was over.

"Three colored persons have been taken from my camp, upon warrants charging them with crime—all that have been so claimed.

"There are yet fifteen men employed as servants by the commissioned officers of my Regiment, some of whom I know to have been formerly the slaves of Rebels. There are none in my camp that are not so regularly employed as officers' servants.

"Countless rumors, to which I am unable to give any definite form, have come to my ears, like these: 'The Kentucky troops would annihilate the Ninety-Second Illinois.' 'The Governor of

Kentucky would call out the militia, to suppress the Ninety-Second Illinois.' 'That the jails of Kentucky would be filled by the nigger thieves from Illinois,' &c.; all calculated to produce excitement and collision, and evincing a determination, on the part of Kentucky soldiers and citizens, to force the question to a bloody issue.

"I have the honor to be, Captain, very respectfully, your
obedient servant,

SMITH D. ATKINS,

"Colonel 92d Illinois Volunteers."

EXHIBIT "A."

"FAYETTEVILLE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, }
November 1st, 1862. }

"Colonels Cochran and Atkins:

"Gentlemen: My brother-in-law, Mr. Graves, informs me that one of his servants has left, and may be following your command. Mr. Graves has had a great deal of trouble during the Rebel raid, they having taken sixty odd of his cattle, and one of his best horses. I feel satisfied that Mr. Graves has not aided the Rebellion; he is a pacifier man, stays at home attending to his farm. You will confer a special favor on me, by granting any aid Mr. Graves asks in regaining his servant, which may be compatible with your stations.

"Very Respectfully Yours,

"HOWARD SHAFFER,

"JACOB HOUGHS."

"WINCHESTER, KY., Nov. 1st, 1862.

"Colonel ATKINS, Comd'g 92d Illinois Volunteers:

"I am satisfied, by the statement of the above gentlemen, as well as other evidence I have, that Mr. Graves is a loyal citizen. He informs me that he has a Boy within your lines; if so, have him put outside of the lines.

Yours Truly,

"J. C. COCHRAN,

"Col. Comd'g Demi-Brigade."

"HEAD-QUARTERS 92D ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP DICK YATES, MT. STERLING, KY., }
November 1st, 1862. }

"The within named servant has been taken without the lines, by order of S. D. Atkins, Col. 92d Ill. Vol.

"JOHN H. BOHN,

"Major 92d Reg. Ill. Vol."

EXHIBIT "C."

" WINCHESTER, Nov. 1st, 1862.

" Colonel ATKINS, Comd'g 92d Ill. Vol.:

" Sir: Mr. James Ballurd informs me he has a Boy within your lines. He is reported by the Union men here as being a good Union man. He has in his possession a pass from the Provost Marshal of this place to that effect. If his Boy is inside of your lines, have him put outside.

" Yours Truly, J. C. COCHRAN,
" Col. Comd'g Demi-Brigade."

" HEAD-QUARTERS DEMI-BRIGADE, }
WINCHESTER, Nov. 1st, 1862. }

" Colonel ATKINS, Comd'g 92d Ill. Reg. Vol.:

" Hiram Barclay, an undoubted Union man, of this county, has a Boy within your lines. You will cause him to be put outside of your lines, agreeably to General Gilmore's General Order.

J. C. COCHRAN,
" Col. Comd'g Demi-Brigade."

EXHIBIT "D."

" Nov. 17th, 1862.

" The 92d Ills. Vols., in marching from Mt. Sterling, Ky., to Nicholasville, passed through Winchester, by sections, and had command of the second section of Co. E; and as I gave the command, ' Right wheel,' three men came in on the right, and one of them, who said he was a Lieutenant in the 14th Ky., (I think he said the 14th Kentucky,) came into my section, and said to a negro marching near me, ' Come out of there, you —— thick-lipped son of a ——.' I brought my gun to the position of 'charge bayonet,' and told him that I had command of that section, and would not be interrupted by any man. He asked me if I intended to defend the —— nigger. I told him I did. He said, ' I have come for him, and will have him or die. The Ninety-Second is good for nothing but to steal niggers. I am an officer in the Union Army; that nigger belongs to a Union man, and we will have him, if we follow the Regiment to —— .' I then said, ' Get out of this section, or I will run you through with my bayonet.' He stepped out to the right of the section, and drew his revolver; each of the others also drew revolvers,

and he said, 'I will shoot the —— cuss.' (I do not know whether he meant me or the negro.) I told them that if they leveled or cocked their revolvers, they would be dead men, and they had better put them up, and that if they did not, I would order my section to charge. They then put up their pistols, and the Lieutenant of the 14th Kentucky said, 'If you don't give up that Boy, I will go to my regiment, and bring it up, and clean your —— Regiment out.' I told him that we were ready at any moment. He said, 'Are you going to give him up or not?' I said, 'Never.' He said, 'Do you claim him?' I said, 'No, the Second Lieutenant has hired him, and if you want to ask any more questions, go to the Colonel.' For I had disobeyed my orders for the first time, by answering him a question. He said, 'It will do no good to go to him, for he is as big a thief as the rest of you, and he will give me no satisfaction; but I will go and see the —— cuss.' And he went off, and when he came back, he said, 'The Colonel says I can take him.' I said, 'You can, if you have force enough.' He started back toward town, after following us about a mile, and said as he left, 'You may look for a warm time.' I told him, 'That is just what we came for.' This is a true statement of the conversation I had with the Lieutenant of the 14th Kentucky, and I am willing to testify to it at any time.

"JAMES O'KANE,
"Orderly Sergeant Co. E, 92d Ill. Vol."

EXHIBIT "E."

"WINCHESTER, KY., Nov. 17th, 1862.

"Colonel ATKINS, Comd'g 92d Ill. Vol.:

"Dear Sir: There are several negroes within your lines. The fact of their being so is causing intense excitement, and wounding the feelings of men who are unswerving in their loyalty and patriotism to our common cause. You have slaves with you that belong to men who have had all their stock and what property could be moved, taken from them by the Rebels. They think this Government they support should protect them in their rights and property. If the negro is to be freed, let it be done by the National Legislatures. If we understand the policy of the General Government, it is not proposed to take the slaves of either Rebels or loyal citizens without some formality of law. The fact of your taking the slaves you have with you off, only confirms the charges made by the Rebels, that we would deprive

the citizens of their slave property. For the good of our common cause, we expect you to turn them out of your lines.

"Yours Respectfully,
 "GEORGE W. GALLUPP, Lt. Col. 14th Ky.
 "R. M. THOMAS, Capt. 14th Ky.
 "J. C. COLLINS, Capt. 14th Ky.
 "JAMES H. DAVIDSON, Capt. 14th Ky.
 "H. G. GARDNER, Capt. Co. I, 14th Ky.
 "J. B. BUCHANAN, Capt. 1st Batt., Ky.
 "D. L. COOK, Lt. Co. A, 1st Batt., Ky.
 "B. F. SHEETS, Lieut.
 "ISAAC TAYLOR, Lieut."

"WINCHESTER, KY., Nov. 17, 1862.

"COL. ATKINS: You are a stranger to me, but I like you for your cause. I have labored in it, and suffered for it. I am not negro crazy. The course of some of your Regiment, in regard to slaves, has done us much harm, and, if persisted in, will do more. *You will personally get yourself into danger*, all of which I greatly regret. Just turn the slaves out of your camp—don't give them up to any one—but turn them out. I ask this for the sake of the cause. I have no interest in it beyond the purposes expressed. You may find out who I am, if desired to, from any one.

Yours, &c., JOHN B. HUSTON."

EXHIBIT "F."

"(SUMMONS EXTRAORDINARY.)

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

"*To the Sheriff of Fayette County—Greeting:*

"You are commanded to summon Smith D. Atkins to answer on the first day of the next February term of the Fayette Circuit Court, a petition filed against him in said Court by William Hickman, and warn him that, upon his failure to answer, the petition will be taken for confessed, or he will be proceeded against for contempt, and you will make due return of this summons, on the first day of the next February term of this Court.

"Witness, JOHN B. NORTON, Clerk of said Court, this 18th day of November, 1862.

"Att.:

JOHN B. NORTON, C. F. C. C."

“(ORDER FOR DELIVERY OF PROPERTY.)

“(Section 231.)

“ WILLIAM HICKMAN, Plaintiff, }	ORDER OF DELIVERY.
SMITH D. ATKINS, Defendant. }	

“ THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

“ *To the Sheriff of Fayette County:* You are commanded to take the slave Sylvester, about 38 years old, and of black complexion, and of the value of Five Hundred Dollars, from the possession of the Defendant, Smith D. Atkins, and deliver him to the Plaintiff, William Hickman, upon his giving the Bond required by law; and you will make due return of this Order on the first day of the next February Term of the Fayette Circuit Court.

“ Witness, JOHN B. NORTON, Clerk of said Court, this 18th day of November, 1862.

“ JOHN B. NORTON, C. F. C. C.”

It may be mentioned that the Sheriff did not find the slave “Sylvester” in the possession of the Colonel; and whether the Court took the petition for “confessed,” or proceeded against the Colonel for “contempt,” has never been known to any member of the Ninety-Second. An examination of these exhibits reveals the usual Kentucky swagger; first, attempting to intimidate, and afterward, an argumentative communication in writing. And Mr. Huston, who liked the Colonel for his cause, could not write him a letter without intimating to the Colonel that he was personally in danger.

On Sunday, the twenty-third of November, all the regiments in General Baird’s division were inspected and reviewed by General Baird. On the twenty-sixth, the Regiment took up its line of march, in a snow-storm, for Danville, and, after marching seven miles, went into camp. It is a necessary rule in army life, that at “taps” every light be extinguished in the men’s quarters, and perfect silence be maintained until “reveille” breaks the stillness. In an army of forty thousand men, dead silence is maintained, save the foot-fall of the line guards. On this night, some of the soldiers were hilarious after “taps,” but their prompt arrest was the result. The march was resumed at daylight, and the broad pike road wound around among the hills bordering the Kentucky River, passing through the ancient hunting grounds of Daniel Boone, the famous Kentucky back-woodsman. A soldier

writes of this day's march: "At the Kentucky River, some of the Western boys got a fair sight of mountain scenery for the first time in their lives, and stood aghast, looking down over perpendicular rocks for hundreds of feet below, over and through which the pike is cut, while upon the opposite side of the road it was equally as wild; and looming high up in the air stood the sturdy pines and gentle cedars. For miles on this march, our minds were relieved of the dull monotony of the 'route-step.' Now we pass a great, high, cone-shaped mountain, around the base of which we wind, until we have made two-thirds of its circle. This mountain is celebrated as the place where Daniel Boone tossed a 'Red-skin' heels over head off from the cliffs into the great abyss below. Daniel did a good thing that time, for which we will remember him. Pity that Daniel don't live now to try his hand on a few of the Rebels who still infest these hills. If the Rebels desired, or, rather, if they had the 'vim,' our passage could have been disputed here for months, but they 'don't stay about as thick as they used to.'" Camp Dick Robinson was the next point of interest. Here we found the first sad havoc of war. The fences were gone, timber cut, houses deserted, and everything in confusion. The Rebels, in their flight, left several pieces of artillery, all dismounted but one fine, brass, Spanish six-pounder, which the Ninety-Second took charge of. There were fifteen hundred stand of small arms, badly smashed and cut into pieces; one thousand five hundred barrels of salt pork, and many tents, and other things. Captain Dennis, with Company B, was detailed to take charge of the plunder. The Regiment pushed on through Danville to the Fair Grounds beyond. Here was found a guard of the 96th Illinois Volunteers, holding the grounds for a camp for that regiment. The Colonel marched the Ninety Second in, and placed the men in one half of the buildings and stables, reserving the other half for the 96th, and invited the officers of that regiment to share with him his head-quarters in the principal building. It was the first time the regiments had met since the difficulty at Rockford; but the thoughtful courtesy of the Colonel healed the breach, and it was never mentioned again by officer or soldier. The next day, both regiments moved nearer the town, and camped side by side. A soldier, writing from camp, says: "Danville is the prettiest place we have seen in Kentucky. It is famous for its churches, seminaries, and asylums, as well as for being the residence of the celebrated Divine, Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, General Boyle,

and Colonel Frey; the latter being the individual who, through his carelessness in handling a pistol, took the wind out of the Rebel General Zollicoffer at Mill Spring. There is a strong Union sentiment here—plenty of pretty Union girls, who are polite and hospitable to the ‘Yanks,’ and the town is full of Union wounded soldiers from the battle of Perryville, nearly all the churches being occupied as hospitals. Lieutenant Colonel Sheets is commanding the Regiment, Colonel Atkins being in command of the Post, having, as a garrison, the Ninety-Second Illinois, the 96th Illinois, and six hundred cavalry.” Very stringent orders relating to guard duty were issued. Captain Albert Woodcock, of Company K, Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers, was detailed as Provost Marshal. A Kentucky lady came into his head-quarters, and desired a pass for her servants to go outside of the lines to obtain fuel. The Captain told her it would be necessary for her first to take the Oath of Allegiance. She indignantly declined, and swept out of the Captain’s presence very haughtily. A day or two afterward, she came again, saying she was nearly out of fuel, and would take the oath, but that she was a Rebel, and would not regard it. “Madam,” said the Captain, in his solemnly impressive tone, “I cannot administer the oath to you. According to your own statement, you would be committing perjury. I cannot permit so fine a lady to commit perjury in my presence, and imperil her immortal soul.” The Captain’s impressive tone, stern morality, and unanswerable logic, astonished the Kentucky matron, and she withdrew in consternation. A few days afterward she again appeared, contrite and in tears, and declared she was freezing for want of fuel. The Captain explained the Oath of Allegiance to her, and said that, if she took it at all, it must be of her own free will, without evasion or mental reservation, when she subscribed her name, and swore by “the ever-living God” to maintain her allegiance to the United States. On another occasion, an old, gray-haired, colored man applied to Captain Woodcock for a pass; but the Captain had previously been informed that the colored man himself was a slaveholder and a Rebel. He was a free negro, and free negroes sometimes owned slaves in Kentucky. So the Captain told him that he must first establish his loyalty. The old, colored man took off his hat, and took out a copy of the New York Tribune, and said: “For twelve years I have been a subscriber to that paper. Would any but a loyal man take the New York Tribune?” The Captain was convinced of his loyalty; and the old,

gray-haired subscriber to the New York Tribune obtained the desired pass. The weather was very cold and changeable, alternating rapidly between snow, rain, and sunshine, and the morning sick call brought crowds upon crowds to the surgeons. One of the large seminary buildings in the town was taken as a regimental hospital, and every attention bestowed upon the sick that was possible; but deaths were frequent. Colonel Sheets drilled the Regiment whenever the weather would permit of it; and one of the soldiers, in his diary, writes: "He is getting to be a splendid drill-master." On the seventh of December, it was so cold that ice was frozen on the creek so solid that nearly all the Regiment went sliding, with merry shouts, like a district school let out. One of the boys' diaries says, "But it is rather cold lying on the ground, with a little straw for a bed, and a slimsy army blanket for a cover, and one thickness of cotton cloth for a house." It was Sabbath; and at two o'clock P. M., the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge preached a sermon on the camp ground. The ninth was a beautiful day, and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen visited the camp at dress parade. On the tenth, a slave auction was held near the camp, and five slaves were sold under the hammer, a very strange sight to most of the men. On the eleventh, two more regiments of infantry arrived; and on the thirteenth, two more regiments of infantry and a battery arrived, accompanied by General Baird, who assumed command of the Post. On Sunday, the fourteenth, a negro preacher held services on the camp grounds. In the afternoon, Company I was marching through the town, accompanying to its last resting-place the remains of one of their comrades, when a bevy of Secesh women made insulting remarks as the funeral cortege passed. It was reported to General Baird, who promptly turned the family into the street, and occupied their residence as his head-quarters. A storm of sleet and snow set in, and continued for several days. The men resorted to all sorts of contrivances to make their cotton houses comfortable. A favorite plan was to remove the earth from the inside of the tent to the depth of three feet, piling the removed earth around the tent on the outside; a fire-place was then constructed in the earth wall, just beyond the line of the tent, and on the earth outside a rude chimney was constructed of empty barrels or cracker boxes reaching above the top of the tent; they were constructed with great skill, and usually had a good draft, and a cheerful fire blazed and crackled in the earthen fire-places. It was a pleasing sight to step down into one of the tents

in the evening, room enough to stand erect, arms, and belts, and cartridge boxes, on racks around the center pole, the floor covered with clean straw, the cheerful fire blazing, and the men laying around on their blankets, with bayonets stuck into the ground for candle-sticks; some of the men reading, some writing letters home, some playing chess, or backgammon, or whist. But it was fatal to health. The men were packed in the tents like herrings in a box. At night, when the tent flap was closed, and the fire had gone out, the warm, ascending breath from the sleeping soldiers struck the ice-cold cotton cloth, wet with dew and perfectly air-tight, and back to the bottom of the tent would go the carbonic acid to be breathed over and over again, and poison the sleepers with disease. The Colonel directed the openings in the top of the tents to be always kept open, in order to give ventilation; but that made the tent cold, and the soldiers would close them up, and shut off every chance of fresh air. Removing the earth and lowering the bottom of the tents were prohibited in orders, but not in fact. Wood was brought from the wood-lots in the surrounding country. Lieutenant Cox was detailed to go out some six miles on the Stanford pike, with fifteen army wagons and a squad of men, to chop wood. He was told that he would find a large house on the right of the pike, with a large gate covered by an arch, and to turn in there. He was not, as he ought to have been, particularly instructed to go to the wood-lot a half mile in rear of the house. He found the gate and turned in, and his wood-choppers fell to work cutting down the beautiful oaks adorning the lawn in front of the mansion. The matron was amazed to see her lawn trees fall before the axes of the Yankee vandals, and hastily despatched a servant to inform the Colonel, and beg him to take wood from the woods, and not from the door-yard. Orders were sent to the Lieutenant, but they reached him too late; his wagons were loaded with wood from the finest shade trees on the lawn. It was an accident; but as the owner was supposed to be a Rebel, no one seriously mourned over it. On the twenty-fourth, Captain Dunham, of Company F, topographical officer on General Baird's staff, was out examining and mapping the country, with a party of six men, and they were fired upon by a squad of roving Johnnies. Christmas was celebrated by a cessation of all ordinary camp duties; many of the officers and men were invited out to dine by the Union ladies of Danville. Rank never counted for anything in the Ninety-Second, except on duty. A single company had twenty mem-

bers who were graduates of high institutions of learning. Many private soldiers of the Regiment had polished manners in the drawing-room, and could hold their own in conversation with the best blue bloods of Kentucky. They were always welcome to the residence of the Reverend Doctor Breckenridge, and he never took any note of rank in his visitors. Many of the members of the Regiment were members of churches, in regular standing at home, and they especially were welcomed heartily in their calls on Dr. Breckenridge. They did not leave their religion at home when they went into the army; they "kept the faith," and, by the example of their daily walk and conversation, testified to the beauty of true Christianity. The afternoon was celebrated in camp by a grand game of town-ball. It rained during the night.

The next morning, the entire command at Danville, under the command of General Gordon Granger, who had come from Lexington to win glory, started on the tramp after John Morgan's dashing Rebel rovers, who were supposed to be marching on Lebanon. The Regiment marched at seven o'clock in the morning on the Lebanon pike; the cold, winter rain poured in torrents; John Morgan and his Rebel raiders were mounted on fleet steeds, and so was General Gordon Granger and his gorgeous staff; on and on through the pouring rain the division marched, with never a halt for rest, and the Ninety-Second kept its place in the column. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, and one o'clock passed, and no halt for breath; the weak men were falling down by sheer exhaustion; the ambulances already overloaded, and the column kept on, leaving the exhausted men by the roadside, in a storm of rain and sleet that froze as it fell. The medical officers came to the head of the Regiment, and begged the Colonel to halt for a little while, to give the exhausted men a chance to rally. But on and on the Regiment swept. The Colonel, as well as Gordon Granger, was on horseback. It is not very hard work to ride a fine horse, booted and spurred, even in a storm, with rubber poncho and leggings, and meerschaum pipe. That is the way the Colonel was fixed. Again and again the medical officers begged for only a short halt, just a breathing spell, but the Colonel said, "——— it, I have no order to halt." Colonel Cochran, of the 14th Kentucky, was commanding the brigade; his regiment were old soldiers, accustomed to the march; his was among the regiments that garrisoned Cumberland Gap, and had astonished the members of the Ninety-Second when they came, ragged and dust-

covered, weary and foot-sore, to Covington, Kentucky. On and on, through the storm, the black stallion of the Colonel kept his course, and the Regiment tried hard to keep up. Never a man fell out that could take one step more. But, by and by, in the middle of the afternoon, when the Colonel, by some sort of an accident, happened to look back, and see how few of his Regiment were staggering along behind him, he ordered a halt. Never was a Colonel more heartily "cussed," and he deserved it too. The Army Regulations provide for frequent rests on the march, and the men of the Ninety-Second had probably read the Army Regulations oftener than the Colonel, and just at that moment they would have liked to have heard the Colonel explain the violation of the United States Army Regulations on that march. But the word "halt" was no sooner called than a staff officer of Colonel Cochran came riding back, with an order to the Colonel to "close up." If the Colonel of the Ninety-Second ever swore at anybody, he let fly a few hard words at that staff officer. But there is a sort of impression prevailing among some of the members of the Ninety-Second, confined strictly to those who always were in hospital, or on detached duty, and who never served with the command, that the Colonel never knew how to swear. There was a break in the column. After a short rest, the Ninety-Second resumed the march. After that, there were occasional breathing spells. It was almost dark, when the head of the Regiment reached the brick house where Colonel Cochran and General Granger had established head-quarters, and the Ninety-Second was ordered into a plowed field, where the men sank, at every step, over their ankles, in the mud; and just as the men were closing up, preparatory to the order to stack arms, Colonel Cochran came out of the house, and said to the Colonel that no rails must be burned, the wagons must be unloaded, and details made to go to the wood-lot, a mile away, on the hill, and get fuel. The balance of the division was camped all around, and not a fence had yet been touched. The Colonel was sitting on his horse, and as the Regiment closed up and stacked arms, while Colonel Cochran was still standing in hearing, he said: "Men of the Ninety-Second, do you see those rail fences? Cook your suppers with them." There was silence for a little while; and Colonel Cochran said to the Colonel, "This farm belongs to a Union man; I shall have to report you to General Granger." "All right; tell General Granger that my men are not responsible; I assume all of the responsibility." The Ninety-Second

"went for" those rails, and so did the whole division. They were only waiting for an example, and the Ninety-Second furnished it; but the men had to work lively to get rails enough to cook their suppers. The Regiment lay encamped not far from Lebanon. At twelve o'clock, the Regiment was called up, with orders to push out, at three o'clock A. M., to Lebanon, in advance of the division; but the order was countermanded, and the Regiment did not march until seven A. M., when it returned to Danville, with the balance of the division. When the Regiment marched from Danville, the barrels and cracker boxes used for chimneys, and the boards for tent floors, bunks, and walks through the grounds, had been burned up. When the Regiment camped in Danville, on the same ground they had left, the Colonel formed the line, and congratulated the men of the Regiment that they had again returned to their old camp, and the boards, cracker boxes, barrels, and everything else they had gathered with so much pains to make camp-life comfortable, were still at their service. The men saw the point, and sorrowfully went into camp, minus straw, barrels, cracker-boxes, board floors, bunks, walks, and everything else that fire could consume. The next morning, the sick-call took nearly all the Regiment that was left. Dr. Winston had charge of the largest building, used as a hospital for the Ninety-Second at Danville, and every nook and corner was filled, after this senseless and heedless march. Never did physicians attend the sick more faithfully than did Doctors Winston, Helm, and Stephenson, and the faithful "Daughters of the Regiment;" but the skill of man was not able to stay the hand of death. This march, so utterly futile, and wholly without results, cost the Regiment fifty lives. Nine out of ten of the graduates of West Point do not possess as much common sense as the most illiterate eighth corporal of volunteers, and Gordon Granger was not the tenth exception. If he had comfortable quarters, plenty of wine, and other enjoyments, he apparently cared very little for the comfort of the men in his command.

The next day was Sabbath; but the men were too weary for preaching or dress parade, which were seldom omitted on Sunday.

On the thirtieth, Major Bohn, of the Ninety-Second, with Company A, and five companies from the other regiments, and a battery of artillery, went to Hickman Bridge, over the Kentucky River, fifteen miles north of Danville, to guard the bridge from being burned by John Morgan's Rebel cavalry, and marched in a cold rain-storm, and did not return until the third of January.

During the year 1862, the Regiment marched seven hundred and seventy miles.

January first, 1863, was a bright, sunny day. It was celebrated by big dinners and various sports in camp. The Colonel was serenaded, and said he wished the Ninety-Second could be mounted and sent after Morgan. On the fifth, good news from General Rosecrans, at Stone River, made the camp lively with cheers. On the eighth, the Regiment was paid up to October 31, 1862. On the tenth, some of the line officers celebrated their first pay-day by buying cigars and apples for the men of their companies. On Sunday, the eleventh, there was no preaching in camp; Chaplain O. D. W. White had resigned on account of illness. Many citizens from Illinois were visiting camp. Hon. Joshua White and Capt. H. Weld, of Ogle County, were in Danville on the twelfth. On the thirteenth, camp was moved about a mile to new grounds and the Regiment went into camp in a blinding snow-storm. Colonel J. C. Cochran, of the 14th Kentucky, having resigned, Colonel Atkins assumed command of the brigade, and Lieutenant Colonel Sheets of the Regiment. The snow was four inches deep, and heavy details were made to chop wood for the various hospitals. A soldier writes in his diary, on the eighteenth: "I heard Colonel Atkins reprimanding a Kentucky teamster to-day for abusing his mules. Said the Colonel, 'My man, you ought to use discretion when you are driving mules.' The Kentuckian didn't know what 'discretion' was, and artlessly replied: 'I would, Colonel, but I hain't got any.'" The soldier was not punished. On the twenty-first, Captain William Stouffer, of Company C, died of typhoid fever. He was a generous-hearted, noble man, and the Regiment deeply felt his loss. Lieutenant Hawk, of Company C, was promoted to be Captain, and Second Lieutenant Norman Lewis promoted to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant George P. Sutton promoted to Second Lieutenant; Lieutenant E. F. Bauder, of Company B, having resigned, on the recommendation of Captain William W. Dennis, and with the advice and consent of all the field and staff officers, Miles B. Light, of Company D, was promoted to be Second Lieutenant of Company B. Some weeks afterward, Captain Wilber W. Dennis resigned, leaving Company B without its compliment of officers; when Lieutenant Horace J. Smith, of Company K, was commissioned Captain of Company B. The men of Company B were very justly indignant at the promotion of men in other companies to command them. There was plenty

of good material for officers in Company B; but the field officers of the Regiment did not learn of the excellent qualities of many of the members of Company B until afterward. The promotions for Company B were made with the best of motives; and the men of that company, while feeling the sting, conducted themselves like the splendid soldiers they were, and yielded obedience to their new officers. They soon learned to respect and love their new Captain, Horace J. Smith, who was promoted against his own wishes. He did not seek the place, but he filled it ably. The weather was fine on the twenty-fourth, and Colonel Sheets had the Regiment out on battalion drill for the first time in a month. On Sunday, orders came to march; and on Monday, the Regiment, with the brigade, marched at six A. M., on the Harrodsburg pike, passing through Harrodsburg about noon, and marched seventeen miles and camped. The next day, the Regiment marched through rain and snow, and camped three miles north of Lawrenceburg. Marched at daylight on the twenty-eighth, the ground covered with snow; passed through Clayville, and about eight miles south of Frankfort; made sixteen miles, and camped at three o'clock P. M. Marched at daylight,* passing through Shelbyville, sixteen miles, and camped. Marched early and camped at two P. M., three miles south of Louisville, Kentucky, on the Shelbyville pike. On the thirty-first of January, the Regiment marched through Louisville, in column of platoons, and while passing the Gault House, a Kentuckian stepped in between the platoons and grabbed hold of a colored servant marching there, when a soldier clubbed his musket and tapped the Kentuckian on his skull, letting out his brains. Not a word was spoken, not a soldier broke step, but the Regiment moved steadily along. The Sheriff of Louisville, with a hundred special policemen, stood upon the sidewalk. They intended to have taken the colored servants out of the Regiment. The quiet but effective reception given to the man who made the first attempt, deterred the others. The Regiment marched to the Ohio River, and embarked on the steamers *Tempest* and *Arizona*. The work of embarkation was not a slight one; the wagons were all taken apart, and stowed away between decks. It was not till late the next day, that the brigade was all aboard. Mrs. Colonel Sheets, Mrs. Captain Woodcock, Mrs. Major Bohn, Mrs. Dr. Helm, and many citizens from Ogle, Stephenson, and Carroll Counties, visited the Regiment. The 14th Kentucky Infantry, Colonel Cochran's old regiment, was detached,

and remained in "loyal Kentucky." The Colonel of the Ninety-Second was complimented with more suits for stealing negroes. Gordon Granger ordered every colored man to be left in Kentucky, and the police were ready to nab any colored man they could. The order of Granger was, by most of the line officers, thought to mean negroes who had no right to accompany the troops, and not to refer to officers' servants regularly employed, and very few negroes left the Ninety-Second on account of Granger's order. At eleven o'clock P. M., as the moon rose, the fleet of six steamers, carrying Colonel Atkins' brigade, quietly dropped down the Ohio River, every one in the Ninety-Second happy at the thought of getting outside of "loyal Kentucky."

CHAPTER III.

DOWN THE OHIO—UP THE CUMBERLAND—FORT DONELSON—NASHVILLE—RESOLUTIONS—MARCH TO FRANKLIN—OFFERING BATTLE TO VAN DORN—BRENTWOOD—BACK TO FRANKLIN—THE NEW CHAPLAIN—MARCH TO TRIUNE—FORREST'S ATTACK ON TRIUNE—SHELBYVILLE—THE COLONEL'S APPLICATION TO BE DETACHED FROM THE RESERVE CORPS—WARTRACE—THE REGIMENT MOUNTED, AND ASSIGNED TO WILDER'S BRIGADE OF MOUNTED INFANTRY—CAMPING AT DECHERD.

A steamboat journey on the Ohio River is generally anticipated with pleasure. In summer time, a cabin passage in a floating palace down the Ohio, surrounded with genial companions, and books, and music; sweeping by inlands, and forests, and farms; noting the eager crowds, who come and go at every landing,—forms, together, a journey full of pleasure and enjoyment. The moving of troops by steamer in mid winter, is altogether a different thing. It is not very hard for the officers, who are comfortably quartered in the cabins and staterooms, but the men suffer. All of the available space below hatches is filled by taking the wagons and ambulances apart, and packing them, with everything movable, as closely as possible; if there is any space left it is assigned to a company as "quarters," where the men can spread their blankets and pack themselves in as closely as the living cargoes of African slaves were once transported. On the bows, in front of the boilers, the artillery is "parked," with the artillery horses tied to the railing as thick as they can stand, while all the available space on the boiler deck is used for the officers' horses and mules of the transportation trains. The men are quartered all over the vessel, from the texas to the vacant space under the boilers, wherever a soldier can lie down without being trampled by a mule or a horse. By orders of the Brigade Commander, the officers were directed to put the sick accompanying the Regiment into the unoccupied staterooms, and

at night to cover the cabin floors with the weakest men, to whom commanders of companies were to furnish written permits, and in the day time to fill the cabins by reliefs; no well soldier to be permitted to remain longer than an hour at one time, but to make room for those outside. It was very cold on the morning of February second, 1863, as the boats bearing the Regiment steamed downed the Ohio. To sleep in the open air was out of the question, and to keep warm in the cutting wind and piercing storm required constant exercise. Shortly after daylight, a landing was made upon an island, and the men went ashore to cook three days' rations. As soon as the cooking was over, the journey was continued down the river. At night the steamers coaled at Evansville. The weather continued very cold and windy. A soldier, in his diary, writes under date of February third: "This morning was so cold that the boys suffered greatly; not a shoulder-strap was to be seen outside of the cabin until late in the morning, and then the gay officer would shiver and run in again, like a rat runs into a hole when a cat makes an unsuccessful leap at him." At five o'clock P. M., the boats landed at Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland River, where the artillery-firing at Fort Donelson was heard. Here the brigade was to await the arrival of the corps; but the rumble of artillery at Fort Donelson beckoned the brigade on; and without orders, except from the Brigade Commander, the six steamers continued up the Cumberland, running slowly, and at eight o'clock the next morning were within a few miles of the Fort. There was no firing heard; it was evident that the battle was ended; but *how* it had ended was not known. Caution had to be observed; if the Rebels held the Fort, it would not do to steam up to the landing. Horsemen were observed in the woods on the right bank of the river, and the steamers landed. The Ninety-Second was quickly on shore, and deployed in line of battle. Men were sent to a house some distance up the river, and information obtained that our forces still held the Fort, and that the enemy had retired from the conflict. The Regiment returned to the boats, and the brigade steamed up the river, reaching Fort Donelson at eleven o'clock. The Rebel Generals Forrest and Wheeler, with about eight thousand men, had, at one o'clock P. M. of the day before, made a desperate assault upon nine companies of the 83d Illinois Volunteers, and Company C, 2d Illinois Artillery, under Colonel A. C. Harding, and kept up the battle till half-past eight P. M., when the Rebels withdrew, with a loss of eight hundred

killed and wounded. The ground around the little village of Dover was strewn with the dead, lying as they fell; and for the first time, the soldiers of the Ninety-Second looked upon the horror of a battle-field after the carnage was ended. Not quite a year before, the Commander of the Brigade was there as Captain of Company A, 11th Illinois Volunteers; and, after dinner, accompanied by some of the members of his staff, he rode out to the long grave of the 11th Illinois, nearly two miles from the landing; and while they sat upon their horses, with uncovered heads, by the grave of the Eleventh, in a light snow-storm, such as had prevailed at the time when the men who lay buried there had fallen a year before, the rear guard of Wheeler and Forrest's Rebel cavalry sent a few leaden messages over the party. It was a remarkable incident that an officer of the 11th Regiment, almost a year after the first battle of Fort Donelson, on returning to the battle-field, should find the ground covered with the freshly slain unburied dead, and by the grave of his slain comrades in the battle of nearly a year before, should listen to the rattle of Rebel musketry. The next day the steamers lay at the landing, without disembarking the troops, awaiting the arrival of General Granger's corps, which came up during the day and night; and the next day at noon, the entire fleet, of about sixty steamers, convoyed by several gun-boats, resumed the march to Nashville. Before reaching Clarksville, where the iron railroad bridge had been destroyed, leaving portions of the iron-work hanging to the piers and into the river, somewhat obstructing the passage, Lieutenant A. M. York, of the Ninety-Second, heard the Captain of the steamer Tempest, in conversation with one of his pilots, predicting a disaster at the bridge; and the Lieutenant believed that it was the intention of the captain and pilot, who were Rebel sympathizers, deliberately to wreck the steamer Tempest, and the steamer Arizonia lashed to its side, on which the Ninety-Second was being transported. He was therefore directed, by the Brigade Commander, to take a file of soldiers, let them load their guns, place the same pilot at the wheel, and the captain by the pilot-house, and inform them that, if any accident happened at the Clarksville Bridge, he was directed to shoot them both. Lieutenant York did as he was commanded, and there was no accident. The fleet of steamers and gun-boats moved slowly, and did not arrive at Nashville until nearly night on the seventh of February. The Regiment had marched eighty miles by land, from Danville, Kentucky, to Louisville, Kentucky, and four

hundred and twenty miles by steamer, and occupied, in the march from the morning of January twenty-sixth to the evening of February seventh, thirteen days, at an immense expense to the Government for steamboats and gun-boats, and the additional expense of creating much sickness among the men and animals, by their exposure to winter travel by steamers. From Danville to Nashville, over good roads, it is but one hundred and seventy miles; and in the same length of time, by easy marches of less than fourteen miles a day, the command could have been placed in Nashville, with the health of the men improved by the march, and hundreds of thousands of dollars saved to the Government. A volunteer corporal would have marched the command directly from Danville to Nashville; and why it was not done, is one of those things which are not explainable by the ordinary rules of common sense. The next day, Sabbath, the Regiment disembarked, marched through the city of Nashville, and three miles south, on the Franklin pike, and went into camp in an old field, where the mud was horrible in rainy weather, and it rained nearly all of the time the Regiment remained there. On the fourteenth, Lieutenant John Gishwiller, of Company G, resigned on account of disability. On the sixteenth, Lieutenant Crowell, of Company B, resigned, and Sergeant Henry C. Cooling was promoted to First Lieutenant. On the seventeenth, the entire Regiment went into the woods to chop fire-wood, the rails being "ousgashfield." A large mail, from "God's country," came to the Regiment. On the twenty-first, Colonel John Coburn's brigade marched to Franklin. February twenty-second, the forts about Nashville fired cannon in honor of the memory of Washington. Captain James Brice, of Company H, resigned on account of illness, and Lieutenant John F. Nelson was promoted to Captain. William McCammons, Sergeant of Company G, was promoted to Lieutenant. On the twenty-fourth, the weather was beautiful, and there was a review and inspection. On the twenty-fifth, it rained; the tents were getting old and leaky; the Lieutenant, Colonel, and Major, "tenting together on the old camp ground," were wet as drowned rats in their quarters. On the twenty-sixth, news was received in camp, that Congress had authorized President Lincoln to call out additional troops. The papers from the North, received in camp, and eagerly read, had kept the members of the Regiment fully informed regarding the opposition made to the war by the peace-sneaks at home; and on this day, a meeting was held by the commissioned officers of the Ninety-Second.

Captain Albert Woodcock, of Company K, was called to the Chair, and Lieutenant George R. Skinner, of Company D, Acting Adjutant of the Regiment, was elected Secretary. On motion, the following named officers were elected as a committee to draft resolutions, setting forth the views of the officers and members of the Regiment upon the policy of the Administration, and the conduct of the copperheads and traitors at the North:—Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin F. Sheets; Captains Lyman Preston, Mathew Van Buskirk, Egbert T. E. Becker, John M. Schermerhorn, John F. Nelson, Robert M. A. Hawk, Horace J. Smith, Harvey M. Timins, and Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, who reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the officers; and, upon being read to each company upon its company parade ground, were adopted, with but three dissenting voices in the entire Regiment:

“CAMP OF THE NINETY-SECOND ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,)
 “Near Nashville, Tenn., February 26th, 1863. {

“WHEREAS, We, the officers and members of the Ninety-Second Regiment Illinois Volunteers, have left our homes, our farms, our work-shops, and all our peaceful avocations, and have taken up arms in the defense of our country, now threatened by tyrannical and treacherous foes, who are endeavoring to rend in twain our once peaceful and happy nation; and

“WHEREAS, Certain *unprincipled* individuals and factions have arisen at the North, who, by words and by acts, are daily aiding and giving comfort to our enemies, by bitterly opposing our Chief Executive, by clogging the wheels of legislation, by encouraging our enemies, by discouraging our friends, and, in general, using every effort to oppose any and all measures, whether Executive, Legislative, or Judicial, which look to the speedy and happy termination of the present Rebellion; therefore,

“*Resolved*, 1. That we, as a Regiment, and as individuals, hold all such persons in the light of enemies—enemies to our cause—enemies to our country—and justly deserving the condemnation of all true and loyal citizens.

“*Resolved*, 2. That any person who will not, in this hour of his country's trial and peril, lend every nerve, use every effort, and, lastly, sacrifice his very life, if needs be, on his country's altar, is undeserving the friendship and support of the members of the Ninety-Second Regiment of Illinois Volunteers.

“*Resolved*, 3. That words cannot express the bitter contempt

and detestation, in which we hold traitors to this Government—the best the sun ever shone upon—wherever they may be found, and under whatever name they may assume to hide their hellish purposes.

“*Resolved*, 4. That we are opposed to all secret organizations, organized for any political purpose, believing it to be an unmanly way of gaining political power, subversive of Constitutional Liberty, and in which injustice may be done, as witness the past.

“*Resolved*, 5. That a traitor has no rights which this Government is bound to respect, no matter where he resides; that copperheads at the North are but a revised edition of traitors at the South, and that we most earnestly request our friends at home to mark them for future reference—shoot them, if need be, and write over their graves, ‘Here lies a cowardly traitor to his country, rejected of God, and despised of honest men.’

“*Resolved*, 6. That we fully and unequivocally endorse the Administration (Emancipation Proclamation included), in any and all efforts to suppress this unholy Rebellion, and are determined that ‘Butternuts,’ either North or South, be brought to speedy justice, ‘that hemp be not created in vain, and that fire and brimstone be not defrauded.’

“*Resolved*, 7. That we heartily endorse the acts of Hon. Richard Yates, our Governor, and return him our sincere thanks for his noble efforts in behalf of Illinois soldiers.

“ALBERT WOODCOCK, *Chairman*.

“GEORGE R. SKINNER, *Secretary*.”

On the twenty-eighth of February, the Regiment was mustered for pay. On the first of March, all the regiments in the brigade having adopted resolutions of a similar import to those adopted by the Ninety-Second, a brigade dress parade was held in the afternoon; after which each regiment was formed in column doubled on the center, and the brigade closed in mass; when Colonel Atkins, the Brigade Commander, made the men and officers an address, which he had previously been invited to do. There was cheering for Governors Yates, of Illinois, Todd, of Ohio, and Morton, of Indiana, and for President Lincoln and the old flag.

Artillery-firing was heard on the fifth of March, in the direction of Franklin. Orders soon came to be ready at a moment's notice to march in light marching order, and the command was ready at eleven A. M., and patiently waited, while the roar of

artillery was almost continuous until six P. M., when cars came, and the Regiment, with the brigade, piled into and on top of the cattle cars. In an old letter written by a soldier, and dated at Franklin, March sixth, we find the following: "We left our camp near Nashville, last evening at six P. M., for this point, by rail, in light marching order, leaving tents, horses, knapsacks, baggage, and everything else, except one day's 'hardtack', and arms and ammunition, behind. The miserable old cars and crazy engine were just five hours in getting us here, a distance of seventeen miles. Our brigade had the good fortune to be dumped down into a muddy corn-field, with no wood, shelter, or anything, and the men and officers lay down in the cold mud, with a blanket for cover, and the wind and rain pelting us from eleven o'clock P. M. until daylight. In military parlance this is called 'bivouac-ing.' Call it what you please, our boys think it pretty rough, but stand it uncomplainingly. All day long we have been standing in the muddy corn-field, with no shelter, and the rain pouring down heavily. Only think of eight thousand men packed into close quarters in a corn-field in the pelting rain, and their continuous tramping, and, my word for it, there will be *some* mud. Yesterday Colonel Coburn's brigade, about twenty-five hundred strong, all that were fit for duty, were sent out toward Spring Hill, and left all day unsupported, fighting about eighteen thousand Rebels under Van Dorn, Forrest, and Wheeler. Coburn's brigade made a gallant fight; but, surrounded and left alone, with such terrible odds against them, were at last compelled to surrender, only a few making their escape, and returning to Franklin. Some one blundered, and it was not Coburn." The rain continued without ceasing; but in the afternoon of the sixth, the tents and baggage of the Regiment came up, and the men were more comfortable. The troops at Franklin held the right of Rosecrans' army. We were twenty-one miles south of Nashville, and eighteen west of Murfreesboro. Orders came to the Regiment to keep constantly on hand three days' cooked rations. Franklin was a Rebel town; and it was reported in camp that the Rebel citizens had sent word to Van Dorn, Wheeler, and Forrest, to come into Franklin for supper on the sixth. But the Rebel Generals did not like the company that had forced itself upon the people of Franklin, and did not accept of the invitation of the citizens to take supper in that town. On the seventh, the railroad bridge across the Harpeth River was completed. On the eighth, many troops, cavalry and infantry, including Sheridan's

division, arrived and reported to General Gordon Granger. On the ninth, all of the troops at Franklin, under the command of Gordon Granger, marched southward on the Columbia pike, the cavalry skirmishing lightly with the enemy, who fell back before our advance, and the Regiment bivouaced one and a half miles south of Spring Hill; moved the next day at noon to Rutherford Creek, seven miles south of Spring Hill, and went into camp after dark. Remained in camp all the next day, the Rebels appearing in considerable force about noon, on the opposite side of the creek, and, for an hour, shelled the Regiment, without doing any injury. Our brigade battery shelled a column of the enemy's cavalry marching on the other side of the stream. It cleared up at noon. The cavalry followed the enemy to Duck River, at Columbia. Duck River was at flood tide with heavy rains, and no bridge, and the independent corporals of volunteers, who did their own thinking, never doubted that Gordon Granger, who commanded a column three times the force of the enemy north of the river, by energetic work, might have compelled the enemy to accept battle, and have killed, drowned or captured the entire Rebel force. Moved back to Franklin the next morning, General Sheridan's division taking the lead, his corps of trumpeters making the echoes ring as he marched out. His troops marched like quarter horses, and made no halt until they reached camp at Franklin, and the Ninety-Second bowled along nineteen miles in six hours, without a halt, keeping up with the column. The troops wondered why in the world Granger was in such a hurry to get back to Franklin, when he had uselessly consumed so much time in marching out. Just before reaching Franklin, a squad of Rebel cavalry fired on the rear guard, and the Regiment was halted, and put into line of battle; but the enemy not appearing in force, the Regiment crossed the Harpeth, and went into camp. Oscar Taylor, Esq., of Freeport, the law-partner of the Colonel of the Ninety-Second, and brother of the Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Cumberland, visited the Regiment. The next day the order to keep three days' cooked rations on hand was renewed. On the fourteenth, the troops of Franklin were reviewed by General Gordon Granger. On Sunday, the fifteenth, the Regiment listened to a sermon by a private soldier of Company E; and a soldier, in his diary, writes: "I would give more to hear him preach, although he gets but thirteen dollars per month, than I would to hear Chaplain White, who gets a hundred dollars a month." Contrabands had been at work

building a fort on the north side of the Harpeth; but, by order of General Granger, heavy details of soldiers were made for that purpose. On the seventeenth, a line guard was put around the Regiment, to the great disgust of the men. A few unruly soldiers made it necessary to guard the entire Regiment. Heavy siege guns were mounted on the fort at Franklin. Lieutenant David B. Colehour, of Company I, died in hospital at Nashville. He was an excellent officer, and his loss was deeply felt by his comrades. On the twentieth, the Regiment, an hour before daylight, marched over the Harpeth to the south of the town of Franklin, and remained thirty hours on picket, the picket line extending entirely around the town, from river bank above to river bank below. An hour before daylight the next morning, another regiment marched out to the reserve post, at an old cotton gin and press south of the town, so that there were two full regiments on picket at daylight; after daylight the Ninety-Second returned to camp. On Sunday, the twenty-second, Company A received large boxes of good things to eat and to wear from home. Sergeant Samuel L. Bailey, of Company H, was promoted to Lieutenant. There was brigade dress parade. On Monday morning, the pickets were fired on, and the Regiment was in line an hour before daylight. The first regimental drill since leaving Nashville took place. On the twenty-fifth, firing was heard in the direction of Nashville before daylight, and the Regiment was soon in line of battle, with faces toward home. And there they stood in the peach orchard, listening to an occasional gun at Brentwood, eight miles away, until long after daylight, when orders came to march. From an old letter written by a soldier of the Ninety-Second, we extract the following: "There we waited until the cavalry, under command of Brigadier General Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, took the road—didn't the bugles blow though, and didn't they go helter-skelter out on the pike, with sabers jingling! After the capture of Colonel Curn, at Spring Hill, the debris of his brigade, convalescents, teamsters, etc., about three hundred men, had been sent to Brentwood, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bloodgood, of the 22d Wisconsin, and had not been there many days, when Van Dorn sent a column of cavalry from Spring Hill, crossing the Harpeth on the Granny White pike road west of Franklin, and made an attack on Brentwood just before daylight; and Lieutenant Colonel Bloodgood surrendered without losing a man, or scarcely firing a shot. A few of his men, in a stockade at a rail-

road bridge, held out until Van Dorn planted his artillery and fired a few shots, when they surrendered also. It was while the Rebel artillery was firing that the Regiment got into line of battle at Franklin. General Green Clay Smith and his chargers found a Rebel picket at Hollow Tree Gap, and fooled around waiting until the infantry came up from Franklin, and until Van Dorn's column, with all their prisoners and plunder, was well on its way to Spring Hill by the road it came. And then, when the Rebel picket at Hollow Tree Gap had voluntarily retired, the cavalry followed up their rear guard, skirmishing occasionally; and the Kentucky newspapers had glowing accounts of how General Green Clay Smith drove Van Dorn back to his camp. Our boys said that Van Dorn had found the muster rolls of Coburn's brigade, and had come back after the balance of the command; they got it all, slick and clean, by the second capture at Brentwood. Now, the Granny White pike crosses the Harpeth not far west of Franklin; and why in the d—l General Gordon Granger did not send a portion of his corps of infantry to intercept Van Dorn on his return to Spring Hill, is one of those things which no private soldier of volunteers can ever find out." The Ninety-Second did not march farther than Hollow Tree Gap, when it returned to Franklin, and went into camp. By command of General Granger, the troops at Franklin were ordered into line of battle, each morning an hour before daylight, to stand shivering in the fog from the Harpeth, until after sunrise. On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh, Lieutenant Colonel Sheets received orders to be ready to march in fifteen minutes. The Ninety-Second was promptly in line, and marched at five o'clock P. M. to Brentwood, reaching there after dark, and bivouaced in the rain. The Colonel of the Ninety-Second was in command of the troops, having with him the Ninety-Second, the 96th Illinois Volunteers, the 6th Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, and 9th Ohio Battery of Artillery. The next morning, the Regiment, and all of the command, went into camp in a grove near a railroad bridge which they were to guard, and, on the next morning, commenced fortifying, the cavalry regiment doing scouting duty. A strong little fort was built for the artillery on the brow of the hill, and a trench large enough to hold two regiments was dug around it, in zig-zag shape, six feet wide, and six feet deep, with benches of earth left each side for the troops to stand on while firing. Timber was cut, and out of the limbs was formed *chevaux-de-frise*; that is, the limbs were sharpened at

the points, and placed thickly, points outward, around the trench and fort, and staked fast, so that a charging column could not get easily over, or through them, or remove them, without axes. The bodies of the trees were laid along the trench on both sides, elevated on skids, so that the troops in the trench could fire through the opening under the logs, and have their heads protected from the enemy's fire by them. The ground was chosen on the apex of a knoll; and, by cutting down the trees on a gentleman's lawn, and felling the trees in his orchard, which was, of course, done, a clean sweep for musketry was obtained all around. It was an unique idea; no such work was treated of in any military book; but it was inspected by Captain Merrill, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, and pronounced by him to be one of the strongest works that could have been as easily constructed on that ground. Major John C. Smith, a gallant soldier of the 96th Illinois Volunteers, had general charge of the construction of the little fort and trench. All of the able-bodied contrabands in the vicinity were pressed into service, and heavy details made on the command for the work. One white man was pressed into the service also, Dr. William Mayfield, a finely educated, gentlemanly appearing little fellow, who practiced medicine in that neighborhood. The Doctor, on March 30th, visited the head-quarters of the Colonel commanding, and requested a permit to pass the guards, night or day, on "professional duty." A permit was prepared for him, but he was requested to sign a written statement that he was, and would remain, a loyal citizen, and, under penalty of death, would not give information to the enemy. The Doctor blandly remarked that he could not sign it, for the reason that he was a Rebel. "What!" said the Colonel, "do you come here into my head-quarters, and insist on a permit to pass my lines, night or day, and tell me that you are a Rebel? Guard, take this Rebel to Major Smith, and tell him to put the fellow at work in the trenches." The guard did not need a second order. Side by side with his own slaves the little fellow dug and delved until, after a day or two, Major Smith reported him ill, and obtained permission to relieve him. The soldiers, and the darkies, enjoyed it considerably more than did the little Rebel Doctor. The boys would have their sport, and always enjoyed getting some laugh on the officers. They found in the vicinity a little, old jackass, and dressed him up in officers' uniform, with the hugest pair of shoulder-straps ever seen, and paraded him through the camps,

to the delight of every one, for the officers good-naturedly joined in the laugh, although it was at their expense. On the fifth of April, there was a scare in camp, and the pickets were doubled; the enemy were reported to be marching in strong force to attack the camp. How the boys did want them to come on, just to be able to show them that surrendering, without fighting, was not what the Ninety-Second enlisted for. The command was ready for them, and that is just the reason why they did not come. Troops that are vigilant, and always ready for battle, are seldom gobbled up. For a nation, the surest guarantee of peace is to be ready for war; for an outpost of an army, the surest guarantee that there will be no fighting to do, is to be ready to accept battle at any moment. The cavalry regiment was sent out, and found parties of the enemy, who did not press on toward the command, but retreated. On the eighth of April, General Morgan, with a division of infantry, arrived from Nashville at Brentwood, and, on thirty minutes' notice, at five o'clock P. M., the command took up the line of march on its return to Franklin, arriving after dark; and was up in line of battle at three in the morning of the ninth, in accordance with Granger's order. On the tenth, at about ten o'clock A. M., Van Dorn's cavalry, having been informed that Franklin was evacuated—the information probably being based upon the fact that Sheridan's division had returned to the vicinity of Murfresboro—made a furious attack upon the 40th Ohio Infantry, of Atkins' Brigade, which was doing picket duty south of Franklin. Of course, the Ninety-Second was in line of battle very quickly. Van Dorn's troops charged the cavalry outposts on the three roads leading south from Franklin, and chased them in on a dead run, all at the same time. The 40th Ohio did not leave their posts; but the officers and men of that entire regiment made but little impression on the charging Rebel columns that swept by while the 40th Ohio emptied their muskets at them; then the soldiers of the 40th Ohio took to the gardens, buildings, and outhouses; while the charging Rebel columns swarmed down into the village of Franklin, one Rebel even crossing the pontoon bridge to the north of the river Harpeth, and others being killed at the bridge on the south side. The Rebels soon learned that their information in regard to the evacuation of Franklin was a mistake, and that Granger's entire corps still held it; and then they charged out again, a little more rapidly than they had come in, while the 40th Ohio gave them a hearty salute as they passed back toward Spring Hill. The 40th lost

but two killed and seven wounded, while nineteen dead Rebels lay close by their line, all killed with their musketry, and there must have been a large number of Rebels wounded. The hills and woods south of Franklin swarmed with Van Dorn's grey-coats; and the heavy siege artillery, at the fort on the north side of the Harpeth, sent shells over the 40th Ohio, and screaming on beyond. The newspapers reported one hundred and fifty killed and wounded in Van Dorn's command, probably a high estimate. The cavalry of Green Clay Smith followed the Rebels again on their return to Spring Hill. The dead Rebels near the pickets of the 40th Ohio had canteens, with whisky and powder mixed in them; and whether or not they were inspired by draughts from their canteens, they certainly made a most wreckless and dashing charge into Franklin and out again. On the eleventh, a large number of Rebel wounded were picked up in the woods south of the town, and taken to the hospitals. On the twelfth, the Ninety-Second again did picket duty south of Franklin. Gordon Granger camped his corps north of the Harpeth, and daily sent a regiment to encircle the town on the south, and a regiment to reinforce it at three A. M., so as to have two regiments there at daylight each morning. When Major General Schofield was falling back in front of Hood's Rebel army, and made a stand at Franklin, and repulsed Hood's fiery attack, Schofield made his line of battle where the line of the reserve pickets of the Ninety-Second was this day; that is, south of Franklin, encircling the town from river bank to river bank. On the fifteenth of April, the Ninety-Second was made happy by receiving four months' pay. Pay day was always looked forward to most anxiously in the army; many of the men had families at home, and needed the trifling amount of their stipulated monthly pay to keep the wolf from their home firesides during their absence. There is too much machinery in the United States Army; the Paymaster's Department ought to be abolished, and Regimental Quartermasters instructed to pay the men promptly every month. If not desirable for Regimental Quartermasters to carry the coin or currency with them on campaigns, payments might be made in drafts on the money centers of the country, adding five mills on a dollar for every hundred miles, from place of drawing draft to place of payment; such drafts, in the hands of the soldier, would be worth the full amount of his monthly pay anywhere. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and then he would have it when due him. On the seventeenth of April, orders from brigade

head-quarters were issued to detail men from each company to cook coffee, when the command went into line of battle before daylight, and furnish each man in line a cup full of hot coffee as soon as possible. Malaria lurks in the fog that rests upon the earth just before sunrise, and coffee is an antidote to malaria. Lieutenant Colonel Sheets had already disobeyed the orders of Gordon Granger, to stand silently in battle-line, and had assisted the circulation of the blood of the men in the Ninety-Second, by rapid exercise in the manual of arms, and even by double-quick marching; but, with every precaution, the men could not stand it, and were rapidly going into hospital; it was only a sad consolation to know that the percentage in the Ninety-Second of sick men was much lower than in any other regiment. On the eighteenth, Second Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, of Company K, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant Peleg R. Walker, of Company K, was promoted to Second Lieutenant. On the twentieth, there was target practice by the Regiment, and Company A, with the smallest number of men, hit the target the most times. On the twenty-second, the Regiment turned over the bell tents drawn at Cincinnati, and drew "dog tents." It was the greatest possible improvement upon the old manner of sheltering the men—far better for their health, and gave greater mobility to the army, as it cut down the transportation trains eleven wagons and sixty-six mules to every regiment. They were simply strips of tent-cloth, about six and a half feet long, by three feet wide, with button-holes on one edge, and buttons on the other, one issued to each man, and to be carried by him on the march, and two buttoned together formed the "tent" of two soldiers. The men regarded them with extreme aversion, and there were serious threatenings of mutiny when they were issued. A soldier of the Ninety-Second, writing from Franklin in a letter home, says: "The 'dog-kennels' have been introduced into our Regiment; and now, in place of the sixty-five or seventy tents used by us for the last eight months, we have one of these rags for each man. Shelter tent is, however, a misnomer: there is no shelter about it, but precisely the opposite. Have you ever seen one? No. Well, I can introduce you to the *modus operandi* of making one. Rob your bed of a sheet, if you have one (and if you have, it is more than I have had for some time, if not longer); and now, while speaking of sheets, it is enough to put a soldier to feeling bad not to have any, for there is a charm in that word sheets; yes, there is. But to go on and tell you how

to make one of these dog kennels. Go out into the yard, if you have one; pin down two sides of the sheet by a little pegging, and then run a pole, if you have one, through the center, lengthwise; elevate it upon big stones or stakes at the corners, and you have a dog kennel such as we have, except that yours will be larger than ours. Ours are about five feet wide by six feet long, and are intended for two persons by splicing. In order to get into them, the hands and knees are brought into requisition. In turning over through the night, you must remember that it is safest to back out, turn over, and then crawl in again. Unless you do so, you are extremely liable to injure your pole, and down comes your dog kennel. If Gordon Granger comes riding through the camp, certain as you live, out comes the entire command on hands and knees from the dog kennels, and such unearthly barking, like dogs, never was heard; and thousands take it up, and away over and beyond the fort, and all through the corps it is bark, bark, and growl, growl." During the night of the twenty-sixth, the cavalry, under Gen. Green Clay Smith, marched out in the direction of Spring Hill, and surprised a camp of Rebels, capturing about one hundred and thirty prisoners, and one hundred horses; and on the morning of the twenty-seventh, Atkins' brigade, including our Regiment, marched out to meet the cavalry returning, and to be ready to support them, if support was required. On April thirtieth, the Regiment was mustered for pay, and inspected by Brigadier General A. Baird, Division Commander. The day was observed by the Regiment as a day of fasting and prayer.

On the first of May, Atkins' brigade, accompanied by a regiment of cavalry, made a reconnoissance in the direction of Spring Hill, with a little skirmishing, the Rebel picket falling back. On the second, the Regiment again did picket duty south of Franklin. Chaplain Cartwright, appointed vice White resigned, reached camp, and, finding the regimental grounds nearly deserted, approached Major Bohn, who was solemnly presiding over the deserted camp, when the following dialogue is supposed to have ensued: Chaplain—"Do you belong to the Ninety-Second?" Major—"Yes, I have the honor to belong to that Regiment." Chaplain—"Well, God bless you; how do you do? I am Chaplain of the Ninety-Second. How are you? Where is Sheets?" Major—"Sheets, Sheets! Who is Sheets?" Chaplain—"Why, God bless you, man; you a member of the Ninety-Second, and don't know Sheets, Lieutenant Colonel Sheets?" Major—"Oh!

ah! you are inquiring about *Lieutenant Colonel* Sheets, are you?"

Chaplain—"Yes, Sheets; I know Sheets, and Sheets knows me, and I want to see Sheets." Major—"Well, I am sorry to say

that *Lieutenant Colonel* Sheets is not in just now." Chaplain—

"Well, where is Woodcock?" Major—"Woodcock, Woodcock!

There are plenty of mocking-birds in the woods along the Harpeth, stranger; but, I tell you what it is, I have n't had a shot at a woodcock since I left Carroll County." Chaplain—"I mean

Captain Woodcock, the County Clerk at Oregon." Major—"Oh!

do you refer to *Captain* Woodcock, of Company K?" Chaplain—

"Yes, I know him." Major—"Well, *Captain* Woodcock

is not in, either, just now." Chaplain—"Well, then, where is

Preston; I know Preston." Major—"Preston, Preston; it seems

to me that name sounds familiar; who is Preston?" Chaplain—

"Why, Captain Preston, of Polo." Major—"Oh! you wish to

inquire about *Captain* Preston, of Company D?" Chaplain—

"I know him, too." Major—"Well, I am sorry to say that *Cap-*

tain Preston is not here just now." At this juncture, the Chaplain

espied a soldier whom he had known in Ogle County, Illinois, and bolted for him, and met a much warmer reception

than Major Bohn had given him. When the Major used to tell

about it, and declared that he was going to teach the new Chaplain

to have *dignity*, everybody smiled out loud at the unique idea

of the Major teaching "dignity" to any one. On the third, the

new, old Chaplain preached his first sermon, and won the respect

and love of the men and officers from the start. Colonel Sheets

declined to order the men to attend preaching, but the Chaplain

found a way to get them out. At half-past ten, the usual church

time, the melodious and sonorous voice of the Chaplain was

heard, "Ho, boys! Ho, boys! Come up here, and help me serve

the Lord for half an hour, and I will help you in the trenches the

balance of the week." That was a proposition, on the part of the

Chaplain, that meant business. The boys took him at his word;

he had a congregation of willing listeners, and the men did not

afterward complain that the Chaplain did not keep his part of the

bargain. It did not run in the Cartwright blood to be lazy; and,

with pick, or spade, or axe, the Chaplain was an adept. On the

fifth, the Regiment went out chopping a swath through the tim-

ber on the hill-tops, for the signal corps to sight their flags

through. Now, of course, the soldiers of the Ninety-Second

know all about what that means; but, possibly, the child of a sol-

dier who may, perchance, read this book long years hence, will

not know what it means; and it is not an easy thing to explain it in print, but we shall try and do so. If "the Committee on Publication" belonged to the signal corps, and fully understood it themselves, they might be able to explain it better; but, alas! they don't. Well, to start with, the signal corps send messages from station to station by motion of flags. The signal flag is a large, square, white flag, with a square patch of red in the center. In communicating with another signal station, down to the ground will go the signal flag to the right and up again; then down to the right and up again twice in rapid succession; then down to the left and up again; then down to the right and clear over down to the left and up again; and so it goes. These motions of the signal flag mean something; we don't know what they mean, only that every quick motion of the flag indicates a letter of the alphabet, and that the message is being spelled out by an officer of the next signal station, who is watching the motions of the signal with a powerful field telescope. Sometimes, when high points are occupied by the signal stations, they are twenty miles apart. Sometimes the forest trees, on the highest points between stations, have to be chopped down to open a sight-way from signal station to signal station; and the Ninety-Second were all wood-choppers on the fifth of May, 1863, performing such duty. On the sixth, the pickets on the Louisburg pike, south of Franklin, were attacked, and Atkins' Brigade moved out, the Ninety-Second having the advance. General Baird, a soldier loved by all under him, accompanied the command, and skirmished with the enemy quite lively until dark; returned to camp about nine o'clock at night. On the eighth, Dr. Peters, of Spring Hill, walked into the head-quarters of the Rebel General Van Dorn, and deliberately killed him, by shooting him through the head with a pistol, on account of the alleged intimacy of General Van Dorn with Mrs. Peters. Doctor Peters, in the excitement momentarily created by the assassination at the head-quarters of the Rebel General, made his escape to the woods, in the rear end of the house, and was at Franklin the next day with the Union lines, boasting of his exploit. General Gordon Granger fixed up a letter, directed to the Commander of the Confederate forces at Spring Hill, and sent the Colonel of the Ninety-Second to deliver it under a flag of truce. With a hundred cavalry as an escort, and a good supply of Havana cigars, and imported wine, from General Granger's stock, accompanied by a few officers in their best suits, he approached the Rebel pickets, and

requested that an officer equal in rank might be sent for, to receive his dispatches. While waiting for a Confederate Colonel to arrive, supper was prepared at a farm-house. When the Confederate Colonel came, accompanied by a few officers, all sat down together at supper. The grey-coats made the best display of good clothes; but "Havana" cigars and "imported" wines were luxuries they did not bring with them. While enjoying a social smoke after supper, the conversation was turned upon Van Dorn's sudden taking off. The Confederate officers pretended to know nothing of it; but the Union officers detailed the story minutely, without intimating that Peters had furnished the information, and nonchalantly pretended that the Union officers knew every thing daily occurring at Spring Hill. How they had such minute information, was a puzzler to the Confederate officers; and so to puzzle them, was the real object of the flag of truce. Just at midnight, the grey-coats and blue-coats shook hands and separated, each party returning to their own encampments.

Sunday, May tenth, was a beautiful day, and closed with a brigade dress parade, an innovation of the Regulations; which, probably, did not occur in any other brigade in the army. The brigade was composed of the 9th Ohio battery of artillery, the Ninety-Second, 96th, and 115th Illinois, 74th Indiana, and 40th Ohio infantry regiment. At brigade dress parade, one regiment was formed on the right; three regiments at right angles with the first, the right of the line resting on the left of the first; the fifth regiment at right angles with the three, right resting on the left, forming three sides of a square, except that one of the sides was three times the length of each of the others. The music of all the regiments was massed, making a drum corps of a hundred drummers and fifers; and at the command, "Music, beat off," the music, at slow time, the Ninety-Second Silver Band playing, marched down in front of the first regiment, wheeled and passed along the line of the three regiments, wheeled and passed the fifth regiment. They marched back at quick time, the drum corps of a hundred all playing. Lieutenant Lawver, Brigade Adjutant, would then command, "Attention, battalions. Shoulder arms! Prepare to open ranks, to the rear open order, march!" The ranks opened, and aligned the commissioned officers in front; the Adjutant took his position in front of the center of the line of three regiments, and commanded, "Present arms!" Coming to an "about face," he would salute Colonel Atkins, the Brigade Commander, and say: "Sir, the parade is formed." The Adju-

tant would then take position to the left and rear of the Colonel; and the Colonel, acknowledging the salute, would draw his sword and command, "Battalions, shoulder arms!" And would then go through with the entire manual of arms. The practical difficulty of the command of execution being heard at the *same instant* by so large a body of troops, was obviated by a little Yankee ingenuity; while not able to *hear* at the same instant, they were able to *see*; and after giving the preparatory command, "Shoulder," he would wait abundantly long for his voice to be heard by the flanks; and at the command of "Arms," the left hand of the Colonel commanding always went up into the air; and every soldier in the line could *see* that at the *same instant*, and the manual of arms was executed by the entire brigade, with as exact precision as it was ever executed by a squad of five men. Officers of the Regular Army looked on, and wondered at the precision of the execution of the manual of arms, but did not detect the slight of hand by which it was attained. After the manual of arms had been executed, brigade orders were read by the Adjutant. At the command, "Parade dismissed," the field officers of the brigade returned swords, closed on the Adjutant, and marched up to salute the Brigade Commander. When the field officers dispersed, the Captains marched their companies to quarters. On May fourteenth, the Ninety-Second was again on picket south of Franklin. On the nineteenth, there was brigade drill, for the first time, in a clover-field north of Franklin. On the twenty-first, there was another brigade drill, General Baird being present. On the twenty-second, the Regiment was called up at two A. M., and ordered to be ready to march at three A. M., but the order was countermanded. Brigade drills every day, until the twenty-seventh, when orders came to be ready to march at three A. M., with two days' cooked rations and seventy rounds of ammunition. The Regiment was ready, and waited all day for the order to "march," but none came. There were countless rumors of a Rebel attack on Triune.

On the first of June, the sick were all sent to Nashville. On the second, there were orders to be ready to march at three A. M., the time that Granger always proposed to march; but the Regiment waited in the rain until Granger's leisurely breakfast had been eaten, and started at nine o'clock A. M. for Triune. It was very hot and showry, the dirt roads horrible for men and trains; the men lightened up their loads, by throwing away extra pairs of shoes, overcoats, and some even dress-coats and blankets. It was

the first march for the new, old Chaplain, and the kind-hearted old man knew the boys would want their blankets when night came, and he loaded down his horse with as many as his horse could carry. After reaching camp, he called the boys to come and get their blankets; but the Chaplain did not have blankets for all who came; and it is said that he did not have one for himself that night! It was a hard march, many of the men falling out by the way, and many not reaching Triune until the next morning. The next day there was cannonading at Franklin, and the cavalry was sent back there. General Granger reviewed the remainder of his corps, thirty regiments of infantry, and thirty-six pieces of light artillery. It was Granger's order to be up at three A. M., daily, and stand silently in line of battle until after sunrise; that order, kept up for months, killed more men of his corps than the Rebels ever did. It rained on the fifth, and the picket firing was continuous all day. On the seventh, the cavalry had a light skirmish, and the Regiment was in line of battle from morning until night. On the ninth, the Regiment was paid. On the eleventh, Forrest made an attack on Triune. Atkins' Brigade, holding the front, was promptly in line, two regiments on the right of the road, concealed by timber and underbrush, with a masked battery, an open clover field in front, through which, about one hundred yards in front of the regiments, the water had cut a deep gully, that no horse could leap or get through. Forrest was leading a charge of Rebel cavalry over the open field, right in the direction of the gully, where he must necessarily have come to a halt, and been at the mercy of the masked artillery and two regiments of infantry, that had been directed not to fire a shot until the Brigade Commander gave the order. At this juncture, up rode Gordon Granger, and ordered the boys to fire. The commander of the brigade endeavored to explain to Granger, but he would hear nothing, and so the artillery opened on the charging column before it had come within musket range, and it quickly retreated. If Granger had been acquainted with the ground himself, or had listened to the Colonel commanding the brigade, there would have been terrible slaughter in that Rebel column when it reached the gully running through the clover field, which was not discernable twenty feet away, but an effectual barrier to horsemen, where the artillery could have thrown grape and canister, and two regiments of infantry, at short range, poured in a musketry fire. As it was, the artillery killed only a few Rebels, and Forrest and most of

his troops rode safely away. Granger then ordered the troops to fire on our own skirmishers, that the Brigade Commander had just sent out to a brick house, on the left of the road, in front of the line of battle, but the men knew they were our own troops, and refused to obey his order. Granger then rode off. The Rebels planted a section of artillery, and sent their shells flying over the brigade. Our brigade battery of artillery replied, and dismounted one of the Rebel guns. The Rebels soon withdrew. There were no losses in the Ninety-Second. The newspapers reported the Rebel loss at twenty-one killed and seventy wounded. One laughable incident occurred. The camp equipage was quickly loaded in wagons and moved to the rear, and on the top of one wagon, the company wagon of Company I, sat a little negro on a knapsack packed with clothing. A Rebel shell knocked the knapsack out from under the colored boy, without injuring him in the least; but he was terribly frightened. The mules were too slow for him after that, and he went to the rear on foot double quick. About two A. M. of June thirteenth, a brigade of infantry, and a force of cavalry, prepared to march out on the road south of Triune, General Steedman in command, and blowing of the bugles in the cavalry camp aroused all the troops, who imagined it was the Rebel cavalry. At three P. M., while our brigade was all out in the large clover field drilling, the firing at the front became brisk, and the whole brigade received orders to march to the assistance of Steedman, and moved from the drill ground rapidly four miles south of Triune, where Steedman was met, leisurely falling back, with only a regiment engaged as rear guard, skirmishing. Steedman said he had one pretty little brush with them, but there was no difficulty in repulsing the enemy. Returned to camp after dark, and were called up at eleven P. M. to await marching orders, and waited until after daylight, but no orders came. The next day, Sunday, June fourteenth, there was inspection, and orders received to keep constantly on hand two days' cooked rations, and sixty rounds ball cartridges to the man. This order kept the men constantly on cold victuals, and sometimes spoiled victuals. On the seventeenth, the Ninety-Second cut down the timber between the Shelbyville and Murfresboro pikes, so that it could not be used as a cover by the enemy. On the twentieth, there was a scare, and pickets doubled, but no attack came. On June twenty-third, the Regiment marched with the corps from Triune at daylight, but were delayed by wagon trains, and, after marching twelve miles,

camped at two P. M. Marched next day at one P. M., in hard rain, and at one o'clock at night bivouaced on the Shelbyville pike, at Walnut Church. Willich's Brigade took Liberty Gap, and Wilder's Brigade took Hoover's Gap from the Rebels, and we marched all the afternoon to the music of heavy cannonading. The rain was continuous night and day. The next day, the twenty-fifth, marched but a mile, standing in line all day, listening to the continuous roar of artillery in the distance. Sent the knapsacks and surplus trumpery to Murfresboro, to lighten the loads of the men. Remained at Walnut Church all the next day, cannonading heavy at the fort. On the twenty-seventh, moved at twelve M. down the Shelbyville pike to Guy's Gap. The cavalry, under command of General Mitchell, had the advance, and charged into Shelbyville at five P. M., capturing five hundred and five prisoners and two pieces of artillery. On the twenty-eighth, the Ninety-Second guarded the Rebel prisoners, marching eight miles toward Murfresboro, and turned over the prisoners to the 96th Illinois. Captain Espy, of the 115th Illinois, Commissary on the staff of the Colonel commanding the brigade, was notified of the coming of the Rebel prisoners, and issued rations to them, and in the kindness of his heart, even prepared hot coffee for them in large plantation kettles. How different from the treatment of our soldiers in the hands of the enemy at Andersonville! The kind-hearted, gallant Captain Espy lost his life afterward, at Chicamauga. On the twenty-ninth, the Ninety-Second joined the brigade, four miles north of Shelbyville. On the thirtieth, marched through Shelbyville, and camped one mile south of the town, on Duck River, and was mustered for pay. On the first of July, moved a mile and went into permanent camp. The Colonel of the Ninety-Second learned of the probability that General Baird would leave the division, and, desiring himself to get out from under the command of General Gordon Granger, he earnestly sought the influence of Colonel Arthur C. Ducat, Inspector General of the Army of the Cumberland, whom he had been intimately acquainted with while they were serving together under Grant, at Cairo; and of Colonel Simmons, Commissary of the Army of the Cumberland, who had served with the Colonel of the Ninety-Second on the staff of General Hurlbut in the Army of the Tennessee; and of Colonel John W. Taylor, the Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Cumberland, who was a brother of the law partner of the Colonel of the Ninety-Second, to induce General Rosecrans to

detach the Ninety-Second from the reserve corps of General Granger, and attach it to some active command at the front; and he received the assurance of the gentlemen named that they would use their influence with General Rosecrans to obtain such an order. On the third of July, the Ninety-Second marched at two o'clock P. M. to Wartrace, eight miles, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, through a terrible rain storm, the water in the mountain roads being, frequently, two feet deep. From an old letter written by a member of the Ninety-Second, from Wartrace, we extract the following: "It was given to Stokes' regiment, under the command of Major Gilbraith, to lead the charge into Shelbyville. Major Gilbraith's family lived in that town. At it they went with a rush and a yell, dashing into town, cutting, shooting, and killing. The Rebels were so hard pressed that, for all to cross the bridge over Duck River, was impossible. Many rushed for the ford above, the Union cavalry on their heels, and into the river the Rebels plunged, which, being high from recent rains, was difficult to cross, and between fifty and a hundred of the Rebels were drowned. Our boys pulled out quite a number of the dead Confederate soldiers two days afterward, and gave them decent burial. Stokes' regiment were fighting for their own homes and firesides. Such meetings of old friends in Shelbyville never occurred there before. Men, women and children were kissing and embracing each other in the streets, while tears rolled down their cheeks, until the stoutest heart would melt away in like feelings. To see men, old and young, embracing and hugging each other, was a common occurrence. For several days after their deliverance, refugees who had sought shelter and protection at the North for a year or more, returned to their homes and families. O, such meetings and greetings as I there witnessed is worth a year of the hard life of a soldier. Bedford county, of which Shelbyville is the capital, is largely Union, and it is due to the efforts of Mr. Edmund Cooper, an influential, patriotic and able lawyer of Shelbyville, that so many citizens of Bedford county have remained true and faithful to the Union. Bragg made his head-quarters there, and during the reign of terror the Union people suffered beyond the power of my description. The Fourth of July has been made perpetual there every day since our troops broke the shackles, and Union flags, long sewn up in quilts, are brought out and deck the town. Platforms are erected, and speeches are made by citizens and soldiers daily, while the Court House square is packed full

of the ladies and gentlemen of Shelbyville, waving flags and handkerchiefs, and singing Union songs. The emotions, the rejoicings, the joyful demonstrations, the bursting out of long pent up feelings, are as boundless as the ocean, and no pen can picture the real happiness of the citizens. Long live Shelbyville. It is the general opinion that Bragg would have been bagged if the weather had not been so continuously rainy; and now he is away down at Chattanooga, with a demoralized army, trying to get up into Kentucky by the way of Knoxville. The Rebels burned all the bridges over Duck River, and also over Elk River; but the first are up again, and the others will be before this letter reaches you."

July fourth was celebrated by a cessation of all ordinary duties, and most of the men went black-berrying, and found the most luscious blackberries in the greatest abundance in the "old fields" about Wartrace. The Colonel of the Ninety-Second dined with Captain Hicks, of the 96th Illinois. Many patriotic speeches were made. On Sunday, the fifth, there was preaching and black-berrying. On the sixth, the Ninety-Second marched seven miles, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Sheets, to Duck River, and engaged in building a wagon bridge across that stream at Rouseville. Colonel Wilder came along, and, fancying the Ninety-Second, declared his determination to have it detached from the reserve corps, and assigned to his brigade of mounted infantry. It is safe to say that the men of the Ninety-Second were overjoyed with the hope that Wilder might be successful in his application. Apples and blackberries were abundant, and details were made to gather them, while the work of building the bridge progressed, which was completed on the ninth. Colonel Wilder's application was supplemental to the request of the Colonel of the Ninety-Second, and was successful, and General Rosecrans detached the Ninety-Second from General Gordon Granger's corps, and assigned it to Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry. On the tenth, the Regiment returned to Wartrace, and there was great excitement among all the troops to be mounted. The 40th Ohio, officers and men, joined in a petition to Colonel Atkins to have that regiment mounted. On the eleventh, a detail was sent to Murfresboro for horses, and Lieutenant Colonel Sheets went to Nashville to procure equipments. In a letter home, written at Wartrace, July 16th, 1863, a soldier of the Ninety-Second writes: "The Ninety-Second is no longer first regiment, first brigade, first division, reserve army corps,

but has been detached, by special order of General Rosecrans, making a special selection of the Ninety-Second, without any solicitation or knowledge on our part. Nothing but the good reputation we bear could have secured to us this high and honored position. The Spencer Repeating Rifle is the arm we are to use. With the Spencer Rifle one hundred men are as effective as five hundred with the Enfield. Our saddles are here. Four hundred and forty horses will be here by noon; and four companies are now over Duck River, under charge of that excellent and efficient officer and gentleman, Captain Horace J. Smith, of Oregon. Six companies are here waiting for the equipments which Lieutenant Colonel Sheets, now at Nashville, is pushing forward as rapidly as possible. You may expect to hear of sharp work from us soon, as our position (mounted infantry) will keep us to the front of the invincible and advancing Army of the Cumberland." On the nineteenth, the Ninety-Second, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Sheets, made its first march on horseback, seven miles to Duck River, and joined Wilder's brigade. Colonel Atkins was ordered, by telegraphic dispatch from General Gordon Granger, to remain in command of the brigade of infantry, which he had commanded more than six months. He took the position that none but a department commander could issue such an order, and as the department commander had detached his Regiment from the reserve corps, he was also detached from that corps, and on the twenty-first, disregarding Granger's order, he turned over the command of the brigade to Colonel T. E. Champion, of the 96th Illinois, and himself joined the Ninety-Second, and assumed command of the Regiment. On the twenty-second, a detail of two hundred mounted men was ordered from the Ninety-Second to report to Colonel John J. Funkhouser, of the 98th Illinois mounted infantry, to scout along Duck River, and pick up animals and able-bodied contrabands. Colonel Atkins took command of the detail, and reported to Colonel Funkhouser the entire detail under Colonel Funkhouser, amounting to six hundred. On the twenty-fifth, three hundred and eighty horses arrived from Nashville for the Ninety-Second. On the twenty-sixth, at two P. M., the Regiment marched, with Wilder's brigade, fifteen miles, to Tullahoma. On the twenty-seventh, marched to Dechard, with brigade, and joined division of Major General J. J. Reynolds, 4th division, 14th army corps, Major General George H. Thomas commanding. On the twenty-eighth, Colonel Atkins returned

with captured animals. The detail had a gala time of it; the column marched west, on the north side of Duck River, through Shelbyville, and as far west as Hickman county, capturing all the horses and mules and able-bodied contrabands in the country. Scouting parties were sent by Colonel Funkhouser along the south side of the river, capturing all they could, but moving rapidly, and spreading the report that they were the advance of a column marching west on the south of the river. The citizens would gather up their stock and contrabands, and make for the north side of Duck River, to escape capture, and run into the very column they were attempting to escape. The results of the expedition were the capture of fifty Rebel soldiers, found home on furlough; between sixteen and seventeen hundred horses and mules, the horses to mount our men upon, the mules for the wagon trains; and eight hundred able-bodied negroes, for muster into a colored regiment. On the thirtieth, the camp was moved to better grounds, the camp regularly laid out, policed and adorned with evergreens. The strictest discipline was enforced. A soldier, in his diary, under date of July thirty-first, 1863, writes: "Not much of anything to do, but water, feed, groom and graze our horses. In the evening we had dress parade, by Regiment, when something less than a thousand orders were read to us, concerning roll-call, drills, feeding and watering our horses, and a great many other things too numerous to mention. They were so arranged as to keep a soldier busy every hour in the day, from half past four in the morning until nine o'clock at night. This we find to be the effect of lying in camp, where the officers have nothing to do but manufacture orders." The Regiment was all mounted, and on the first of August, all the Spencers not in use in the other regiments of Wilder's brigade were turned over to the Ninety-Second, enough to arm three companies, and the lucky companies getting them were D, E and F. In the forenoon of the second, there was inspection; in the afternoon, regimental drill; in the evening, dress parade. The soldiers did not fancy the drill and discipline, especially as the other regiments of mounted infantry paid no attention to drill, discipline or cleanliness of camp, and a soldier, in his diary, writes: "This is what makes the thing military." The blacksmiths were busy shoeing and branding the captured animals. On the fourth of August, the Regiment held its first inspection on horseback. The sixth was observed as a day of thanksgiving, agreeably to the proclamation of the President, and the thanksgiving dinners were

composed of green corn, "sow-belly" and "Uncle Abe's platform," as the boys called the "hard-tack." The Regiment was addressed by the Chaplain and Colonel. The weather continued intensely hot; on the ninth, a soldier was sun-struck while on duty; on the thirteenth, a soldier writes in his diary: "I was again detailed on head-quarter's guard, and to-day had to stay around to salute officers. It is certainly very disgusting to have to walk backwards and forwards on a beat when the sun pours down as hot as it does in this climate, and at this time of the year, and see the red tape, the military pomp, the West Pointism that is put on at our regimental head-quarters. In the afternoon, it rained, making it a great deal more agreeable and pleasant, as it was not so hot, and there were not so many officers strutting around." Rations and forage were scarce, as "Rosy" was using all the cars to get up hard-tack and ammunition for a move. The men went foraging for their animals and themselves, but the country was soon stripped; no matter, the army was preparing to leave it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CHATTANOOGA—OVER THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS—ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT HARRISON'S LANDING—FIRST SCOUT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—LEADING THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND INTO CHATTANOOGA—CATAWBA WINE—FIGHTING FORREST AT RINGGOLD, GEORGIA—REBEL SPIES PRETENDING TO BE DESERTERS—GORDON'S MILL—MARCHING DOWN LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE STORM AND DARKNESS—SCOUTING ALONG THE CHICAMAUGA BEFORE THE BATTLE—THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA—HOW MCCOOK'S CORPS WAS SURPRISED AND ROUTED—BACK TO HARRISON'S LANDING—A DYING WOMAN—BACK AGAIN OVER THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS—CAPERTON'S FERRY—OFF FOR HUNTSVILLE—JUDGE HAMMOND'S PLANTATION—THE COLD NEW YEAR'S NIGHT, 1864—PULASKI, TENN.—BACK TO HUNTSVILLE—SKIRMISH AT BAINBRIDGE FERRY—FIGHT AT SWEETWATER—TRIANNA—SCOUTING ALONG THE TENNESSEE—DETACHED FROM WILDER'S BRIGADE.

Sunday morning, August sixteenth, 1863, General Rosecrans' army, that, since the advance on Tullahoma and Shelbyville, had been scattered in camps about Dechard and Winchester, north of the Cumberland Mountains, pushed out after Bragg, whose headquarters were then at Chattanooga, south of the Tennessee River. The main army marched to Stevenson, and crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport and Caperton's Ferry, and swung off through the mountain gorges, to the south and west of the Rebel stronghold. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, Minty's brigade of cavalry, and Wagner's brigade of infantry, crossed the Cumberland range into the Tennessee valley north of Chattanooga, with orders to demonstrate strongly, as if contemplating a crossing, at every ford and ferry on the Tennessee. At eleven A. M., the Regiment marched, with Wilder's brigade, toward the mountain that loomed up in the distance, and, in a heavy thunder-shower, climbed up its side over a rocky road, down which the water rushed and roared,

and, after marching twelve miles, camped at University Place, on the mountain-top. The town is celebrated for its mineral springs, and as being the seat of the college over which Bishop Polk, of Tennessee, at that time a Confederate Major General in Bragg's army, had presided. There were many beautiful residences in the place; among them Bishop Polk's, and the mountain village had been quite a resort in summer for Southern people. A soldier, on the seventeenth, writes in his diary: "This morning I took my horse to graze on a spot high enough to overlook the valley below. Beneath where I stood, over the valley hung a heavy cloud, and where it hung, no portion of the valley could be seen; and, looking from above on the clouds beneath me, I compared the scene to a storm-tossed ocean. One cloud would be higher than another, and all in constant motion, like the changing billows of the sea, and all moving slowly down the valley. Such a beautiful sight of the marvelous works of nature I never before looked upon. By and by, as the sun approached the zenith, the clouds lifted higher and higher, until I could see the long winding valley, as it stretched far off in the distance. It looked to me like the prettiest land in the world, and as if the happiest people on earth might reside there. But, alas! when I marched through the valley, how different the scene! Deserted log cabins, a few only occupied by negroes that lived as best they could. War had laid its destructive hand upon the valley. Human habitations were deserted, and even the birds refused to sing, and nothing was heard but the neighing of horses, braying of mules, the rumble of cannon wheels and wagon trains." On the seventeenth, the Regiment marched about twenty miles, and camped, still on the mountain. On the eighteenth, marched early, passed Tracy City, a coal-mining town, and again camped on the mountain. Marched at seven o'clock, on the morning of the nineteenth, and, a little after noon, descended into the Sequatchie Valley. On going down the mountain, the advance had a brisk little skirmish with the enemy, and camped early. Company A was on picket on the Jasper road, and was fired upon by the enemy, when Colonel Wilder sent out four companies of the 17th Indiana, who killed one, and wounded one, of the enemy and captured eight prisoners. Another party, sent out by Colonel Wilder on another road, surprised a party of Rebel conscript officers in a church, killed two, wounded four, and captured twenty; among them eight Union men, three of whom had been sentenced to be shot the next day, but whose lives were saved by

the whole party being captured by the Yankees. These mountainous regions were full of Union men, and the vilest scum of the Rebel army was sent to conscript them into the Rebel service. The atrocities committed by the conscripting parties surpassed belief. They were too cowardly to fight in battle, but ferociously brutal toward the defenseless Union men who fell into their power. The Union men in the mountain regions of Tennessee carried their lives in their hands. On the twentieth, two companies of the Ninety-Second were sent back to Tracy City to guard the supply trains. The mountain is about twenty-five hundred feet high, and it is two miles up the steep and winding road from the valley to the mountain top. On the twenty-first, the brigade crossed Walden's Ridge, a continuation of Lookout Mountain on the north side of the river, and camped at Poe's Tavern, in the valley of the Tennessee. The scenery, from the top of Walden's Ridge above Poe's Tavern, is very beautiful. Below lies the valley of the Tennessee, some ten miles broad, through which the river winds like a thread of silver; off to the south lies the city of Chattanooga, twelve miles distant. As the Regiment commenced descending, a party of officers dismounted, and standing on a jutting rock that apparently was overhanging the valley, they could, with a field glass, plainly see the streets of Chattanooga, swarming with the army wagons of Bragg's army. On the river, ten miles above the city, was seen a little steamer, flying the Confederate flag, slowly moving northward. The day was beautiful, and the officers lingered until shouts in the valley called them to join the Regiment. On the twenty-second, Colonel Wilder marched down the valley toward Chattanooga, leaving the Ninety-Second and two pieces of rifled artillery to scout the country, and demonstrate at the fords and ferries above and below Dallas, on the Tennessee. The Regiment marched to Harrison's Landing. A Rebel picket was found on the top of the hill where the road commences to descend to the Tennessee River, but rapidly fell back, and crossed in a flat-boat to the other side. The enemy had a fort on the hill, back some distance from the water-front, in which were mounted three pieces of artillery; and close to the bank of the river were rifle pits, along the top of which the gray-coated soldiers were leisurely pacing. A large frame house stood on the bank of the river, on the side occupied by the Ninety-Second, in the yard of which the Colonel stood, examining the Rebel works across the river with his glass, when

the Rebel officer of the day, with his sash across his shoulder, rode down the hill from the fort, rapidly dismounted and kneeled under a tree, on the opposite side of the river, and the Colonel was endeavoring to discover what he was doing, when a puff of white smoke informed him that the Rebel officer was firing a rifle, and soon after the leaden messenger passed over the Colonel, through the side of the house, and through the arm of William C. Patterson, a member of Company D, the first soldier in the Ninety-Second to be hit by the enemy. The men of the Ninety-Second took position along the river's edge, and, concealed by the undergrowth, opened a fire on the sentries leisurely pacing on top of the Rebel rifle-pits, who quit marching their beats. The Enfields would not carry across the river without a double charge of powder, but the Spencers, with which three companies were armed, carried over very accurately. The men of the Ninety-Second had the advantage; they were concealed from the view of the enemy by the undergrowth along the river's edge, and their position could only be guessed by the puff of white smoke from their rifles; while, if the enemy put their heads above the bare earth-work they were behind, they made fair marks for our men. After practicing at long range across the Tennessee for an hour, the Regiment withdrew and returned to the vicinity of Poe's Tavern. A scouting party up the river found a small Rebel steamer concealed in a creek, and burned it. On Sunday, August twenty-third, the Ninety-Second lay in camp, listening to the guns of Wilder, Minty, and Wagner, shelling Chattanooga from the north side of the river. On the next day, the Ninety-Second returned to Harrison's Landing, and planted two pieces of artillery on the hill; the three cannon of the enemy in their fort were plainly discernable, the Rebel gunners sitting on the parapet, smoking and whittling, out of the range of musketry. The enemy had cut hazel brush and willows, and thickly covered the top of their rifle-pits at the water-front with them. We could not see their heads when they fired as we could before, when the earth-work was bare. The Lieutenant of the artillery was a long time in getting ready, and when the Colonel urged him to hurry up, and give them a few shots, the Lieutenant said he was waiting to get the range; he wanted a man to stand up on the parapet of the Rebel fort, and let him look at him through a little brass instrument the Lieutenant held in his hand, by which he could tell the distance within a few feet. An accommodating Rebel soon stood up for a

moment, and the Lieutenant sighted him with his instrument, took out a paper and figured a while with a pencil, carefully cut two shells, and loaded his pieces, sighted them, apparently at the sky, and let them both off at once. The smoke cleared away, and not a gun or Rebel could be seen again about that fort. The Colonel tried his hand at sighting artillery. The first shell he fired went into the Tennessee River; the second bursted in the air far beyond the Rebel fort. He gave it up, and the Lieutenant of artillery kept up the firing leisurely for an hour or more, the enemy not replying. It was not known then what injury our artillery had done, but a copy of the *Daily Chattanooga Rebel*, printed the next day, contained a statement that the first two shots, fired with so much care by the Lieutenant of artillery, had dismounted one of the Rebel guns, and killed four Rebel soldiers. The Regiment moved up to Dallas, and let fly a few shots from the artillery at a Rebel picket post on the opposite side of the ferry, and scattered it into the woods out of range, when the command returned to the Chattanooga road, a few miles south of Poe's Tavern, and encamped, and lay there, scouting to the various ferries along the Tennessee River, until the fourth of September. Men and animals subsisted entirely upon the country, and the only food procurable was green corn, unripe sweet potatoes, and green peaches, and as the men were generally in bad health when leaving Dechard, there was fear that their diet would soon put the entire Regiment into the hospital; but directly the reverse was true; their vegetable diet agreed with them, and by the fourth of September the men of the Regiment were in robust health. The enemy at Harrison's Landing would sometimes send over the ferry boat after daylight, and, occasionally, a squad of Rebel horsemen, who would come out to our pickets, fire a shot or two, and hasten back. One morning, at one o'clock, a detail went to Harrison's with instructions to dismount, and approach through the woods, dividing in two parties, one some distance from the Landing, and one near it, and to keep concealed in the thickets. Soon after sunrise the concealed men heard the Rebels hallooing across, and they were soon answered by the women in the house, at the Landing, waving a handkerchief, the signal, that no Yanks were about. Six horsemen, and a few dismounted men, soon entered the flat-boat and paddled slowly across the river. The Rebel horsemen mounted and rode up to the house, conversed with the women, and cautiously kept on up the road, when the party below them stepped

into the road behind them, and another party in front of them. They saw they were trapped, and did not attempt to fight, but quietly surrendered. The men then charged for the ferry boat, but the Rebels in it shoved it from shore, laid down, and paddled with one hand over the side of the flat-boat; it floated off down the river, slowly making for the other shore. The house on the river bank caught fire and burned down. On the third of September, 1863, company K was on picket duty on the north bank of the Tennessee River, opposite Harrison's Landing; the enemy, in their rifle-pits, on the other side of the river, kept up a promiscuous firing. Company K replied with spirit, wounding, as the company believed, many of the gray-coats. In the firing, James Mullarky, a brave and faithful soldier of Company K, was wounded, being the second man in the Ninety-Second to be hit with Rebel lead, and he still carries the Rebel musket-ball in his arm. On the fourth of September, the Ninety-Second reported to Colonel Wilder, near Chattanooga, and found that it had been ordered to report to General Thomas, for scouting duty, he having no mounted men with him, all being with Wilder and Minty on the left of the army, or with McCook on the right. The Regiment, with two brass guns, moved immediately to Thurman, where Major Bohn, with Companies I and H, with wagon train, joined the Regiment. Moved early the next morning, marched twenty-two miles down the Sequatchie valley. The valley is usually not more than three or four miles wide, and walled in by very high and exceedingly abrupt mountain ranges, the bare rocky walls, in places, rising twenty-five hundred feet above the valley; the river is a beautiful mountain stream, and the bottom lands very fertile. It seems to be the natural home of the weeping willow, and the most beautiful specimens of that graceful tree were seen, some of them of enormous growth, their long pendant branches nearly sweeping the earth. Camped at Jasper. Marched at daylight next morning, crossed the Tennessee on the pontoon bridge at Bridgeport, and marching ten miles on the south side of the river, went into camp at Cave Spring, where the Rebels had extensive saltpeter works, leaching the earth gathered from the floors of the huge cave in the mountain. Some of the men and officers went far into the cave; and the band played, expecting the cave to give back wonderful echoes, but it didn't. Marched on the seventh, at daylight, climbed and crossed Raccoon Mountain, and down into Trenton valley. Marched again at daylight, and reported to General Thomas at about ten

o'clock in the morning, in Trenton valley, and was, by him, directed to report to Major General Reynolds, who directed the Colonel to put his Regiment into camp, and shoe his horses. The animals were in bad condition. At one o'clock, a detail of fifty men, on picked horses, under Captain Van Buskirk, of Company E, was sent on a scout to the top of Lookout Mountain. They climbed the west side of the rugged mountain by an unused bridle-path, the first blue-coated soldiers ever on Lookout, pushed the Rebel pickets to Summertown, in plain sight of Chattanooga, and returned about ten o'clock at night, with authentic information of the evacuation of Chattanooga by Bragg's army. The Colonel was ordered to report to General Rosecrans, who gave him written orders to take the advance into Chattanooga, marching at four o'clock, on the morning of the ninth, with orders to all infantry commanders to give the Ninety-Second the road; and the Colonel was directed to go into the town of Chattanooga, and send General Rosecrans prompt information; and then to return with his Regiment and report to General Rosecrans; and as they parted General Rosecrans said: "The flag of the Ninety-Second will wave first in Chattanooga." The Regiment marched promptly, and passed long lines of infantry that gave the road, until the Colonel came up to the division of General Wood. The Colonel rode forward and showed his orders to General Wood, who criticised them and hesitated, but finally halted his command, and the Ninety-Second passed through it. The enemy's pickets were struck at the foot of Lookout, and pushed along up the mountain. Company F was dismounted, and on foot, from behind the rocks and trees, gave back shot for shot to the gray-coats sullenly falling back in front of them, until the mountain top was reached, when Wilder's artillery, from Moccasin Point, on the north side of the river, sent its screaming shells into our ranks. The skirmish line halted, and two volunteers, from the Ninety-Second, good swimmers, were directed to swim the Tennessee, and inform our brigade battery that its shells were bursting among the men of its own brigade; but a soldier who had served in the signal corps was along, and, tying his white handkerchief by the corners to a couple of straight hazel-sticks, he soon acquainted the troops over the river with the situation, and the battery ceased firing, and the Ninety-Second's skirmish line pushed on. Just at this juncture, a staff officer of General Wood rode up to the Colonel and said: "General Wood directs that you report to him." The

Colonel ordered the skirmish line and Regiment to push along, and then rode back to the head of Wood's division of infantry, and said to General Wood: "Did you send for me?" Wood replied: "Yes, Colonel; I wanted to say to you, that if you have any difficulty I will reinforce you." The Colonel replied: "Oh, is that all?" and again returned to the head of the Ninety-Second, and found it just commencing the descent into the Chattanooga valley. The Regimental colors were sent forward to the advance, and it was ordered to go at a gallop from the foot of the mountain into Chattanooga. Soon afterward, General Wood rode up to the head of the column, accompanied by one of his Brigade Commanders, with his brigade colors, but without any troops, who dashed ahead; but the colors of the Ninety-Second with Company F were already flying through the valley, two miles ahead of Wood's Brigade Commander. General Wood told the Colonel that he must go to Rossville with the Ninety-Second, and not send any of his troops into the town; but was pointed to the column of dust in the valley creeping rapidly toward Chattanooga, and told that the advance of the Ninety-Second would be in the town within five minutes. At ten o'clock A. M. of September 9th, 1863, the flag of the Ninety-Second was waving over the Crutchfield House, the first Union flag to wave in Chattanooga, as General Rosecrans had predicted, notwithstanding Wood's efforts to detain the Regiment. The remainder of the Regiment broke into a gallop at the foot of the mountain, and was soon in Chattanooga. Scouts were sent out on all the roads. Two companies went as far as Rossville, skirmishing with the Rebels falling back. Negroes and citizens were brought to the Colonel, and the completest information gathered regarding the evacuation, and an account of a rumor among negroes and whites that Bragg was to be reinforced from the Rebel army in front of Richmond, and give Rosecrans battle shortly, sent, by special courier, to General Rosecrans. At twelve o'clock, General Crittenden arrived in Chattanooga. At one o'clock, having rested horses and men in the railroad depot at Chattanooga, the Ninety-Second was preparing, as ordered to do, to return and report to General Rosecrans in Trenton valley, when General Crittenden sent for the Colonel, and commanded him to proceed with his Regiment to the mouth of the Chica-mauga, north-east of Chattanooga, and drive away the enemy, so that Colonel Wilder, with the balance of the brigade, could cross the Tennessee there. The Regiment moved at once, under the

orders of General Crittenden, driving the enemy easily, and the advance reached the mouth of the creek just before dark, and found Colonel Wilder already crossing. The Regiment camped nine miles north of Chattanooga, in the Chicamauga valley, on a grape plantation. Forage was abundant for the animals; and the huge wine cellars in the ample barn contained abundance of the purest and best Catawba wine. There were many temperance men in the Regiment, who did not try the wine; but there were also many men who did try it, and the camp was a jolly one. On the next morning, the tenth, with forage bags full of forage, and canteens full of Catawba, the Ninety-Second was preparing to march back through Chattanooga, and report to General Rosecrans, when Colonel Wilder ordered the Regiment to march with the brigade, which it did, on the road to Ringgold, and camped with Wilder's brigade at Greyville, where a Rebel mail was captured, and merry times had at the brigade head-quarters, reading the letters of the Rebel soldiers to their families and sweethearts. During the night, Colonel Wilder received orders to send the Ninety-Second to report to General Rosecrans, at Lafayette; and the Regiment pushed out at daylight, in advance of the brigade, and soon struck the Rebel pickets, and, about a mile north of Ringgold, found the enemy in force. The Regiment was dismounted, and formed in line of battle on the edge of a field, the enemy forming a line mounted, at the same time, on the opposite side of the field. The Ninety-Second had scarcely formed, when the enemy's line, about five hundred strong, moved out at walk, and, entering a depression in the field, were lost to sight; they soon came in sight again, and broke into a trot, and then a charge; but they were hotly received, the entire Regiment fighting coolly, and the three Spencer companies greatly aided in pouring in a fire the enemy could not stand; and they wavered, broke, and retreated, leaving thirteen of their dead upon the field. Only four were wounded in the Ninety-Second, all of Company F: Sergeant Harvey Ferrin, Corporal Eben C. Winslow, private George E. Marl, and private Frederick Petermier, whose horse was killed, his gun-stock shattered into fragments, and he caught a flattened Rebel bullet in his wallet. In an instant, there was a yell from a Rebel reinforcing column that had come up from Ringgold, and the line we had turned back reformed, and, reinforced, commenced a second charge. Just at this instant, Colonel Wilder came up, with Captain Lilly, of the brigade battery, and two guns, and Lilly unlimbered under the enemy's fire,

and sent his shell screaming up the road. Lilly was a dashing soldier, and a splendid artilleryist, and his shots were always sent to the right spot. Hardly had the reverberation of his first two shots died away, when he heard two answering shots, but no shell came toward us. The charging Rebel column halted. Lilly worked his guns lively, for five or six rounds, and the answering shots came regularly, but it was evident that no one was firing at us. Wilder ordered the Regiment forward, and forward it went, Wilder himself in the middle of the road, on the skirmish line, revolver in hand, and telling the boys both sides of the road: "Dress on me, boys." But Wilder and Companies F and E, in the advance, pushed so rapidly that the Regiment on foot could not keep up, and it was mounted and pushed after the advance, but did not come up to it until Ringgold was reached, where we learned that General Van Cleve, with his division of infantry, had approached Ringgold, on the Rossville road, and it was his guns we had heard. Forrest made lively time through Ringgold Gap, and narrowly escaped capture with one of his brigades. Anticipating that the road to Lafayette was held by the enemy, a scout was sent out, and soon returned with the information that the road was held by the gray-coats in strong force. A quantity of corn in bags was captured at the depot in Ringgold, and with two feeds in forage sacks, the Ninety-Second again left the brigade, and took the road to Rossville. When a few miles from Ringgold, and just as the advance was descending a wooded hill, considerable commotion was observed in the valley below. With a glass a Union wagon train was seen going into camp; and on a road south of the wagon train, running at right angles with the road the Ninety-Second was marching on, was observed a considerable column of Rebel cavalry. The citizens said there were seven hundred Rebels. The artillery was unlimbered and placed in position, and the Regiment dismounted; when the Rebels, with a yell, charged on the camp of the unsuspecting Yankee teamsters. The Rebels did not anticipate the reception the Ninety-Second gave them; and as our artillery and musketry opened, they turned about and left, without capturing a wagon, or firing more than a few pistol shots at the Ninety-Second. Captain Hawk, with two companies, followed the Rebels about two miles. The march was resumed; and along the road were found, every now and then, a Rebel soldier claiming to be a deserter from Bragg's army; and, by orders from General Rosecrans, they were not arrested, but told to go on their

way home. It was apparent to every soldier in the Ninety-Second that these straggling Rebels were spies, and not deserters; they were clean, well clad, in good health, and, in general intelligence, the brightest soldiers of the rank and file of the Rebel army. Such men are not often deserters; it is the ill-clad, unwell, down-hearted, home-sick men who desert their colors. But orders were orders; and these straggling Rebels were left unmolested, to watch the movements of the Union troops on every road; and they must have been terribly puzzled to understand the marching and countermarching of the columns they looked upon. The infatuation of a Union General, who, by published orders, invited his enemy to fill his camp with spies, has ever remained a mystery. The Regiment camped at Rossville after dark. The Colonel, confident that General Rosecrans was not in Lafayette, sent an officer, at daybreak the next morning, to learn if Rosecrans was in Chattanooga, and waited until nine o'clock; and, receiving no information, the Ninety-Second took the Lafayette road, from Rossville south, and struck the Rebel picket, which fell back, without fighting, at Gordon's Mill, about one o'clock P. M. The advance was halted at the Mill, and horses fed from a cornfield, and a feed of corn put into forage bags; and as the Regiment was preparing to move forward, an orderly, from General Rosecrans, rode up with orders to the Colonel to send his Regiment to the foot of Lookout Mountain, on the Summer-town road, and report in person for further orders to General Rosecrans, in Chattanooga; it thereby becoming apparent that the Regiment could not report to him in Lafayette. Before the Regiment could take the road, it was filled with a division of infantry marching south, that found its journey southward impeded by a heavy force of Rebel infantry, just beyond Gordon's Mill; so strong, indeed, that no troops under Rosecrans ever marched any farther south on that road. As soon as the road was cleared of the infantry division, the Ninety-Second retraced its march to Rossville, and on to the foot of Lookout Mountain. The Colonel rapidly rode to Chattanooga, and was ordered by General Rosecrans to open communication with General George H. Thomas, somewhere on the top of Lookout Mountain, south of Chattanooga. An hour before sundown, the Colonel returned, and the men dismounted, and, leading their horses, began the toilsome ascent of Lookout Mountain, the head of the column reaching the summit near dark. A storm had come up, and the rain poured down in torrents. The Regiment on the mountain

top was enveloped in the clouds, that seemed to sweep the very ground. A guide was pressed into service, and leaving a squad of men belonging to Company K, as a courier post at Summertown, the Regiment pushed along down the top of the mountain in the storm and darkness, establishing frequent courier stations with the men of Company K, until all of that company were on such duty, and then with the men of Company C, exhausting that company also. It was a tedious march; the storm, continuous, and the darkness so thick it could be felt; the animals and men weary, and many of the men would fall asleep upon their horses. It was a rough road, and the artillery was continually falling in rear. The head of the column would halt; and when the artillery closed up in rear, the Commander of the Artillery would cry out, "Artillery closed up;" and it would be taken up by the officers along the line, until the head of the column was informed, when it would push along, feeling its way in the darkness. During these halts, many of the exhausted men laid down by the road-side; and when the column started, their horses would keep their places in the ranks; but it was so dark that their companions could not tell whether the horses had riders or not, until they found the saddles empty in the morning. At three A. M., the picket of General Thomas halted the column. The Regiment went into bivouac; and the Colonel, accompanied by Major Lawver, proceeded to General Thomas's head-quarters to deliver his dispatches, which he accomplished at four o'clock A. M. on September twelfth, and by six o'clock A. M. of that day, had returned a letter twenty-five miles over the courier line, and placed it in the hands of General Rosecrans, at Chattanooga. At nine A. M., the exhausted men were roused; and an hour afterward, the Regiment moved down off from Lookout Mountain to the east, by Cooper's Gap, leaving Companies K and C on courier duty, and they did not join the Regiment again until long after the battle of Chicamauga. Details were sent out for forage, and the Regiment rested at the foot of Cooper's Gap. On the thirteenth, the Regiment moved farther into the valley, and camped at Pond Spring. On the fourteenth, the Ninety-Second moved at daylight, with orders to scout along the north-west side of the Chicamauga River, and open communication with General Crittenden at Crawfish Springs, and inform General Crittenden of the position of the Union troops. Every road and path crossing the Chicamauga was found picketed by the Rebel pickets; reached Crawfish Springs at eleven o'clock, and came

very near being fired upon by the Union infantry there encamped, who insisted that the Rebels had been seen a little while before on the road by which the Regiment approached; learned that Crittenden had marched toward Lookout Mountain; rested half an hour, and fed our animals. A strong scouting party was sent back to Pond Spring, by the road just marched over, and the Regiment followed on the road Crittenden had taken. The scouting party found the Rebel videttes occupying the same stations as before, at every crossing and path over the Chicamauga, and the woods full of Rebel soldiers, claiming to be deserters from the Rebel army, which they depicted as in full retreat. Orders were obeyed, and they were not molested. Three roads were found over which Bragg's forces had moved from Chattanooga, evidencing the fact that he had deployed his army south and east of the Chicamauga. If in full retreat, with the abundant leisure at Bragg's disposal, his columns would not move by divisions over unfrequented roads, leading nowhere except into the dense forests south and east of the Chicamauga. Crittenden's command was found, while it was halting for a rest, at about two o'clock P. M. The Colonel had been directed to explain to General Crittenden the position of the Union troops, and did so; and informed him that every road and path across the Chicamauga was held by the enemy. General Crittenden very testily replied that there was no enemy between him and Lafayette. He found out for himself afterward, and to his cost. The Regiment returned to Pond Spring, and the result of the scout was officially reported. During the night, the Colonel was ordered to deliver a sealed letter to General Crittenden, from General Rosecrans, and he detailed a Corporal and four men to carry it; the Corporal found General Crittenden's head-quarters, at four o'clock A. M. on the fifteenth, but at first, was refused permission to deliver his dispatch, as General Crittenden had ordered that his slumbers must not be disturbed. But the Corporal persisted, and delivered his letter to the General in person while Crittenden was lying in bed; and, by insisting upon it, received from him a written receipt for the package, which was returned to the Colonel. During the fifteenth and sixteenth, the Regiment lay in camp at Pond Spring, sending scouting parties, as ordered, in every direction, except across the Chicamauga. That was a locality not comfortable to scout in; and it appeared as if there was no anxiety to learn anything about its topography, or who occupied it. Just at dark, on the sixteenth, General Rosecrans and staff rode by the camp, and

there soon came an order to the Colonel to report to General Rosecrans, at the head-quarters of General Reynolds, and the Colonel did so, when General Rosecrans demanded to know why his dispatch to General Crittenden, on the evening of the fourteenth, had not been promptly delivered; and he was informed that it was promptly delivered at Crittenden's head-quarters before daylight the next morning, and Crittenden's receipt was handed to General Rosecrans. He then sent for the Corporal who delivered it, and inquired of him all the particulars, as to where and at what time his orders to Crittenden were delivered. The Colonel detailed all the information the Regiment had obtained scouting. Generals Rosecrans, Thomas, McCook, Reynolds, Baird and others were present. The Colonel expressed it as his opinion that Bragg was in force in the immediate front, when McCook, even more testily than Crittenden had before done, replied that there was no enemy to amount to anything between them and Lafayette; that he could march his command into Lafayette without the loss of five men. Alas, for McCook! he learned for himself, too, afterward, and not wholly to the credit of his sagacity or generalship. General Thomas quietly, but very persistently and patiently, inquired about the topography of the country the Ninety-Second had scouted over, the roads and bridges across the Chicamauga, and listened silently and attentively to the detail of all that the Ninety-Second had learned regarding the country or the enemy. On the morning of the seventeenth, Company E, Captain Van Buskirk, was ordered to report to General J. B. Turchin, whose brigade made a reconnoissance to the foot of Pidgeon Mountain, at Dug Gap, where he found the enemy in strong force, and fought desperately all day. The Regiment was ordered out also, and spent the day in scouting around the flanks of Turchin's command, finding a considerable body of Rebel cavalry on his right flank. While Company E was holding the valley road, on Turchin's right, a heavy column of dust was observed approaching from the south. McCook was expected from that direction; and, after barricading the road, not desiring to fire into our troops, Corporal Henry Schlosser, of Company E, of Forreston, was sent up the road waiving his handkerchief. He was taken prisoner, and died in Andersonville—grave 2,585. While taking back the horses, private Charles H. Giles, of Company E, of Baileyville, was instantly killed. The enemy charged the barricade held by Company E, but did not take it. John Evans, private Company E, of Polo, was wounded. At sundown the fighting ceased, and the Regiment

went into camp on the old ground at Pond Spring. Charles H. Giles was the first man killed in the Regiment. He was buried that night near Pond Spring, by the light of fat pine torches, with appropriate ceremonies by the Chaplain. On the eighteenth, the Regiment remained in camp most of the day. The men had nothing to eat except green corn, and the animals nothing at all. A few scouting parties were sent out. At two P. M., learning that the brigade train was a few miles up the valley, the Regiment marched to the train and drew three days' rations and one day's forage, and returned to camp at Pond Spring. At daylight, on September nineteenth, the Regiment was in the saddle, and marched slowly with the infantry columns on the road toward Gordon's and Chattanooga. At eight o'clock, the artillery and musketry firing by a portion of Thomas's corps became heavy and continuous. About ten o'clock A. M. the Ninety-Second was ordered into line near Widow Glenn's house, where General Rosecrans made his head-quarters. A soldier writes: "A man came along and asked, 'What regiment is this in line here?' I answered, 'The Ninety-Second Illinois, Wilder's Brigade.' 'That is good,' said the man. I turned and looked at him, and saw the buttons in groups of three on his coat, his shoulder-straps being hidden by a common cavalry overcoat. When he says, looking at the men coming out of the woods in front of the Regiment, 'What men are those coming up there?' I said, 'I am told that is Hazen's Brigade.' He then inquired rapidly, 'What does it mean? Where is that fighting? How long has it been going on? What troops are engaged? How far is that from here? What does that dust mean? What does it mean?' To these questions I answered as promptly and definitely as I knew how, for I saw I was in the presence of the General commanding. He gave directions to his men to open the road in the rear, and to establish his head-quarters at the house, and immediately up went a field telegraph line." In a few minutes General Rosecrans ordered the Regiment to throw down the fence in its front and on the farther side of the field, which was done, and the Regiment remained there about an hour, when orders came from General Reynolds to move farther toward the left, and the Regiment mounted and galloped up the road a mile or more, and found General Reynolds, who ordered it into a thick piece of woods. The men dismounted and held their horses, and stray bullets from the Rebels rattled over the Regiment, cutting the leaves on the trees. After some time the Regiment was ordered to cross to the west side of the road, and go beyond a hill,

and hitch the horses in the woods, out of danger, and return dismounted, General Reynolds saying that all his troops were hotly engaged, and that the Ninety-Second was his only reserve. The Regiment soon dismounted, hitched their horses to the trees, and marched back to General Reynolds, who was found on a hill, having himself crossed to the west side of the road, and the Ninety-Second was directed to reinforce King's brigade of Reynolds' division, and the Regiment marched down the hill, and just before crossing the road at the foot of the hill the troops of King's brigade came out of the woods beyond, in disorder and retreating. General Reynolds ordered the Ninety-Second to return to the top of the hill and form in line. The order was executed with difficulty under the straggling fire of the enemy, the men obeying orders and falling into line while the soldiers of King's broken brigade, in full retreat, poured through the Regiment and by its flanks, pursued by the gray-coated Rebels. The Ninety-Second poured into the enemy a heavy fire, which halted the Rebel advance at the edge of the timber at the farther side of the open field and across the road; but they kept up a light fire for a little while, from the timber, and then they came out in a long line of battle, stretching far beyond both flanks of the Ninety-Second, and again the cool fire of the Regiment, and a battery of artillery on its left, sent the enemy in their immediate front back to the cover of the timber across the road; but the flanks were being enveloped, and the Ninety-Second could not alone repulse the yelling gray-coats, who had just broken the line of King's entire brigade, and, flushed with victory, were pressing forward their steady line of battle, and the Ninety-Second was ordered to fall back to the horses and mount. It was but the work of a moment, and the Regiment was soon beyond the range of the Rebel infantry. The loss in this engagement was: In Company A, Lieutenant William Cox, wounded; Sergeant Legrand M. Cox, severely wounded. In Company B, Sergeant William F. Campbell, wounded; private John D. McSherry, killed; private James J. Guthrie, wounded; private Edgar S. Lent, wounded. Company C, private James T. Halleck, killed. Company D, private Charles J. Reed, killed; private Jacob M. Snyder, wounded. Company E, private John Donohue, mortally wounded; private Coates L. Wilson, mortally wounded; private John J. Thompson, severely wounded; private Jacob Sellers, killed. Company G, Lieutenant William McCammons, severely wounded; private James Foreman, wounded; Corporal Joseph B. Train, wounded; private Ernest Koller, wounded; private Nathan

Corning, killed. Company H, Sergeant Roster J. Preston, killed; Sergeant John M. Hendricks, severely wounded; private William S. Harlin, mortally wounded; private Cyrus Eyster, wounded. Company I, Sergeant William H. Price, wounded; Corporal James A. Colehour, wounded; Corporal James A. Bigger, killed.

There were many horses lost, not by Rebel shot, however, but taken by the straggling infantry, while the Ninety-Second was absent from them. The Regiment never dismounted after that, without leaving a guard with their horses. Once out of range of the enemy, the query arose of what to do. The Regiment was without orders, and many troops were streaming off toward Chattanooga; but the Ninety-Second was not demoralized by its effort to retrieve the disaster to King's brigade, although it was a fruitless effort, and the Regiment had met with loss. The Regiment sought the left flank of the troops of the enemy that had broken through the Union lines, in the gap left when King's brigade was pushed back, found it, passed by it, and in its rear, and found Wilder's brigade, and went into line of battle on Wilder's left, filling a part of the very gap made by the Union repulse, where the Regiment lay in line of battle all night, listening to the agonizing cries of the wounded calling for water; and, before daylight, on the twentieth, was stretched out in line of battle on horseback, to hold Wilder's brigade front, while the balance of the brigade went back a mile or more, and formed in line on the right of McCook's corps, on a range of hills. When it grew light, the enemy was seen along the front, and there was a little skirmishing, but the firing gradually ceased, and the Rebels ventured out into the open field in our front, to pick up their wounded. The men of the Ninety-Second saw them carrying them back, and had no heart to fire upon them while engaged in such a work. Wilder had been charged by the gray-coats several times, over that open field, the day before, and his Spencers had punished them severely. Wilder's brigade was invincible; it never failed to repulse a charge, and never was repulsed when charging. Not long after sunrise, a heavy column of Rebel troops, in column of regiments, was observed passing by the left flank of the Ninety-Second, moving very slowly, making not a sound, unaccompanied by an officer on horseback, and frequently halting, as the light skirmish line in front of them would halt. Information was sent to McCook, who irritably denied the truthfulness of the information. Little by little, the gray-coated soldiers of the enemy, and, as silently as darkness, crept along.

It was said to be Longstreet's corps. Their skirmish line was but lightly engaged; but the heavy column of the enemy, sometimes dropping down on the ground, concealed in the corn-field, or by the thick underbrush, slowly, steadily pushed toward McCook's left. Lieutenant Colonel Sheets, of the Ninety-Second, was sent to see McCook in person, and saw him, detailing to him the information, and was most abruptly and ungraciously received by McCook. The Ninety-Second could make no impression by attacking such a dense mass of the enemy; nor could it do so without positive disobedience to orders, by leaving the position it was assigned to hold. The Rebel column was far off on its left flank, and had far passed it, and McCook was again informed of the coming avalanche, but he would not heed the information, or do what he might easily have done,—push out a few regiments of his own troops, and demonstrate the truthfulness, or otherwise, of the information repeatedly sent him. Hours passed by, and then that quiet, creeping, heavy column of Rebel regiments sprang upon the left of McCook's corps with a yell, and with irresistible force. Although McCook had been repeatedly informed of the approach of that column of the enemy in such overwhelming power, it was a perfect surprise to him. In less than ten minutes his left was irretrievably lost, and the amazed and astonished General looked on helplessly, his corps broken into fragments, and floating off from the battle-field in detachments and squads, like flecks of foam upon a stream. The eight companies of the Ninety-Second, on horseback, were scattered out in a thin line, covering a brigade front, the men only in talking distance of each other, and were the only advanced troops in front of McCook, and were really in front of the right of his corpse; and the charge of that column was the signal for the whole Rebel line to advance, and the Ninety-Second had to fall back rapidly, to avoid being enveloped, and it joined Wilder's brigade, that was on the right of McCook. Colonel Wilder, from the hills McCook had occupied, saw the long column of Rebel regiments, and instantly conceived the bold idea of charging through the very center of the Rebel column, taking it in flank, and pushing for Thomas, on the left. He was just the man to have led such a desperate charge. He had five regiments, and a splendid battery, four regiments armed with the Spencer Repeating Rifle, and the Ninety-Second, with three companies of Spencers. He intended to form two regiments front in line of battle, with opening for the battery, a regiment on each flank in column, and the Ninety-Second

in line of battle in rear of the battery; and the Ninety-Second was just moving to take its place in this desperate charging column, when Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, rode up to Wilder, and ordered him not to make the attempt, and positively ordered Wilder to withdraw to Chattanooga, on the Dry Valley road. Wilder was daring and desperate; Dana, a coward and an imbecile; and but for Dana's order, the gallant Wilder would have undertaken that desperate charge, and would have succeeded in joining Thomas with a portion of his gallant brigade. Gathering up the artillery McCook's corps had abandoned, and, probably, a hundred ambulances of wounded, Wilder lingered until nearly night; then sullenly retired, followed by Forrest's cavalry, and, long after dark on the twentieth, bivouaced a mile south of the Summertown road, about five miles south of Chattanooga, in the shadow of Lookout Mountain. It is not the province of the Publication Committee of the Ninety-Second to write the complete history of that battle; the foregoing is but a fragment for the use of some future American Macaulay.

Doctor Clinton Helm, Surgeon of the Ninety-Second, remained upon the battle-field, caring for the wounded, until he was taken prisoner, and, as a prisoner, for two weeks longer attended to the wounded Union soldiers upon the battle-field of Chicamauga, when he was marched, with about fifty other Yankee Surgeons, to Ringgold. From there he was taken by cars to Richmond, Virginia, and, on the tenth of October, was confined in Libby Prison. On the twenty-fourth of November, he was exchanged, and returned to the Regiment at Pulaski, Tennessee.

At sunrise of the twenty-first, the Regiment was in the saddle, and, finding the brigade supply train at the foot of the Summertown road, drew rations, and marched through Chattanooga, crossed the pontoons to the north side of the river, marched to a point opposite the mouth of the Chicamauga, and bivouaced. On the twenty-second, light fortifications, facing the river, were thrown up. On the twenty-third, the Regiment marched to Harrison's Landing, and went into camp, with orders to picket the Tennessee as far north as the Hiwassee, as the only dependence for rations to feed the army at Chattanooga were wagon trains over the mountains, on the north side of the river from Bridgeport, and well-grounded fears were entertained that the enemy would cross parties of light troops to the north side of the river, and put an embargo on the Yankee cracker line. They did cross, and burned three hundred wagons loaded with rations, in the Se-

quatchie valley; but did not cross at any point guarded by the Ninety-Second Regiment. They crossed farther up the Tennessee, where the crossing was better. Our picket line was so long that, frequently, a Corporal and three men did picket duty for days in succession, at important river crossings, without being relieved. It often happened that not a well man was in camp for days together, except the field officers, the Chaplain, and Assistant Surgeon; and not all of them remained in camp, for some of them would go galavanting around the country, visiting the secesh lassies! The Committee on Publication do not feel inclined to tell who those galavanting officers were, except that the gay and festive Major was, probably, not among them, and that Chaplain Cartright was. The Committee have concluded to give an account of one of the Chaplain's visits: The Major, out riding for health one afternoon, passed a Tennessee palace, not far from camp, where he observed one of the beautiful lassies of that beautiful country engaged in the romantic occupation of coloring home-made cotton cloth butternut color, a chemical metamorphosis which is accomplished by boiling butternut bark in water, in large kettles, and dipping the cloth into the liquor procured by such boiling. It may be remarked here, that from time immemorial, in all of those countries where cotton is the staple crop, and butternut, or black-walnut trees are found (and they probably are found in every climate where cotton will grow), this peculiar butternut colored cloth is the almost universal dress of male and female; although the same material, colored by some mysterious process, indigo-blue is preferred by the female race. It frequently happened that this outward garment of cotton cloth, colored butternut or indigo-blue, was the only garment worn by the mountain nymphs. O! how divinely it did set off "the female form divine," tied with a cotton string around the waist! The Major was an observing officer; and, one afternoon, at Harrison's Landing, at the Tennessee palace we have mentioned, he observed, in the yard, a mountain sprite engaged in the romantic occupation of coloring fabrics, in the manner described; and, riding into camp, he nervously inquired for Doctor Winston, and, not finding him, sent his Orderly to find the Doctor, and tell him that a woman was "dying," at he house near the camp. The Chaplain met the Orderly, and learned the message he was to deliver; and the Chaplain charged away for the house, hallooing, as he went, "Doctor Winston, Doctor Winston! there is a woman 'dying' over there!" The Doctor joined the Chaplain—one to

administer drugs, and the other spiritual advice—and they were soon at the house indicated. They inquired after the woman who was “dying,” and were referred to Sally, in the yard! The Chaplain saw the point; and when he returned to camp, he shook his head, saying: “Major, Major, you are a hard case.” But it is believed, by all the members of the Regiment, that Doctor Winston has not yet seen the point! The enemy occupied their old position, on the opposite bank of the Tennessee; but there was no picket firing. The men would talk across the river, and good-naturedly joke each other about the progress of the war. One day, a soldier known by the knick-name of “Mother” (the soldiers of the Ninety-Second will remember him) swam the Tennessee River, and had a combat with the Johnnies, and then swam back again. On Sunday, the twenty-seventh, the gray-coats having invited some of the men across, they went over, and enjoyed a visit with their enemies, and returned the courtesy by inviting them to our side of the river; and quite a squad accepted the invitation, and took a cup of coffee with the Yanks. The men of both armies, deadly enemies in battle, would lay aside all feeling, and, with a perfect abandon, spin camp yarns for the entertainment of each other. On the fourth of October, wagons were sent eighty miles up the Tennessee River, after forage for the animals. The men were then living on parched corn, and the horses on the little handfuls of grass the men could pull for them along the river’s edge. On the ninth, a few wagons arrived from Bridgeport, with a light supply of rations and clothing. On the thirteenth, the wagons returned from the cornfields of East Tennessee, with light loads of corn, the most of their loads having been consumed by the mules, on the return march. They were immediately sent back again for more; and, as the mules went without eating, on their return march to East Tennessee, the next time they returned to camp, the teamsters provided themselves for the return march after forage, by hiding corn in the woods before reaching camp, and only a few bushels of corn were left to a wagon. Some of the horses were dying of starvation, and all like Don Quixote’s famous steed. The rain had poured down in torrents for days together. On the evening of the eighteenth, Jefferson Davis took his supper at a house on the other side of the river, within sight of our camp. He was visiting Bragg’s army, to quell dissensions among his troops. On the twenty-second, a man in Company D accidentally shot himself through his leg. On the twenty-fourth, Colonel Smith’s brigade

of infantry arrived. On the twenty-fifth, William Boddy, of Company A, came near feeding the fishes of the Tennessee with his body; while out hunting for forage, he crossed to an island in the river, and, returning in a little skiff, he disrobed, and, on top of the forage, essayed to guide his frail bark from the island to the river bank, when the skiff capsized, and Boddy's body, with forage and clothing, went into the water. Boddy thought more of his body than he did of the apparel for his body; and while his body covering floated down the Tennessee, Boddy brought his body out all right; and then, like a Modock Chief, with an army blanket gracefully draping his body, Boddy rode ten miles to camp. The pouring rains had nearly drowned out the men; and on the twenty-sixth, camp was moved to higher ground. The hills were covered with chestnut trees, and the trees with chestnuts; and to gather them, hundreds of trees were cut down. They helped along the rations, which, being principally parched corn, needed helping along. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, the Regiment took up its line of march for Bridgeport, being relieved of duty at Harrison's Landing by Smith's brigade; crossed Walden's Ridge at Poe's Tavern, and camped in the Sequatchie valley, near Dunlap. Marched at daylight down the Sequatchie valley twenty-two miles; the roads were very much cut up by trains; fences all burned; houses deserted; the ruins of three hundred Yankee wagons, burned by Forrest, lining the road; the contrast, since first marching in the valley, was most wonderful; in a day's march, nothing but ruin was seen; either animal or man, except lazy buzzards; nothing for men or animals to eat; camped near Jasper. Marched at daylight on the twenty-ninth, and, seven miles from Bridgeport, passed through the camps of Hooker's troops from the Potomac, well dressed, all with corps badges and paper collars, and much style! The horses of the Ninety-Second could scarcely crawl along—empty corn-cribs! The men were unwell from their lack of rations and hard duty, and their clothing worn out and ragged. Some thoughtless Potomac soldiers commenced to jibe the men of the Ninety-Second, and it required an effort on the part of the officers to keep the boys from replying with their Spencers. Men who are ragged from hard service, and emaciated for the want of food, do not like to be jibed. Reached Bridgeport at two o'clock, and drew forage and rations, and went into camp. On the thirty-first of October, the Regiment was mustered for pay at Bridgeport. On November fifth, the Colonel, with a detail, went to Stevenson,

to draw Spencers for the seven companies still armed with Enfields; but was informed, by Captain Horace Porter, Ordinance Officer, that the Spencers were in Nashville. On the sixth, the Colonel, by order of General Thomas, took a detail of one hundred and thirty men, and proceeded by cars to Nashville, to procure horses, mules, and Spencers, leaving the Ninety-Second in command of Lieutenant Colonel Sheets, the Regiment remaining at Bridgeport. A soldier, in an old letter written from Bridgeport on the eleventh, said: "On the morning of the twenty-seventh of October, by order of General Thomas, we left Harrison's Landing for this place, making it in three days, over the worst roads I have ever seen. This is the third time we have crossed Walden's Ridge, or mountain; and if the weather continues as it has been for the last three weeks, it will have to be pontooned before we can cross it again. Our transportation arrived, after a struggle of ten days through the mud, the distance being just sixty miles. Our object, or rather the object of General Thomas, in ordering us to this point, is for the purpose of giving us a more complete outfit; and at present writing, Colonel Atkins, with one hundred and thirty men and officers, is at Nashville, procuring Spencers, horses, and saddles, and all the traps pertaining to completeness. The remainder of the Regiment are to recruit up the animals on hand, that have of late become magnificently transparent. We have them tied to the trees with trace-chains and sich, for the reason that they have eaten up all the picket ropes and halters, and have turned in to eating each other's manes and tails. The mules have fared some better than the horses, but not much; not having any tails or manes, they have lost their ears, ornaments indispensable to a mule's beauty. There is not a tree within a mile of this camp that the horses or mules have not gnawed off the bark; they work at it like so many beavers felling timber. Last night, they all commenced gnawing the trees at once; and the Chief of Scouts said: 'The cars are coming; don't you hear them?' 'No,' said I; 'that is the horses and mules grinding bark.' 'Why,' he said; 'what are we grinding bark for?' I replied, 'Going to tan the hides of them animals before spring.' And the Chief of Scouts replied, 'O, O; I see it.'

"If he dies, I'll tan his skin—

And if he don't, I'll ride him again."

On November thirteenth, drew soft bread for the first time since leaving Dechard. The fifteenth, ordered to march at daylight the

sixteenth, but order was countermanded, and two companies sent on a scout south of the Tennessee. On the seventeenth, marched at nine A. M., by command of Major General Stanley, and went into camp on south side of Tennessee River, two miles from Bridgeport. On the eighteenth, there were very strict orders for every one to remain in camp, and two roll-calls daily. On the next day, fixed up camp for a long stay. On the twentieth, the detail that went to Nashville returned, with a fresh supply of horses and mules, the Colonel remaining to draw the Spencers. On the twenty-second, a lot of Rebel prisoners passed camp, going to the rear. On the twenty-third, more Rebel prisoners passed by, ragged, and some actually barefooted, and the weather so cold that ice strong enough to hold a man up had formed over the puddles of water. Day by day passed, lying in camp, and doing scouting duty for General Stanley. On December second, marched at noon; crossed the Tennessee on pontoons at Bridgeport, and camped five miles west on the Stevenson road, at Widow's Creek—rails, for fires, plenty. Marched early, arriving at Caperton's Ferry at noon, and found fine quarters, log buildings erected by Colonel Watkins's regiment. On the fourth, Company E, Captain Van Buskirk, that had been on duty with General Cruft, returned to the Regiment. The company reported to General Cruft at Wauhatchie, and acted as body-guard and dispatch-bearers. On the day of the battle of Lookout Mountain, Company E did good service in bearing dispatches, and especially in furnishing the infantry line of battle with ammunition, bringing up the ammunition boxes on horseback and distributing it to the infantry. The company also took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and the night after the battle guarded the Rebel prisoners; and marched with General Cruft's command to Ringgold. The conduct of Company E won special commendation in the official report of General Cruft.

Companies K and C, that were left on courier duty on Lookout Mountain, September eleventh, returned to the Regiment at Caperton's Ferry. A soldier, a member of Company K, has written his recollections of the services of those two companies, while absent from the Regiment, as follows: "The sun was just setting behind Lookout's craggy head as the Regiment commenced the ascent. In zigzag course, upward they toiled, men and officers leading the jaded animals. Stumbling over flinty points, flanking huge boulders, climbing the splintered sides of ledges, the Regiment scrambled upward till it reached the lofty

summit. The sun had set; there was no moon, and the night was very dark; a guide was necessary. A rap at the door of a house close by brought the occupant out. The light he held in his hand showed him to be a stout, vigorous mountaineer, of about sixty years, with iron-gray hair, and a frank face. He said his name was Foster; he reported himself a Union man, and such he afterward proved to be. Well did the old man, in the pitchy darkness, guide the Regiment along that rough, winding mountain road. Companies C, Captain Hawk, and K, Captain Woodcock, under the command of the latter, were detailed for courier duty. A Sergeant and ten men from Company K were stationed as a courier post, at Foster's. At points two miles apart along the road were stationed a like number of men, Company K covering ten miles, and Company C fourteen miles. The first streak of dawn came when the Regiment had completed its task. Both men and animals, from sheer exhaustion, sank upon the ground in the profoundest slumber. A courier line was formed above the clouds, on Lookout's lofty summit, over which were sent all the dispatches to the army corps of Generals Thomas and McCook. The views obtained by those left on the mountain were grand. The boys from the prairies, unaccustomed to such scenes, looked with wonder and admiration. They could see, in a clear day, into seven different States: Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, and the mountains of West Virginia. At times the clouds would gather below them, and, silvered by the sun, resembled great banks of snow; then they would lift from the valley and float away, opening to view a most beautiful panorama. For miles about, the country, like a great map, seemed to lie at their feet, a beautiful scene of mountains, valleys and streams. For miles the silvery flood of the Tennessee River could be seen in its winding course. The mountaineers were loyal. They had been hiding away in the caves and fastnesses of the mountains to avoid conscription into the ranks of the Rebel armies. They and their families visited us, the first Yanks they had seen. They vied with each other in bestowing upon the boys their kindness—sweet potatoes, all kinds of vegetables, ducks, chickens, pies, cakes, honey, and apple-jack brandy were among their gifts. We feasted upon the good things of the earth. The boys on the courier post at Foster's house were especially favored. Mrs. Foster, an intelligent, kind-hearted, motherly, old lady, took them under her especial care. She called them her boys.

"Five days and nights were thus spent on Lookout

Mountain, and are remembered by the members of Companies C and K as among the most pleasant of their soldier life. At two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the sixteenth, orders came to take up the courier line at once, and report to General Rosecrans, at Crawfish Springs. The order was obeyed; and on the evening of that day, Captain Woodcock reported to General Rosecrans with the two companies. On the seventeenth, by General Rosecrans's order, Captains Woodcock and Hawk formed a courier line from Chattanooga to Crawfish Springs, along the base of Lookout, a distance of sixteen miles, both officers remaining with their reserves at the head-quarters of General Rosecrans, at Widow Glenn's house. Saturday morning, the nineteenth, the battle of Chickamauga, one of the bloodiest of the war, commenced. It raged fiercely all day, the earth fairly quaking beneath the thunder of the artillery and incessant roll of musketry. Captains Woodcock and Hawk, with their reserves, were engaged in carrying dispatches to different points in the field. Sunday, the twentieth, the battle again raged fiercely. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, General Rosecrans directed Captain Woodcock to take up the line and form it from Chattanooga, via Rossville, to his head-quarters. General Rosecrans said the southern portion of the line was uncovered by his army, and was liable to be captured by the enemy, if not at once taken up. Sending orders to remove the more northerly posts to the Rossville road, Captain Woodcock hastened to the post at Crawfish Springs. The enemy was just charging in. They captured one of the videttes. Some of the boys, in the confusion, mingled with the Rebels, but succeeded in escaping. The posts were rescued and formed on the Rossville road. The line was completed about two o'clock P. M. Captain Woodcock, with his reserve, moved in the direction of Widow Glenn's, to report to General Rosecrans. He marched by crowds of men that, in disorder, were going to the rear; still he kept on, until the pattering of bullets warned him to halt. On looking back, he saw our troops reforming and in line of battle. Knowing then that he was between the Rebel and Union forces, he countermarched. He could learn nothing of General Rosecrans. Meeting General Garfield, he reported to him, who ordered him to report to General Thomas. He found General Thomas, who, as firm as old rock-ribbed Lookout, confronted the Rebels and held them at bay. During the entire night of that terrible Sabbath, the tall, noble form of General Thomas stood erect, watching his line, while his staff officers lay around him on the

ground, worn out and insensible with fatigue. Captain Hawk, with his reserve, was, during the entire battle, with Rosecrans. When the right of the army was crushed, the General, followed by Captain Hawk and his reserve of Company C, dashed along the broken lines, regardless of shot and shell, endeavoring to rally the men. Captain Hawk, by the General's order, deployed his men in the rear of the broken columns, and endeavored to halt the retreating mass; but it was like attempting to stay the ocean's tide by throwing pebbles in its way.

"From the twenty-second of September to the eleventh of October, Companies C and K were employed in carrying dispatches to the army surrounding Chattanooga. On the afternoon of Sunday, the eleventh, orders came to form a courier line from Chattanooga, north along the summit of Walden's Ridge, to Anderson's Cross Roads, a distance of twenty-one miles. Companies C and K were at once stretched out on this line, Captains Hawk and Woodcock, with their reserves, still remaining with General Thomas. A famine was in the city. The men were on one-fourth rations. The boys out along the line were feasting, while those in town were starving by slow degrees. They cut down the shade trees and broused their horses from the tops. The horses became skeletons, many of them laying down their bones in the streets of Chattanooga. On the ninth of November, by order of General Thomas, the courier line was removed from Walden's Ridge, and formed from Chattanooga to Bridgeport. Captain Hawk, with his reserve, was stationed at Bridgeport. Captain Woodcock remained with General Thomas. Lieutenant Walker, of Company K, with a courier post, was stationed at General Hooker's head-quarters, in Lookout valley. On the twenty-fourth of November, Hooker fought his battle above the clouds. A portion of Company K, as couriers, had the honor to participate in that battle. On the twenty-fifth, was fought the battle of Missionary Ridge. The reserve at General Thomas's head-quarters then came in for their share of glory. On the fourth of December, Captains Woodcock and Hawk were relieved, with their companies, from courier duty, and ordered to report to the Regiment. They found the Regiment at Caperton's Ferry, Alabama, and were glad once more to be at home. While on the way to report to the Regiment, as they were crossing Chattanooga Creek, near Lookout, they met the old guide, Mr. Foster. The old man's face lighted up as he recognized the men of the Ninety-Second. He told his story. It was a sad one. After the battle of Chica-

mauga, Lookout Mountain fell into the hands of the Rebels. Some designing person reported to the Rebels that the old man had acted as a guide to the Ninety-Second in forming the courier line. His Union sentiments were also well known. The Rebels gave him a mock trial, and sentenced him to be hanged; and, with a rope around his neck, they were proceeding to string him up, when an officer of the Rebel army rushed forward, and, by importunities and threats, saved the old man's life. The officer had before taken up his quarters at Mr. Foster's house. The shock to his wife, and her constant fear on account of her husband, aggravated a disease that afflicted her, and caused her death. The old mountaineer broke down in the middle of his story. Great sobs choked his utterance, and he wept like a child."

On the fifth, the McClellan army saddles arrived from Nashville; the Regiment, up to this time, had been using citizens' saddles of every pattern. Long forage was very scarce, and the men gathered from the cane-brakes along the Tennessee the cane leaves, which they brought into camp in bundles, and they looked like freshly-gathered corn blades, and were eaten with great relish by the animals. On December seventh, the Colonel returned from Nashville with the new Spencer Rifles, which were issued, and the remaining Enfields turned over to the Ordnance Department. The Regiment was now well mounted, cavalry equipments complete, and all had Spencers. On the ninth, the animals began to die, and the trouble seemed general. The Regimental Horse Doctor was unequal to the occasion, and the Regimental Surgeon was called upon for a *post mortem* on the defunct horses, and the result of his inquest was the information that the animals were dying from the slivers of the hard center of the cane leaves they were eating in place of hay, the stomachs of the defunct animals being styck full of these slivers, which had caused inflammation and death. For once the lazy soldiers, too lazy to gather the cane leaves for forage for their horses, had the advantage of the more energetic soldiers. It deserves mention, for it was the only instance in the three years' service where laziness was rewarded. The Chief of Cavalry was informed by telegraph of the result of feeding cane leaves to the animals, and by telegraphic orders he ordered it discontinued throughout the Department. For several days the animals continued to die: there was no remedy. Old Blutchter, the faithful war-horse of the Lieutenant Colonel, doubtless longed for a furlough to the well filled barns on the borders of his native Pine Creek, in Ogle

County, and yielded up the ghost. Major Bohn embalmed Blutchers's memory in heroic verse, and sang it in a doleful way to console the Lieutenant Colonel. On Sunday, the thirteenth of December, the Chaplain dedicated his log chapel, erected by him and the soldiers who volunteered to assist him. On the evening of the seventh, the Regimental head-quarters were serenaded, and there was much speech-making. It was a beautiful evening, and the music of the band, echoed back by the mountains on the south side of the Tennessee, was most novel and beautiful. Col-len Bauden played a few notes of a bugle solo, and after a while it would come back, every note clearly and distinctly repeated over and over again, from the rocky walls of the mountain. During the night, orders came to march. Our winter quarters, comfortable log cabins, had to be given up. On December eighteenth, the Ninety-Second marched to Bridgeport, and reported to Major General Stanley. On Sunday, the twentieth, the Regiment crossed on the pontoons to the south side of the Tennessee, marched three miles, and went into camp in a pine thicket in Hog-Jaw Valley—*Sus-Maxillary Valley*, Lieutenant Skinner called it. On the twenty-first, Lieutenant William Cox left for "God's country," on a leave of absence. Captain George Hicks, of the 96th Illinois, visited the Regiment, and was serenaded by the band, and he and many of the officers of the Ninety-Second were called out for speeches. The men had fixed themselves up very comfortably with the pine boughs, and chimneys to their tents, *a la Tennessee*, constructed of sticks, plastered inside and outside with mud. During the night, orders came for the Ninety-Second to join the brigade at Huntsville, Alabama, and the Regiment marched on the morning of the twenty-second, camping that night in the old quarters at Caperton's Ferry. Marched at daylight on the twenty-third, passing through Stevenson, and making a detour to the northward, to avoid the swollen streams by crossing near their sources, twenty-five miles, and camped fifteen miles from Stevenson, near Bellefonte—forage for animals in abundance. Marched early, passing through Scottsboro and Larkinsville. Several of the men were arrested for shooting hogs, and all the officers of the Regiment were called up before the Colonel, who lectured them like a Dutch uncle on their lax discipline. Marched early, and met Colonel Wilder at Brownsville, Alabama. The men called on the Colonel for a speech, which was not much in Colonel Wilder's line; but he was received with great enthusiasm by the Regiment, and expressed

his gratification at meeting with the Ninety-Second once more. Colonel Wilder here received several boxes of Christmas presents for his regiment, which, not being there, and the eatables liable to spoil, the Colonel turned them over to the Ninety-Second, and the boys feasted on the nick-nacks the kind Indiana people had intended for Colonel Wilder's regiment. Marched twenty-four miles, camping in a hard rain-storm; but rails were plenty for building shelters for the men, and cooking. The Regimental head-quarters were in a large farm-house, and those at head-quarters, so inclined, passed the evening in drinking persimmon beer, a light home-made beverage, prepared from persimmons. The twenty-sixth of December was cold and stormy. Marched early, through the beautiful city of Huntsville, and camped on the south side of the town, a mile from the city limits. The twenty-seventh was Sabbath, and many attended church in the city, and, for the first time in many months, listened to a church organ, and sacred music with female voices. Forage was abundant. Salt was scarce, and Company K was detailed to forage for salt. They called at a house where they had been informed they would find salt, but the owner protested that not an ounce of salt was in his house. A young lady, with great ado, insisted that the Yankees should not search her room for salt, but was evidently delighted to have her room searched, and a large quantity of salt was found in her chamber. She was a Union woman, and, while out of the presence of the owner of the house, rejoiced in her ability to aid the Yankees. She was a Northern school-teacher, who had been compelled, against her wishes, to remain in the South. A light snow-storm, on the twenty-eighth, reminded the North-men of home. On the thirtieth, Company I made a scout to the Tennessee River, and captured three prisoners and a ferry-boat, which the company burned. On the thirty-first of December, marched early, and camped at Judge Hammond's, twelve miles west of Huntsville. It was, probably, the coldest night the Regiment experienced during all its service, and how the men managed to keep warm is yet a mystery. The rails were rapidly disappearing, and the Colonel ordered the men to cut down trees, and get them well ablaze with the dry rails, before they were exhausted. There was little sleep that night. Standing around the huge burning piles of logs, roasting one side, and freezing the other, the night was passed, watching the old year out, and the new year in. There never was a more picturesque watch-meeting held. In the sombre pine forest, by

their blazing fires, the Methodist members of the Regiment kneeled in prayer, remembering their families at home, who, at the same hour, were likely celebrating watch-night in comfortable churches. It was a noisy camp, and, with all the suffering from intense cold, it was a jolly crowd that made the woods ring with their shouts and songs. "Judge" Hammond (probably called Judge because he was a good judge of a negro,) was the great landlord of the region. Originally himself a "poor white man," a class looked down upon even by the negroes, he had, by engaging in the profitable employment of raising negroes for the market, and strict attention to business, with careful economy, amassed a fortune, and bought up the smaller plantations around him, until he owned hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of acres. From his house could be seen many chimney stacks, once the location of the plantation buildings of separate plantations that his had swallowed up. He said he had seldom bought a plantation, except when his neighbor had run into debt and died, and it had been sold by the administrators. He was asked what became of the families then, and replied that they were crowded back into the poor lands among the hills, and soon sank into the mass of "poor white trash." His plantation is in Limestone County, one of the richest and most productive counties in Northern Alabama, Huntsville being the Court House town, with a population of about five thousand, a new city grown up within a decade; and yet the population of the County, notwithstanding the growth of Huntsville, which had a remarkable growth for a Southern town, was actually receding year by year, owing to the process of the consolidation of small plantations into large ones. And the poor whites who were driven to the hills by this process! We have no language to describe their unfortunate and hopeless condition. Even the wealthy, who, by the extravagance or improvidence of the heads of families, were plunged into this hopeless state, rapidly sank into a condition lower than the negro slaves. Without schools, or churches, or a ray of hope in the future, ambition dead, virtue and intelligence decaying,—their condition was indeed a sad one! And, with prayer and song, and shout and story, the old year of 1863 went out, and the young new year of 1864 was welcomed in by the Ninety-Second around their camp-fires, on the great plantation of Judge Hammond. During the year, the Ninety-Second, plodding on foot, or on horseback, had marched fifteen hundred and fifty-eight miles.

Welcome, New Year! But, oh, how cold! How clear the

bugles rang out on the frosty air when "boot and saddle" was sounded from head-quarters, and was repeated in the companies. The roads were horrible, exceedingly rough on the hills, and frozen in the lowlands strong enough to bear a man, but not a horse; marching along, the men on foot to keep from freezing, and the horses breaking the ice as they went, until the horses' fetlocks were bleeding, cutting the strong new ice! Napoleon's army, retreating from Moscow, did not march on a colder day. Late in the afternoon the Regiment went into camp, the men very weary, having marched on foot most of the day to keep warm. The camp was at Elkmont Springs, a summer resort, and the cottages were taken possession of by the men for quarters. They all had fireplaces, and the men soon made themselves comfortable. One negro boy, an officer's servant, while bringing forage from a cornfield, had his arms and legs so badly frozen that both arms and both legs were amputated. During the day Company B scouted for horses and mules, and captured seventeen. Marched on the second, at noon, twelve miles, to Prospect, and camped in the woods near Elk River. Marched on the third, at noon, in a sleet and rain storm, and camped five miles south of Pulaski, Tennessee. Marched again at noon, and camped half a mile south of Pulaski, where the Regiment lay in camp several days. From the fourth to the ninth the weather remained very cold, the ground covered with snow, and men and animals suffered greatly. On the tenth, the weather moderated considerably. N. G. Collins, Chaplain of the Fifty-Seventh Illinois, delivered an interesting and amusing lecture, and offered his printed address for sale. Captain Albert Woodcock, of Company K, was detailed as Provost Marshal of the Second Division of Cavalry. On the twelfth of January, the Ninety-Second marched thirteen miles on its return to Huntsville, and camped amid plenty. Marched at daylight, on the thirteenth, and again camped on Judge Hammond's plantation. On the fourteenth, marched at daylight; passed through Huntsville, and camped on the pike two miles north of the city, and went to fixing up permanent camp. The next day was fine and warm, and the men fixed up their quarters comfortably for a long stay. Forage was abundant, and the railroad brought plenty of rations. On the sixteenth, many of the men having left camp and gone to the city without permission, a line guard was put around the Regiment for the first time in ten months. The men did not like it, and did not perform their duty in just the manner that experienced soldiers ought to have done. One of the guards commanded a

dog that was passing the lines to halt, and, as the dog didn't, he blazed away at it. Soldiers returning to camp were permitted to slip in between the guards unobserved. One of the boys writes in his diary: "The Colonel got mad, and put just three times the usual guards on duty. The men concluded it wouldn't pay to fool around any more, and guard duty was better done after that." On the nineteenth, the ground was covered with snow; the Regiment was ordered to march, but the order was countermanded. The twentieth was delightfully warm, and the snow melted off. On the twenty-third, the Regiment marched with the brigade early, and camped on Limestone Creek, fifteen miles west of Huntsville. On the twenty-fourth, marched at daylight through Athens, a town burned up by General Turchin. When that fighting Teuton first entered Athens with his brigade, the enemy fought him in the streets, and the citizens, it was said, fired upon the Yankees from the windows of the houses. The burly Turchin, it is reported, said to his men, camped about the town: "Boys, I shuts mine eyes for shust one hour—I sees notting." When he opened his eyes again Athens was in flames and hopelessly ruined. Camped at Rogersville. On January twenty-fifth, the Ninety-Second marched at daylight, in the advance, and at noon crossed Shoal Creek, and, when about one mile west of the creek, the advance was fired upon by a picket on the left of the column, on a road leading to Bainbridge Ferry, across the Tennessee River, at the foot of Muscle Shoals. Captain Becker, with fifty men, was ordered to charge them, and he did it splendidly, charging down to the river's edge, about a mile. He captured three of the enemy, and drove the others around the base of the bluff, where they took to shelter, dismounted among the rocks, leaving their horses on the river's beach. A ferry-boat, with an ambulance loaded with the enemy, nearly across the river, returned to the other shore. The Rebel General Roddy's command was on the opposite bank, and had rifle pits which commanded the approach to the ferry on our side of the river. The men among the rocks were commanded to surrender; but their friends opposite told them to lie still, that the Yanks could not get at them; and we could not, without running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, and likely losing more men than we should capture by the effort. There were twenty horses, and probably twenty men, under the bluff. We could see the horses, but the men were concealed among the rocks. The horses were all shot, and, bidding the Johnnies good-bye, the Ninety-Second was withdrawn, and Captain M. Van Buskirk, of

Company E, with four companies, was ordered to march rapidly to Florence. He started, but only a mile or so away, near the Sweetwater, ran into the enemy, who had a strong line flanking a log house, and the house itself was full of the enemy, who used it as a fort, knocking out the chinking to fire through between the logs. Captain Van Buskirk charged them on horseback; but, finding a heavy force, the men slipped off from the horses, and lay down in the grass and weeds. While lying there, with the open field surrounding the log house in front of them, Captain Becker told Company I, "By jingo, boys, we will have to charge over that field, for I lost my hat out there." He did not wait long for an opportunity to recover his hat. The brigade moved up and dismounted two regiments, and the line had just commenced advancing to the support of the four companies, when Captain Van Buskirk ordered his four companies to charge on foot. Forward they went, receiving a hot fire from the log house, and the two Rebel regiments flanking it; but they routed the Rebels, capturing twenty prisoners, and killing fifteen of the enemy, and probably wounding twice that number. Our loss, all in the Ninety-Second, was: Captain Horace J. Smith, Company B, wounded, musket ball through his arm; Corporal J. A. Colehour, Company I, wounded in shoulder—the Corporal had been home with a wound received at Chicamauga, and had just returned to the Regiment; private Andrew Drafferty, Company B, wounded; private William B. Smith, Company F, wounded; private Jeremiah Lambert, Company F, wounded; private David O'Brien, Company I, wounded; private Henry K. Hapster, Company F, wounded. Among the fifteen of the enemy killed, were Lieutenant Colonel Wynans and Captain Ingraham, of the Fourth Alabama Confederate Cavalry. Lieutenant Colonel Wynans was in command of the two regiments, and on his body were found marching orders. He had been directed to make a junction with the forces that had just commenced crossing the Tennessee River at Bainbridge Ferry—the force that Captain Becker had turned back by his charge—and with them to attack Athens at daylight the next morning, where he was informed that a column of dismounted men, with artillery, would aid him; the last-mentioned column to cross the Tennessee River after dark, immediately south of Athens—the three Rebel columns striking Athens at daylight. By these marching orders, captured from the dead body of Lieutenant Colonel Wynans, commanding one of the Rebel columns, we were placed in possession of the Rebel plan of the attack on Athens.

Manifestly, having turned back two of the Rebel columns, the only thing left for us to do was to make a night march, striking the Tennessee River south of Athens at daylight, and cut off the only column left of the Rebel attacking force. Colonel Miller, commanding the brigade, decided upon that course, and the command countermarched; and a mile east of Shoal Creek bivouaced and fed animals, and resumed the march at eleven o'clock P. M. At four A. M., of the next day, halted to make coffee and feed animals, when Lieutenant Colonel Phillips, with a portion of the Eighth Illinois Mounted Infantry, from Athens, came up, and Colonel Miller, taking his advice, again countermarched upon Florence. About nine o'clock, a courier came from Athens, with information that the Rebels had made an attack upon Athens at daylight; but, not being supported by the cavalry they expected, and learning that Wilder's brigade and the Eighth Illinois were out on the Florence road, they feared that they would be cut off from their retreat to the south side of the Tennessee, as they ought to have been, and would have been had Colonel Miller acted resolutely upon the information in his possession, taken from the body of the Confederate Lieutenant Colonel Wynans. The column was again countermarched, and started for the Tennessee River, south of Athens; but the opportunity had been lost, and, on reaching a point eight miles west of Athens, a courier came with information that the enemy had made safe his retreat across the river. The command camped in Athens that night. On the twenty-seventh, marched from Athens toward Huntsville twenty-five miles, and camped on Limestone Creek. Marched at daylight, and camped at Huntsville. On the thirtieth, marched at eight A. M., fourteen miles, to Trianna, on the Tennessee River, south of Huntsville, at the mouth of Indian Creek, for the purpose of being near forage, and to recruit the animals, where the Regiment remained until the third of April. It was a beautiful camp, but there is little to record while the Regiment lay at Trianna.

On the first of February, there was a very heavy rain-fall, and the camp was ditched to carry off the water. On the second, thirty recruits from Illinois joined the Regiment. On the seventh of February, the Chaplain preached to citizens and soldiers, in the church at Trianna. On the eighth, the Regiment was inspected by Brigadier General Elliott, Chief of Cavalry. On the ninth, the Regiment received two months' pay. On the fifteenth, a scouting party of the enemy was found on the north side of the Tennessee, and four of them captured. On the

eighteenth, there was quite a snow-storm. On the twenty-fourth, five prisoners were captured. On the night of the twenty-fifth, there was considerable picket firing, and the troops were in line early on the twenty-sixth. On the twenty-seventh, several professed religion, the Chaplain having succeeded in getting up a revival in the Regiment at Trianna. The month of March came in with snow and rain, but the snow melted off immediately, and the trees were beginning to bud. On the fourth of March, the Regiment commenced playing town-ball, and it had quite a run. The weather was very fine. On the eighth, a soldier writes in his diary: "In going through the Regiment to-day, the men may be seen in their tents; some reading the papers; others, old books, which they have found in the country; some writing, and some playing cards; while out of the tents, wicket ball, base ball, and pitching quoits are going on. At night, music and dancing are going on in camp." Fishing for bull-heads, in Indian Creek, was a part of the passtime. Lieutenant Colonel Sheets sat, one day, four hours, out on a log, patiently waiting for a bite; he got one, just one, and, attempting to pull out the fish, lost his balance and his fishing pole; scrambling up, he grabbed his pole, but the fish had departed! The Lieutenant Colonel was disconsolate, and never more went fishing in Indian Creek. On the fourteenth of March, stringent orders came from Department head-quarters against foraging for food in the country, or burning rails, for the reason that it was desirable that the country north of the Tennessee should be cultivated, that it might furnish forage for men and animals another winter. On the twenty-second, there was six inches of snow in the morning; and on the twenty-third, great sport was had, four companies against six, snowballing, and occasionally some one would get a winder in the face with a hard-packed ball, and then there would be balling of a different nature. The snow-battle lasted until the snow was gone, and it resulted in a drawn battle, for the lack of ammunition on both sides—the only instance where the opposing forces exhausted their ammunition simultaneously. On the twenty-ninth, the new Sutler came with a stock of goods, the first for the Ninety-Second since leaving Franklin, Tennessee. On the first of April, the entire Regiment, officers and men, spent the day in April-fooling each other. It is only fair to say that the officers suffered most in the sport. On the second of April, orders came to march; and that evening the camp was filled with the people from miles around—come to see the last dress-parade, listen for the last time to Collen

Bauden's excellent Silver Band, and hear the Glee Club sing its farewell songs. During the time the Regiment was at Trianna, Lieutenant Skinner, of Company D, was Chief of Scouts, with about twenty brave fellows under him. They spent their time riding around the country, occasionally capturing a Johnny home on furlough, and interviewing the secesh lassies, which, by the way, the Lieutenant assumed was a duty to be performed by the Chief of Scouts in person. One morning, hearing from the colored people that a Rebel soldier was home, the Lieutenant and his scouts set out for his house. The ladies declared he was not there; but the Lieutenant made himself agreeable, and soon had the confidence of the old lady, who told him her son's name, his company and regiment, the name of his Captain, his Colonel, and Brigade Commander; and told him her son had been home, but had returned, and informed him at what ferry he had crossed the Tennessee. The Lieutenant, suspicisioning that her son was in the bush—that is, hid away in the woods—concluded to try a ruse. He waited until night-fall, then went to the ferry where the Rebel soldier had crossed the Tennessee, hallooed across, and was soon answered by the Rebel picket, who inquired who was there and what was wanted. The Lieutenant answered, giving the name of the Rebel soldier, his company and regiment, his Colonel's name, and the name of the Brigade Commander, and said he wanted to come across. It seemed so straight that the Rebel picket manned the ferry-boat with five men, and came over the river with it, but found the Lieutenant and his scouts, with a demand to surrender, at the moment of landing. Of course they did so; they could not help it. The boat was burned, and the prisoners brought to camp. Patrolling the river bank one day, the Lieutenant's quick eyes detected a spot on the beach, where a skiff had been recently landed, and, suspicisioning that it might land again, returned after dark with his scouts, and lay concealed and quiet for hours, when they heard the snorting of horses swimming in the river. Waiting a while, a dug-out, just large enough to hold two men, came to the shore, two men in the boat, and two horses swimming by its side. The men in the boat had no chance but to surrender, and one of them was John Morgan's Chief of Scouts, armed with two revolvers. He declared it had always been his intention never to surrender alive; but, in that little boat, with twenty men around him, and no chance to fight, he had no other course. The horses were fine animals, and both men shrewd and cunning. They were taken to Huntsville,

and, by the aid of Rebel friends there, and such stories as they concocted, they were both released, by General Crook, to return with the very information John Morgan had sent them to obtain. On the morning of April third, the Regiment marched at daylight for Madison Station and Huntsville. When crossing the marsh bordering Limestone Creek, the men scattered out to the side of the road. The Colonel told them it was better to keep in the middle of the road, but the men had been over the road oftener than the Colonel, and probably knew the road better; but the Colonel kept in the old road. It was so cold that ice had formed over the pools of water; and his horse breaking the ice, the Colonel kept on, until he came to a little bridge beyond which was a pool frozen over. His horse halted, but he gave him the spurs, and he sprang forward, and went all over under in the deep hole. The Colonel was in a sorry plight, when he was pulled out of the mud by his Orderly, and the Regiment had a good laugh. His Orderly scrubbed him off with a horse-brush, in the swift water of Limestone Creek; and, nearly frozen, the Colonel dashed ahead, to find a house at which to warm, and get on a dry suit. The Regiment went into camp four miles south of Huntsville, when orders came detaching the Regiment from Wilder's Brigade, and assigning it to the Third Brigade, Third Cavalry Division, Army of the Cumberland, with orders to report to General Thomas, at Ringgold, Georgia. "Boot and saddle" was at once sounded, and the Regiment marched through Huntsville in column of sections, the band, mounted on white horses, leading, and received from General Gerrard, the then Commander of the Cavalry Division at Huntsville, the compliment of his saying that the Ninety-Second was the finest Regiment in his command; but it was not in his command; it was already marching to report to General Thomas. The Regiment camped two miles north of Huntsville, and drew rations for its march to Ringgold.

CHAPTER V.

FROM HUNTSVILLE TO RINGGOLD—BEAUTIFUL CAMP AT RINGGOLD—THE MASSACRE AT NICKOJACK—RECONNOISSANCES UNDER KILPATRICK—NICKOJACK AVENGED—LIEUTENANT COLONEL SHEETS AND MAJOR BOHN COMPLIMENTED IN RESOLUTIONS—GENERAL MOVEMENT OF SHERMAN'S ARMY AGAINST JO JOHNSTON—KILPATRICK WOUNDED—RESECA—GUARDING THE RAILROAD—KILPATRICK RETURNS—OUTPOST DUTY ON THE CHATTAHOOCHEE—DAVE BOYLE'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE—BAND HORSES GOBBLED—LAYING PONTOONS AT SANDTOWN—CUTTING RAILROADS AT WEST POINT—RAIDING AROUND THE REBEL ARMY AT ATLANTA—NIGHT FIGHTING AT JONESBORO—KILPATRICK, SURROUNDED, CUTS HIS WAY OUT—SWIMMING COTTON RIVER—SAVING THE BRIDGE ACROSS FLINT RIVER—BRILLIANT DIVERSION ON THE RIGHT OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE—GLASS'S BRIDGE—FALL OF ATLANTA—THE SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN ENDED.

On the morning of April fourth, 1864, the Ninety-Second took up its line of march from Huntsville eastward, in a driving rain storm, which continued all day. The Regiment marched thirty-three miles. Marched at daylight, and camped at Bellefonte. Marched at daylight, and, owing to high water, had to seek the sources of the streams, and, after marching thirty miles, camped ten miles from Bellefonte. Reached Bridgeport on the seventh, at noon, and camped on old ground, awaiting wagon-trains, and shoeing animals. The Regiment left Bridgeport at daylight, on April tenth, crossing the Tennessee on pontoons for the eleventh and last time; and marched over the winding, rough, mountain road, traveled by the army trains until it was almost impassable, some points being literally corduroyed with the carcasses of dead animals. It is said that, in the climate of South America, the atmosphere is so dry and pure that beef will cure perfectly in the open air without salt, and that the roads are there mended with

sides of fresh beef. The steamboat landing, at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, was paved with sides of bacon; but the only road, probably, ever seen in North America corduroyed with the carcasses of mules and horses, was passed over in this day's march. Passed Shellmound and Nickojack Cave, where General Andrew Jackson fought a battle with the Cherokee Indians. Marched at daylight—roads horrible—wound around over the rocky brow of Lookout Mountain for the last time, and camped at Rossville, Georgia. The Colonel reported in person to the Chief of Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, Brigadier General Elliott, in Chattanooga; and, on the Colonel's representing that many men in the Regiment were without horses, he was informed, by General Elliott, that mounted infantry regiments must not expect to get horses until after *all* the cavalry were mounted; and that all the cavalry never would be mounted. The Colonel protested against such treatment of his Regiment, and, in a stormy interview, insisted that, as long as his Regiment was serving, by proper orders, with the cavalry, it should receive the same treatment as the cavalry. Elliott, like all the Regular Army officers, had a dislike for mounted infantry. They all insisted on the European idea of cavalry, armed with short-range carbines, pistols and sabres; until that notion was taken out of them, the cavalry in the Western Army was always a nuisance. They had to meet Forrest and Wheeler, in a rough, wooded, mountainous country, with no chance for cavalry charges, except in column of fours, on roads always barricaded at frequent intervals, and the enemy fighting, dismounted, from behind barricades, fences, ditches, in the thick woods, and armed with long-range Mississippi rifles. It is an old saying that you must fight fire with fire; and it is true that, if you fight an enemy successfully, you must fight as he fights, and with weapons such as he uses. If his men are dismounted, and armed with long-range rifles, and take advantage of stumps, ditches, trees, woods, barricades and houses, you must fight him dismounted, with long-range weapons, and take like advantage of stumps, ditches, trees, woods, barricades, and houses. You might as well charge a scattered band of Comanche Indians with a squadron of heavy European cavalry, as to have attempted to fight Forrest or Wheeler after the manner of European cavalry movements. The cavalry was always getting into a tight place, and calling on the Ninety-Second, with their long-range Spencer Repeating Rifles, and fighting on foot, to help them out; and the Ninety-

Second always did it; and here was the Chief of Cavalry, of the Department of the Cumberland, insulting the Regiment openly by declaring that the men might go on foot until *all* the cavalry were mounted, and that the cavalry never would be mounted. The Colonel resented, with hot words, the insult put upon his men, and won the enmity of the West Pointer.

At Rossville, a large number of recruits joined the Regiment, all dismounted, and armed with old Burnside carbines—no better for actual service with the Ninety-Second than potato pop-guns. Marched early on April twelfth, eighteen miles, to Ringgold, Georgia, and went into camp. The Colonel reported to General Thomas, and protested hotly against the treatment his Regiment was receiving from General Elliott, and insisted that his rights in the cavalry were precisely on a par with the cavalry regiments. On the thirteenth, the Regiment camped on ground that had been long occupied by a mule train, the muddiest, filthiest spot to be found, but also the highest, being on the brow of a hill. All hands went to work cleaning up camp, grading and leveling, and laying it out in regular order. The pickets of the Ninety-Second were attacked, but the attack was repulsed without loss on our side, and with a loss of one Rebel killed, and two captured. The fourteenth was spent in planting evergreens throughout the camp, and by two days' labor, the filthiest spot the Regiment ever camped upon was converted into the cleanest and handsomest camp the Regiment ever occupied. Lieutenant Colonel B. F. Sheets tendered his resignation, on account of business reasons, and Major John H. Bohn tendered his resignation, on Surgeon's certificate of disability. On the fifteenth, Colonel R. G. Minty relieved the Colonel of the Ninety-Second of the command of the brigade. On April sixteenth, was held the first dress-parade since leaving Trianna. On the seventeenth, Brigadier General Judson Kilpatrick assumed command of the Cavalry Division. The Colonel had an interview with General Kilpatrick, and detailed the conversation of General Elliott, at Chattanooga, and insisted that it was simply right and just that the Ninety-Second should not be made the tail end of the cavalry, but should be placed upon a par with the cavalry in drawing horses, and in all other particulars. General Kilpatrick promised that the Regiment should be supplied with horses, and be treated in the future just the same, in regard to all things, as cavalry regiments of his division. It is but just to say that General Kilpatrick kept his promise, and never afterward did the Ninety-Second make com-

plaint of not receiving horses, clothing, and rations, in precisely the same quantities that the cavalry received them. There was only one point of difference between General Kilpatrick and the Colonel in this interview: the General insisted that the Colonel should turn over his long-range Spencer Rifles, and draw carbines and sabres, the General saying that he always fought at short range, and wanted every man to have a sabre. But the Colonel explained the manner in which Forrest and Wheeler fought, the rough and wooded nature of the country, and begged the General to wait until he had at least one skirmish with the enemy, and saw the Ninety-Second in action, before he took from them their long-range Spencer Repeating Rifles. To that General Kilpatrick consented; and he never afterward desired to take away from the Ninety-Second their Spencer Rifles.

It was thought necessary to keep a picket post eight miles away from camp at Nickojack. It was a dangerous place. Its danger was represented by the Colonel to the commanding officers, in a written communication sent to the Department headquarters through regular channels; but no attention was paid to it. The brigade was made up of three regiments of Kentucky cavalry and the Ninety-Second; and the influence of the Colonel of the Ninety-Second never amounted to anything in that brigade. They were all Kentuckians; and while many Kentuckians disliked traitors, it was only a feeble feeling in comparison to the bitter hatred with which nearly all Kentuckians looked upon an Abolitionist.

On the twenty-second of April, the Regiment was received and inspected by Brigadier General Elliott, in company with Major General Thomas, and General Elliott was pleased to boast considerably to General Thomas, in the presence of the members of the Regiment, claiming that the Ninety-Second had the cleanest and handsomest camp of any regiment, infantry or cavalry, in the Army of the Cumberland; and General Thomas admitted that no regiment in his Department had a cleaner or handsomer camp. The men of the Regiment appreciated the compliment. During the whole service, the Ninety-Second always stood among the first for cleanliness of camps, care of equipments, and soldierly discipline. Sometimes the men complained of the drills, dress-parades, and strict discipline, but they were always proud of the compliments earned from commanding officers and Inspector Generals.

April twenty-third, 1864, was a sorrowful morning in the

Ninety-Second; the picket post, eight miles from camp, at Nicko-jack Trace, was surrounded, and attacked in overwhelming force, just at daylight. There were sixty-two men at that post, under command of Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, of Company K, divided into squads, picketing several roads. A regiment of dismounted Rebels crossed Taylor's Ridge during the night, and placed themselves upon the road in rear of the pickets, and, at daylight, a regiment of mounted Rebels charged simultaneously every post, driving the men back onto the reserve, and the reserve back onto the regiment of dismounted Rebels, who had barricaded the road. Thirty-three, out of the sixty-two, were killed, wounded, or captured. Lieutenant Scoville, a gallant and faithful officer, was among the captured. But the horrible part of the transaction was the brutal treatment our men received, after their capture, at the hands of the cowardly fiends! Our wounded men were picked up by us, and lived long enough to tell the story of their cowardly murder by Lieutenant Pointer, of Wheeler's staff, and his cut-throat crew. It was demonstrated to a mathematical certainty that many of our men were cruelly, brutally, inhumanly, unsoldierly and cowardly murdered, after they were disarmed and wholly powerless to defend themselves. Lieutenant Pointer himself shot William Catnach, of Company B, after he was disarmed and a prisoner; and, Catnach not falling at the first fire, and while Catnach was pleading for his life, the cowardly villain shot him again, the last shot passing through his lungs, and being a mortal wound. Catnach was brought back to the hospital, and told his story under oath, and lived until the seventh of May, when he died of his two wounds. William A. Hills, of Company K, familiarly known in the Regiment as Willie Hills, met the same fate. A soldier writes in his diary under this date: "When overpowered, Willie delivered up his gun, as ordered. A Rebel then stepped up to him, after he was disarmed, cursed him, and then placed his gun to Willie's breast and fired. Willie fell dead. This statement is made by a woman living near, and who saw it." Ten dead bodies of our men were gathered up, and the wounded tenderly borne back to camp. Little squads of officers and men throughout the Regiment discussed the butchery of the morning, and it was that day very generally believed in the Regiment that the Ninety-Second would never take another prisoner. There was no dismay, but a very general and firm resolve that the butchery should be avenged! On the twenty-fourth, three of the wounded men died. In the afternoon, the Regiment held a solemn

funeral, and placed in one grave seven of the ten men killed at Nickojack; three were sent home for burial. Lieutenant Colonel B. F. Sheets and Major John H. Bohn, their resignations having been accepted, bade good-bye to the Regiment, and started for "God's country." They were excellent officers, and the Regiment parted with them with much regret. On the twenty-ninth of April, the Regiment moved at two A. M., with the Division, through Ringgold Gap, to the south side of Taylor's Ridge, on a reconnoissance. The cavalry, leading, came to a stand, at the first Rebel picket post; and the Ninety-Second, with their Spencers, was called upon to clear the road of the enemy, and did so. The Rebel papers reported twenty of the enemy killed. The Ninety-Second lost three; one killed, and two mortally wounded. On the thirtieth, the Regiment was mustered for pay, and received a special order from General Kilpatrick, complimenting the Regiment for its gallant conduct on the day before.

On the second of May, the Regiment again marched through Ringgold Gap, on a reconnoissance, to Tunnel Hill, with the Division, the Ninety-Second leading, General Baird's division of infantry moving out through the Gap, in support of the cavalry. Kilpatrick wanted to dash onto the first picket post, and follow them right into their camps on a run, a nice thing to have done; but it was utterly impossible where the roads passed through mountain gorges, and were barricaded every twenty rods. Just before daylight, the first shot was fired by the enemy at the Ninety-Second advance; and, with a yell, the men put spurs to their horses, and dashed forward. The enemy fled; but the Ninety-Second was soon halted by an impassable barricade that required some time to remove. The Ninety-Second kept on, and drove the enemy from three separate barricades, charging each one in front. The enemy made the next stand at a log house, with a long stretch of open field and road in front. The Colonel halted the advance, and sent a squad, dismounted, through the woods, to flank the house and come up in the rear of it. It required a little time; and Kilpatrick, impatient, and as reckless of the lives of his men as he was of his own, came up to the advance, and found the Colonel seated on the ground, quietly smoking his meerschau pipe. He demanded the reason why the advance was halted, and the reason was explained to him. He waited a minute or two, and then said: "Well, we can't wait, fooling around here; forward the advance." The Colonel replied: "All right; forward it is, then." But the Spencer Rifles of the flanking party

opened at that instant; and, with the advance, the General dashed up to the log house, without receiving a shot from the enemy, whom the flanking party had routed; and five of the enemy were left dead to tell the effectiveness of our Spencers. Then the cavalry took the advance, and, a mile farther on, found the enemy occupying a wooded hill, with an open field in their front; and, of course, the Ninety-Second was sent for; and the order was to dismount, and come forward on the double-quick. The Regiment was dismounted, and went forward. The Colonel was directed, by General Kilpatrick, to take the hill; he rode forward, and reconnoitered the position, and saw that, by moving through the woods a short distance, he could flank it, and avoid the approach over the open field under the enemy's fire, and therefore turned the head of the Regiment into the woods. The enemy saw the Regiment filing into the woods, and sent a straggling fire of musketry, at random, where the Regiment was marching; and Captain Preston, of Company D, as brave an officer as there was in the Regiment, but not the coolest, ordered the Regiment to charge, and away it went over the open field. The Colonel knew that the men could not double-quick over that field, and then charge up the steep, wooded hill occupied by the enemy; and, with Adjutant Lawver, Captain Hawk, and perhaps other mounted officers, rode out in front of the Regiment, and ordered the men to go at a walk, and dress their line on the colors, so that they would have breath and strength to make the final charge up the hill; but, before the Regiment was at the foot of the hill, the enemy retreated. The mounted officers dashed to the top, and put in a few pistol shots at the retreating foe. We had now nearly reached the camps of the enemy; their long wagon train was winding over Tunnel Hill; their cavalry drawn up in line of battle, five or eight thousand of them in plain sight. A battery of artillery tossed shell at them; and, to make the enemy think that Sherman's whole army was after them, the Ninety-Second marched round and round in a circle, passing, every few minutes, over the bold brow of the hill, and back through the woods out of sight of the enemy, so that it must have appeared to the enemy like regiment after regiment of infantry, filing into the woods, as the stream of men over the brow of the hill was continuous, and the regimental colors repeatedly passing, always in the same direction. Having demonstrated that the enemy had no infantry north of Tunnel Hill, the object of the reconnoissance was accomplished, and the command returned to camp, the Ninety-Second

holding the rear. When within a mile or two of Ringgold Gap, the enemy grew very bold, and attacked the rear with considerable force, and with great energy. The entire Regiment faced about in line of battle, mounted, in an orchard, with an open field in front. The enemy had a line of battle, on a hill beyond the field, and a squad of the enemy occupied a wooded hill, on our left flank, and annoyed us with their sharp shooting. General Kilpatrick led a charge of cavalry against the enemy in front, but the cavalry he was leading didn't charge as fast as the General, and, Kilpatrick having his horse shot, the cavalry retreated. General Kilpatrick inquired if the Ninety-Second could charge on horseback and take that hill, and was told that it could try, and it did try; and it took the hill, and held it. A considerable force of the enemy had passed into a corn-field, through a gap in the line of hills; it looked like a column of two or three hundred, and two companies of the Ninety-Second were sent to cut them off from returning. After a while, there was considerable music made by the Spencers in that corn-field, but the Ninety-Second took no prisoners that day. Few of the enemy that went into that corn-field ever came out of it again. "Boys, remember Nickojack," was the battle-cry, but it never was afterward. The massacre at Nickojack was terribly avenged! The Regiment was satisfied, and never afterward was Nickojack revengefully mentioned in the Ninety-Second, but always sadly and sorrowfully. The hill was held until General Kilpatrick ordered the Regiment to withdraw, and it passed on through Ringgold Gap, and into camp, without another shot being fired by the enemy. The camps about Ringgold were rapidly filling up; and, from the top of Taylor's Ridge, it looked at night, when the camp-fires were lighted, like a great city, the bright lights gleaming for miles and miles. On the fifth, heavy columns of troops moved through Ringgold Gap. On this day, a meeting of the officers of the Regiment was held, which is explained in the following:

"RINGGOLD, GA., May 5th, 1864.

"At a meeting of the officers of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteer Infantry, held on the fourth instant, Captain J. M. Schermerhorn, of Company G, being called to the Chair, and Adjutant I. C. Lawver elected Secretary, on motion of Captain Van Buskirk, a committee, consisting of Captains E. T. E. Becker, of Company I, H. J. Smith, of Company B, and Lieutenant G. R. Skinner, of Company D, was appointed to draft resolutions

expressive of the universal regret experienced at parting with our late Lieutenant Colonel and Major, and of the high esteem in which their memory is cherished by the Regiment. The following are the resolutions as reported and unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, Circumstances over which they had no control have made it necessary for our much esteemed Lieutenant Colonel, B. F. Sheets, and Major, John H. Bohn, to sever their connection with our Regiment; and

"WHEREAS, It seems to us not improper to express our regret in this public manner; therefore

"*Resolved*, That in taking final leave of us, they carry with them the best wishes of all, both officers and men, who have, for over twenty months, served under their gallant leadership.

"*Resolved*, That by uniform kindness, wholesome discipline, and soldierly bearing, they have endeared themselves to every officer and man in their command, and bound us together with ties of friendship which cannot be broken while memory shall last.

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary be instructed to request the papers of Carroll, Ogle, and Stephenson Counties, Illinois, to publish the above resolutions.

"J. M. SCHERMERHORN, *President*.

"I. C. LAWVER, *Secretary*."

On the sixth of May, orders came to be ready to march in a movement of the whole army, on the morning of the seventh of May, 1864. The movement on the morrow was to be a movement of all of Sherman's troops in that immediate vicinity; that is, a general advance, and in exact harmony with the whole forces of the United States; Banks moving, at the same time, in the Department of the Gulf, and Grant on Richmond. Sherman had the Army of the Cumberland, Major General Thomas: Infantry, 54,568; artillery, 2,377; cavalry, including the Ninety-Second, of course, 3,828—total, 60,773; guns, 130. Army of the Tennessee, Major General McPherson: Infantry, 22,437; artillery, 1,404; cavalry, 624—total, 24,465; guns, 96. Army of the Ohio, Major General J. M. Schofield, of Freeport, Illinois: Infantry, 11,183; cavalry, 1,697; artillery, 679; guns, 28—total, 13,559. Grand total: Infantry, 88,188; cavalry, 6,149; artillery, 4,460; guns, 254; men of all arms, 98,779. Marched, at three A. M., with the Division, and crossed Taylor's Ridge, at Nickojack. Skirmished with the enemy all day, after crossing Taylor's Ridge.

Companies K and C drove the enemy, after a brisk little fight, across a creek, on the left of Hooker's corps. Camped at Gordon's Gap.

Sunday, May eighth, marched to Vilanow, and drove in a Rebel picket. McPherson's corps passed Vilanow for Snake Creek Gap and Reseca, General Dodge's division leading; and if that division, on striking Reseca, had have pushed into the town instead of Dodging back to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap and fortifying, Jo Johnston's Rebel army would have been bagged. May tenth, marched at noon to Snake Creek Gap, five miles, and camped behind the infantry. There were heavy earthworks thrown up by Dodge's troops across the Gap, facing toward Reseca. It rained terribly during the night. On the eleventh, the Ninety-Second lay in camp, sending detachments to scout to Lay's Ferry and Calhoun Ferry over the Oostanaula. On the twelfth, a portion of the Division, under command of General Kilpatrick, the Ninety-Second leading, made a reconnoissance toward Dalton, and, with some fighting, drove the enemy about three miles, and held them until McPherson's corps had advanced two miles and thrown up breastworks. On the thirteenth, the Division marched at daylight, with orders to take and hold the cross-roads west of Reseca, to enable the infantry to deploy on the roads. The Tenth Ohio Cavalry charged the picket of the enemy at the cross-roads, and drove them back. In this charge the brave and dashing commander of the Division, General Judson Kilpatrick, was wounded, and the command of the Division fell to Colonel Eli H. Murray, a brave soldier, and the command of the Brigade devolved upon the Colonel of the Ninety-Second. The Ninety-Second was dismounted and formed in line, and pushed considerably beyond the cross-roads, taking position behind a fence, with a field in their front; the enemy, dismounted, attempted to charge over the field and drive the Regiment back, but they were scarcely out of the woods and in the open field, when the fire of the Ninety-Second Spencers drove them back. Rebel soldiers, tied in trees, were sharpshooting, and one, immediately in front of the Ninety-Second, was discovered and killed by a Spencer ball, and his gun dropped out of his hand, and his body fell to the ground. Many of the enemy, at Reseca, were so securely fastened in the trees that their dead bodies remained there for days after the battle was over, and until cut down and buried by our troops. The Regiment lay in the position described, holding the road to Reseca, a mile and a half distant, until the infantry deployed; and the

long line of infantry pushed forward and took the hill commanded by the guns at Reseca, immediately in front of the Ninety-Second. The Regiment was then withdrawn, and mounted and marched again to Lay's Ferry and Calhoun Ferry, on the Oostanaula, and exchanged shots with the enemy guarding those points, and returned to the cross-roads and bivouaced. On the fourteenth, marched to Lay's Ferry, sending Companies H and A to Calhoun Ferry. A division of infantry, under the command of Brigadier General Sweeney, of the Regular Army, made a crossing at Lay's Ferry, and, being heavily attacked, repulsed the attack of the enemy, but most unaccountably failed to lay the pontoons. The failure to lay the pontoons at Lay's Ferry, on this day, must have been a great disappointment to General Sherman; for, had they been laid, and a corps crossed and placed at Calhoun, on the road south of Reseca, it would have been very difficult for Johnston to have retreated from Reseca. We wonder that the General of a great army can provide against little failures of this kind (necessary steps in the plan of the general campaign), which, failing, entail most troublesome results. Of course, it will be understood by the reader that the Ninety-Second Committee on Publication do not profess to know that General Sherman intended to place a corps at Calhoun; we only know that if he had have done so, Johnston, if he escaped at all, must have escaped without a cannon, animal or wheel; in fact, his army would have been broken up and scattered beyond recall, if not in a body captured. In the night, of the fifteenth of May, the pickets at Calhoun Ferry being attacked, the Brigade moved out at eleven o'clock P. M., and the Regiment, of course, moved with the Brigade, and, at the Ferry, could distinctly hear the low, rumbling sound of Johnston's artillery and trains moving southward—it being made plain thereby that Reseca was being evacuated by the enemy. Information was sent to General Sherman, and a battery of artillery planted that opened fire at random toward the Calhoun road, leading south from Reseca. The firing of the battery was kept up for a long time, but no response from the enemy was elicited. The artillery and musketry firing in front of Reseca was continuous and terrific. The morning of the sixteenth of May found Reseca deserted by Johnston, and his army intact in full retreat south of the Oostanaula. The Ninety-Second escorted General Force to the head-quarters of Colonel Wilder, near Rome, Georgia, and returned to the Brigade; crossed the Oostanaula on the pontoons at Lay's Ferry with the Brigade. While lying in the woods south of

the Ferry the infantry advance was severely attacked by the enemy, but they were repulsed. Marched several miles, and camped for the night, the Regiment having marched forty miles during the day. Sherman's whole army was in motion in pursuit of Johnston. On the seventeenth, the Regiment did not march until two o'clock P. M., and marched only five miles. On the eighteenth, moved early, seven miles to railroad south of Calhoun, and waited for the Armies of the Cumberland and Ohio to pass through Adairsville; passed Adairsville a few miles, and bivouaced after dark. On the nineteenth, marched early, on a roundabout road, flanking the infantry columns on the right; passed through Kingston and camped, after dark, in rear of the infantry skirmish line, a few miles south of Kingston. On the twenty-first, the Regiment retraced its march to Reseca, to guard the railroad from attacks of the Rebel cavalry. On the twenty-second, the Regiment was divided, one portion marching east and one west of the railroad, and camping together at night at Adairsville. Lay in camp at Adairsville, sending out scouting parties in all directions. On the twenty-fourth, reports came to camp of a Rebel cavalry column at Cassville. The Regiment marched at five P. M., five miles toward Cassville, and sent the advance into the town. The Rebel cavalry had been there, and gone again, capturing a few wagons and straggling soldiers. The Regiment remained saddled all night; and, at ten A. M., next morning, returned to Adairsville, where the Regiment lay until the sixth of June.

On the fourth of June, George W. Marshall, Regimental Quartermaster, was promoted to Captain and Assistant Quartermaster of Volunteers, and Philip Sweeley, Quartermaster's Sergeant, was promoted to Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster. Marshall was an efficient Regimental Quartermaster, and had earned his promotion. Sweeley was always faithful as a Quartermaster's Sergeant, and filled, with satisfaction to the Regiment, the position of Regimental Quartermaster.

On the sixth of June, leaving Company G at Adairsville, the Regiment marched through Kingston, and camped three miles south-west of the town, to do scouting duty along the Etowa River. On the eighth, Company I was sent, on a two days' scout, towards Rome. The weather was very warm. The Regiment lay in camp, scouting and patrolling the Etowa, until the thirteenth, living on the fat of the land. Cherries were ripe, and the woods full of huckleberries. On the eleventh, two of Armstrong's cavalry were captured. On the thirteenth, the Regiment

marched early to Reseca, sending scouting parties in all directions. On the fourteenth, sent scouting parties to Vilanow and Rome, and the Regiment marched on a roundabout road to Calhoun and on to Adairsville. On the fifteenth, the Regiment returned to its old camp near Kingston. On the sixteenth, Major Charles W. Newcomer paid the Regiment four months' pay. On the twentieth, Captain Albert Woodcock, of Company K, was promoted to Major, *vice* John H. Bohn, resigned, and Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, who was taken prisoner by the Rebels at Nickojack, and was still a prisoner, was promoted to the Captaincy of Company K. On the twenty-eighth, Lieutenant I. C. Lawver, Regimental Adjutant, left the Regiment, being detailed as A. A. D. C. on the staff of Brigadier General A. Baird. The entire Regiment parted with Lieutenant Lawver with great regret; he was an educated soldier and gentleman, and had won the respect and affection of the entire command. On the third of July, the Regiment marched to Adairsville, and camped on the old camp ground. On the fourth of July, marched early, to Reseca, and lay there in camp until the twenty-fifth, sending out heavy scouting parties, and patrolling the railroad to guard it from being torn up by small bodies of Rebel cavalry. On the twenty-first, General Kilpatrick, having recovered from his wound, returned to the army, and took command of his old Division, to the great joy of officers and men, who were weary of guarding railroads, and they knew that when Kilpatrick returned it meant active work. On the twenty-fifth, the Regiment marched to Calhoun. On the twenty-sixth, the Regiment adopted commendatory resolutions in compliment to Doctor Winston, who had resigned. On the twenty-ninth, Captain J. M. Schermerhorn, of Company G, was presented with a beautiful sword by his admiring friends in the Regiment. The Smith D. Atkins Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was organized in the Regiment, under a Dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Illinois. On August second, the Regiment marched at daylight, through Adairsville and Kingston, to Cartersville. On the third, the Ninety-Second marched at nine o'clock A. M., through Altoona Pass, and bivouaced a few miles southeast of Altoona. On the fourth of August, the Regiment was thrown in advance of the Division about three and a half miles, the Division being on the right of Sherman's army in front of Atlanta, where, near the banks of the Chattahoochee, it went into camp, and did outpost duty. The Rebels were constantly prowling about the picket posts of the encampment. While here,

Nat. Davis, of Company K, Regimental Postmaster, was captured, with the mail, while on his way to the Regiment from Division head-quarters. On Sunday, the seventh of August, Orderly David Boyle, of Company H, was sent, with a report of the fighting strength of the Regiment, to General Kilpatrick. When on the road, a mile from camp, five armed Rebels stepped out from the bushes, and, with guns pointed at his breast, ordered him to surrender. David obeyed. The Rebels marched David three or four miles to the edge of a swamp, and there they lay concealed until about midnight, when four of them started to the Ninety-Second camp to gobble horses, leaving the fifth man in charge of David. David, playing possum, went to sleep, snoring lustily, but kept open his ears and one eye. After a while, the Rebel guard dropped away into slumber, and snored in concert with his prisoner. Dave then silently rose to his feet, and, with the spring of a panther, leaped upon the guard, seized the guard's gun, and with it dashed out his brains. Dave then secured his trusty Spencer, untied and mounted his own horse, and started for camp. When about half way to camp, whom should he meet but those five identical Rebels, returning to where they had left Dave in charge of one of their number, as a guard, and each Rebel having a milk-white horse, captured from the musical command of Collen Bauden! By the light of the moon, Dave recognized the band horses of the Ninety-Second, and the Rebels recognized Dave. A race and a fight ensued. David abandoned his horse, and took to the swamp, and succeeded in eluding his pursuers. The next day, David came into camp, minus hat, coat, shoes, and shirt, the very picture of hard times.

The Ninety-Second Band was made up of the very best musical talent in the Regiment. Collen Bauden, the leader, was modest, almost to bashfulness; and his soft hazel eye told of a heart as kind as a woman's: there was music in his walk, look, and gesture. No discordant note, but silver melody alone, breathed from his horn. All the Band boys were fine fellows, morally and physically, and, under Collen's instruction, they became experts, and, as a Band, second to none in Sherman's Army. Their horns were German silver, and their horses milk-white steeds. Like all musical people, the Band regarded themselves a degree above the common crowd. They did not belong to the plebians of the rank and file of the Regiment; hence, when the Regiment went into camp, the Band was accustomed to pitch their tents a little way out; and the Band, in its whims,

was humored, as all musical people are. On the night of the day that Orderly David Boyle was captured, four of David's capturers crept into Collen Bauden's command, and led away four of his milk-white steeds! The next morning, the Band boys, chagrined that the Rebels had stepped over them while asleep, and led away their best horses, repaired to Major Woodcock, the Regimental Commander, and, with woe-begone faces, related their grievances. They asked for more horses at once. The reply was, "A fighting man cannot be dismounted for the purpose of mounting a non-combatant; the Band must go on foot." Before nightfall of that day, it was amusing to see the Band boys, like wayward but repentant children, come creeping under the wings of the Regiment for protection. A heavy camp guard was thrown around the camp; and, about two o'clock the next morning, the Rebels were seen approaching the Regiment, probably in quest of more white Band horses; but the hawks missed their game: the chickens were nestled snugly in the breast-feathers, close to the Regimental heart. The guards fired upon the Rebels. In about five minutes after the volley, the Regiment was in line, ready for fight. From indications seen the next morning, two or three of the Johnnies must have been wounded. A day or two afterward, the dismounted Band boys were on mules. Where they got them was a query. It was generally understood that no Ninety-Second man went on foot longer than two days; that is, not if he understood himself, and he generally did. A charger, in the form of a horse, mule, or donkey, was pretty sure to fill the vacancy within that time.

On Monday, the fifteenth of August, 1864, at one o'clock in the morning, reveille was sounded in the camp of the Ninety-Second, in compliance with orders from Division head-quarters. After grooming and feeding the horses, and making a breakfast of fried "hard-tack and sow-belly," and coffee, the Regiment moved into line, and awaited the coming of the rest of the Division. At four o'clock A. M., they came up. The Division, the Ninety-Second leading, marched to a point within half a mile of the Chattahoochee, opposite Sandtown. The town was held by a small force of the enemy, on picket duty. The immediate object of the movement of the Cavalry Division was to lay a pontoon across the Chattahoochee, opposite Sandtown. The Ninety-Second was ordered to deploy on foot, and to charge to the water's edge, under the cover of a battery, on an eminence in rear of the Regiment, which was to shell the town during the

forward movement of the Ninety-Second; but, while charging to the river, the shell from the battery fell short, bursting, and tearing up the earth in rear and front of the Regiment, scattering the dirt over the men. The idea of being killed by friends was terrible; it reminded the boys of the time when the Ninety-Second drove the Rebels over and off from Lookout Mountain, and our own Brigade battery recklessly tossed its shell into the advance; only there the boys knew it was a want of information, for Wilder's battery was always ably managed; and now it was a want of sense in the gunners in not elevating their pieces: there was no glory in such a death. The men of the Ninety-Second stood even such a fire, without a break or curve in their battle-line. A little cursing from Kilpatrick caused the artillerymen to elevate their pieces, and fire with more care. Luckily, none were injured. The Regiment moved to the water's edge, throwing several volleys across; the shell from the battery dropping nicely into the town. The Rebels, panic-stricken, fled like frightened deer. A pontoon boat conveyed some of the Regiment over the river; all went to work with a will, and, by noon, the bridge of boats was completed, and the whole command crossed. The day had been beautiful, the sun shining brightly. A thunder-storm now rolled up, and poured its waters copiously on the command, which moved on in the direction of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad. When near Fairburn, the Rebels made a stand; but a charge, in which the Ninety-Second participated, swept them away. The Yankees then burned the depot and Rebel stores, cut the telegraph, and tore up some track, and fell back some three or four miles. It was night. The Regiment, wet from the drenching rain, without tents or blankets, lay down on their arms, in line of battle, and slept until the break of day, on the morning of the sixteenth. The Division moved back to within three or four miles of the river, and struck a road leading toward Atlanta. The Ninety-Second brought up the rear. As the command crossed Camp Creek, the horses were watered, thus consuming an hour in crossing. Corporal C. O. Trask, with a detail of men, was stationed in the road, on an eminence south of the creek. A force of Rebel cavalry, ten times the number of the Corporal's squad, noticing the little band acting as rear guard, dashed their horses into a charge. For a moment, the boys were bewildered, and about to retreat; the Corporal sprang forward, shouting to his men, "We must stand; we belong to the Ninety-Second; we can whip them." The boys did stand. Bravely they

volleyed the charging column, broke it into confusion, and the Rebels went back faster than they came. After crossing the creek, the Division moved, on a road, eastward, until within four and a half miles of the railroad, between East Point and Atlanta, where, running against the Rebel army behind their earthworks, the Division backed out, and returned to Sandtown, crossed the river, and went into their old camps, both men and horses suffering from fatigue. On Wednesday, the seventeenth, the men and horses were allowed to rest.

About two weeks previously, General Sherman ordered General Stoneman, with five thousand cavalry, and McCook, with four thousand cavalry, to march—the one from the left flank of his army, the other from the right flank—and unite at Lovejoy's Station, and there destroy the railroad. Stoneman did not reach the road, but was captured, with about a thousand of his command. McCook reached Lovejoy, but was heavily attacked, and obliged to retrace his steps, losing about five hundred of his men captured, among whom was Colonel Harrison, of the Eighth Indiana Cavalry, well known in the Ninety-Second. General Sherman then told Kilpatrick that he might try his hand. Monday and Tuesday of this week, the Regiment had been constantly in the saddle, with but little sleep at night. Thursday they were ordered to put themselves into first-rate fighting condition; to provide themselves with all the Spencer cartridges they could possibly carry, with several days' rations, without tents, blankets, or other incumbrances, to be ready for the march.

On Thursday, at six o'clock in the afternoon, the command formed. It consisted of Kilpatrick's Division, and also the brigades of Colonels Long and Minty, and the Chicago Board of Trade and Tenth Wisconsin batteries, numbering in all about five thousand horsemen. The Ninety-Second, under the command of Major Woodcock, was given the place of honor, the advance. After crossing the Chattahoochee, and getting well under march, night spread her mantle of darkness upon the land. After crossing a creek, the advancing Ninety-Second descried the camp-fires of the Rebels in and near the road. "Attention—trot—march!" and "charge!" were the commands. On the keen run, the Regiment went in; the shouts of the men, as they madly dashed forward in that reckless charge through the darkness, echoed and re-echoed among the hills. They swept over the advance pickets and guards of the enemy, dashed through their camp, driving the flying Rebels before them like autumn leaves before the wind.

Onward they rode, sweeping the enemy before them, until they drove them beyond the Montgomery and West Point Railroad. The men of the Ninety-Second then halted on the iron track, and awaited the arrival of the command. Along the road where the Regiment charged the Rebel dead were scattered. Among their killed was a Lieutenant. He, with some men, was stationed at an advanced post. The charge of the Regiment in the darkness fell upon them like a thunderbolt. The Rebel Lieutenant had just written a letter to his wife. One of the boys snatched it up. It was crimson with the Lieutenant's blood. Among his expressions were the following: "The Yankees are encamped not far from here. We are liable to have a fight at any moment. I may never see you again. I commend you, my dear wife, and our little ones, to heaven's protection." Tears blinded the eyes of the Ninety-Second boy as he read to his comrades the letter. In the charge the Ninety-Second had several men wounded, and many horses killed. The Division fell upon the West Point and Montgomery Railroad track like a devouring cloud of locusts upon a grain field. The men, standing as thick as they could stand along one side of the track, took hold of the rails and ends of the ties, and, by main force, lifted the track up bodily and turned it bottom side up. They built fires, and, heating the rails in the center, twisted and bent them. They toiled until the rosy light in the east told of approaching morn. The bugles then sounded "to horse." Kilpatrick said to the men: "This is not the road that we are after; we want the one that runs southward from Atlanta." The bold riders mounted and were away, the Ninety-Second still leading.

As the sun was rising in golden glory above the eastern hills, a roll of musketry in the rear of the column announced an attack in that direction. The shells from the Rebel artillery came ricocheting along and bursting near the Regiment. Kilpatrick, who at that time was sitting on the fence in front of a log house questioning a woman about the roads, looked up, and addressed Major Woodcock, in command of the Ninety-Second, saying: "That means fight. Move your men rapidly to the rear, and assist in the engagement." General Kilpatrick's order was obeyed. In a few minutes the Rebels were driven in disorder and put to flight. The Regiment was then ordered to march by file upon the left flank of the marching column, a space of four or five rods to be maintained between each file. The enemy, save what had been routed in the rear, were upon the left, between the command and

Atlanta. The road wound along through the woods, and it was thought the enemy might lie in ambush. The Ninety-Second flankers were to draw the fire and engage the attention of the enemy, while the command got ready for action. Stumbling over logs, scratched and torn by briars, often entangled in the wild vines, the Regiment struggled along; but the toil and fatigue to both men and horses was very great. They were obliged to keep up with the column marching rapidly on a smooth road. In that toilsome manner the Regiment marched until it neared Flint River. Here the Rebels were massed to dispute the further march of the command. Our artillery was placed in position. The Chicago Board of Trade and the Tenth Wisconsin batteries for a while threw their shells lively. A shell storm rained upon the Rebels, while the command charged them in front. This was more than they could endure. They broke and fled in wild disorder. The command then crossed the river, and moved into Jonesboro. The road they were after was reached.

It was Friday evening. The sun had set. The torch had been applied to the depot, and all public buildings, and very soon the little town was a sea of fire, and the heavens lurid with the flames of the burning buildings. No time to wait—no time to eat—no time to rest—the whole command fell to work. No railroad track was ever more effectually torn up, or faster. The railroad ties were piled up and set on fire, soon becoming burning log heaps; the iron rails were then laid on them, and when they showed a white heat in the center, the rails were twisted like an auger. Sometimes the men would seize the iron rails by the ends, after they were red-hot in the center, and bend them around the trees in ox-bow shape. The destruction of the railway track went continuously and rapidly forward until about eleven o'clock at night, when a Rebel brigade of infantry made a bold attack from the south. The Ninety-Second was ordered to leave their work of destroying railroad, and double-quick to the point of action. The men had not time to don their blue jackets, which they had thrown off in the hot, fiery work of destroying the track; but, seizing their trusty Spencers, and leaving their horses, they dashed forward on foot to the point of attack. The cavalry were giving way under the heavy fire. The Ninety-Second rushed in, stumbling over the dead cavalymen that lay along the line, and, in obedience to orders, the Ninety-Second laid down. The darkness of the night showed sheets of flame rolling toward them from the guns of the enemy. The men of the Ninety-Second gave them

better than they sent. They pumped fire at the enemy in volleyed thunder from their repeating rifles. The Ninety-Second alone against a brigade of four or five thousand Rebel infantry! The Ninety-Second checked the advance of the enemy, and held them at bay for nearly three hours. The balance of the command worked faithfully, destroying the track, while the enemy were being thus held. Lieutenant G. R. Skinner, of Company D, a Brigade staff officer, came up to Major Woodcock, in command of the Ninety-Second, with orders for the Regiment to fall back a few rods to a rail barricade, built for them by the cavalry. He remarked, "I do not see how men can live any length of time under such a fire." The Regiment noiselessly fell back to the barricade, as ordered. After a while, the enemy slackened up their fire; but a broken sputtering of shots showed them still in front, but afraid to advance. To the north of the town, the loud scream of locomotives and the heavy rumbling of trains could be heard. Kilpatrick's men knew that regiments of Rebel infantry from Atlanta were being hurried toward them as fast as possible. The men of the Ninety-Second were so overcome with fatigue, that it was almost impossible for them to keep awake. The officers moved up and down the line, shaking the men, charging them that their own lives, and the lives of the men of the command, depended upon their keeping awake. About three o'clock A. M., on Saturday morning, the twentieth, orders came to Major Woodcock to keep his men in position fifteen minutes longer, when, without noise, the men were to fall rapidly back to their horses, mount, and follow after the command. The Regiment saw the rest of the command mount and move away. For fifteen minutes longer they held the Rebels; then, as ordered, the Regiment moved noiselessly back, mounted, and rode rapidly until they overtook the rear of the column. Many cavalymen lay upon the ground insensible with fatigue and sound asleep. The Ninety-Second men tried to rouse them, told them of their danger, and tried to get them to move with the command; but they were as immovable as statues, and, in a few minutes afterward, were picked up by the Rebels. Alycrah W. Latham, of Company K, was shot through the heart; several of the boys were wounded. The command moved rapidly east of the railroad until it struck a road leading to Lovejoy Station; into it the command filed, and toward Lovejoy they marched. When near an extensive cornfield, the command halted for half an hour, and the jaded animals were given a feed of green corn. Then the command mounted and

moved on to Lovejoy, where it commenced tearing up the railroad track, but a swarm of Rebel infantry drove the men from the work. The command retraced its steps, but, after marching four or five miles, masses of Rebel infantry were found in its front. The Rebels had been run down from Atlanta in the cars during the night. The road led through a very large open field. In the field the command was hemmed in; dense columns of Rebel infantry and cavalry surrounded the Yankees. In this situation, the command fought until three o'clock P. M. The Ninety-Second had been frequently double-quickened on foot from point to point of the field. The enemy's fire began to converge from all directions. The Rebels thought they could bag Kilpatrick, as they had done Stoneman. In front, the Rebel artillery played upon the men. To the right, to the left, and in rear of their artillery, gray lines of Rebel infantry were stationed, with bristling bayonets. "Surrender to the Rebs? Never!" was the exclamation of the men, uttered between their grinding teeth. Kilpatrick formed his men for the charge in several columns, four horsemen abreast in each column. The bugles sounded the charge. Men's faces became rigid with determination; thousands of sabres glittered in the sunlight. The flashing sabres were a magnificent sight. The sky resounded with the cheers of the men; the horses caught the spirit of their riders, and were wild with excitement; and away the columns flew toward the enemy. They ran over the Rebel artillery, sabering the gunners, who gallantly stood by their guns. They rode down the Rebel infantry, their lines vanishing like magic. Some of them rallied, and charged for the Tenth Wisconsin Battery, and the captured Rebel battery, which were in the care of the Ninety-Second. The Ninety-Second men wheeled into line, and volleyed the charging Rebels with their Spencers. The Rebels broke in confusion, and fled in consternation. In the charge, Captain William B. Mayer, of Company F, was wounded; several of the men were hit, but none had mortal wounds.

Having captured the Rebel artillery, three battle flags, and many prisoners, the command moved east about three miles, and halted. Kilpatrick ordered a detail, to be made from each company of the command, to go to the adjacent fields for corn for the animals. A regiment was thrown on the road, in the rear of the command, as a picket guard. The detailed men had not reached the corn-fields, before a heavy volley was fired into the rear guard. The Rebel infantry had rallied, and were in pursuit.

The bugles sounded recall. The men hastened back to their horses; the command mounted, and were away, on the McDonough Road. They reached McDonough, the county-seat of Henry County, about five o'clock P. M. The heavens grew suddenly dark with clouds. It commenced to rain. The rain soon poured in torrents. It seemed as if the very flood-gates of the heavens had broken loose. The command moved through the town, taking the road northward toward Covington. Captain M. Van Buskirk, of Company E, and Captain Harvey M. Timms, of Company A, and Captain Horace J. Smith, of Company B, with their companies, were ordered to move rapidly, in advance of the whole command, to South River, a branch of the Ocmulgee, seize the bridge, and hold it until the command crossed. On reaching the bridge, they found it in possession of a detachment of Rebel cavalry. The boys charged them, and drove them from the bridge, as they were attempting to burn it. It was already on fire, but the boys soon extinguished the flames. The darkness had become intense. The column crossed a small stream, and halted. An Orderly, from head-quarters, came along and said to the Ninety-Second: "You will go in there to the left, and await further orders." The Regiment did as directed; they found themselves in a plowed field, flooded with water by the rain tempest; mud and water were nearly knee deep. Some of the men, through sheer exhaustion, sank down in the mud and water, and were soon asleep, and oblivious to suffering; others stood up, and held their horses that dark, chilly night through. Next morning, no sooner had faint streaks of light in the East indicated the approach of day, than the command resumed its march. After crossing South River, on the bridge saved by the boys of companies E, A, and B, the bridge was effectually destroyed. The column moved on, until it reached another branch of the Ocmulgee, called Cotton River. There was no bridge. The heavy rains had swollen the stream, so that it overflowed its banks, and its angry flood whirled madly along its channel. The ford was dangerous; and, for some eighty feet, the horses must swim. Kilpatrick, on the opposite bank, stood shouting to the men, ordering them to "let go the bridle reins, and let the horses guide themselves." The horses, snorting, and breasting the flood, swam admirably. A frightened rider would seize the bridle, and attempt to guide his horse; the horse would turn up on his side, and away horse and rider would go, whirled along by the angry flood. The command was a long time in

crossing. In the swollen stream were lost the ammunition train, one piece of artillery, and several ambulances, and a number of horses were drowned. The ambulance in which Captain William B. Mayer, of Company F, was riding, after he had been wounded, was lost in Cotton River; and the Captain came near losing his life in the water, but caught hold of a limb of a tree, and kept his head above water until rescued. Every man and horse had a cold bath. They were as wet as drowned rats, from the rain, when they went in; but the bath washed away the mud.

The column moved in the direction of Lithonia, a station on the Georgia Railroad, east of Atlanta. About three o'clock in the afternoon, it being the Sabbath, a lot of carriages and buggies were met, loaded with ladies and gentlemen, returning from church. They were halted; and the horses instantly entered the service of Uncle Sam. Ladies and old men, clad in their Sunday suits, sat in their horseless carriages, in the center of the road, demurely inspecting the Yankees as they passed. As the Ninety-Second moved by, the utmost courtesy was manifested toward the unfortunates. Only one boy addressed them. To a dark-haired young lady, of about eighteen, he said: "Sissy, are you in favor of *our* Union?" She responded only by a shake of her curls, and a flash of her black eyes. Lithonia Station was reached at dark. The Ninety-Second was ordered into line east of the railroad, and directed to act as a picket. It commenced to rain again, and poured down the entire night through.

On Monday morning early, the command resumed its march, moving along the railroad in the direction of Atlanta. The heavens had cleared up, and the blue sky was once more visible. The sun shone brightly. About noon, the column halted near a large corn-field; the horses were fed. No Rebels were in sight. Large fires were made of cedar rails, and the boys doffed their clothes, wrung out the water, and hung them up by the fires to dry. Some of the boys, who were not Free Masons, having a great respect for the Order (as they said), had taken some of the masonic clothing from the burning Masonic Hall at Jonesboro, consisting of little aprons highly ornamented with gold and silver bullion, which they tied on, and marched around in a circle, saying it was in commemoration of old father Adam, who was partial to that kind of a dress, except that his apron was made of fig-leaves instead of rich cloth, adorned with the precious metals.

After a little rest, the command moved, passing Stone Moun-

tain on their right, a rocky peak that rises, solitary and grand, above the surrounding plain. On reaching Decatur, the advance struck a body of Rebel cavalry. A few volleys sent them flying toward Atlanta. After marching to a point midway between Decatur and Atlanta, the column moved on a road northward, and soon reached the picket line on the left of Sherman's army. The Ninety-Second was warmly welcomed by Wilder's brigade, to which it had formerly belonged. It was about five o'clock P. M. Worn out, and burning with fever, from loss of sleep, the men sank upon the ground in heavy slumber, and were not disturbed until nine o'clock the next morning. Kilpatrick's Division then marched to its old encampment, on the right of Sherman's army, on the banks of the Chattahoochee, having made a complete circuit around both the Confederate and United States Armies.

On August twenty-fifth, with three days' rations, the Ninety-Second marched, at sundown, six miles, toward West Point, and lay in line of battle all night. At noon, on the twenty-sixth, the Regiment marched back to camp at Sandtown. At eleven o'clock at night, orders came to march at twelve o'clock; drew rations, and marched, at midnight, to same point occupied the night previous. At noon next day, crossed the creek, and marched six miles, skirmishing with the enemy, and threw up barricades. The country was poor, and forage for animals scarce, but sweet potatoes were plenty, to go with and save the hard-tack and bacon. The firing was continuous all night. The morning of the twenty-eight broke in perfect calm, neither party attacking. The Regiment moved at seven A. M., traveling down the Montgomery Railroad, and soon found the enemy in force. The Ninety-Second was dismounted, and advanced one mile up the railroad track, toward Atlanta, getting an occasional shell from the Rebel artillery, the enemy retreating. After a while, the Yankee artillery was brought into requisition, and silenced the Rebel guns. The line of battle of the Regiment extended across the railroad track, and rail barricades had been thrown up, when the infantry relieved the Ninety-Second. Four of the Ninety-Second men were wounded by the Rebel artillery. The Regiment mounted, and moved down the railroad. The Regiment was again dismounted, and moved farther down the railroad, to hold the front in that direction, until the other regiments built barricades. Here the Regiment remained until ten o'clock P. M., constantly under fire, but they gave the enemy so careful attention that they dared not advance; moved back to the barricades,

and held them until two hours after daylight the next morning, when the Ninety-Second was again relieved by the infantry, and ordered back to the horses, and to remain ready to march at the bugle call, and remained saddled all day. Eight miles of the railroad was utterly destroyed, rails burned and twisted around trees and telegraph poles, in fantastic shapes, and the ties burned up. At night, the Ninety-Second was ordered on picket duty, holding the skirmish line all night. The cavalry did good service in building barricades, but their carbines, pistols, and sabres were not worth a cent for fighting; and, of course, the Ninety-Second, with their long-range repeating rifles, did the fighting and dangerous duty for the Division. The post of danger was the post of honor, and the Ninety-Second always held it. At seven o'clock, on the morning of August thirtieth, 1864, the Ninety-Second moved on the road toward Jonesboro, having the advance of the Army of the Tennessee. General Howard was in command of that army, General Logan commanding the fifteenth corps. The Ninety-Second skirmished with the enemy constantly, driving them easily until it reached Bethsaida Church, where, beyond an open field, the enemy were massed behind a long line of works. Generals Logan and Kilpatrick reconnoitered the position. Kilpatrick said: "Logan, throw forward some of your infantry, and charge them out." Logan said: "Kilpatrick, you are a charging man; charge yourself." The order then came to the Ninety-Second: "With the Regiment on horseback, you will charge those works, and drive out the Rebs." The question was asked: "May we not charge on foot, as we are accustomed to?" The reply was: "You will charge on horseback." Kilpatrick wished to show his cavalry. The Ninety-Second men will remember how hard it was to wheel the horses into line in that tangled wild wood, beneath a galling fire, the bullets rattling like hail against the trees. Some of the men shouted: "Let us charge on foot." The reply was: "No, we are ordered to charge on horse." The command was given—"forward." Like wild mad-caps, the Ninety-Second dashed over that field, and threw their horses against the works; they brought their Spencers down, and pumped fire into that living mass; stricken with fear, the enemy fled. The ground along the works was strown with Rebel dead and dying. Some prisoners were taken. One boy, of Company I, in his excitement, sprung from his horse upon the back of a big Johnny, and, grabbing him by the collar, dragged him over the works, and, leading him up to

Captain Becker, said: "Cap, here's a prisoner; what shall I do with him?" Captain Becker said: "Take him back to the rear." Boy said: "I have not time, Cap; you take him back; I want to go for another!" This charge cost the Ninety-Second valuable lives, although the Rebels lost ten to our one. Here Lieutenant Dawson, of Company H, was mortally wounded, than whom a better, braver soldier never lived. His loss to Company H, and to the Regiment, was irreparable. His body sleeps by the Chattahoochee; but his noble, daring spirit finds rest in the soldier's paradise.

The Regiment moved forward again on the Jonesboro Road, until it reached a valley, where it was ordered to halt. Here the Regiment witnessed a splendid artillery duel. On the range of hills east of the Regiment was Rebel artillery; on a western summit our batteries were in position. We were midway between the two. It was a grand scene to witness. White wreaths of smoke curled upward from the guns, white wreaths from the bursting shells; Rebel shot howled over us; our shells went screaming over us back again. Thunder answered to thunder, peal to peal, crash to crash! Earth fairly shook. Our boys beat. The Rebel gunners limbered up, and rumbled away. Onward we moved, still toward Jonesboro. We marched until we reached Flint River Valley, about two miles from town. As we looked down from the hill we saw the river, a bridge spanning it; Rebel ranks were guarding the bridge, and about to destroy it. "Forward, the Ninety-Second!" was the order. "Charge the Rebs, save the bridge!" At our request, we charged on foot. On the run the Ninety-Second went in, cheer upon cheer uttered as the men dashed upon the Rebs. They could not stand the blaze of the Ninety-Second Spencers; they fled. The bridge was saved. As the Ninety-Second was returning to their horses, they met Generals Howard and Osterhaus. General Howard said: "Boys, that was a splendid charge; you are a noble Regiment." Osterhaus said: "Das ist ein goot Regiment; dey trills de infantry trill." Each man in the Ninety-Second, after those compliments, felt as big as a full-fledged Major General; and they had a right to feel thus, for they were good, brave, noble boys. Had they been ordered to charge into the very jaws of death, they would have done it. As soon as mounted, Kilpatrick said: "Captain Estes will accompany you, and give you my orders." The Ninety-Second moved down the hill, and as it was crossing the bridge, Estes said to an infantry Colonel who stood by: "Colonel, the

cavalry will beat the infantry. We are going right into Jonesboro." We made a right turn as we crossed the bridge, and marched down the left bank of the river. The shades of night were falling. The Ninety-Second had marched and fought the blessed day through—no rest, no dinner, no coffee or little hard-tack. After moving about a mile and a half down the river, the Regiment came to a swale; it was getting quite dark. Some of the men said: "Yonder are the Rebels! I see their line; there are hundreds and hundreds of them." Estes replied: "It's a d—d lie; there's not a Rebel between us and Jonesboro." As the Regiment crossed the swale, and reached the foot of a hill, a rolling volley of musketry greeted it. Estes said: "The General directs that you dismount your command, charge the hill, take it, and hold it." He then moved rapidly to the rear. In advance of the rest of our Division, we knew not how far, the line of the Rebel army running across the top of that hill, the Ninety-Second alone was ordered to charge the hill, take and hold it. Great God, what a task! "Prepare to fight on foot," was the order.

"Was there a man dismayed?

Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blundered;

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why;

Theirs but to do and die.

Into the Valley of Death

Rode the Six Hundred."

"Forward!" was the command. How like demons the Ninety-Second fought its way up that hill. Terrible was the roll of its Spencers. The incessant, unbroken fire of the Ninety-Second guns the Rebs, though ten to one, could not withstand. Dismayed, they recoiled and fled back to the foot of the hill. "Lie down!" was the order. The Ninety-Second obeyed. How closely, how lovingly the men hugged old mother earth; had they not done it, there would probably have been but one reunion of the Ninety-Second, and that beyond the skies—for fire to the right of them, fire in front of them, fire to the left of them, volleyed and flamed! Should the men of the Ninety-Second live until they are wrinkled and gray, they will never forget the terrible hissing, whistling, and whizzing of bullets above them. It seemed as if ten thousand colonies of bees were let loose in the trees about them. One, two and three different messengers were sent back

with the word, "We hold the hill, send us reinforcements or further orders." The Division had come up. The balance of the Brigade tried to form on the left of the Ninety-Second, but could not; had the balance of the Brigade succeeded, a general engagement of the two armies would have ensued. Orders came—"Fall back."

"Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them."

One-fifth of the number engaged were killed or wounded, and nearly all while lying flat upon the ground. In this fight Lieutenant Sammis was twice wounded, one wound crippling him for life. It was midnight before the Ninety-Second sank to rest on the ground. Thus ended an eventful day in the history of the Ninety-Second Regiment. A day or two after, General Howard issued an order to Kilpatrick, complimenting him for the brilliant diversion made by the cavalry on his right, which enabled him to get his men into line without firing a gun. The brilliant diversion referred to was made by the Ninety-Second Illinois Regiment, and by that Regiment alone.

The following is the list of killed and wounded: In Company D, Lieutenant Oscar F. Sammis, twice severely wounded. In Company B, Lieutenant H. C. Cooling, wounded. In Company H, Lieutenant William H. Dawson, mortally wounded. In Company D, private John Reed, severely wounded in side; private Stephen B. Lowe, slightly wounded in foot; private Augustus Johnson, severely wounded; private Walter Scott, killed. In Company G, Corporal James M. Phillips, wounded; Corporal William Backe, wounded; private John J. Smith, severely wounded; private David Grossman, severely wounded; private Christopher Houser, wounded; Corporal John F. Spalding, wounded; Corporal William Dougherty, wounded. In Company C, Corporal William Johnson, severely wounded; private Thomas D. Oakley, wounded and taken prisoner. In Company H, private Squire Diamond, killed; private James W. Burton, severely wounded; private Harvey Schermerhorn, severely wounded. In Company A, private John Denious, severely wounded; private Allen Rand, wounded; private Michael

Wendling, wounded. In Company E, private Edward Crawford, severely wounded, arm amputated; private Joseph McElhiney, wounded. In Company K, private Augustus Stalhout, killed.

At three o'clock, on the morning of the thirty-first of August, the Ninety-Second was ordered to cross to the other side of Flint River, which it did, and rested until ten o'clock A. M., when the Regiment mounted and moved south four or five miles, and then moved eastwardly, toward Harris's Bridge. Before reaching the bridge, the Regiment was halted, and horses were fed from a corn-field. The Regiment, with the Cavalry Division, was then on the right of General Howard's army corps. About two o'clock P. M., the corps of the Confederate Generals Stephen D. Lee and Hardee moved out of their works at Jonesboro, and attacked General Howard fiercely; but Howard was prepared for them, and in the contest that ensued the slaughter of the enemy was fearful. The battle lasted for two hours. The thunder of artillery and roar of musketry reminded the Ninety-Second of Chicamauga. A portion of the cavalry of Kilpatrick's Division were beyond the field in which the Ninety-Second was resting and feeding their horses, and, when the Rebel infantry charged, the cavalry broke and retreated in confusion. As a matter of course, when our cavalry came skedaddling back, the Ninety-Second was ordered forward on foot, on the double-quick. The Regiment deployed in the edge of open oak woods, under a galling fire, and met the gray-coated Confederate infantry charging across an open field in their front. The Ninety-Second opened upon them with their Spencer Repeating Rifles, and with terrible effect. The enemy could not stand the unremitting, and cool and steady fire from the Spencers of the Ninety-Second; they faltered in their charge; they broke; in confusion the gray-coats fell back to some scattering timber, and there kept up a desultory fire upon the Ninety-Second. The Regiment had soon thrown up a barricade: but the enemy did not again venture a charge. In their first charge and retreat, several hundred Rebels had fallen before the Spencer Rifles of the Ninety-Second. Several of the Ninety-Second were wounded, among whom were Charles Aines, of Company B, making him a cripple for life. George Walters, one of the Color Guard, was wounded, but would not leave the Old Flag until after the fight was over. A bullet struck the gun of Albert Bissel, of Company K, passed between the stock and barrel of his gun, then struck him on the forehead, and traversed the upper part of the cranium, laying open the scalp. "Bert," after picking himself up, coolly

tied up his bleeding head with his handkerchief, and continued to fight.

After Howard's corps had given the enemy a general repulse, the Ninety-Second moved back three miles with the Cavalry Division, and camped. On the morning of the first of September, the Ninety-Second moved out, at seven o'clock A. M., taking a road that had been cut through the woods, and which led to the river. On reaching the river, at Anthony's Bridge, the Regiment halted. The enemy was in heavy force on the other side. The Ninety-Second dismounted, and soon threw up breastworks, behind which the Regiment lay, skirmishing with the gray-coats. The battery of the Cavalry Division did some splendid firing, dropping their shell into the midst of the enemy. Griffin, one of Kilpatrick's dare-devil scouts, mounted into a tree above the Regiment, where he could get a fair sight. Whenever a shell from our battery did fine execution, Griffin would sing out, "That whoops 'em; hit 'em again." Just as the shades of evening began to fall, the Seventeenth army corps, led by Major General Frank P. Blair, moved up, relieving the Ninety-Second, and the balance of the Cavalry Division. The Regiment then moved back about two miles, and bivouaced, for the night, in a peach orchard. During the night, while the Ninety-Second lay bivouacing there in the peach orchard, heavy explosions of magazines were heard in the direction of Atlanta, and it was rightly conjectured that the enemy were evacuating that Rebel stronghold. On the second of September, the Ninety-Second was in the saddle early, and moved still farther to the right of Sherman's army, skirmishing constantly with the enemy. At ten o'clock A. M., the Colonel rode up to the head of the Ninety-Second, and assumed command. He was greeted with cheers by the men. Soon afterward, General Kilpatrick, at a house by the road-side, called to the Colonel, and said: "The Ninety-Second is temporarily detached from Colonel Murray's brigade, and you will report directly to, and receive your orders directly from, Division head-quarters. Glass's Bridge is about two miles ahead, and I want you to take it; don't let the enemy burn it; now go for it, Atkins." The Ninety-Second moved out in advance of the Division; Company F, under the command of Captain William B. Mayer, and Company C, under the command of Lieutenant George P. Sutton—two as gallant and brave officers as ever drew sabres, with companies as gallant—were in advance, with orders from the Colonel to charge, on the dead run, Glass's Bridge, and

take it, if it was possible. The advance moved on. Silently the Regiment followed. Soon there was a volley, then a shout; the two companies dashed gallantly forward. The enemy were not prepared for so sudden and brave an attack, and, although they had partially destroyed the bridge, it was saved. The flooring had been removed, and preparations for firing the balance made; but the fire was extinguished. The Regiment soon came up. Plunging into Flint River, it crossed. A detail to repair the bridge set to work. Company B, a gallant company, under command of as gallant an officer as ever mounted, Captain Horace J. Smith, was sent toward Lovejoy's Station, on a road to the left, and the balance of the Regiment moved forward on the direct road, and, after marching about two miles, the Regiment halted to feed animals; but the men had scarcely dismounted, when word came that Captain Smith had struck the enemy in heavy force; in fact, he had run into the camps of the Rebel cavalry guarding that flank of the Rebel army; he was hotly pushed back, the enemy being in overwhelming force; and the Ninety-Second must rapidly return, to be able to keep from being cut off from Glass's Bridge. "Boot and saddle" was sounded from Regiment head-quarters; the Ninety-Second men vaulted into their saddles, and it was a dead race to get back to Glass's Bridge and cross before the enemy held the road. Company B fought like Trojans; they apparently appreciated the stake they were fighting for; and falling back, inch by inch, from barricade to barricade, they held the overwhelming forces opposing them. The bridge had been repaired, and Companies A and E, as soon as over the bridge, were dismounted, and sent on the road towards Lovejoy's, to relieve Company B, that had so gallantly held the road for the Regiment to make good its escape by recrossing Flint River. As soon as across the Flint, the Regiment dismounted, and sent its horses to the rear. Company B, under the command of Captain Smith, passed through Companies A and E, and dismounted, and, sending their horses to the rear, joined the line of battle of the Regiment. The bridge was at an elbow in Flint River. The Regiment threw up a barricade, or breastwork, of rails, old logs, anything to stop a rifle-ball; and the Regiment, in elbow shape, laid down behind their temporary breastworks in line of battle. The enemy came up in strong force, and attempted to dislodge the Regiment with musketry; they brought up their artillery. Two Yankee batteries fired over the Regiment, and the shell, from Yankee and Rebel artillery, screaming over them, made the

men hug the ground. The Rebel artillery was silenced. An attempt by the Rebels was made to cross the river, on the left of the Ninety-Second, but it was repulsed. Five horses were killed by the Rebel artillery. After dark, leaving a company on duty at the bridge, the Regiment moved back beyond the hill, and bivouaced for the night. Lieutenant Frost, of Company A, a faithful and brave officer, was wounded. The next day, the Division lay still, listening to the infantry firing, which was continuous and heavy. At ten P. M., the Division marched, the Ninety-Second covering the rear. It crossed the bridge, and silently moved along the sandy road, skirting the left of the Rebel infantry, and joined the blue-coats on the right of Sherman's army. After the command had crossed, the Ninety-Second destroyed the bridge, and followed the command. It was a dangerous march. Had the Rebel infantry discovered the movement, it could not have been made. It was so quietly accomplished, in the middle of the night, that it was not discovered, and the whole Cavalry Division was placed on the east side of Flint River, and safely in rear of Sherman's right. The next day, the Regiment lay all day saddled up, and expecting orders, but none came. The rain poured down. On the night of September first, the enemy abandoned Atlanta, and, on the morning of the second, General Slocum, commanding the Twentieth corps, entered that city. On the fifth, General Sherman directed his army to cease the pursuit of the Confederate army, and return to Atlanta, to recuperate and rest, after its incessant campaign of four months. The object of the summer's campaign had been attained. At night, fires were kindled as usual; but as soon as darkness had settled down, the infantry silently withdrew, and took the road to Atlanta, the cavalry remaining some hours afterward, when it also withdrew, the Ninety-Second bringing up the rear. The night was pitchy dark. After marching a few miles, it was found that about half the Regiment had become separated from the advance, and was marching alone, on a road leading to Flint River. It was overtaken, came to an about face, pushed back to the cross-roads, where it had taken the wrong direction. The enemy had now discovered the movement, and his skirmishers had just reached the road. A few volleys held him until the Ninety-Second passed, and joined the advance. About three A. M., of September sixth, the Regiment crossed Flint River, two miles west of Jonesboro, where it bivouaced, guarding the bridge all day. The Rebel infantry showed themselves in light force, but

made no attempt to take the bridge. On the morning of the seventh, a few shells were tossed towards Jonesboro, occupied by the Rebels. The bridge across Flint River was destroyed, and the Division marched to a point, on the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, south-west of Atlanta, the enemy following, lightly skirmishing, with the Ninety-Second holding the rear. Camped at night, with no rations for the men, and no forage for the animals. Marched, early on the eighth, to Mt. Gilead Church, ten miles south-west of Atlanta, and camped. One day's rations were issued. A soldier, in his diary, writes: "We were all very hungry; some of us have not had a mouthful of food for the last three days." The next day, the ninth of September, three days' rations were issued; the Regimental wagon-train came up; permanent camp was established; the summer's campaign was ended, and the army was at rest.

CHAPTER VI.

NO REST—OFF AGAIN, AFTER HOOD—POWDER SPRINGS—DRAWING THE ENEMY'S FIRE—PICKING OUT A FARM—VAN WERT—WASHING FOR GOLD IN THE GOLD MINES—MARIETTA—GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT MARCH—THE START—BEAR CREEK—PONTOONS DESCRIBED—FEINTING ON FORSYTH AND MACON—CREWS'S REBEL BRIGADE SCATTERED—REPULSING THE ENEMY NEAR MACON—SHERMAN'S BUMMERS—MILLEDGEVILLE—"BLOWED UP"—HOLDING THE REAR AGAINST WHEELER AND HAMPTON—REPULSING THE REBEL CAVALRY NEAR BUCKHEAD CREEK—RESTING AT LOUISVILLE, GEORGIA—DESTROYING RAILROADS—THE BATTLE OF WAYNESBORO—CAPTURING A REBEL MAJOR—A NEGRO BOY'S GRAVE—COVERING THE REAR OF THE 14TH A. C.—OUR FRIENDS CRUELLY LEFT BEHIND—COVERING THE REAR OF THE 17TH A. C.—FALL OF FORT McALLISTER—MIDWAY CHURCH—DOWN TO THE OCEAN'S EDGE—LOCKRIDGE'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE—FALL OF SAVANNAH—SHERMAN'S LETTER TO KILPATRICK.

The rest that the cavalry expected to enjoy was immediately broken. Seven men belonging to the Cavalry Division were captured on the tenth of September, 1864, by the enemy, who commenced feeling our lines. Foraging parties were compelled to go several miles for corn for the animals, and to fight for it when found. A few wagon loads of corn sometimes cost the lives of many men. On Sunday, the eleventh, the bodies of the seven Union soldiers were found, lying together, shot by the Rebels, after they had surrendered! Their bodies were brought to camp and buried. On the thirteenth, a foraging party, with eighty wagons and four hundred men, went ten miles south-west after corn, skirmishing all the way out and back. On the fourteenth, the Ninety-Second once more turned out for dress-parade. On the sixteenth, there was light picket firing; at night, the Smith D. Atkins Lodge of Free Masons met in an unoccupied house,

and worked on the first, second and third degrees. On the nineteenth, the Rebels showed themselves in considerable force on the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, near Fairburn's Station, and also on the Chattahoochee, below Sandtown and Campbelltown. On the fourteenth, there was a Brigade Review and Inspection on horseback: at twelve o'clock P. M., the pickets were smartly attacked, and the bugles blew "boot and saddle," but the enemy did not push the attack. At one P. M., on the twenty-first, the Regiment was ordered to send wagon trains, sick men, and debris to Marietta, and march light, at three P. M.; but the enemy were farther and farther off, apparently moving around our right flank on Rome. On the twenty-third, a soldier writes in his diary: "Nothing stirring in camp to-day until evening, when we gathered around Colonel Atkins's quarters and called for a speech. He responded, and the best of feeling prevailed, and loud cheers the result. His speech was divided into two parts—the relation and standing of the Ninety-Second Regiment, and politics generally. The latter, as well as the former, was handled in a patriotic manner." On the twenty-sixth, there was Brigade Inspection and Review. The two ways of drilling, cavalry on horseback, and infantry on foot, was bothersome, and Colonel Atkins decided to drill the same on horseback and on foot, and this evening, for the first time, dress-parade was held in a single line. The boys did all they could to make the time pass cheerfully; one writes in his diary: "It has been cheerful in Company B to-night. Frank Crowell is a natural clown, and his presence is always welcome. He soon makes everything merry in a company." On the twenty-seventh, there was Regimental drill on horseback; the pickets were driven in, and one man in Company A was captured. The twenty-eighth was spent in horse-racing, at Division head-quarters. On the twenty-ninth, the Colonel was detailed as President of a Court Martial, at Division head-quarters, and Major Woodcock commanded the Regiment. On the thirtieth, a soldier writes in his diary: "A beautiful day—but no mail. The Rebels are superintending the railroad north of Atlanta, and it begins to look as if we must soon pull out after the gray-coats again." At one o'clock, in the morning of October first, 1864, the tents were struck, the sick and baggage moved to Marietta, and at three A. M., the Regiment moved out, under command of Captain Lyman Preston, Major Woodcock being ill, and Colonel Atkins in command of the Brigade. The Division crossed the Chattahoochee, on pontoons, at Sandtown, and marched thirty

miles north-west, to Sweetwater. Charles T. Freeguard, of Company G, was transferred to Regimental Adjutant, *vice* Lawver, resigned, and Harry G. Fowler, First Sergeant Company G, was promoted to First Lieutenant.

The next day, the command struck the trail of Hood's army, moving northward. It was evident that he was moving in force, and had protected his army the night previous, by heavy lines of rifle pits. At noon, the Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Atkins, struck the enemy at a small creek; and the Ninety-Second, dismounting, crossed the creek on fallen trees, and drove a regiment of Rebel cavalry out of its camp, and captured one Rebel infantryman, a straggler, but furnishing positive proof that the Rebel infantry was on the march northward. At noon, a ford over a creek was found heavily guarded, and the stream swollen. A bridge was constructed, by felling trees in the stream from both banks, lodging the tops on an old fish rack in the middle of the stream, and staking them fast, and piling on rails for a flooring. The Third Kentucky and Third Indiana crossed with horses, and the Ninety-Second crossed dismounted. When the hill beyond the stream was reached, a heavy volley greeted the Third Kentucky, which was ordered to charge, and it did it splendidly, driving the Rebels about two miles, where they were found behind strong barricades. The Ninety-Second was held in reserve. The Third Kentucky and Third Indiana were dismounted, and the enemy driven from the barricades. Several dead infantrymen were found. Two of the Rebel infantry were captured. Finding the enemy in force, that portion of the Brigade which had crossed the stream recrossed, the movement being covered by the Ninety-Second, and the enemy following in strong force. The bridge became insecure, and the skirmishers of the Ninety-Second barely crossed it before it gave way, and the rails floated off down the stream. The Division marched three miles towards Marietta, and bivouaced. Moved at daylight, Atkins' Brigade leading, and the Ninety-Second in the advance, and ran into the enemy at Knowles' Creek, a branch of the Sweetwater; drove them, and pushed on to Powder River, near the village of Powder Springs. The bridge was gone, and the Rebels opposite were stubborn. The Ninety-Second men, with their Spencer Rifles, deployed along the river, and moved to its edge, giving the enemy as good as he sent; and it was not long until the men of the Ninety-Second had crossed above and below the bridge, and drove the gray-coats away. A bridge was hastily con-

structed, and the Ninety-Second, with two cavalry regiments and two pieces of rifled artillery, were crossed. The enemy was pushed from the brow of the hill beyond the stream, when the terrific rain, that fell in sheets, absolutely put a stop to fighting. Beyond an open field, in plain sight, in the edge of a timber belt, was the Rebel line; but both parties quietly waited for a slack in the torrent of rain. The Ninety-Second, dismounted, was ordered to wait until two shots from the artillery were fired, then charge across the field. Colonel Atkins put the artillery into position near a house, and again tried his hand at sighting the guns. The Lieutenant of artillery told him that the shot would hit the ground in front of the enemy, and the Colonel replied: "That is just what I wish to do." Around this house, a squad of Rebels had been stationed, firing at our men on the other side of the stream, and Kilpatrick ordered Lieutenant Stetson to let off his guns at the house. Stetson had done so, and his shell went through and through it. The enemy retreated. When Stetson came up to the house with his guns, he went in, and there sat a woman, wounded in the head with a splinter, and in her lap her little child, wounded in the head, also with a piece of a shell; the poor woman was so frightened that she was speechless. The brave Lieutenant was unnerved, and declared that never again should a shell from his section be aimed at a house, unless he first knew that there were no women or children in the house.

After a while, the rain slackened—the guns flashed, and the Ninety-Second sprang forward to the charge; the enemy fled. By the barricade lay several of the enemy, badly wounded by the artillery, the shots having struck the ground, ricocheted, and crashed through the rails of which the barricade was constructed, spreading death in their path. On the Regiment pushed, the enemy falling back, but keeping up a continuous fire. The Rebel artillery sent its shell screaming down the road. The cavalry regiments were ordered up. Close up to the town the Ninety-Second pushed, when word came back that they were close onto long lines of earthworks, filled with gray-coats. The Colonel ordered the Regiment to halt, and himself dismounted; and advanced to the skirmish line, where he could see the Rebel line of earthworks around the town, stretching far off on both flanks. Private Edward S. Rowe, of Company K, being on the skirmish line, dashed forward, calling out, "Come on, Ninety-Second boys, we can whip them." But the brave fellow was killed a few rods in front of the enemy's line. The Regiment was ordered to main-

tain a strong line, and steadily fall back. The troops slowly retired to the crossing over Powder River, but the flood had carried the bridge away. A dozen pieces of Rebel artillery were dropping their shell where the bridge had been. The Ninety-Second, holding the rear, was skirmishing heavily with the enemy. The little command could not cross, and it could not whip all of Hood's army, and it could not long remain near that bridge, for the enemy had practiced on it before, and knew the range, and were dropping their shell in the midst of the command at every fire. Above the noise of the bursting shell, the screeching voice of Kilpatrick, on a hill on the other side of the stream, was heard, as he shouted: "Atkins, oh Atkins! put your guns on the hill beyond your right flank, and draw their fire." It was a shrewd Yankee trick, and proved successful. Stetson was ordered to take up position on a hill beyond the right flank of the command, and throw shell at the enemy as fast as he could work his guns. He did so; and soon the enemy, as Kilpatrick expected and hoped they would, turned their guns upon Stetson, and there the brave fellow kept up his fire, drawing the enemy's fire, while the bridge was rebuilt, and the command recrossed Powder River. We had demonstrated in such strong force—the Ninety-Second, on foot, which the enemy undoubtedly took for a portion of Sherman's infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and a section of artillery—that it is likely that the enemy had no thought that we were recrossing Powder River, but presumed we were still deploying our troops to attack them; Stetson moving out beyond our right flank, and keeping up his artillery fire, was an evidence of it to them. It was fortunate for us, for had the enemy moved out in force from Powder Springs before the bridge was rebuilt, they must have crushed all on that side of the stream. Eight men in the Ninety-Second were killed, and many wounded. Among the killed in the Ninety-Second were: William F. Campbell, Company B; George Austin, Company D; Thomas J. Aurand, Company F; James P. Bloss and Edward S. Rowe, of Company K. A large house was occupied for a Brigade hospital, and a detail made to bury the dead. As was the custom, the Doctor examined the dead before burial, and found that private Haggart, of Company G, who had been shot in the head by a musket ball, that went in on one side of his head and out on the other, was still alive. There was no room for him in the hospital, and he was taken into the Colonel's head-quarters, in one of the negro cabins, and a handkerchief drawn through the wound, under the skull. His limbs were

rubbed, and, shortly, he opened his eyes. Brandy was administered, and in an hour he talked. Within a month he was again on duty with his company. But the wound cost him his life long after the close of the war. His brain became inactive, and he gradually sank into the grave. Marched at nine A. M., the Ninety-Second in rear of the Division, on the Marietta Road; when within a mile of Marietta, the command turned west, and marched beyond Stone Mountain and toward Altoona Pass; at three P. M., countermarched, and camped south of Marietta. Marched early, eight or ten miles to a cross-road, west of Kenesaw Mountain, and found Ross's brigade of Confederate cavalry had just passed; the command scouted the roads in all directions. Marched toward Powder Springs, and bivouaced, the enemy near us. Lay in camp on the sixth of October. Marched at daylight, next day, and found the Rebel rear guard at Powder Springs village; skirmished all day, and bivouaced twenty-two miles southwest of Marietta. Marched at midnight, toward Lost Mountain, eighteen miles. October ninth, drew three days' rations, turned out weak animals, and sent them, with all dismounted men, back to the wagon trains. On the tenth, marched at daylight, for Van Wert, and ten miles out ran into Rebel cavalry, and easily drove them to Van Wert, Atkins's Brigade leading. At the edge of the village of Van Wert, the enemy had taken up a strong position, with a long stretch of open, level country in their front. As the leading regiment debouched from the hills, the enemy opened with artillery. Our battery, stationed on a knoll, replied. The Ninety-Second was dismounted, and placed in line of battle on foot. A regiment of cavalry, mounted, was on the right flank, and another on the left. At a walk, the three regiments in line, moved out; then the cavalry regiments began to trot, and soon the charge was sounded, and away the regiments of cavalry went, the Ninety-Second moving forward on foot, in line of battle, at quick time. The enemy limbered up his artillery and fled. Ten prisoners were captured, and several of the cavalrymen killed and wounded, but the Ninety-Second lost none.

We learned that the town of Van Wert had been full of Rebel infantry all day, Hood's troops passing through. At dusk, while the Ninety-Second Band was playing, a Rebel band struck up "Dixie," and it sounded as if not half a mile distant. It was in the Rebel infantry camp, west of Van Wert, on the Cedartown Road. From the hill near Van Wert, the camp-fires of the enemy, stretching miles away, could be seen. Our troops set up

a cheer, and it was promptly answered in the Rebel camps. During the night, the enemy were feeling our pickets, on all the roads, and it was rumored that we were surrounded, and an attack was expected at daylight. At three A. M., of the eleventh, the whole Division was in line behind barricades, but no attack was made on us. About noon, Companies A, E, and I, dismounted, charged the Rebel picket, about a mile west of Van Wert, at Raccoon Creek, and drove them easily, and mounted men followed them several miles, on the Cedartown Road. Marched at eleven A. M., on the twelfth, on the road toward Rome. There was some skirmishing by the Division, but the Ninety-Second was not engaged, being in the advance, and the skirmishing taking place in rear and on the left of the column. It is more disagreeable to march and hear occasional skirmishing, and not be near enough to see and know what is going on, than to be right under the enemy's fire. Marched twelve miles. Company A, on picket, was ordered to send a squad of men around the Rebel picket post, and two miles in its rear, to the house of an old man whom General Kilpatrick wished to talk with, to obtain information of the enemy's movements. The boys of Company A moved around the Rebel picket, and on to the house; found the old man at home, and brought him around the Rebel picket, and took him to Kilpatrick's head-quarters. Marched at daylight, on the thirteenth, toward Rome. Soon struck the Rebel picket; and the Eighth Indiana, under command of Colonel Jones, a dashing officer, and he had a dashing regiment, charged them, and drove them handsomely, capturing several prisoners, and many carbines that the enemy had thrown away in their flight. Halted two miles south of Rome, Georgia, on Silver Creek, and fed; had horses inspected, and weak ones sent to Rome; when the Ninety-Second returned to the Alabama Road, and followed the enemy, over the range of hills, to the Cave Spring Road, where Sherman's infantry was found in considerable force, when the Ninety-Second returned to Silver Creek, and camped. Forage in abundance. The country immediately south of Rome is very beautiful. A large mansion stood by the road-side, near the creek; and a Yankee wag, who managed to get into conversation with the Southern ladies living there, complimented the country highly, and especially that particular farm; inquired how many acres there were in it, and had them point out the corners, and where the lines ran around the farm; then the Yankee sedately drove a stake into the ground.

Of course, the ladies inquired what he was doing that for, when the Yankee said: "Every Yankee soldier is to have a farm in the South after the war is over, and can pick it out himself; and I have concluded to take this one for mine, and am driving my stake as the evidence of my having decided to take it." The lively manner in which those ladies went for that sedate Yankee with their sharp tongues, was amusing, and was just what the Yankee enjoyed hearing. The boys would stir up the female Rebels, just to hear them talk, like the boys at the menagerie stir up the lions to hear them roar. Marched early on the fourteenth, turning our faces back toward Atlanta. We did not know what it meant to let Hood go marching north, and ourselves turn around and march away from him; but we had confidence that Sherman knew what it meant, and we cheerfully obeyed orders. The Regiment passed for miles through the finest pine timber seen in the South, and camped on the Euharlie Creek, a clear, sparkling, swift, rocky-bottom stream, where the Regiment lay in camp the next day, sending scouting parties to Van Wert and Villa Rica.

At one P. M., of the sixteenth, the command marched to Burnt Hickory, and camped after dark; the enemy on all the roads, forage scarce, and not safe for less than twenty or thirty to go out foraging. Burnt Hickory is like most of the towns in the South, found on the map—a cross-roads post-office, only one old log house. Many years before, considerable gold had been found in the vicinity. Captain Schermerhorn, of Company G, on the morning of the seventeenth, took a wash-pan, and went down to the spring, and, washing out a single pan of earth, he procured several beautiful specimens of gold, one specimen as large as a bird shot. Schermerhorn was an old California miner, and said it would prove rich diggings, if every pan of earth would turn out as well. Moved at one P. M., and camped on Raccoon Creek, near Stitesboro. Forage was plenty along the creek. On the eighteenth, Major Woodcock returned, and assumed command of the Regiment. Lay in camp all day. Sent a detail to Van Wert in the night, with orders to go into the town rapidly at daylight, and capture any Rebels they might find there; and the detail captured two Rebel infantrymen, and brought them to camp. Marched, at eleven A. M., through Burnt Hickory, and camped at Dallas, marching thirty miles. Marched early, Ninety-Second in advance, and skirmished lightly with the enemy. Sent scouting parties in all directions; a scouting party, from Company B, captured three Rebels, on the Villa Rica Road. A party, from

Company A, went to Flint Hill Church, and learned that Ross's Rebel brigade had crossed there the night previous. On the twenty-first, the Regiment marched early, through Dallas and near to Stitesboro, and camped on the Van Wert Road. Captain Schermerhorn, of Company G, with a detail of thirty men, went to Van Wert, but found only a few scouts of the Rebel cavalry. Lay in camp, on Widow Polk's plantation, until the twenty-seventh, no organized force of the Rebels near us, but the woods full of scouting parties, familiar with ever by-path, and all the citizens ready to give them any information; concealed in the woods, within gun-shot of the road, they would fire a volley, and then scatter and elude us. On the twenty-fifth, the boys cornered a squad, and captured them, and also their horses. On the twenty-sixth, a Rebel crawled close up to Adam Countryman, of Company F, and killed him at the first fire, while acting as a vidette picket within a short distance of Brigade head-quarters. Two other posts were attacked. Command saddled up, but not a Rebel could be seen. Marched, early on the twenty-seventh, through Burnt Hickory, and across the Pumpkinvine Creek, and bivouaced. Marched early to Marietta, and went into camp, with transportation and tents. Forage was scarce, and heavy details, with wagons, went twenty miles for corn, and skirmished with the Rebel scouting parties. On the thirtieth of October, Captain Matthew Van Buskirk, of Company E, having been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, took command of the Ninety-Second. Forage and rations were received by rail, and hundreds of horses were turned over to Kilpatrick's cavalry, which was all the mounted force that was to accompany Sherman, on his March to the Sea. The horses were very poor, sore-backed, and scarcely able to carry an empty saddle; but Kilpatrick said: "Take them, boys, and you'll have a chance to trade horses with some rich old planter in a few days." The time was spent in fitting up the command for a long campaign.

On November fourth, the Division was reorganized, the Ninety-Second being in the Second Brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk commanding the Regiment, and Colonel Atkins the Brigade. The following officers, belonging to the Ninety-Second, were detailed for staff duty on the staff of Colonel Atkins, the Brigade Commander: Captain Horace J. Smith, of Company B, Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade; Captain J. L. Spear, of Company E, Acting Commissary of Subsistence of the Brigade; Lieutenant C. B. Bowles, of

Company H, Acting Quartermaster of the Brigade; Lieutenant George R. Skinner, of Company D, Acting Inspector General of the Brigade. They were brave, faithful and competent officers, and Colonel Atkins frequently expressed himself as greatly indebted to them for the harmony and efficiency of his command. Lieutenant Norman Lewis, of Company C, was detailed for staff duty on the staff of General Kilpatrick, and acted as Division Ordnance Officer; and he never failed to have the Division properly supplied with arms and ammunition. On the fifth, the Regiment was inspected and paid. A vote in the Regiment showed the Ninety-Second almost unanimous for the re-election of Lincoln; it was useless—Illinois soldiers at the front had no voice in the election of the President. Captain Taggart, of the Ninety-Third Illinois, visited his acquaintances in the Ninety-Second. On the sixth, it was cold and rainy, and the Chaplain held service in the large house used as Regimental and Brigade head-quarters. On the tenth, the men were told to write letters home, for that night would leave the last mail northward; the troops were already tearing up and utterly destroying the railroad south of Marietta. On the eleventh, eight bushwhackers, or Rebel scouts, were cornered and captured. In the evening, General Kilpatrick gave a party to the officers of his Division. On the twelfth, the last train of cars left Marietta, for the North, at noon, and the railroad was at once torn up, and the rails heated in the center and twisted around the telegraph poles and shade trees. The Military Institute, just south of Marietta, was burned up. It was expected the command would march on the morning of the thirteenth, and the boys, bound to burn up everything, burned their bunks and camp trumpery; but the order was countermanded, and the men again pitched tents. At eleven A. M., the Cavalry Division of General Kilpatrick was reviewed in the open fields north of Marietta, by General Sherman. Black clouds of smoke rolled upward from the burning town, and General Sherman, looking at it, said: "Kilpatrick, somebody is burning up that town." Kilpatrick gazed at the rising columns of smoke, and replied: "Oh, no, General, there are only a *few* fires." Long columns of infantry were streaming southward all the afternoon. On the morning of the fourteenth of November, 1864, began the grand march from the mountains to the sea. The Ninety-Second was in the saddle promptly, and moved out at seven A. M., on the Sandtown Road, the town of Marietta still burning—at once the commencement and the symbol of the destruction the army was destined to leave

in its track on its long march. The Regiment crossed the Chattahoochee, on the pontoons, five miles below Vinings, and bivouaced three miles south-west of Atlanta. There was some amusement in Company A over a stubborn donkey that Lieutenant Cox was attempting to make a pack animal of. Cox became disgusted, and court-martialed the contrary donkey, and dismissed him from the service in disgrace. Marched at seven A. M., making twenty miles, and camping three miles north-west of Jonesboro. The Colonel sent two companies into Jonesboro, that captured a squad of prisoners, several horses, considerable corn, and camp equipage of the enemy. Marched at sunrise, through Jonesboro, and all of the town not before destroyed by fire was burned up, except a house at the south part of the town, where several ladies sat upon the porch, looking at the troops march by. Against the side of the house they had pinned up a Free Mason's apron, and its talismanic power protected the house and the property surrounding it. At Lovejoy's, the First Brigade, which was leading, charged the Rebels behind the old Rebel earthworks erected by Hood's army, just previous to the fall of Atlanta, making a brilliant charge, and capturing two pieces of artillery. The Second Brigade then took the advance, and five miles below Lovejoy's ran into the Rebels again, and the Tenth Ohio charged them, capturing thirty privates and three Rebel officers. The command moved a few miles eastward, and camped. Marched at seven A. M., through a beautiful country; the citizens said that a brigade of Rebel cavalry was ahead of us, but they did not contest the road with us. The enemy was said to be concentrating at Macon. Many horses and mules were brought in by the scouting parties. Marched at seven A. M.; fed at Newmarket at noon, and took two hours' rest. Marched to Ocmulgee Mills, and camped at nine P. M. On the nineteenth of October, marched at one A. M.; raining hard, and as dark as a pocket; crossed the Ocmulgee on the pontoons, at Planters' Factory, where two hundred girls were employed making cotton cloth for the Rebel army. Great fires were kept blazing on both banks of the river to light up the bridge. The light was so bright that it reflected the factory, and trees upon the banks, and the crossing columns of troops in the water as clearly and distinctly as if the river had been a mirror.

Possibly some of our readers would like to know what a pontoon is. Imagine a frame-work of a little boat, made very lightly, with narrow strips of well seasoned timber, the boat about

three feet deep, twelve feet long, and four feet wide; under and over the sides and ends of this light frame-work is stretched heavy duck canvas, or sail cloth, forming the bottom and sides of the boat. That is a pontoon boat. Placed in a line across a river side by side, the boats held in their places by an anchor for each boat cast in the river some distance above the line of boats, and along from boat to boat placed stringers of light timber, and over them a floor of light pine boards, and that is a pontoon bridge. Ready workmen will lay one in an hour across a river hundreds of feet wide. The cavalry cross two by two, each trooper dismounted and leading his horse. The artillery, eight horses to a gun, sink the boats to within a few inches of the top, the bridge rising behind the gun as it goes from boat to boat. Those not familiar with them might think the frail little boats of cloth not strong enough; but all of Sherman's army crossed, upon them, all the great rivers on the long march. As soon as the troops are over, the bridge is taken up, the boards and wood-work carefully packed on wagons, the canvas cloth dried by huge fires, rolled up, and transported to the next river.

Ocmulgee Mills and Planters' Factory were, of course, consumed by fire. Sherman had no use for the factory or mills, and did not wish the one to continue making cloth to clothe the Rebels, or the other to grind grain to feed them. After crossing the Ocmulgee, the command marched ten miles, passing to the advance of the infantry, fed animals and cooked breakfast. Kilpatrick, with the First Brigade, moved to Clinton, by the river road; Atkins's Brigade marched on a circle, passing through Montecello and Hillsboro, making forty miles, over very bad roads, and reached Clinton after dark, where six Rebels were captured, and a quantity of Rebel stores, and plenty of forage for the animals, already in sacks for shipment to the Rebel army. About eleven A. M., on the twentieth, moved toward Macon, Atkins's Brigade leading, the Ninety-Second holding the advance. The Rebel pickets were soon struck, and, about three miles out, the enemy was found in considerable force, being Crews's brigade of Rebel cavalry. Captain Becker, of Company I, with a battalion, dismounted, passed through the woods to within a short distance of the enemy. The Rebels were preparing to charge, and a cavalry regiment galloped "forward into line" to meet it; but the charging column of Rebels did not come far. Starting with a yell, the Rebels rushed out of their rail barricade, and came toward Captain Becker, with his battalion of Spencers concealed in the brush,

when the Captain ordered the boys to fire, and the head of the Rebel column was surprised and halted; and it was now our turn to charge, and the Tenth Ohio Cavalry started for the enemy with a shout and flashing sabres; and then the entire brigade of gray-coats, like frightened birds, scattered, in confusion, through the woods and fields, in terror and dismay. Five dead Confederates, and six wounded ones, were the effect of Captain Becker's Spencer Rifles. The command did not scatter out to follow after Crews's brigade, which had separated like a flushed covey of partridges, every one for himself, but kept on down the road toward Macon, no enemy impeding, until the railroad and Walnut Creek were reached, two miles east of Macon, where a Rebel picket was found. The Ninety-Second was dismounted, and drove the enemy from the creek, and crossed over, and up the hill, driving the enemy from the hill beyond. Our artillery opened, and the Rebel artillery immediately responded. The Tenth Ohio Cavalry was ordered to charge again, and did so, and drove Howell Cobb's division of Georgia militia from their line of earthen breastworks, and, for a few moments, the Tenth Ohio held the Rebel line, and nine pieces of artillery the enemy had abandoned; but, behind the Georgia militia, protected by another line of earthworks, were older and steadier troops, who advanced on the Tenth Ohio, and that regiment fell back and crossed the creek, the Ninety-Second covering the movement. The balance of the Division was on the railroad, tearing up the track, and the Ninety-Second held the enemy until dark, and until the Division had withdrawn on the Clinton Road, when the Regiment also fell back two miles, and bivouaced, still holding the front. The cavalry had demonstrated so strongly upon Macon, that the enemy was effectually deceived, and massed all his cavalry and available forces, to guard that point, and the cutting of the railroad east of Macon gave Sherman's columns an open road, uninterrupted by any of the enemy's troops, as Sherman's army swung off to the south-east, toward Louisville, Georgia. Many of our troops were wounded, especially by the Rebel shell, for their nine pieces of artillery kept up an incessant fire until dark, our guns replying. The poor wounded men were loaded into the ambulances.

In this march we had no hospitals, in the rear, where our wounded might be sent; no supplies and nurses from the Sanitary Commission were available; no furloughs could be granted to the wounded to return home for treatment—they had to remain with us, and day by day the heavily-loaded ambulances wound

along the rough roads as the column marched. A large house was taken as a hospital for the night, where the surgeons performed many amputations. It had rained hard all the afternoon, and the rain continued all night. During the night, the Brigade was ordered to fall back to the Clinton and Macon and Milledgeville and Macon cross-roads, and barricade and hold that point, while the army made the turn and the infantry wagon trains passed. The Ninety-Second was ordered to erect strong barricades, and hold the enemy until the other regiments and battery had reached the new point, and were ready for attack. After the Brigade was in position, orders were sent to Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, commanding the Ninety-Second, to withdraw. He was a vigilant and gallant soldier, and knew when to act upon his own responsibility, and he replied that the enemy had been feeling his position very strongly, and he thought they would soon attack him in force, and he wished to give the enemy a repulse before he withdrew. In a short time, the enemy came on in force, charging the Ninety-Second. Captain Lyman Preston, of Company D, and Captain William B. Mayer, of Company F, with their companies, were out in front of the barricade on picket, and so sudden and determined was the attack of the enemy, that the officers and men of those companies had not time to get inside of the barricade, but threw themselves down close to it on the outside, while the Regiment fired over them from behind the barricade. The overcoat capes of many of the boys on the outside of the barricade showed marks of the enemy's sabres. It is worthy of remark, that this was the first time that the Ninety-Second pickets were ever driven in. The enemy charged in three columns, at the sound of the bugle; one regiment of the enemy dismounted, swung around the left flank of the Ninety-Second, so as to give a fire from the rear; and two heavy cavalry columns, one down the main road directly in front of the barricade, and one down an old road, on the right flank of the Regiment. Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, a cool, brave officer, urged the men to keep quiet, and let the enemy come on. And on they came, until the Ninety-Second had their two mounted columns in good range, when the Regiment opened a cool, steady and terrible fire with their Spencer decimating Repeating Rifles. No enemy ever did live long within range of those guns, in the hands of the Ninety-Second men; and that enemy, although he had carefully prepared his plans, and felt sure of his game, could not, and did not, long withstand the quickly successive volleys poured

into him by the Regiment. With heavy loss, after bravely fighting, and coming close up to the barricade, the two columns of Rebel cavalry fell back in confusion; and then the Ninety-Second gave its attention to the regiment of dismounted Rebels, who had passed into the rear, expecting to gobble up the Ninety-Second when their cavalry columns had put it to flight. But the Rebel programme did not work; it was not the Ninety-Second, but the Rebel cavalry, which had been put to flight, and the dismounted Rebels were themselves in danger of being gobbled up; but they made double-quick time out of the range of those terrible repeating rifles, so coolly and bravely handled by the Ninety-Second men. A Rebel prisoner, afterward captured, reported the Rebel loss in this repulse to be sixty-five killed and wounded. And then the Regiment slowly and leisurely fell back to the Brigade; but so complete had been the repulse of the enemy, that he did not follow. All day and all night, while the infantry and wagon trains went by, Atkins's Brigade lay guarding the "elbow," as the army swung around, and not a wheel of all the vast transportation trains of Sherman's army was injured. The enemy felt lightly the picket lines, but made no attack; the repulse the Ninety-Second had given them made them exceedingly careful and cautious. The Brigade moved early next day, and lay in rear of the infantry, while Wolcott repulsed a severe attack of Howell Cobb's troops, who had come out of Macon and attacked Wolcott desperately in his entrenchments. Marched three miles, on November twenty-third, and camped amidst plenty of forage.

During this march, Sherman's troops lived almost entirely upon the country, subsisting both animals and men upon the forage and provisions gathered up as the army marched. Heavy details were made daily, to gather provisions, who would generally return at night, well loaded down with ducks, geese, hams, bacon, sweet potatoes, turkeys, chickens, eggs, and everything the country afforded. Some of the men so detailed, loved the adventure, and, not returning to camp, kept along in advance of the columns, and they soon became to be known as "Sherman's bummers." Bummers they were, brave to recklessness; and, while insensible to discipline, they were by no means wholly bad. They were constantly furnishing valuable information, and, like all the army, burned up everything they could find that fire would consume. The twenty-third was very cold, so cold that ice was formed on the pools of water. A soldier, in his diary under this date, writes: "Cold to-day; but, with all the exposure, the men

do not take cold; you will scarcely hear a man in the Division cough, although they sleep in the open air, with no shelter at all, unless it rains, and then their shelters are rudely and imperfectly constructed, and the soldiers nearly always get wet."

On the morning of November twenty-fourth, 1864, the Cavalry Division marched early, crossing from the right to the left flank of the army. The danger was now to be apprehended from the left flank, and it might be possible that troops from Richmond would make some demonstration against Sherman's columns. The cavalry had deceived the enemy, by demonstrating strongly against Forsyth and Macon on the right flank, and it must now deceive him again, by demonstrating strongly on Augusta, on the left flank. There was also another object in view—to rescue, if possible, the Union soldiers confined in the Rebel prison pen at Millen. The head of the Division reached Milledgeville at noon. Kilpatrick had supposed that he would be first into the capital of Georgia; but the irrepressible "bummers" had occupied the capital for two days. When the "bummers" approached Milledgeville, the Legislature was in session, and such a skedaddling was never before seen. The members left on French leave, leaving their books, papers, and documents lying on the tables in the halls of the House and Senate, and the "bummers" entered, passed a resolution declaring themselves members of the Legislature of Georgia, organized by electing a Speaker and Clerk for both branches of the Legislature, and then they passed a bill repealing the Ordinance of Secession, and bringing Georgia back again into the Union! A jolly crowd were the "bummers." The command passed through Milledgeville, a dilapidated old town, like nearly all of the towns in the South, with every sign of dry rot and decay, and with no signs of life or energy. It looked as if it had been in a Rip Van Winkle sleep for a century. Five miles east of Milledgeville, the command crossed the Oconee River, and bivouaced at twelve o'clock at night.

On the twenty-fifth, marched at sunrise. The men of the Ninety-Second declared that, after getting into camp at twelve o'clock at night, being "blowed up" by those noisy bugles, an hour before daylight next morning, was worse than being "blowed up" by the "old man" at home. But the bugles rang out beautifully, clear as bells, first from Division head-quarters, quickly repeated at Brigade head-quarters, and quickly again at the head-quarters of the regiments, and still again at the head-

quarters of the companies, until all was ringing merrily with the bugle notes; and then the fires began to gleam everywhere, like the gas-lights of a great city—ah! there was much of the beautiful in the life of a soldier, but the soldiers themselves had but little time to enjoy it. It was a beautiful day, and, with no enemy in front or rear, the command marched rapidly. Heavy details were made to hunt for horses. Hundreds of the finest animals had been taken to the swamps and hid. The negroes, always our faithful allies and friends—among the faithless always faithful—gave our parties the minutest information of the hiding-places of the horses, and hundreds of animals were found. The men would find them hitched in the woods, far away from any house; locked up in the smoke-houses; carefully hid away in the cellars; and, in more than one instance, the favorite family nags and valuable saddle horses had been led into the parlors, and matron and maiden would tearfully beg that their houses might not be ransacked. But a Ninety-Second man could scent a fine horse a long way off, especially if he could have a conversation with Uncle Bob in the yard, or Dinah in the kitchen, and locks on stable, smoke-house, cellar or parlor door, did not long keep him from the coveted prize. The only trouble was that the captured animals were soft from the want of service, and without shoes, and could not well endure the fatigue of the march. The command traveled about thirty-five miles, and camped amidst plenty. Marched early on the twenty-sixth. Captain Day, of the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, serving on General Kilpatrick's staff, with a special detail, moved before daylight, and, by a brilliant dash, completely surprised the Rebels guarding the large bridge over the Ogeechee, at Ogeechee Shoals, and saved the bridge. It was most gallantly done, and Captain Day deserved great credit. The mills and factory at Ogeechee Shoals were consumed by fire. No enemy, to amount to anything, during the day. Marched thirty-five miles, and camped at dark. During the night, the First brigade, in rear, was desperately attacked; but it had barricades, and held the enemy, until daylight of the twenty-seventh of November.

The command was badly incumbered with the hundreds of captured horses; and, with an enemy pressing our rear, they were too great a nuisance to be endured. Orders were received to turn over to the Brigade Quartermaster all led animals. The Ninety-Second turned over many horses under this order, and, before daylight, they were slaughtered at Brigade head-quarters; four

hundred splendid horses were knocked in the head with axes. We could not use them, and we did not desire to have the enemy use them. At daylight, the First brigade moved to take the advance, and Atkins's Brigade held the rear, and the Ninety-Second, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, held the rear of the Brigade, with one piece of artillery and the Ninth Michigan Cavalry in support of the Ninety-Second. As soon as the First brigade passed through, the Rebels came on. The Ninety-Second lay concealed by willows that grew along a creek, with an open field in front; and, when the rear-guard of the First brigade came across the field, and kept on over the creek and up the road, the enemy, in strong force, set up a yell, and came charging over the open field. The Ninety-Second, concealed by the willows, waited for them to come close up, and then, with their trusty Spencers, sent them flying back again across the open field. Mounting quickly, after repulsing the enemy, the Regiment followed the command, always presenting a company front in rear, ready to punish the audacious Rebels if they ventured too close. Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk handled the Ninety-Second with consummate coolness and courage, successfully beating off each desperate assault of the enemy. He revolved his companies, one around another, like a revolving horse-rake, always presenting an unbroken front to the enemy. About ten o'clock, A. M., the head of the Ninety-Second turned squarely to the right, and soon found the road obstructed by the column, that was slowly crossing by twos over a rickety old bridge, below a flouring mill; the Rebels were pressing desperately, and, crossing the angle, were attacking the column in flank. By order of the Brigade Commander, a battalion of the Ninety-Second was deployed on foot to protect the flank, while the troops slowly crossed. The rifled gun, and a company with Spencer Rifles, were stationed on the hill beyond the mill and stream, concealed by a growth of thorn-brush and crab-apple trees. When the column was over, the mill and bridge were fired, and the mounted rear-guard of the Ninety-Second disappeared over the hill. The mill and bridge soon burned down, also destroying the mill-dam, and the water from the mill-pond rushed through so that the enemy could not cross. The Rebels gathered in the open space around the mill, in crowds, on the farther side of the creek, when the gun from the crab-apple knoll, and the Spencers opened. The gray-coats hunted cover lively. The Rebel column sought a crossing farther up the stream, and the Regiment had not marched many miles, when

the gray-coats were again charging the rear with desperate courage. Their style of fighting was more dashing and desperate than usual, and it was pretty certain that other troops than Wheeler's cavalry were on our trail. Colonel Atkins, desiring positive information as to who was following him, sent two half-breed Indians, soldiers in the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, of his Brigade, dressed in the butternut clothing worn by the citizens generally, and by very many of the Rebel soldiers, to a house half a mile from the road, with orders to remain until the Rebel column came up, then mingle with the Rebel foragers, and ride through the Rebel column. They did it successfully; riding with Wheeler's escort, they found all of Wheeler's command, with two fresh brigades from the Rebel army at Richmond, under the command of Lieutenant General Wade Hampton; when, starting out to the side of the road with the foraging parties of the Rebels, they hurried along through the woods and fields to return to the head of their own Brigade with the information. The reckless, dashing courage of the enemy in his persistent attack, was now explained—the Rebel soldiers from Richmond, under Hampton, were showing the Western Rebels, under Wheeler, how to fight. Information was sent to General Kilpatrick, at the head of the Division, that Wheeler and Hampton were both after us, and it was suggested that the Division had better turn around and give them a square fight; but Kilpatrick replied: "Hold them steady, and keep well closed up. I am going to Millen, and don't want to fight, and shall not stop to fight if all of Lee's army is after me." Desperately and continually the gray-coats kept charging the Ninety-Second. Various were the devices for decoying the enemy on close to those Spencers, and then punishing them severely. A company of fifty men would form at some point in the thick brush, with open fields in rear; in the road a squad of six or eight mounted men would halt, fire at the enemy at long range, then turn and retreat on the column; and on would come their confident pursuers at a gallop. When close up, the fifty concealed horsemen, cool and quiet from much similar practice, would volley them with their repeating rifles. Then the enemy would imagine a long line of Yankees concealed there, and while the fifty mounted men were leisurely closing up on the column, the enemy would deploy his skirmishers, and carefully feel his way, and finding no one, he would come on again more desperately than ever. Selecting points with good range to the rear, a company of cavalry would be turned out at the head of the Brigade, to build a

barricade—and such barricades were built frequently all along the road—the companies building them, as soon as done their work, trotting through the fields, or by the sides of the road, to the head of the column, and taking their places again. The Ninety-Second would come along, and, concealed by the barricade, would give the too confident enemy a repulse. And then the Ninety-Second would pass the barricades, leaving them empty, and the enemy would, for a while, imagine them full of Yankees, and would deploy his troops, feeling his way carefully, or flanking them, and finding many barricades empty, he would grow reckless again, and would again run onto a nest of those death-dealing Spencer Rifles. Companies D, Captain Lyman Preston, and C, Captain R. M. A. Hawk, and I, Captain Egbert T. E. Becker, acted nearly all day as the rear-guard of the Regiment. The advance of the Division captured a train of cars at Waynesboro, tore up the railroad, and burned up the town. The Ninety-Second passed through the burning town of Waynesboro at dark, the enemy hotly pursuing, and about a mile south of Waynesboro found the First brigade encamped, with strong barricades facing north. The weary Regiment passed through the First brigade, procured forage for animals, cooked supper, helped to tear up the railroad track, and sank wearily to rest. The gray-coats skirmished around the barricades of the First brigade all night long, but made no attack in force.

The cavalry had demonstrated strongly on Augusta. General Kilpatrick learned, during the night, that the Union prisoners had all been removed from Millen; and on the morning of the twenty-eighth, the Division took up its line of march for Louisville, Georgia, where the infantry columns were to rendezvous. Kilpatrick complimented the Ninety-Second highly for the splendid manner in which the Regiment had held at bay the Rebel cavalry, under Wheeler and Hampton, the day previous, and desired the Ninety-Second to hold the rear again on the twenty-eighth; but the Colonel commanding the Brigade protested against putting all the work on a single Regiment, and offered to hold the rear with the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, of his Brigade, a splendid regiment, armed with Spencer carbines. General Kilpatrick decided to take the Ninth Michigan and the Eighth Indiana, and hold the rear himself, and did so. Not many miles out, the General, forgetting to “keep well closed up,” as he had ordered Atkins to do the day previous, formed the two regiments in a good position, and resolved to give the enemy a charge with both regiments; but, while waiting for the enemy to attack, a portion of

the Rebel cavalry reached the road in Kilpatrick's rear, and cut off the Ninth Michigan and Eighth Indiana, and the General had to about face, and charge through the Rebels to join his own Division. Just after crossing Buckhead Creek, an Orderly came riding up to Colonel Atkins, telling him that the Ninth Michigan and Eighth Indiana had been cut off, and those regiments, with General Kilpatrick, had been captured. Covering the crossing of the creek with two pieces of artillery and the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, Atkins's Brigade took up position, and waited for the First brigade to pass through, and with the rear came General Kilpatrick and the two regiments all right. The General said that the enemy had surrounded him and those regiments, but that they cut their way through to the command again. The artillery, and the carbines of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, swept the bridge and corduroy road at Buckhead Creek, as the enemy attempted to take the bridge by a charge. The enemy was handsomely repulsed, and the bridge completely destroyed. The command passed on about two miles, to a large plantation, where General Kilpatrick resolved to make a stand with the two brigades constituting his Division, and give the enemy a repulse. The ground was admirably selected for it. By the side of the road stood a large house, and around the house, in circular shape, were constructed rail barricades, Murray's brigade on the left, and Atkins's Brigade on the right of the road, dismounted. In front, on the right of the road, was an open field, and the ground was, for twenty steps, rising, so that the Yankee barricades could not be seen any distance off. The barricade was constructed in the usual method, that is, of rails, by first building a rail fence immediately in front of the line of battle, and then laying on the fence other rails, one end on the ground toward the enemy, and the other end on the fence, and piling them on thickly. It furnished an excellent protection against musketry, and a complete barrier to a cavalry charge, as no horse could leap it, or throw it down by impact from the outside. Eight pieces of artillery were stationed on the road, and behind the barricade, and, flanking the artillery on the right, was the Ninety-Second, and beyond, stretching to the right, were other regiments of the Brigade. The enemy was delayed, in crossing Buckhead Creek, a sufficient time to enable General Kilpatrick to complete his arrangements, and get his two brigades in position behind the barricades, when the enemy came on. One battalion of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, of Atkins's Brigade, was left on the road, some distance in front, with instructions to stubbornly

resist the enemy, and compel him to deploy. Just before the enemy made the attack upon Atkins's Brigade in force, and while the one battalion of the Fifth Ohio, on picket, was stubbornly holding the road, in order to compel the enemy to deploy, a Rebel horseman showed himself on our extreme right. He halted his horse beneath a large tree, and there, remaining mounted, coolly surveyed us. This was too much for Colonel Van Buskirk; his equilibrium was disturbed by it. Said the Colonel to William Black, of Company K, who stood near the Colonel: "Will, hand me your gun, and I will shoot that fellow." Will handed his gun to the Colonel; the Colonel took deliberate aim, and fired. The Confederate soldier and his horse never stirred. The Colonel blazed away again, but the Rebel remained as immovable as an equestrian statue. Said Will: "Colonel, you are disgracing my gun; give it to me." Will took his gun—one quick glance along the barrel from his dark eye, and the rifle cracked; the Rebel fell, and away went the horse, riderless. At about five P. M., the Rebels made the attack; they deployed in an open field, in front of Atkins's Brigade, on the right of the road, in heavy force, and came on in splendid style; when the field was filled with them, and their advance was within seventy paces of the barricades, the eight guns, double shotted, opened on them; the Ninety-Second and Ninth Michigan volleyed them with their Spencers, and the Fifth, Ninth, and Tenth Ohio Cavalry, with their carbines. The field was so full that they could not well retreat, and, for a few moments, they, with courage, pressed on. The artillery was fired as rapidly as the gunners could work their guns, and the Spencers and carbines volleyed in steady succession, the roll of small arms being as unbroken and continuous as the thunder of a waterfall. Men and horses were moved down in front. One of the Confederate officers appeared determined to find out just what was in front of him, and, mounted on a beautiful white horse, with reckless courage, rode up to within twenty paces of the barricade, glanced from right to left over our line; when, turning to retreat, horse and rider were killed; and many a soldier wearing the army blue almost regretted to see so brave an officer fall. The enemy retreated, and abandoned his fruitless effort to run over Kilpatrick's two brigades, leaving the field in front of the barricades covered with his dead and wounded. A light attack was afterwards made on the First brigade, on the left of the road, which was easily repulsed. A Rebel prisoner reported the enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, at about three

hundred; but a Major, in General Howard's corps, who afterwards marched by that plantation, reported that the Rebel cavalry buried two hundred of their dead there; and if that was true, their killed and wounded must have been near five hundred. After repulsing the enemy, the command withdrew. The rear guard reported that, long after they had retired, they heard the enemy firing upon the empty barricades. The Rebel cavalry had dogged us most persistently for two days, and probably concluded, because Kilpatrick did not choose to fight them, that he was afraid to fight, but this repulse undeceived them. The two brigades from Lee's army, under Hampton, learned that the Western Yankee cavalry was not afraid to sit down in the road, and let the enemy try to run over them. The Rebel cavalry did not follow us any farther that night, and Kilpatrick bivouaced after dark, several miles east of Louisville, Georgia.

On the twenty-ninth of November, 1864, the Ninety-Second moved early, with the Division, to Louisville, where the infantry columns lay resting for a day or two, and waiting for "Uncle Billy," as the men familiarly called General Sherman, to tell them when to go again and where to. It is not likely that any one, aside from General Sherman, unless very high in rank, knew where General Sherman was "coming out." Some wisely shook their heads, and "guessed" he would go to Augusta, and through the Carolinas; some thought it would be Savannah; and others, with maps before them, demonstrated very clearly that he intended to break off to the right, and "come out" somewhere on the Gulf of Mexico. A soldier, in his diary, writes: "If the Rebels don't know Sherman's plans better than we do, they must be sorely puzzled." General Sherman is chatty and talkative, but nothing escapes his lips that he desires should remain unknown. The country was very fine, the weather beautiful; cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, geese, chickens, turkeys, hams and sweet potatoes were found in the greatest abundance. The camps were scattered in the groves along the streams, and Sherman's soldiers, in the heart of an enemy's country, were like a vast concourse of jolly picnickers, lolling around in the shade of the trees, telling stories, wrestling, pitching quoits, playing ball or leap-frog, and anything for sport and fun, they leisurely whiled away a day or two that had been given them for rest. Sherman's soldiers, like Sherman's bummers, were a jolly set. They would joke each other, and play all day on the march, and play at night when they went into biv-

ouac. The soldiers under Sherman will remember their campaign through Georgia as the long holiday of their soldier life.

On the thirtieth of November, the Ninety-Second lay in camp, washing their clothing, shoeing animals, visiting the infantry camps to see their friends and relatives in other regiments, and getting ready for a fresh start. A soldier writes in his diary under this date: "We are now in a country where some sugar-cane is produced; figs, apples, peaches, and all kinds of fruits, and horses and mules, and lots of niggers, of all colors, are also produced here." That soldier's head was level—negroes, of all shades of color, were a regular "production" of that country. Some of the female quadroons were really very pretty; they always had large, lustrous eyes, and pearly white teeth. They knew the Yankees were their friends, and they warmly welcomed their deliverers from slavery.

On the first of December, at about ten A. M., the Ninety-Second marched with the Division. The enemy, apparently, still regarded Augusta as Sherman's objective point, and Wheeler and Hampton's cavalry were north of Louisville, on the Augusta Road. Their pickets were struck as soon as the command moved out. General Baird's division of infantry marched in the road, maintaining a line of battle with two regiments, Atkins's Brigade of Cavalry marching through the woods and fields on Baird's right flank, and Murray's brigade in the same manner on his left flank. It was only a feint, and it was desired that the enemy should especially see the infantry; and for two days this manner of marching slowly, the infantry always with a line of battle at the front, was maintained, the cavalry on the flanks, with flags and guidons unfurled, and bands of music playing. It was a magnificent sight; and the enemy had frequent opportunities of observing the heavy column of infantry, flanked by cavalry, slowly approaching them, and marching on Augusta. It was eminently successful; and the enemy gathered up all his forces to protect Augusta, leaving an open and uninterrupted road for Sherman to Savannah. On the third, the column marched near the place where the cavalry had repulsed Wheeler and Hampton, on November twenty-eighth, after crossing Buckhead Creek, and the citizens, living in that vicinity, put the enemy's loss at four hundred killed and wounded. That night the column bivouaced at Thomas's Station, on the railroad, between Augusta and Millen. The infantry had orders to tear up and burn the railroad ties and twist the rails, as soon as supper was over. The Ninety-Second was sent to

picket the road beyond the infantry, toward Waynesboro. A soldier writes: "I watched, with great interest, Baird's division of infantry tear up and burn this railroad. Just at twilight, after supper, the division turned out, all at once, at the tap of the drum, and for four miles the track was one busy line of living blue. They would stand in line, close together, on one side of the track, and, taking hold of the ties and rails, they would, by main strength, lift up that side of the railroad track and ties as high as their heads, and then let it fall back. The first effort would always loosen a few of the iron rails, when a dozen men would pick them up, handling the long iron rails as easily as a farmer handles his pitchfork, and with them they would pry off other rails; other men would pick them up, and, in like manner, pry off other rails, and, in an incredibly short space of time, without any tools—so many men were at work—they would have the rails all loosened. Then the railroad ties were piled up, like the boys build corn-cob houses, crossing them regularly, in piles about three feet high, in the middle of the old railroad track; and then the iron rails were carefully laid upon them, with the ends extending over. The pitch-pine and red cedar rail fences at the sides of the road were added as fuel to make the railroad ties burn well, and, in half an hour, for four miles, those burning piles of railroad ties made a magnificent sight. The work was so equally distributed that the men all seemed to finish it at the same time, and the fires all along were lighted at once. In half an hour more the iron rails were red-hot in the center, and for four miles those piles of burning railroad ties, the rails heated red-hot in the center, made a sight not soon to be forgotten. The men would take the iron rails by the ends, when red-hot in the center, and wrap them around the trees and telegraph poles; or, twisting them into knots and interlacing them, the ends sticking every way, would leave them to cool in huge piles. In destroying those rails, the blue-coated soldiers were putting their hands directly into the haversacks of General Lee's soldiers at Richmond and Petersburg, and taking from them their rations. No car loaded with food would again pass over that railroad to Lee's army; no long trains loaded with troops would again pass over it, as Longstreet had done to reinforce Bragg at Chicamauga." In the middle of the night, the Ninety-Second, while on picket, heard the enemy bringing up artillery, and soon the sharp report of their guns was heard. What did it mean? Was the Rebel infantry before us? The Rebel newspapers were representing Sherman as wandering about

in Central Georgia, not knowing where to go, and obscurely hinted that a terrible fate awaited his army. Camp rumors were flying about that Richmond was evacuated, and Lee's army coming to meet Sherman. But the Rebels fired only two shots, and run their guns to the rear again, and the Ninety-Second men knew that they did not intend to make a general attack. But these two shots killed two men in the Regiment: Corporal William Erb and Emmet A. Merrill, both of Company A.

Early on December fourth, 1864, the Division moved out, to attack the Rebel cavalry under Wheeler and Wade Hampton, Atkins's Brigade in advance, and, as the column came by the Ninety-Second, on picket duty, the Regiment, that had been up all night, without a chance to cook a cup of coffee for breakfast, and they had no supper the night previous, was ordered to advance on foot, and forward it went. The Tenth Ohio Cavalry was leading the Brigade, and soon found the enemy, and charged in column down the road, and close up to the enemy's barricade, which was erected around a house; and there the Tenth Ohio halted within pistol shot of the enemy, but the Rebels had carefully selected their ground, and built strong lines of barricades, one back of another, and felt so certain of repulsing our attack, that they did not care to punish, as they might have done, the Tenth Ohio Cavalry; and, by direction of the Rebel General Wheeler, who could be seen and heard distinctly by us, the Rebels held their fire. The Ninety-Second was ordered to come forward on the double-quick; but the weary men, who had not slept the night previous, and had gone without supper, and had not a chance to cook breakfast, were not in condition to double-quick far. Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, with the Ninety-Second, was ordered to move upon the enemy's first barricade, directly in front, and charge him out. The Fifth Ohio Cavalry was ordered to move in column on the right flank, and the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel William D. Hamilton, commanding, a gallant soldier, whose eagles should have been stars, on the left flank, in column. The Ninety-Second came up, and formed in line within plain sight and easy range of the Rebel barricade, but the enemy did not fire. The Ninety-Second moved down to the fence in the hollow, in front of the enemy, and crossed it, and again dressed in line, and then coolly and deliberately started over the open field and up the hill in front, and within ten rods, of the barricaded Rebels. Now the enemy had the Ninety-Second, as they thought, at their mercy, and up the enemy rose behind their breastwork of

rails, and blazed their carbines into the faces of the Ninety-Second men; but the storm of bullets from the repeating rifles of the Ninety-Second that went hissing back at them was too much for the gray-coated soldiers, and they sank back again behind their barricade, while the Ninety-Second leaped forward with a shout, and onto and over the Rebel barricade, and pumped their Spencers at the backs of the retreating Rebel soldiers. Eighty-seven prisoners were captured by the Ninety-Second, behind the barricade from which they had driven the enemy. The Tenth Ohio was pushed forward, and, just beyond the barricade taken by the Ninety-Second, it was charged by the Rebels, and was broken into confusion; but the Ninety-Second, with cool courage, moved forward in line, and repulsed the charging Rebels. Another line of barricades was found full of the gray-coats, who, while fighting hard, did not wait as long as the first line had done, but retreated before the Ninety-Second. The artillery was brought up, and commenced shelling the town of Waynesboro. The Fifth Ohio was pressing in hard on the Rebel left, and the Ninth Ohio had already passed the Rebel right flank, and the enemy was leaving his third line of barricades. The Ninth Michigan and Tenth Ohio were ready to charge in the center, as soon as Colonel Hamilton, of the Ninth Ohio, opened the fight on the Rebels beyond the creek and near the town, when Kilpatrick ordered a halt! Twenty minutes more would, probably, have given us five hundred prisoners. As it was, the Rebel cavalry, under Wheeler and Hampton, that had tried to run over Kilpatrick at Buckhead Creek on the twenty-eighth of November, and had been so handsomely repulsed, had here chosen its own ground, erected three separate lines of barricades, each back of the other, and had hoped to repulse us; but the Ninety-Second alone had routed them from their first and strongest barricade, with great loss to the Rebel cavalry, including eighty-seven prisoners; and a single brigade had put the Rebel cavalry, commanded by Generals Wheeler and Hampton, to flight!

A soldier, on the evening of that day, writing to his wife, in his letter, said: "I will give you a description of the fight of Waynesboro, and how our line of battle was formed. The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Atkins, of our Regiment, did all the fighting, until after we drove the enemy, Wheeler's and Wade Hampton's cavalry, into the town of Waynesboro. The Ninety-Second took the center on foot, and the other four regiments of our Brigade were on the right and left flanks, the

battery of rifled guns with the Ninety-Second, and our horses following in rear; the First brigade of our Cavalry Division still farther in rear, in column on the road, and then came General Baird's division of infantry in column. The cavalry command was nearly all in sight at one time; it was a splendid sight to see—both armies drawn up in sight of each other in battle array, ten thousand mounted men. I have read of such sights, but never saw one before." The Ninety-Second, after Kilpatrick had commanded the Brigade to halt, was permitted to rest, and cook breakfast. The First brigade followed the enemy out beyond Waynesboro, on the Augusta Road, skirmishing lightly with the Rebels, but the enemy made no stand in force. Our burial parties, it was said, buried one hundred and eighteen of the enemy. The Ninety-Second lost seventeen, killed and wounded. George W. Downs, of Company I, and Jesse Robinson, of Company K, were instantly killed while bravely fighting. In the very commencement of the engagement, Captain J. M. Schermerhorn, of Company G, was knocked down by a musket ball, but his life was saved by the handle of his pistol in his breast coat pocket; the pistol handle was broken completely off. Corporal David Scott, of Company D, familiarly known as "Gedee," color-bearer for the Brigade Commander, while waving the Brigade colors, and cheering on the men, a brave, good soldier, was struck in the forehead by a Rebel musket ball, and instantly killed. It was close up to the second barricade of the Rebels, and the Brigade Orderlies dismounted to save the colors, when the Brigade color-bearer fell dead from his horse; but a Rebel Major had come out of the barricade, and seized the flag-staff, when Hiram F. Hayward, of Company I, one of the Brigade Orderlies, seized the other end of the flag-staff; the Rebel Major was in front of his own line of battle, and his men could not fire at Hayward without danger of killing their own Major. Hayward had his navy revolver in his hand, and the Rebel Major only his sword; and Hayward drew bead with his revolver on the Major, and demanded his surrender, and not only saved the Brigade colors, but brought in the Rebel Major as a prisoner.

We had now feinted sufficiently on Augusta, and Sherman's army, stretching from the Ogeechee to the Savannah River, and with both flanks protected by those streams, less than twenty miles apart at Savannah, swept onward toward that doomed city. The Brigade took up its line of march, the Ninety-Second in advance, toward Savannah, and camped that night at Alexander, on

the plantation of Mr. Sapp. Details from the Ninety-Second were sent to all the bridges over Briar Creek, on our left flank, and the bridges were burned. Old Mr. Sapp was sick, but young Mr. Sapp was exceedingly polite, talkative and affable. The Brigade head-quarters wagon was not yet up, and young Mr. Sapp volunteered to get up supper for the Brigade Commander and staff, and they soon sat down to a smoking hot supper of sweet potatoes, corn bread and ham. He had no knives and forks; he said the Yankee soldiers had taken them all—but pocket-knives and fingers served in lieu of his missing cutlery. After supper, one of the Rebel prisoners asked Mr. Sapp to give him a pair of pantaloons, in exchange for the blue ones the Rebel prisoner had on, as the prisoner was afraid the Yankee soldiers might kill him on account of his wearing the United States uniform. He said he was an acquaintance of Mr. Sapp, one of his poor neighbors, a private in Wheeler's cavalry; but Mr. Sapp would not make the exchange. Some of the Yankee soldiers, sympathizing with the Johnny in blue pantaloons, took the responsibility of helping him to the pantaloons and hat worn by Mr. Sapp. The Yankee soldiers made quick work with the homes of rich Rebel planters, but, to their everlasting honor be it said, they were always kind to their prisoners and to the poor. Many a time might have been seen some poor old lady, weeping by the roadside, made happy by the hams and sweet potatoes the Yankee soldiers would give her, or by an apronful of Confederate money. Mr. Sapp pretended to be mourning the death of one of his favorite little negro boys, Jack, by name, and any one could see his freshly-made grave in the garden, with its little wooden head-board, marked "Jack." The grief of Mr. Sapp was quite inconsolable. But the Yankee soldiers did not think Mr. Sapp would bury a little darkey in his garden, among the graves of his family and ancestors, and, thrusting their sabres into the newly-made grave, they discovered that it was very shallow; and, opening the grave, they found it contained a barrel of sugar, his missing knives and forks, silverware, and even diamond rings. Poor little Jack proved to be a valuable little darkey, and the Southern newspapers had an opportunity to publish that Sherman's vandals did not respect even the burial places of the dead.

The Regiment marched early, on the fifth of December. The day was beautiful—like June, in Illinois—the birds singing in the trees and the cattle grazing in the fields. The bridges over the streams were all destroyed, and the roads barricaded by fallen

timber. A soldier, in his diary, writes: "The enemy evidently intends to dispute our passage and give us a fight; but if we do not march along over this road there will be some heavy fighting done, for our Generals do not propose that the enemy shall dictate what roads we shall march on in the dominions rightly belonging to our venerable Uncle Samuel." During the day cannonading was heard at regular intervals, of about fifteen minutes, like the low rumble of distant thunder. The citizens said it was the heavy cannon at Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, more than a hundred miles away on an air line. Marched early on the sixth, through a flat, sandy and swampy country, the principal productions of which were rice, alligators and negroes. The negroes being the most profitable, the whites had devoted their principal attention to that production. On the plantation on which the Regiment encamped at night was a negro overseer, and the negroes said that he was more severe upon them than any white man they had ever had for a driver. We were covering the Fourteenth Army Corps; the other brigade, with Kilpatrick, had gone to cover the right flank of the army. The Rebel cavalry were following us up, but they did not dash into us very hard; still, the cavalymen were being shot every day on that long march, and the ambulances were loaded down with the wounded men. Marched early on the seventh. It had rained during the night, and it rained all day, and the swamps became almost impassable. We were marching south, along the right bank of the Savannah River, the infantry in advance, our Brigade following, and the Rebel cavalry following us. On the river, the enemy had a little steamer, with a heavy piece of artillery on it, probably a 32-pounder, with which he occasionally shelled the Yankees; it made a terrific noise, but did little or no damage. A soldier, this day, in his diary, writes: "We are now marching close to the Savannah River, the boundary line between Georgia and South Carolina, the State that was the hot-bed of treason, the author of all the Nation's troubles. It would please us boys to travel in that State, and, undoubtedly, we shall pay them a visit some day in the future. 'Uncle Billy' is 'on the rampage,' and if he don't 'go through' South Carolina, it will be because the war shall end before he 'gets a good ready.'" •

On the eighth of December, the command marched, at two o'clock in the morning. The Ninth Ohio Cavalry held the rear; and soon after daylight, the enemy showed considerable spirit and dash, attacking constantly the rear guard. The country was

generally level and sandy, with little streams crossing the road frequently, and emptying into the Savannah River. These streams always had a swamp on both sides of them, filled with a dense growth of black gum, and other trees that grow in swampy places, covered with parasites. Neither animals nor wheels could get through the swamps, except upon the corduroy roads. The pioneers would cut large trees nearly off, and, when our rear guard had passed, they were felled into the road, upon the narrow corduroy, to impede the enemy following. About noon, the command crossed one of these swamps, and found the infantry bivouacing, waiting for the building of the bridge over Ebenezer Creek. An officer of the Ninety-Second writes in an old manuscript: "The enemy were pressing the Ninth Ohio hard, and at this swamp we must stop them. The cavalry brigade was deployed on the right of the road, facing the rear, and covering the swamp, while a brigade of General Baird's infantry was deployed on the other side of the road. The entrance to the swamp was more abrupt than usual, giving us a good opportunity to barricade the road. The Ninth Ohio held them finely, while the brigade deployed and made preparations. I was with the Ninth Ohio, riding with Colonel Hamilton; and, hearing a yell like the Johnnies always set up when they charge, I looked and saw a long column coming in on a road to our left, so as to cut off about half of the Ninth Ohio, including Colonel Hamilton and myself; but, fortunately, a Corporal and six Ninety-Second men, with their repeating rifles, were picketing that road. The enemy was charging in column of fours; I could see the column plainly, and could hear the Rebel officers urging on their men. But the Corporal, with his six men, pumped bullets into the head of that column so rapidly that they halted it, and held the road until the Ninth Ohio had passed the swamp, and the road over the corduroy had been barricaded with fallen trees. The enemy dismounted, and with a long line attempted to cross the swamp on our right, but were repulsed by Atkins's Brigade; they then made a like attempt on our left, but were repulsed by one of Baird's brigades of infantry. They then held a steady line on one side of the swamp, and we on the other. After dark, we pushed our skirmish line out into the swamp, and the enemy did the same; and while relieving our skirmish line during the night, great caution had to be observed, to avoid relieving the Rebel skirmishers instead of our own. It was very dark, and the skirmishers were behind trees, not more than twenty or thirty paces

apart, and they avoided the tedium of watching on the skirmish line by chaffering each other. The Rebels said they would drown the whole pack of Sherman's thieves in the swamps about Savannah, and our men replied that Savannah would be in our possession within three days. I sat down by a fire, under a tree in the middle of the road, a little distance in rear of our line of battle; and it was all quiet during the evening, except occasional skirmish firing. About twelve o'clock at night, General Baird's division of infantry withdrew, to cross Ebenezer Creek; and, as the head of an infantry brigade came into the road where, by the fire, I was sitting, a couple of rifled shell went screaming and ricocheting up the road, close by the fire. Two more shots were fired, and then the Rebels ran their artillery to the rear. The boys called to them to keep their guns there a little while, and they would come over and get them; and the Rebels replied, 'Go to —.' But we did not want to go." Another officer, in his diary, wrote on the evening of this day: "I am sitting by a camp-fire, writing on my knees, and the boys are spinning their yarns, and telling each other their big lies. The negroes come into our lines by hundreds, but we cannot do anything for them. They are of all sizes, all ages, all sexes, and all colors, from the whitest white to coal black; women of all ages, and little children, all barefooted, and with scarcely clothing enough to cover them. We ask them, 'Where are you going?' and they answer, 'With you all.' They are objects of pity. All have their ideas of freedom. They say they knew we would come, and that their masters had told them that we would kill them, but that 'Old Massa and Missus couldn't fool us in dat way.'" At three o'clock, on the morning of December ninth, the cavalry brigade followed the infantry over the creek, the Ninety-Second covering the rear. Four companies of the Regiment were detailed to guard the pioneers while they were destroying the bridge, and barricading the road through the swamp. An officer with the detail writes in his diary: "No sleep last night. We have crossed Ebenezer Creek. Three companies besides ours are here, guarding the pioneers while they destroy the bridge, and obstruct the road through the swamp. (I fell asleep while writing the above, and took a nap.) Last night, about twelve o'clock, the Rebels opened their artillery on us; it created quite a commotion. Their shell fell among us, but did no damage. The Rebel gunboats threw shell yesterday into the road, near where we are now. I have no prospect of any breakfast yet, but I am not very hun-

gry. What this day will bring forth I cannot tell, but I do not think we will be troubled with the enemy to-day. We have destroyed the bridge, and obstructed the road through the swamp. Nine o'clock A. M. Two of Company I men have just been shot near the bridge; one man, of Company A, was wounded, the same ball killing a soldier back of him. I have been watching a sight that will never pass from my memory. There have been hundreds of negroes, men, women, and children, following our army. Last night, on the other side of the bridge, at the edge of the swamp, they were all turned out by the guards, and not permitted to pass, by the order of General Jeff. C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Army Corps, and the command crossed, and the bridge was destroyed, leaving all the negroes on the other side. At this present writing, the negroes are crossing; some swimming, and some crossing on rafts. The Rebels came up and fired into them; and such another time I never want to witness. They are as afraid of the Rebels as they would be of wild beasts, for the negroes know that it will be death, or worse, for them to fall into the hands of the Rebels, after leaving with the Yankees. Some of them jumped into the water, and others crawled under the bank on the other side, the women and children screaming piteously at the top of their voices. Some of the children were drowned. They are getting across as fast as possible, and I think most of them will succeed; but they are most pitiable looking objects, when they get over, and out of range of the Rebels. Most of them have on very little clothing, and every thread of that wet; and here they stand around the fires, shivering with the cold, and the poor women and children crying as if their hearts would break. And what is all this for? It is for freedom; they are periling^g their lives for freedom, and it seems to me that any people who run such risks are entitled to freedom. For my part, I never believed it policy to let them follow our army at all; for an army on the march has enough to do to take care of itself, without being encumbered with such a helpless lot of non-combatants. I do not believe there is any one in this army to blame for their leaving their homes; but, as they have been allowed to come along part of the way, unmolested, I believe it is a burning shame and disgrace, and inhuman to leave them to struggle in thirty feet of water for their lives; for they prefer sinking in the water to returning to slavery."

About ten o'clock A. M., the Brigade was ordered to join Kilpatrick, and marched immediately to the Georgia Central Rail-

way, and encamped. The same officer of the Ninety-Second again writes in his diary: "Since writing the foregoing, we have marched in a south-easterly direction; what the distance is I do not know. I must say a little more about the negroes I spoke of this morning. When the Rebels fired and killed the men at the bridge, they made the negroes all go back that had not got over Ebenezer Creek. One negro woman fell in with us three days ago. She said she would go with us or perish. She had then a small child. I saw her this morning, on this side of the creek; she had lost her child, but how, I do not know. She herself crossed the creek by swimming. I saw a negro man and woman on this side of the creek, who had crossed by swimming, and their little boy was drowned, and the mother was crying as though her heart would break. I believe her boy was as dear to her mother's heart as if she and her child had been white. The sights I this morning witnessed I cannot get out of my mind. Supper is ready; it is eleven o'clock, and I will close for this day." Another officer of the Ninety-Second writes: "All the way through Georgia we found the negroes our friends, ready to give us any information or assistance in their power. It was useless for old master to hide his horses and mules, for Sambo would tell us at once where they were. It did no good to empty the smoke-house and bury the meat, for the slave that did the work was always ready to point out the exact spot of its burial. If the corn was carried away into the swamps and hid, as, indeed, it often was, it did no good, for some slave was ready to tell us where it was. Stopping at a house, one day, while the men of the Ninety-Second were getting the corn from the well-filled crib close by, I heard one of the men asking the women where their meal was. The white women said they had none, but an old negro woman, pointing to a swamp, said: 'Ole Massa out dar, wid all de meat and meal dar is.' The men went to find it. I heard the report of a Spencer rifle, and by and by the men came back, loaded down with hams and corn-meal. One of the men rode up to me and said: 'I found the old man in the swamp, with lots of hams and meal, on a pile of loose cotton, and when we came in sight he set the cotton on fire and ran—but my Spencer halted him.' The young ladies, who had just informed me that they had no father, listened to the soldier, and, in concert and in tears, cried out: 'Father is killed.' At the sight of their grief I could not repress my own tears, and regretted that the soldier had not let the old man escape. While the white people were so intensely

bitter in their feelings toward the hated Yankees that they would burn up their food rather than permit it to fall into our hands—a thing proper enough to be done by the regular troops of the Rebel army, but not proper for citizens and women—the negroes, on the contrary, hailed our coming with great joy, as if the promised day of jubilee had arrived. Many a time I have seen the negro men and women standing by the roadside, weeping and laughing alternately, and shouting: ‘Bress de Lord, you all’s come at las. I’s e always knowed de good Lord would heah my prayah, and send de Yankees down heah.’ It may be that the Lord of Heaven did hear the prayers of the humble black people of the South, and sent the victorious Stars and Stripes, emblem of liberty in deed and in truth to them, the faithful friends of the Yankees, waiting patiently and praying fervently for their coming. Did one of the Union prisoners escape from the horrible prison pen at Andersonville, and, fixing his eye on the North star, which had filled the hopes of many a fugitive slave flying from bondage, traveling by night and by stealth through that hostile country, tracked by bloodhounds, as the fugitive slave had been tracked, wish for a friend, or for food, or for shelter, the flying Union soldier knew that the humble cabin of the black slave would safely furnish it all to him. During the long march through Georgia, the negroes had everywhere been our faithful friends and allies, and, literally in thousands, were following our armies out of bondage; and, had the Union Generals been heartily in favor of negro troops, they might have organized whole brigades and divisions on this march. Before daylight, this morning, the ninth of December, the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Jeff. C. Davis, crossed Ebenezer Creek; and, by the order of General Davis, a guard was stationed at the bridge that would not permit a negro man, woman or child to cross. Poor, simple people, they thought it was because the whites must cross first, and they quietly and patiently waited by the roadside, filling the woods at daylight as far as the eye could see, never dreaming that they were to be entirely debarred the privilege of crossing, nor did they know it until the pioneers were tearing away the bridge after the last white soldier had crossed. Left, cruelly left, to the bitter mercies of the infuriated enemy following us! And the negroes were the only class of people we had found on our long march who were our faithful, fast friends; a simple-minded, God-fearing people, who had wrestled in secret prayer, beseeching the God of battles that victory might be with our army, and now they are cut off

and left behind. And then such a wild panic as seized them; such bitter, heartrending cries of despair; such pitiful, beseeching entreaties to be permitted to cross, I never before witnessed or listened to. They ran wildly up and down the stream; many plunged in and struggled through, and many sank beneath the dark waters to rise no more. And those people our friends. Let the 'iron pen of history' write the comment on this action of a Union General." During the ninth of December, we marched through a country settled long before the Revolutionary war. We passed one old church erected in 1769, that had been used as a hospital by the soldiers of the Revolution.

Marched early, on the tenth of December, and camped at three P. M., nine miles from Savannah, covering the Seventeenth Army Corps, commanded by General Frank P. Blair. It rained during the night, and the weather grew cold. Marched at eight A. M., on the eleventh of December, and camped within six miles of Savannah, the infantry cannonading the Rebel works. There was no forage for animals, and the cattle that had been driven along with the army, and killed for beef, were so poor and weak that they had to be held up to be knocked down; and the meat was so dry the men could not fry or broil it; and when boiled, it was as tough and almost as innutritious as leather. A soldier, in his diary, writes: "I have just divided my last hard-tack with some starving little children." On the tenth, lay all day in rear of the Seventeenth Army Corps. On the eighteenth, the Brigade marched at nine A. M., and, at one point, ran the gauntlet of the Rebel artillery and riflemen in a Rebel fort. Marched twenty miles, crossing the Ogeechee, at King's Bridge, and camping after dark, on Clay's plantation, near Fort McAllister. Hazen's division of infantry had taken Fort McAllister during the afternoon. The negroes said that Clay had, in his rice plantation, nine thousand nine hundred and twenty acres of land; he had two hundred able-bodied slaves, and his negro quarters made quite a village. Near the house was an extensive rice mill, which Clay instructed his slaves to burn, if the Yankees came near; they did so, and the Yankees burned up everything else that would burn. By the fall of Fort McAllister, communication was opened with the Yankee fleet lying in Ossabaw Sound, and General Kilpatrick visited one of the Yankee gun-boats. Rice in the straw was all the forage the animals had, and the men had little or nothing. One of the Brigade Orderlies had captured a turkey, and the Colonel commanding the Brigade was calculating on a

feast for supper; but when his cook turned his back a moment to tell the Colonel that supper was ready, some hungry soldier gobbled the roasted gobbler, and the Brigade Commander went supperless to bed. By daylight next morning, the Yankee fleet, loaded with rations, was at King's Bridge.

While Sherman was taking steps to reduce Savannah, the cavalry had to be subsisted upon the country; and the Division marched early, on the fourteenth of December, to Midway Church, nine miles from Sunbury, and camped amidst abundance of forage for animals, and plenty of hams, sweet potatoes, turkeys, chickens, etc., for the men. Midway Church was guarded from spoilation, as was also the grave-yard close by, which was walled in with a heavy brick fence, built before the Revolutionary War, the brick having been brought from England. It was a sombre place. Great live oak trees, covered with long hanging Spanish moss, stood, like mourning sentinels, above the tombs. Graves were found with inscriptions a hundred and fifty years old. A soldier of the Ninety-Second, in his diary, writes: "Our Commander has placed a guard over the church and grounds, to see that nothing is injured. The people here pay a great deal of attention to their dead, and to their religion. Their slaves get one pint of salt, and four pecks of corn, in a month, to eat, and nothing else. Who says they are not a Christian people?" On the fifteenth, the command lay in camp. A soldier writes in his diary: "To-day we obtained permission, and organized a party, to go to the Atlantic coast. Sunbury, at the head of St. Catharine's Sound, is where we went, and, for the first time in my life, I saw the salt water. I rode my horse into it, but he did not drink it. I bathed in the salt water; gathered and ate oysters; and saw, in the distance, a United States man-of-war, and a gun-boat of our blockading squadron. Sunbury is one of the oldest settled towns in the State of Georgia. During the Revolution, the British captured and destroyed it, and marched from Sunbury to Savannah. At that time, this country was all settled up; many of the lands that were tilled then are now fine forests, with trees from ten to sixteen inches in diameter. We visited old Fort Sunbury; it was once a strong fort. There was one 64-pounder, and one 12-pound gun, lying in the fort." The Division marched at six P. M., the Ninety-Second in rear of everything. The roads were badly cut up. Camped late. Marched at ten A. M., on the sixteenth, to King's Bridge, and went into permanent camp, in the pine woods bordering the Ogeechee,

not far from the ship-landing, from which Sherman's troops about Savannah were to get supplies of hard-tack, sow-belly, and ammunition. At two P. M., the Division, under command of Colonel Atkins, marched again toward Midway, in rear of General Mower's division of infantry, on an expedition to Altamaha River, to destroy the railroad and railroad bridges on the Savannah and Gulf Railroad. The infantry wagon trains were fast in the mud. Long after dark, the command bivouaced, having marched but six miles. Only five companies of the Ninety-Second accompanied the command. At daylight, marched to Midway, fed animals, and cooked breakfast. Marched at nine A. M., passed the infantry, and took the advance, and halted for dinner at Hinesville, a very pretty little town, quite a resort in summer for the rice planters. The country was full of forage and provisions.

Len Lockridge, of Company D, was picking up provisions for General Kilpatrick, and, after the command had marched through Hinesville, Len returned with a wagon load of such eatables as he had gathered. Riding ahead of the wagon into Hinesville, he ran into a squad of Rebel cavalry belonging to Hawkins's brigade. They had on blue overcoats, and, supposing them to be our own men, Len rode right in among them. There were seven of the Rebels. They stripped Lockridge of all his clothing, except pants and shirt, and took him to Hawkins's head-quarters, and, after being examined by Hawkins, he was ordered to be taken to the head-quarters of General Iverson, at two o'clock in the morning. It was twelve o'clock at night, and, until the party were ready to start with him, they put Lockridge into an old church, under guard. Lying down near the pulpit, as if to sleep, he saw that he might crawl under the seats to the door. His guards were napping, and he crawled carefully under the seats back to the church door, determined to escape if possible. As he approached the door, once through which and into the woods, he felt he would be safe from the pursuit of his too careless guards, he saw, by the fire outside, two bloodhounds. His heart, panting to escape, sank at the sight; to spring from that door was to be seized by those bloodhounds, and he might as well face a Rebel prison-pen. He quietly crawled back again. At two o'clock A. M., a Rebel Captain and five men started with him to Iverson's head-quarters; at the end of eleven miles, one man was relieved, and at the end of the next ten miles, two men were relieved, and not long after that the Captain and one man stopped at a house, leaving Lock-

ridge in charge of but one guard, who was told to shoot him if he attempted to get away. A little farther on, they came to a house where a woman stood at the door, and Lockridge requested his guard to get him a drink of water. The woman handed a calabash of water to the guard, and he handed it to Lockridge; after drinking, he returned the calabash to the guard, who was sitting on his horse, with his gun across the pommel of his saddle, and just as the guard was reaching the calabash back to the woman, Lockridge struck the guard with his fist, knocking him from his horse, and, grabbing the guard's gun, he beat him over the head with it; then, mounted on the guard's horse, he dashed up the road, and as soon as out of sight of the house he took to the woods. He rode rapidly four or five miles, when his horse gave out and mired in a swamp, and Lockridge kept on on foot. At sundown, he could hear the hounds baying on his track. The Rebel gun he held in his hand would not do for a pack of bloodhounds. To climb into a tree, safe from their pursuit, would only be to wait until the hounds came up, accompanied by his pursuers. To escape the hounds and the pursuing Rebels, he swam the Altamaha River, and learning its course by its current, he kept down the river on the other side. He had gone about five miles, when he heard the hounds again, and he again crossed the river, and kept on down the stream, and again hearing the hounds, he again swam the river. Lockridge traveled on day and night, for seventy hours, through swamps and woods, shunning the road, along which the Rebel courier line ran. He grew hungry, and would crawl up back of the houses until he would see men about, and then skulk back into the woods again. At length he found a house with no men about it, and entered it and helped himself to cold victuals from the cupboard, and hastened to the woods to eat, the first he had tasted for seventy-two hours. And so he kept on, through swamp and cane-brake, for four days and nights. During the fourth night he saw a fire in the woods, and, fearing it might be a Rebel picket, he cautiously crawled up to it, and found a single old negro asleep by the fire. Stalking up to him, with his gun, he pretended to be a Rebel soldier, and endeavored to learn his surroundings; but the old negro was so dumb he could get no information from him. Lockridge changed his tactics, and told the old black man that he was a Yankee soldier, trying to escape from the Rebels, and then the old negro was intelligent and chatty. The old negro became his guide, and procured an axe, with which they made a raft and crossed the Altamaha River.

At daylight he hid in the woods, and the old negro brought him his breakfast; he lay in the woods all day, and in the evening the old negro brought him his supper, and was again his guide; and they traveled all night, making about twenty miles, when the old negro again brought him his breakfast, and turned him over to a friend, another negro, who was his guide the next night. And thus guided and helped on his way by the negroes, he reached the Yankee lines eight days after his capture.

The Cavalry Division camped after dark, on December eighteenth, at Johnston's Station. A lady residing there, said that when the Union prisoners were taken South, she went to the train with a basket of food, but that the guard would not let her give it to the Yankees. She saw one Yankee prisoner pick up a kernel of corn, and the guard made him throw it away again. The command marched early on the nineteenth, crossed Jones's Creek, and marched to the Altamaha River, opposite Doctortown, the intention being to burn the railroad bridge crossing the river; but the Rebels had a fort protecting the bridge. The Ninety-Second marched out into the swamps, dismounted, to flank the fort, but was ordered back, and the command withdrew. The Rebels ran an engine with a flat car ahead of it, from Doctortown to the fort; on the flat car was a cannon, and the Rebels blazed away with it, until a section of our 10-pound rifled Rodmans opened in reply, when they ran their railroad artillery to the rear. A long, high trestle was destroyed. The command returned to Johnston's Station, and camped, after dark. In fording Jones's Creek, a large number of horses were drowned. Marched at seven A. M., on the twentieth, to Jonesville, and camped amidst plenty of forage for animals and plenty for the men to eat. Marched next day, to Riceboro. The people had seen nothing of the war, and were all at home. On the twenty-second, the command returned to King's Bridge, and went into old camps, after dark. On the twenty-third of December, we heard of the capture of the city of Savannah, with two hundred pieces of artillery, one hundred railroad locomotives and many cars, thirty thousand bales of cotton, and nine hundred Rebel prisoners. It was a happy day in camp. Colonel Atkins, in closing his official report of the march through Georgia, said: "During the campaign, my Brigade has marched five hundred and twenty miles; been frequently in action, and always successful; has captured eleven hundred and fifty-nine mules and horses; men and animals were subsisted principally upon the country; my Brigade burned five

thousand, eight hundred and forty bales of cotton, one hundred and twenty-nine cotton gins and cotton houses, and eleven flouring mills." General Kilpatrick's official report of the campaign from Atlanta to Savannah, contains the following: "Before closing my remarks, I desire to make favorable mention of my Brigade Commanders, Colonels Murray and Atkins; both have at all times faithfully and ably performed the responsible duties which have devolved upon them; always on duty, attentive to orders, energetic, skillful and brave. Both are educated, gentlemanly and accomplished cavalry officers. Both merit promotion." And further on in his official report, General Kilpatrick, in mentioning the various regiments in his Division, says: "The Ninety-Second Illinois Mounted Infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, have, at all the various places mentioned, behaved most handsomely, and attracted my especial attention." After receiving General Kilpatrick's official report, General Sherman addressed the following letter to General Kilpatrick:

"HEAD-QUARTERS MIL. DIV. MISS. }

"In the Field, Savannah, Ga., Dec. 29th, 1864. }

"Brig. Gen'l Judson Kilpatrick, Comd'g Cavalry Division, Army of Georgia:

"GENERAL: I have read, with pleasure, your report, just received, as well as those of your Brigade Commanders. I beg to assure you that the operations of the cavalry under your command have been skillful and eminently successful. As you correctly state in your report, you handsomely feinted on Forsythe and Macon; afterwards did all that was possible toward the rescue of our prisoners at Millen, which failed simply because the prisoners were not there. And I will here state, that you may have it on my signature, that you acted wisely and well, in drawing back from Wheeler to Louisville, as I had instructed you not to risk your cavalry command. And subsequently, at Thomas's Station, Waynesboro, and Brier Creek, you whipped a superior cavalry force, and took from Wheeler all chance of boasting over you. But the fact, that to you, in a great measure, we owe the march of four strong infantry columns, with heavy trains and wagons, over three hundred miles, through an enemy's country, without the loss of a single wagon, and without the annoyance of cavalry dashes on our flanks, is honor enough for any Cavalry Commander.

"I will retain your report for a few days, that I may, in my own report, use some of your statistics, and then will forward it

to the War Department, when I will endorse your recommendations, and make such others as I may consider necessary and proper.

I am truly your friend,

“ W. T. SHERMAN,

“ Maj. Gen'l Comd'g.”

CHAPTER VII.

CAMPING AND FORAGING ABOUT SAVANNAH—STARTING ON THE MARCH AGAIN—A TORCH-LIGHT BATTLE—INTO SOUTH CAROLINA—BARNWELL—THE REBEL TRAP AT AIKEN—THE NINETY-SECOND, COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMY, GALLANTLY CUTS ITS WAY OUT—EXCHANGING PRISONERS WITH WHEELER—SENDING UP SKY-ROCKETS—RUNNING INTO THE REBEL CAMPS AT NIGHT—AVERYSBORO—BENTONSVILLE—NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER—FIGHTING NEAR RALEIGH—ENTERING RALEIGH—CHAPEL HILL—MARCHING ALONG, GRAY-COATS AND BLUE-COATS TOGETHER—CONCORD—MUSTERED OUT—HOMEWARD BOUND—THE THREE YEARS' SOLDIERING ENDED.

Sherman presented to President Lincoln the captured city of Savannah, as a Christmas present, December 25th, 1864. It was Sabbath. The Ninety-Second lay in camp, in the pine woods bordering the Ogeechee River, near King's Bridge, enjoying a Christmas feast of oysters in the shell, fresh from the Atlantic brine, all the Regiment feeling very happy at the glorious ending of the long campaign. Captain J. M. Schermerhorn, of Company G, the informal Commissary General of the Ninety-Second, had provided the oysters; with a detail of men, Captain Schermerhorn had gone to the coast, and returned with several six-mule wagon loads of oysters in the shell. When Atlanta was taken, the Regiment had anticipated a rest; but the capture of Savannah created no such anticipations. Hood's army had gone to Nashville, and we were too far from Lee's army, which was properly our objective; it must come toward us, or we must go toward it. Preparations for a march through the Carolinas began immediately, but it required weeks to put the large army in condition to resume the march. On the twenty-sixth of December, the Ninety-Second moved, at seven A. M., with the Brigade and Division, and went into camp eight miles south of Savannah,

where it remained until the second of January, 1865. It was expected that rations and forage would be plenty at Savannah; but rations were short, and forage so scarce that Sherman had not enough for the animals belonging to the artillery, ambulances, and trains of the infantry. The cavalry were without forage, and the men dug the rice straw out of the Rebel fortifications, where it had been used, as the ancients used straw to make bricks, to hold together the soft swamp soil of which the fortifications were constructed, carefully washed it in the swamp water, and fed it to the starving horses. Sometimes, on the rice plantations about Savannah, the men would find rice in the straw, and it was fed to the horses, as the farmers feed oats in the sheaf; but the hard rice was indigestible, and made the animals sick.

On the thirty-first of December, 1864, at midnight, the Ninety-Second Silver Cornet Band played the old year out, with sad music, and the New Year in, with gay music, and the men of the Regiment joined in the chorus with gleeful shouts. Sweetly the music of the silver horns rang out on the stillness of the midnight air. Those who would have kept watch-night at home, kept it in the camp. One year before, they had kept it by their great fires on Judge Hammond's plantation, in Northern Alabama; and now, beneath the long-leaved pines on the Atlantic coast, in Southern Georgia, they watched the old year out, and welcomed the New Year in. It was not so cold as the year before; roses, and many other flowers, were in bloom in the gardens about the deserted dwellings. The animals were in a starving condition, and, on the second of January, 1865, the Brigade moved across King's Bridge, and marched twenty miles, to Taylor's Creek, to be in a country where food for men and animals was procurable. The horses were so weak and poor that most of the command walked, and led their faithful and hungry horses. Taylor's Creek was reached after dark, and plenty of forage and provisions were found. On the third, the Ninety-Second was sent out to forage for the Brigade, and about five miles from camp found plenty of corn, hams and sweet potatoes, and loaded the wagons, and returned to camp with abundance for the entire Brigade. A soldier, in his diary, wrote: "This is what is called living on the enemy, for the Lord knows we have nothing else." But nothing else was needed—corn for the animals, and sweet potatoes and meat for the men, were all that was required. On the fourth, one-half the Ninety-Second went foraging. The following characteristic communication was received from General Kilpatrick, the jolly little Briga-

dier, who commanded Sherman's cavalry. We give it as a specimen:

"Colonel ATKINS, Commanding Cavalry, Taylor's Creek, Ga.:

"*Colonel:* I have heard from Colonel Jordan. He is doing well. Has been directed to push in to-morrow and form a junction with you on, or beyond Taylor's Creek. I wish you to thoroughly scout the country, capturing all the horses and mules possible. Be bold. Times have wonderfully changed. One Yankee can run sixteen lousy Rebs. Isn't it funny? Keep your tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and farmers, poor cowardly devils from the North, constantly at work, and don't give the brave, chivalric, and magnanimous sons of the sunny South a chance to steal, cook, and eat ary tater. I desire you to remain until Saturday morning. No news of importance.

"Very respectfully yours,

"J. KILPATRICK,

"Brig. Gen'l."

Many of the wealthy people living in Savannah had gone to the plantations on Taylor's Creek, to escape Sherman's troops, taking their elegant city furniture with them. The Ninety-Second boys made saddle cloths of their beautiful Brussels and Turkey carpets. On the sixth, the command started on the return, every trooper loaded down with corn for his horse, and eatables for himself—a funny cavalcade. Many of the men loaded their horses so heavily with corn, hams, chickens, turkeys, and sweet potatoes, that the horses could scarcely stagger along under their loads, the men leading them. Every old wagon, cart, buggy, sulky, and family carriage that could be found in that country, was loaded down; and the soldiers had hitched to them all kinds of animals. One silver mounted family carriage was loaded inside and out, and drawn by a little, old jackass and a cow hitched together! A handsome one-horse carriage was drawn by a little burly bull! One aristocratic Yankee, seated on a well loaded ox cart, drove a handsome tandem team—a poor, old, blind mule, led by a stubborn little jackass! To stop by the roadside and see the cavalcade go by, was better than going to a circus; and the wit of the men, when some soldier's team would get to kicking, or his vehicle break down, was more pointed than the old saws of the circus clowns. The column moved slowly, and bivouaced that night at King's Bridge, and reached the old camp, eight miles south of Savannah, at noon, on the seventh,

with many days' forage and rations, for men and animals. One soldier wrote in his diary, in the evening: "Here we are in camp again, as quiet as you please. There was a rumor afloat, that we will leave to-morrow. I fixed up my traps, and spun around generally." Sunday, the eighth, was very warm. Many men in the Regiment were permitted to go to Savannah. One soldier, in his diary, wrote: "I to-day visited Savannah, with Captain Hawk and others. The buildings are old, tumble-down things; the streets, beds of loose sand; I should call the city third-class. The troops are constructing lines of earthworks around the city, so that a small force can hold it. I think it very singular that this place yielded up so soon. One good corps of Yankee troops would have held it for weeks against the whole of the Rebel armies."

On the twelfth of January, 1865, the Cavalry Division of General Kilpatrick was reviewed in the streets of Savannah, by Major General Sherman, in the presence of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton rode by the line in an open carriage, and sat in his carriage while the column passed him in review. On the fourteenth of January, orders were received to prepare for a six weeks' campaign through the Carolinas. Colonel Atkins received, from the Secretary of War, his commission of Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers, by brevet, with a special order of the President of the United States assigning him to duty with his brevet rank. He was serenaded by the Ninety-Second Silver Cornet Band, and was congratulated, in the evening, by the officers of his Brigade, in a body. On Sunday, the fifteenth, Chaplain Clark, of the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, who was taken prisoner at Lovejoy's Station, when the Division was making the raid around Atlanta, August twentieth, 1864, preached an eloquent sermon, detailing his prison experience, which was listened to by nearly the entire Brigade. The troops lay in camp, with nothing to do; the officers drawing supplies of all kinds, and getting ready for the march. A soldier, on the nineteenth, in his diary, wrote: "Running horses seems to occupy the attention of the sporting men of the command just now. I went out to the race course and let my mare run through once, just to ascertain her speed, but found she had none." It rained several days in succession, and the horses were knee-deep in the soft soil. The roads became so bad that it required three days for the teams to get to Savannah, eight miles, and return, and, in consequence, the men were short of rations, and the animals again without forage

The swamps were almost impassable, and full of alligators, many being killed by the men. Alligator steak is regarded by some people as a luxury, but the hungry soldiers would not eat alligator meat. On the twenty-third, supplies began to come from Savannah by rail, and the Ninety-Second moved camp to be nearer the railroad. On the evening of the twenty-seventh, General Kilpatrick gave a party to the officers of his command, and, in his speech, said: "In after years, when travelers passing through South Carolina shall see chimney stacks without houses, and the country desolate, and shall ask, 'Who did this?' some Yankee will answer, 'Kilpatrick's Cavalry.'" On the morning of January twenty-eighth, 1865, the march through the Carolinas began, the Ninety-Second in advance. The roads were almost impassable. Marched eight miles, and camped on the Springfield Road. Marched at sunrise on the twenty-ninth, twenty miles, through the swamps, and bivouaced at dark, with plenty of rails for fires. Marched at daylight, passing through Springfield, a town that was nearly all burned up when Sherman marched to Savannah, and camped at Sisters' Ferry, on the Savannah River, where there was a large camp of infantry. Pontoons were being laid across the Savannah River. At three o'clock P. M., a fleet of steamers arrived from Savannah, with supplies and the mails. On the thirty-first, the Regiment received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, with five days' rations, and all the ammunition each man could carry. The road opposite Sisters' Ferry was filled with buried torpedoes by the Rebels. One man was killed on the thirty-first by the explosion of a buried torpedo. To fill country roads with buried torpedoes was a new style of warfare, but about equal to South Carolina valor. The Regiment lay in camp in the pine woods, and, at night, the fat pine knots lighted made flaming torches, and the men, full of fun, fought a battle with the fat pine torches as weapons. It was a curious sight, beneath the sombre pine trees, and the men enjoyed the sport hugely, although some of them were severely burned; one man in Company B had an eye nearly punched out by a burning brand. At two P. M., on February third, General Atkins's Brigade took the lead, crossed the pontoons over the Savannah River, and floundered through the swamps, caring little for buried torpedoes, and, by ten P. M., had made six miles, reaching the first dry land, where the Brigade bivouaced. A soldier, in his diary, wrote: "Crossed the Savannah River, and trod on the 'sacred' soil of South Carolina. I rather expected that the earth would open and swallow up the

grand army of 'mudsills;' but it didn't, and we got over the long swamp, and found good bottom for man and beast. I saw the place where once a noble, aristocratic South Carolina mansion had stood; and I looked, and lo, only ashes, charred timbers, and a chimney stack of rough stone were left of that grand mansion, and its chivalric owner, the noble South Carolina gentleman, had fled from our advance, not waiting to whip three of the detested Yankees." Marched at ten A. M., and passed through Robertsville, and camped at Lawtonville, amidst plenty for horses and men to eat. At night, the South Carolina skies gave back a blood-red reflection from South Carolina's burning homes. Started early next morning, and marched twenty miles, to Allendale; forage and rations plenty, and the town, of course, burned up.

Marched early on the sixth of February, General Atkins's Brigade leading; and when within two miles of Barnwell, the enemy was found in strong position, on the opposite side of Salkhatchie River and Swamp, occupying earthen rifle pits. The Ninety-Second Illinois was dismounted, and two companies of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry were also dismounted; and, pushing out into the swamp, they waded the Salkhatchie, and flanked the enemy out of his line of earthworks. We here learned that the main force of the Rebel cavalry had been awaiting our advance, at Barnwell; but our cavalry not showing itself, the Rebel cavalry had, the day previous, marched from Barnwell toward Branchville, and the right of Sherman's army, leaving their heavy earthworks at the Salkhatchie to be held by about one hundred men. The squad of Rebels, when they found they were flanked, retreated on the Augusta Road, leaving one killed and three wounded. No one hurt in the Ninety-Second. After repairing the road over the swamp, and rebuilding the bridge, the command marched into Barnwell, and camped. All the cotton found had been burned up; but the people of Barnwell hit upon a novel plan to save their cotton. There had been thousands of bales stored in the town; it was removed from the buildings, and scattered, a bale in a place, in the woods and fields all around the town; and it had been soaked by the rains, and would not burn. The town was burned up. Kilpatrick had his head-quarters at a hotel. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; and the jolly Kilpatrick gave a grand ball in Barnwell, while the dwellings of the inhabitants were lighting up the sky with their flames. He sent out his invitations, and the receivers, doubtless regarding them as imperative orders, put in an appearance, and, like sad ghosts, went

through the whirling mazes of the dance. Kilpatrick's headquarters were frequently set on fire while the dance was in progress. It was the bitterest satire on social pleasure ever witnessed.

The command marched early, on February seventh, to Blackville, a small station on the railroad, between Charleston and Augusta, driving the enemy, and destroying miles of the railroad. Marched at noon, on the eighth of February, toward Augusta, ten miles, and bivouaced at Williston Station, and destroyed the railroad and several cars found at the station. A small force of Rebel cavalry fell back as we advanced, giving an occasional shot, but not fighting hard. Marched at seven A. M., on the ninth, still toward Augusta, and camped at Windsor. A soldier, in his diary, writes: "Goddard and Pulver, of the Ninety-Second, out foraging, on returning, found themselves between the Rebel picket and Rebel camp, and put spurs to their horses, killed one of the Rebel vedettes, and captured the other; but, being hotly pursued, they dropped their prisoner, and reached camp all right, minus their forage." Captain E. T. E. Becker, of Company I, reported to Division head-quarters, with fifty men, and was ordered, by General Kilpatrick, to proceed to and destroy the cotton mills near Augusta, on the Savannah River, provided he could get by the enemy without being discovered. The Captain marched first south about four miles; then turned west, on a road running parallel with the railroad. When near Aiken, and the men were congratulating themselves on their success in evading the enemy, they suddenly ran upon one of his picket posts, and gave the Rebels a most lively run into the town of Aiken, which was found full of Rebels, in most disorderly disorder. The detail returned to Pole Cat Pond, marching thirty miles in going and returning. There were no casualties, except that Lyman Gray's mule was shot through the nose. At half past twelve at night, Captain H. M. Timms, of Company A, with his company, and Companies C, B, and D, dismounted, accompanied by Captain D. L. Cockley, A. A. D., on General Atkins's staff, moved out through the woods and fields, from our reserve picket post, two miles, and came on the road in rear of the Rebel pickets, killing one, capturing one, and capturing six or eight horses, and scattering the Rebel picket, without loss to us. At daylight, on February eleventh, 1865, General Atkins's Brigade, leaving the Division at Pole Cat Pond, marched toward Aiken, eight miles distant. Two miles from our picket, we struck the

Rebel picket post, and, at a house by the roadside, just behind the Rebel picket, a woman informed General Kilpatrick, who accompanied the Brigade, that the Rebel Generals Wheeler and Cheatham had just left her house. It was thereby made evident that Wheeler and Hampton's cavalry was again in our front, with Cheatham's division of infantry. The Ninety-Second was in advance, and moved cautiously, driving the Rebel picket ahead of it. Flanking parties were marching through the woods and fields on both sides of the road. The head of the column came within plain view of the town of Aiken. Lieutenant Henry C. Cooling, of Company B, as cool and brave an officer as there was in the Regiment, reported to General Atkins that he had discovered long lines of Rebel cavalry on the right of the road in the woods and fields, dismounted, and holding their horses by the bridle reins. The column was halted. It was evident that a trap had been laid; and into the jaws of that carefully planned Rebel trap the Brigade Commander did not care to go. The firing on the left of the road told plainly that our flankers had struck the enemy, also, on the left. But there was no enemy on the road between the head of the Ninety-Second and the town of Aiken. Kilpatrick came dashing up to the head of the column, and desired to know the reason of the halt, and it was explained to him. Just then a railroad locomotive ran out in plain view near Aiken, and whistled and whistled. Kilpatrick stationed a section of artillery on the road, and sent rifled shell screaming toward the locomotive, and into the town of Aiken. Kilpatrick wanted to capture that locomotive; he was assured that its whistling was only a part of the trap the enemy had set, and that they would swing in from both flanks, and surround any force sent into Aiken; but Kilpatrick ordered the Ninety-Second, only about two hundred and twenty-five men in line, as part were left on picket, and others engaged on various details and flanking parties, to charge into the town. Forward it went, and met no resistance in reaching the town; the screaming locomotive ran to the rear; the Ninety-Second was seen plainly entering the town. There was no firing, and General Kilpatrick himself rode forward toward Aiken.

General Atkins ordered the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, Colonel William D. Hamilton, into line of battle on the right of the road, flanking the section of artillery; and the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, Colonel George S. Acker, in line of battle, flanking the artillery on the left of the road, holding the Tenth Ohio Cavalry

reserve. Colonel William D. Hamilton, of the Ninth Ohio, and the Major commanding one battalion of the Ninth Michigan, were ordered to be ready to charge into Aiken at the sound of the Brigade bugle; and, on reaching Aiken, and relieving any of the Ninety-Second still there, to immediately fall back to the position then held by them. These dispositions had not been completed, when the enemy's cavalry swung in from both flanks, and the little Brigadier, who commanded the Division, was seen coming to the rear as fast as his horse could run, and hotly pursued by forty or fifty Rebels. As he came within sight of the line of battle of the Ninth Ohio and Ninth Michigan, the Rebels were actually grabbing for him, as he hugged his horse's neck, and roweled his horse's flanks with his spurs. It was laughable in the extreme; but the Ninth Ohio and Ninth Michigan could not fire a gun at the enemy, so mixed up were the General and his staff officers and orderlies with the pursuing Rebels. Let no one think that this reflects upon Kilpatrick's courage; it does not; he was the bravest man in all his brave Division. He made a mistake when he sent the Ninety-Second into Aiken, and another mistake when he himself rode toward the town, but he made no mistake when he rode so rapidly back to the Brigade. Kilpatrick had now seen for himself the heavy forces of the enemy—ten times the force of the Brigade—and he ordered the artillery to the rear, and it went; and he ordered General Atkins to withdraw with the balance of his Brigade; but Atkins held his line of battle steadily, resolved to aid the Ninety-Second, if an opportunity offered. The officers and men of the Ninety-Second had heard the shots on the flanks, and felt, when they went forward into the town, that they were going into a trap. They found no enemy in the edge of the town. The Secesh ladies waved their handkerchiefs in welcome, and smilingly invited the officers and men into their houses; but that kind of a welcome was unusual in South Carolina, and not an officer or soldier accepted the seductive invitation—it was an additional evidence of danger to the Ninety-Second. In the farther edge of the town of Aiken the enemy's line of skirmishers was found, and, at the same instant, the Rebels swung in from both flanks, and formed a perfect line of battle in rear of the Ninety-Second. Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, commanding the Regiment, quiet, cool and brave, took in the situation at a glance, and, without the least excitement, or confusion, or haste, issued his orders to the Ninety-Second as cool, quiet, and brave as their competent and gallant Lieutenant Colonel, and leaving Compa-

nies K and A engaged with the Rebel skirmish line on the farther side of the town, to hold them, he formed his Regiment for a charge upon and through the Rebel line of battle that had been formed in his rear. Every man in the Regiment appeared to be conscious that the only way to escape was to desperately assault the Rebel line, and cut a hole in it. Coolly the Regiment rode forward to the charge! The Rebel line of battle stretched far off to the right and left, and the Rebels, confident of bagging the Regiment, very coolly awaited the approach of the comparatively little squad of the Ninety-Second, until, within close range, when the Rebels demanded a halt and surrender, and were answered by every man in the Regiment pumping into them the eight Spencer bullets in his trusty repeating rifle; and then, clubbing their guns, with a wild shout the heroic Regiment dashed onto the Rebels, the men wielding their heavy rifles, as stalwart Indians wield their battle-clubs, knocking down and killing the gray-coats in their way. It was a desperate charge, and desperately the Ninety-Second men fought, face to face, and hand to hand.

“ Was there man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the *two* hundred.”

The men had read the story of the horrible sufferings of the Union prisoners in the Andersonville prison pens; they had seen the men of the Ninety-Second, who, surrounded and overwhelmed by the Rebels at Nickojack, had surrendered, and had been inhumanly murdered by their inhuman captors; they knew that our men captured by Wade Hampton's troops had been stripped of clothing, and had their throats cut by the roadside; and, while die they might, and some of them must, yet, the Ninety-Second, while there were three men left to stand by one another, would not surrender. Enveloped by the huge mass of Rebel cavalry surrounding them, and mixed up helter-skelter, gray-coats and blue-coats, in a confused and jumbled crowd, they pressed on to the Brigade, and soon saw the Stars and Stripes floating over the immovable line of battle formed by the Ninth Ohio and Ninth Michigan Cavalry, that gave new courage to the Ninety-Second

men; but those regiments could not fire a shot, so mixed up were the soldiers of the Ninety-Second and the Rebels—each claiming the other prisoner; and on they pressed, close up to the Brigade line of battle, when the Rebels began halting and retreating; then the Brigade bugle rang out clearly, and, with a yell, the Ninth Ohio and one battalion of the Ninth Michigan gallantly began the charge, the men of the Ninety-Second wheeling and charging with them back again toward the town of Aiken. The charge of the Ninth Ohio and Ninth Michigan, with the Ninety-Second, was so quick and prompt when the Ninety-Second broke through the Rebel line, that the Rebels were taken by surprise, and, in confusion and disorder, rapidly gave the road to the steady line that went forward toward and into the town of Aiken, relieving the two companies of the Ninety-Second, Companies A and K, left on picket; and, before the Rebel cavalry could reform, the three regiments had again withdrawn from the town, as they had been ordered to do, bringing out the wounded. Twenty-six were killed and wounded in the Ninety-Second, the loss not being so heavy in any one of the other regiments of the Brigade. The enemy buried eighty of his slain in Aiken. The Rebels had seven divisions of cavalry,—and were supported by Cheatham's division of Rebel infantry,—had laid a well-planned trap, and the Ninety-Second had been sent into it; but with courage born of many victorious battles, the Regiment extricated itself from the toils of the enemy, and turned into glorious victory what would have been an honorable surrender, had the Regiment been willing to have surrendered upon any terms. But the Brigade was yet nearly eight miles from camp, where the balance of the Division lay behind their rail barricades, and seven divisions of Rebel cavalry, baffled and defeated at Aiken, came thundering down upon the four little regiments, the Ninety-Second, the Ninth and Tenth Ohio, and Ninth Michigan, and the eight miles back to camp was a battlefield all the way. The Tenth Ohio, a regiment that had long belonged to General Atkins's Brigade, and that made so handsome a charge at Bear Creek Station, in the very commencement of the march from Atlanta to Savannah, and the gallant Ninth Ohio, commanded by the brave and competent Hamilton, were sent to the rear in column, on the road, building barricades at suitable points as they marched; while the Ninety-Second, under Lieutenant Colonel Van Buskirk, who ought to have been promoted to Brigadier General for his gallant and cool management of his little command at Aiken, moved back in line of battle on the right

of the road, and the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, armed with Spencer Repeating Carbines, commanded by Colonel George S. Acker, a cool, confident and brave cavalry soldier, moved back in line of battle on the left of the road. Time and time again, the Rebels, in overwhelming force, charged the two regiments, who always met them coolly, with murderous volleys from their Spencer Rifles and Carbines, the two regiments together, many times, not only repulsing the enemy's charge, but charging and routing them in turn. And so the little Brigade fell back, repulsing every assault of the enemy, and giving him no time to envelop the flanks, or reach the road in rear. When Pole Cat Pond was reached, the Brigade was dismounted, and took up position behind the rail barricades. The enemy felt the lines with his dismounted skirmishers, but, even with his overwhelming numbers, made no assault. While the Brigade lay resting, with arms stacked, behind the barricades, Kilpatrick rode out to the line of battle, and wanted to know why the men were not in line, and was told there was no need of it; they lay resting close by their arms, and if an assault was made, could spring to arms instantly; but that Wheeler never would assault a rail barricade after his repulse, near Buckhead Creek, on the Georgia campaign. True it is, that neither Wheeler nor Hampton ever assaulted a rail barricade after that memorable defeat; and they did not assault that, after they had once seen it. Wheeler and Hampton had seven divisions, but they dared not assault Kilpatrick in his own chosen position, behind barricades. Kilpatrick, a brave and dashing cavalry soldier, was as generous as he was brave and dashing, and personally complimented and thanked General Atkins for his disobedience to his order in holding his line of battle with his Brigade, near Aiken, and aiding the Ninety-Second, and was profuse in his praises of the gallantry of the Regiment.

During the twelfth of February, the Ninety-Second lay behind the barricades, with the Division, at Pole Cat Pond, sending out scouting parties toward Aiken, and finding the enemy's picket a half mile beyond our own. The infantry came up to within five miles of the cavalry, and spent the day in effectually destroying the railroad. On the thirteenth, the infantry marched toward the South Edisto; and at noon, Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division pulled out, and camped at night, close by the infantry, at Davis's Mills, on the South Edisto River, the enemy not following. The Ninety-Second men were disappointed, in not visiting Aiken again. They would have liked to have occupied that town for a

few hours; they would have gone into the houses without any smiling invitations from the Secesh ladies; and when they had marched out of the town, no houses would have been left. Marched at daylight, on the fourteenth, twenty miles, to the South Edisto River. Reveille sounded, at two o'clock, on the morning of February fifteenth; but the enemy had cut a dam above the place where the cavalry was to cross the river, flooding the whole country; and the Division did not march until seven A. M., burning everything in the country as it marched along. A brigade of Wheeler's Rebel cavalry was reported to be marching on the same road ahead of us, and the balance of the Rebel cavalry on a parallel road to our left, while the Fourteenth Army Corps was marching in the same direction, on the first parallel road to our right. Camped that night within twenty miles of Columbia. The country was a dense pine forest, and forage for animals and rations for men very hard to obtain. Marched at seven A. M., on the sixteenth, to Lexington, South Carolina, twelve miles, and camped early; drew one day's rations from the wagon train, the first since leaving Sisters' Ferry. During the night, our picket was attacked, and the Division was in line of battle at daylight, but no attack came in force. Marched at nine A. M., leaving the town of Lexington in flames, and crossed the Saluda River, on the infantry pontoons, at Saluda Factory; drew two days' rations from the wagon train. Marched at eight A. M., on the eighteenth, to Alston, and attempted to save the large covered bridge across Broad River; but the enemy had saturated the bridge with turpentine, and fired it on our approach. The country was poor, and had been passed over the day previous by Cheatham's division of infantry from Aiken, and Wheeler and Hampton's cavalry. Marched at sundown, on February nineteenth; but the roads were so filled with the infantry wagon trains that only four miles had been made at four A. M., when the command bivouaced for two hours' rest. Started again, at six A. M., and was three hours in marching three miles, to the pontoons over Broad River; crossed on the pontoons, and marched five miles, and halted one hour to feed animals; and then marched through Montecello, already on fire when the Ninety-Second passed through the town, and camped at White Oak Station, on the railroad. The country was full of provisions and forage, and many excellent horses and mules were found. George Fox, of Company I, was missing at roll call. Nine of the soldiers belonging to General Kilpatrick's Division were captured by Wade

Hampton's men; and the fiends cut the throats of the Yankee prisoners, and pinned upon them papers marked, "No quarter for foragers." South Carolina valor was equal to the task of burying torpedoes in the country roads; and South Carolina valor was equal to the cool and deliberate butchery of prisoners, disarmed and helpless in their hands. General Kilpatrick threatened retaliation, in a communication to General Wheeler, of the Rebel cavalry; and Wheeler replied, denying all knowledge of it, and promising to investigate it, and have the guilty punished—but no one has ever heard of any investigation or punishment. The Division marched at sunrise, on the twenty-second, the Ninety-Second leading, to Blackstock Station, fed animals, and erected barricades. The infantry came up and completely destroyed the railroad. Countermarched two miles, and turned square east, and marched seven miles, and camped for night. Marched at daylight, on the twenty-third, to Gladden's Grove, through a continuous rain-storm, and, at dark, started for the pontoons over the Catawba River, at Rocky Mount. The roads were so bad, and the night so intensely dark, the rain pouring in torrents, that the crossing of the river was not effected until after daylight; marched out into the country in advance of the infantry, and the weary soldiers, up all night in the pouring rain, lay down in the mud and water to rest. Men and animals were completely exhausted. Two Union officers, almost naked, and gaunt with hunger, who had escaped, after having been twenty-two months in a Rebel prison pen, hailed our advance from the bushes by the roadside, and were warmly welcomed by our troops. The prisoners were wild with joy, at feeling themselves safe within the lines of the Union army once more. Marched at noon, on the twenty-fourth, eight miles, toward Lancaster, the roads almost impassable, and the rain still pouring down. Plenty of forage was found, and the command camped at dark. At daylight, on the twenty-fifth, marched five miles to Lancaster, without breakfast, the rain being so heavy and continuous that fires could not be built to cook by. At Lancaster, the command went into camp. Again all the extra horses in the command were killed. Camped at Lancaster, the rain continuing. On Sunday, February twenty-sixth, lay in camp at Lancaster, picketing Camp Creek, five miles out, on the Charlotte Road, the enemy picketing the other side of the creek. Many animals were captured by our scouting parties. General Atkins had his head-quarters at the residence of Dr. Wylie, and, learning that the Doctor contemplated a visit to the Union pris-

oners held by the Rebels, he gathered up a quantity of Confederate money, from the Union soldiers who had escaped from the Rebel prisons, and sent it, by Dr. Wylie, to the Union soldiers still remaining in the hands of the enemy, taking the following receipt from Dr. Wylie:

"HEAD-QUARTERS 2D BRIG. CAV. COM'D, }
Lancaster, S. C., Feb. 26th, 1865. }

"Rec'd of Bvt. Brig. Gen'l Smith D. Atkins, U. S. Vols., Eleven Thousand Two Hundred and Eighty-Two Dollars, (\$11,282) in Confederate Currency, which I agree to use my efforts to have conveyed to the U. S. prisoners of war at Charlotte, N. C., or wherever they may be, it being money sent to them by prisoners of the U. S. A., who have escaped from confinement, and are now within the lines of Sherman's army.

"R. E. WYLIE, M. D."

Lay in camp all day the twenty-seventh, at Lancaster, the cold rain pouring down steadily. General Kilpatrick sent a flag of truce to Wheeler, at Camp Creek, and he and Wheeler met, and made an informal arrangement to exchange prisoners that each might capture. The next morning, Kilpatrick sent a squad of the gray-coats to Wheeler, with all their clothing and private property, and Wheeler returned twenty-two of our men, who had been stripped bare of everything. It was a sad sight to see them marching into Lancaster, in the cold February storm, barefooted, hatless, coatless, pantless, and many with nothing but undershirt and drawers. They did not remain naked long. Kilpatrick ordered them clothed by the citizens, and they were so clothed; and then they were a funny looking lot of soldiers, in citizens' clothing; some with black broadcloth spike-tailed coats and plug hats! At two P. M., the command left Lancaster, and camped after dark in the woods, at Gill's Creek Church, where the Regiment remained on picket the next day. The command moved early, on the second of March, crossed Lynche's Creek, and camped near the infantry.

Marched at daylight, on the third of March; roads very bad; skirmishing in front and rear of the Division; marched eighteen miles, and camped eight miles from Wadesboro. Ordered to march at daylight, on the fourth, but order was countermanded after the command was saddled up. A strong scouting party of the Ninth Michigan Cavalry was sent toward Wadesboro, taking with them sky-rockets, to be used as signals at night. News was

received of the capture of Cheraw by the Yanks. At noon the enemy made a furious attack, very suddenly, upon the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, and drove that regiment out of its camp. The Ninth Michigan and Ninety-Second, with their Spencer Carbines and Rifles, repulsed the enemy, and held the cross-roads until the First brigade, that had camped several miles in the rear, had come up and passed through Atkins's Brigade, when the column continued its march, the Ninety-Second covering the rear, and fighting all the way with the Rebel cavalry under Wheeler and Hampton. Camped at dark, the Division of Kilpatrick's Cavalry building circular barricades all around the Division. The enemy drove in our pickets before dark, and by ten o'clock at night were encircling the entire Division, being in front of our barricades on all sides. The Rebel artillery was brought up, and opened on the house in which Kilpatrick had his head-quarters; but the Yankee artillery soon silenced the Rebel battery. Wheeler and Hampton had a very much larger force than Kilpatrick; and, with our pickets driven in before dark, and the enemy encircling our barricaded position, it looked like a battle at daylight, or before, and the men lay behind the barricade resting on their arms. Kilpatrick was furnished with sky-rockets, that, when high in air, would burst, giving different colored lights. Had the infantry columns been near enough, they might have been signaled with the rockets; but they were not near. Kilpatrick commanded the officer in charge of his fireworks to send up a lot of rockets; and, when the officer desired to know what information or message he wished to communicate, Kilpatrick told him he wanted to scare the Rebel cavalry; to just send up lots of rockets of all colors, and have a regular Fourth of July display. Up the rockets went, a white one, then a blue one, then a red one, then two blue ones, and so on, until an answer came to them from the rear of the Rebel cavalry. We knew what it meant; it was the scouting party from the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, of Atkins's Brigade, that had been sent toward Wadesboro, and whom we had supposed to be cut off. But the enemy didn't know what it meant. Rockets in front of them, and rockets behind them—it might mean a trap for them. In a little while we could distinctly hear them withdrawing their troops who encircled our position. The fertile genius of Kilpatrick had helped him to avoid a battle, by his regular Fourth of July display of fireworks, so luckily and opportunely answered by the Ninth Michigan scouting party. Marched at daylight, three miles; when the Ninth Michigan scouting party

came in, and the Division waited an hour, but the Rebel cavalry did not come up; marched seven miles, toward the Great Pedee River, and camped, with plenty of forage and provisions in the country for the animals and troops. Marched at nine P. M., March fifth, seven miles, to Great Pedee River, and stood all night in column waiting for an opportunity to cross the pontoons, and until ten o'clock in the forenoon of March sixth, when an order came to unsaddle and groom horses and saddle up again; and there the column stood until dark, when it commenced crossing the pontoons. The river was broad and swift, and there not being pontoon boats sufficient to reach across the river, the army wagon boxes were covered under the bottom and sides with the cotton cloth wagon covers, and used as pontoon boats, there being in the bridge across the Great Pedee forty-two wagon-box pontoons. The column camped late at night, seven miles from the Great Pedee. Marched at daylight, on the seventh of March, and, at noon, drove a squad of Rebel cavalry out of Rockingham, and camped. Marched at seven A. M., on the eighth, in a northerly direction from Rockingham, and was soon floundering in a labyrinth of swamps. The artillery was dragged along by the men with ropes, sometimes arm-pit deep in the mud and water. During the day the advance and rear were skirmishing with the Rebel cavalry, and frequent attacks were made by the enemy on our flanks. The enemy was not in heavy force; but, scattered out as the command was, floundering through the mud, the enemy had a good chance to annoy the column, and did so; but was always met with as good as he sent. The column camped after dark, and skirmished all night with the enemy, who appeared to be all around the command. The Ninety-Second men slept on their arms, ready for instant action.

Marched at eight A. M., on the ninth of March, Spencer's brigade leading, Atkins next, and Jordan in rear. The roads were in an almost impassable condition. Just before dark, General Kilpatrick, waiting at a cross-roads until Atkins came up, directed Atkins's Brigade to camp at a cross-roads farther on, while Spencer's Brigade camped at another cross-roads to the right, and Jordan's at another cross-roads in rear, the three brigades encamped forming a triangle, General Kilpatrick camping with Spencer, on the Fayetteville road. Before the head of Atkins's Brigade reached the designated camping ground, long lines of fires were observed in the woods. The Ninety-Second was in the advance; the column was halted, and the position silently recon-

noitered. A squad on foot approached the house Atkins had been directed to occupy as his head-quarters, at the cross-roads, and found the Rebel cavalry surrounding it. To be perfectly certain, Sergeant Bashaw and two men went inside of the Rebel lines, and learned that General Hampton had his head-quarters at the house, and the Rebel cavalry was going into camp all around it. The road on which the Ninety-Second approached the Rebel camp had not yet been picketed by the enemy; but the Rebel picket was preparing to come out and picket that road. The Ninety-Second men were ordered to hold their fire, and let the Rebel picket pass up the road unmolested; but the Rebels discovered the Regiment, and fired, and the Ninety-Second sent a volley from their Spencers into the Rebel picket, which quickly retreated. The Rebel bugles, blowing "boot and saddle," made the woods echo and ring with their bugle notes. Leaving the Ninety-Second to hold the road, the Brigade turned around, with its trains and ambulances, and marched back to the cross-roads where General Kilpatrick had left it, and gone to join Spencer's brigade, toward Fayetteville. The Rebels made a strong attack upon the Ninety-Second, but were repulsed.

The Brigade then followed after Kilpatrick, hoping to make a junction with him. The flankers on the left found that the Rebel cavalry was marching toward Fayetteville on a parallel road, not more than half a mile distant, and the Brigade pushed on rapidly to reach the cross-roads ahead of the Rebel column, if possible. The cross-roads were reached, where it was expected Spencer would be found encamped, but his brigade had gone on beyond the cross-roads, toward Fayetteville. Atkins's Brigade pushed on toward Fayetteville, and, when a mile farther advanced on that road, a Rebel officer came riding back, cursing the column for not hurrying up—he was taken prisoner, and proved to be a staff officer on the Rebel General Wheeler's staff. Three divisions of Rebel cavalry were already on the road ahead of Atkins's Brigade, and between it and Spencer's; and, following on the same road, were four divisions more of Rebel cavalry, and to hurry them up the captured Rebel officer was riding to the rear, and, in the darkness, had mistaken Atkins's column for a column of Rebels. We had just filled the gap in the Rebel column. Wheeler, with three divisions of Rebel cavalry, was just ahead of us, on that same road, and Hampton, with four divisions of Rebel cavalry, was closing up in the rear of us. A section of artillery was planted at the cross-roads, and the Ninth Michigan Cavalry was dis-

mounted, with orders to hold the road; and the column again turned around. The Ninety-Second, left holding the rear, was attacked, but held the enemy at bay. The Brigade, pressing in a frightened lady as a guide, withdrew from the road, on a blind road running to another Fayetteville road farther south. The artillery and Ninth Michigan were withdrawn; and the Ninety-Second, still acting as rear guard, the Brigade pushed hard, hoping to pass around the Rebels, and join Kilpatrick before daylight. Just before daylight, a stream was reached that had to be bridged; and a bridge was constructed of pine trees and rails, so long as to require the length of several pine trees as stringers. A report came that the enemy, in strong force, was following; and the Ninety-Second built barricades, on the hill near the creek, to hold the rear. The building of the bridge went rapidly forward. An old road led through the swamp and stream, that had, at one time, been corduroyed with pine poles, covered with sand, to keep them upon the bottom; but the road had been many years unused, and, in many places, the corduroy had been washed out. Not a wheel could be taken across without a bridge. Forty pioneers, with axes, were set at work, cutting down the tall pine trees that grew close by. Five hundred men were sent to bring rails for flooring. One hundred men were sent to an old straw stack, to bring straw to cover over the loose rails, so that they would not roll and break as the animals trod upon them. Some of the trees were immediately cut into eight foot lengths, and split, and with them two hundred men waded into the stream, and built six piers, corn-cob-house fashion, the men holding the timbers down under the water, as placed, until the piers rose above the water, and, the men still holding them, the heavy pine trees for stringers, notched so that they would not roll, were placed upon the piers—the men still holding and steadying the piers, the loose rails were laid thickly upon the stringers, forming the floor, and over the rails spread thickly the loose straw. In less than an hour, the long bridge was completed; and the cavalry, ambulances loaded with wounded men, wagon trains, ammunition trains, and artillery were safely over; and then the men holding the piers and steadying the bridge, leaped into the water on the upper side, and pushed the bridge over, and floating off down stream went the dry rails, and straw, and cob-house piers; and just as the first streaks of light appeared, as the bridge floated off down stream, the roar of artillery and musketry on our left told us that the Rebel cavalry had struck Spencer's

brigade. Atkins's Brigade pushed on through labyrinths of swamps, almost impassable, and, at last, reached the other Fayetteville road, where the result of the Rebel attack on Spencer's brigade was learned, and the fact that the fight was over, and the Rebels repulsed, authenticated, when the Brigade halted and fed animals. Near noon, Jordan's brigade came up. Spencer's brigade, in the afternoon, also withdrew to the road Atkins's Brigade was then on, and the Division was all together again. The following is General Kilpatrick's official report:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, CAVALRY COMMAND,)
In the Field, March 11, 1865. }

"MAJOR DAYTON:

"*Major:* You will remember that I stated in my last communication, from Solemn Grove, that Hardee was marching rapidly for Fayetteville, but that Hampton and Wheeler were still in the rear, and that I would endeavor to cut them off. The information was correct. Hampton, however, was found moving upon two roads—the Morgantown Road, and a road three miles farther to the north, and parallel to it, just south and east of Solemn Grove. I posted upon each road a brigade of cavalry, and, learning that there was a road still farther north, upon which some of the enemy's troops might move, I made a rapid night's march, with Colonel Spencer's little brigade of three regiments, and four hundred dismounted men, and one section of artillery, and took post at the point where the road last mentioned intersects the Morgantown Road. During the forepart of the evening, I left General Atkins, and joined Colonel Spencer with my staff, and actually rode through one of General Hampton's divisions of cavalry, which, by eleven P. M., had flanked General Atkins, and was then encamped within three miles of Colonel Spencer. My escort, of fifteen men, and one officer were captured, but I escaped with my staff.

"General Atkins and Colonel Jordan discovered, about nine P. M., that while the enemy was amusing them in front, Hampton was posting with his main force on a road to Atkins's right. These officers at once pulled out, and made every effort to join me before daylight, but failed to do so, owing to bad roads and the almost incessant skirmishing with the enemy, who was marching, and, at some points, not a mile distant. Hampton had marched all day, and rested his men about three miles from Colonel Jordan's position, at two A. M., and just before daylight charged my

position with three divisions of cavalry—Hume's, Allen's and Butler's.

"Hampton led the center division, Butler's, and in less than a minute had driven back my men, taken possession of my headquarters, captured my Aids, and the whole command was flying before the most formidable cavalry charge I ever have witnessed; Colonel Spencer, and a large portion of my staff, were virtually taken prisoners. On foot, I succeeded in gaining the cavalry command, a few hundred yards in the rear, and found the men fighting with the Rebels for their camp and animals, and they were soon finally forced back some five hundred yards farther, to a swamp, impassable to friend or foe.

"The enemy, eager for plunder, failed to promptly follow us up. We rallied, and at once advanced on the foe. We retook the cavalry camp, and, encouraged by our success, charged the enemy, who were endeavoring to harness up my battery horses, and plundering my head-quarters. We retook the artillery, turned it upon the forces about my head-quarters, not twenty steps distant, and finally forced him out of my camp, with great slaughter."

To this official report of General Kilpatrick, we can add that, Dr. Clinton Helm, of the Ninety-Second, Acting Medical Director of the Cavalry, was one among several Union officers who were sleeping in the second story of the house occupied by General Kilpatrick as his head-quarters; and, after the enemy had captured the camp of Spencer's brigade, and were swarming around the house, they were about to descend and surrender, when they heard a Rebel soldier, who had been stationed as a guard at the house, order another Rebel soldier, who came into the house, and had to go up stairs to go out of the house, the guard saying that General Hampton had taken that house as his head-quarters, and had ordered that nothing in it be disturbed. The Union officers kept still, and waited for something to turn up. From the windows, they could plainly see the Rebels plundering the camps. At Savannah, four hundred dismounted men had turned over their carbines, and drawn Springfield muskets, with bayonets, and, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Stough, of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, of Atkins's Brigade, were marching with the cavalry wagon trains. Lieutenant Colonel Stough was a brave and cool officer; he had camped his dismounted men beyond the swamp mentioned by Kilpatrick in his report; and when the Rebels made the attack, Colonel Stough formed his men, and marched them toward the house occupied by Kilpatrick as head-

quarters; and when the Rebels saw that column of dismounted men, under Colonel Stough, with their long Springfield muskets and bright bayonets gleaming in the morning sunlight, they mistook it for the Fourteenth corps of infantry, and, setting up the cry, plainly heard by the Union officers in the second story of the house, "The Fourteenth corps! the Fourteenth corps!!" the Rebels hastily beat a retreat. The Rebels knew that the Fourteenth corps of Sherman's army was marching on a road to the right, and supposed that Colonel Stough's advancing column of dismounted men was a portion of the Fourteenth corps that was approaching. Colonel Stough deserves great praise for his coolness and good sense, in displaying his little command so opportunely, and the cavalry under Kilpatrick deserve high praise, for taking advantage of the panic among the Rebels, occasioned by Colonel Stough, and joining with him, and retaking their camps. Colonel Spencer was among the officers in the second story of the house, and saw the soldiers of his little brigade scattered, and saw them again rally and retake their camps, and release from his singular position their Brigade Commander. Sergeant T. M. Hawk, of Company C, who was Division Ordnance Sergeant, assisted the gallant Stetson in firing the first shot at the enemy from the retaken Union artillery. It was said that the enemy's loss was severe, he having left upon the field one General officer, two Colonels, and over one hundred men killed, and a large number of his wounded. Near sundown, on the tenth of March, the Cavalry Division under Kilpatrick marched toward Fayetteville, the Rebels attacking the left flank frequently during the night's march; they appeared to be small parties of the enemy, who would approach the road the column was marching on, and fire into it, and retreat. The column bivouaced about midnight, and marched early, on the eleventh, to within one mile of Fayetteville, and then marched out on the Raleigh Road, and camped. The enemy had burned the bridge across the Cape Fear River, at Fayetteville, and pontoons had to be laid by the infantry columns. The Ninety-Second lay in camp near Fayetteville, on the twelfth; the country was poor, and forage for animals scarce. A tug-boat came up from Wilmington, bringing the mails. Drew one day's rations, on the thirteenth, and the Regiment lay in camp, most of the men writing letters to send home, by the tug-boat, down the Cape Fear River to Wilmington. Beautiful day on the fourteenth of March; lay in camp, and drew two days' rations of hard-tack.

On March fifteenth, 1865, the Ninety-Second broke camp, at

half past twelve in the morning, and moved out with the Brigade and Division, and marched down through Fayetteville, reaching Cape Fear River, and crossing the pontoon just after daylight. The Division, Atkins's Brigade leading, pushed rapidly up the Cape Fear River toward Raleigh. When within a few miles of Averysboro, the advance struck the enemy in considerable force. Colonel Acker, of the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, in the advance, dismounted his regiment, and drove the enemy over a swamp, and reported that he was fighting infantry, whose skirmish line was much longer than his regiment. General Atkins sent scouts out to the Cape Fear River, to learn if the enemy's line of battle rested on the river. The scouts found that the enemy's line did not extend to the river; the scouts passed around the Rebel line of battle, and behind it; and, seeing an officer on horseback, some distance in rear of the enemy's line, the scouts, dressed in butter-nut clothing, rode up to the officer, who mistook them for some of his own mounted troops, and began cursing because the Rebel cavalry did not hurry up and pass the point he was guarding, when the scouts quietly informed him that they belonged to Kilpatrick's cavalry, and that, if he wished to save his life, he must quietly move along with them; and they brought him around the flank of his own skirmish line to General Atkins. The Rebel officer proved to be Colonel Barnwell Rhett, of the First South Carolina heavy artillery, who, with his regiment, had garrisoned Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, until Sherman's movements had dictated its evacuation. It was his regiment of heavy artillery, armed with muskets, that Acker was fighting. In our immediate front was the Rebel infantry. Information was sent at once to General Kilpatrick, in rear of the column, and he was soon at the head of his Division. We quote the following from a book published in New York, by W. J. Widdleton, in 1865:

"The Ninth Michigan soon became hotly engaged with the enemy, and, by splendid fighting, held him in check until Kilpatrick had taken up a strong position, dismounted, with his flanks resting upon the ravine, and his front fortified with rails, brush and timber. Meanwhile, Aide after Aide had been dispatched to General Sherman, six miles in the rear, for infantry reinforcements. The enemy, having deployed his lines, finally advanced, driving the Ninth Michigan Cavalry back into the woods. But now, the rapid and destructive fire from Captain Bebee's artillery, soon forced him to halt, and, finally, to fall back under cover of a ravine a thousand yards distant. It was now

dark, and our troops rested upon their arms. During the night, a brigade of infantry came up, and, with his cavalry and this force, General Kilpatrick moved forward in line of battle at daylight, the infantry having the centre, a strong force of cavalry, under Colonels Jones and Spencer, moving upon either flank, while the artillery, and a majority of the cavalry, under General Atkins, held the rear. Kilpatrick had not moved a mile from out his works, when the pickets of the enemy were encountered, and driven in, and in a few minutes his whole skirmish line became engaged, telling him that he had met the enemy in force. He extended his lines upon the right and left, and soon forced the enemy in upon his line of battle, and drawing the fire of his artillery.

"The enemy, believing that cavalry alone was making the attack, took the offensive, and moved from right to left, and rapidly bore down upon the cavalry under Colonel Jones, who held the right. This movement was discovered in sufficient time to reinforce the right, and Colonel Jordan, with his cavalry brigade, reached the point threatened before the attack was made, and, with Colonel Jones, and his command, dismounted, handsomely repulsed three determined charges, and finally forced the enemy back and into his line of works.

"In the meantime, Kilpatrick had thoroughly reconnoitered the entire position, and had sent for, and received, a second brigade of infantry, which was pushed in upon our left, with instructions to carry the enemy's works upon his right. While this was being done, the enemy again moved out of his works, and furiously attacked the cavalry on the right. General Atkins was now brought up, and pushed in to the assistance of Colonel Jordan. At this moment the shout of the infantry, upon the left, as they rushed forward to storm the enemy's works, was heard. A general advance was at once ordered, and the enemy was driven back at all points, over and out of his first line of works, with the loss of three pieces of artillery, and many prisoners. The Twentieth corps, under General Williams, had, in the meantime, come up, as well as a portion of the Fourteenth, General Davis, and under the personal direction of Major General Slocum, commanding the left wing, was sent forward into position, and steadily pressed the enemy back, until late in the night, when, under cover of the darkness, he retreated toward Raleigh.

"In this engagement (16th of March) the cavalry fought side by side with our infantry, mounted and dismounted, and behaved

most gallantly. Charge after charge of the enemy's infantry was repulsed, and Colonel Jones, of the Eighth Indiana Cavalry, actually rode over the enemy's works, losing one-third of his entire command. Our cavalry, on this day, won the admiration of the entire army.

"During the night Kilpatrick withdrew his command, crossed Black River, and moved off upon the Smithfield Road, to the left and front of the main army, now moving on Goldsboro. The following day, Lieutenant General Johnston evacuated Goldsboro, and massed his forces at the little town of Bentonsville, on Mill Creek, midway between Raleigh and Goldsboro, and there, behind strong intrenchments, resolved to dispute the further advance of Sherman's victorious columns."

It was General Sherman's order that the cavalry should not interfere with the march of the infantry columns, the infantry always having the right to the road; on the evening of the seventeenth, Atkins's Brigade, having to cross a road filled with a corps of infantry marching, the Brigade was closed up in mass in column of regiments, and, throwing down the fences on both sides of the road, the Brigade awaited a break in the infantry column, when, taking advantage of such a break, the Brigade moved, in mass, across the road, without interrupting the march of the infantry column. The command camped near a mill filled with corn, from which the Rebels were driven, and the corn used as forage for the animals. The command marched at seven A. M., on the eighteenth. About noon one regiment passed over a difficult swamp, and was followed by a section of artillery, that was considerably behind the regiment after crossing the swamp, and the enemy made a dash from the flank, and temporarily captured the artillery. It was immediately retaken, and the enemy driven off. After the command had camped, at night, two men were shot while foraging, and the enemy appeared to be all around the command. Marched early, on the morning of the nineteenth, in rear of the infantry. The Fourteenth Army Corps was attacked furiously near Bentonsville, by troops under Johnston, and the army was deployed, the Ninety-Second, with the Division and Brigade, closing up on the left of Slocum's army, being on the left of Williams's corps, heavily barricaded. Lay in camp on the twentieth, in fortified position, on the left of Williams's corps. There was considerable fighting, by the infantry, Johnston attacking. On the twenty-first, the Brigade changed position a little, erecting new barricades, still holding the extreme left of the army.

During the night, the Twentieth Army Corps was moved to the right of the army, General Atkins's Brigade holding the Corps front. All of the Ninety-Second Illinois and Ninth Michigan Cavalry were dismounted, and deployed as skirmishers in front of the empty rifle pits of Williams's corps. At daylight, the skirmishers pushed out, and soon discovered that there was no enemy in front of the Brigade, and it mounted and pushed rapidly toward Bentonsville, capturing nearly all of the First Regiment South Carolina Heavy Artillery, that had been left on picket near Bentonsville, and, instead of fighting, stacked arms and surrendered. The Tenth Ohio Cavalry, of General Atkins's Brigade, went into, and beyond, the town of Bentonsville, to Mill Creek; the enemy having destroyed the bridge across the creek, the pursuit here ended. The enemy had withdrawn in great haste, leaving his dead unburied, and his wounded uncared for. The day was spent in caring for the wounded and burying the dead. Marched at sunrise, on the twenty-third, and camped within one mile of the village of Clinton, forage plenty, and plenty for the men to eat. Lay in camp near Clinton on the twenty-fourth, sending out heavy scouting parties, and details for forage and provisions. On this day the following orders were received and read to the men:

“ MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
In the Field, March 22, 1865. }

“ SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS, }
No. 35. }

“The General commanding announces to this army, that it beat, on its chosen ground, the concentrated armies of our enemy, who has fled in disorder, leaving his dead, wounded, and prisoners in our hands, and burning his bridges on his retreat.

“ On the same day, Major General Schofield, from Newburn, entered and occupied Goldsboro, and Major General Terry, from Wilmington, secured Cox's Bridge crossing, and laid a pontoon bridge, so that our campaign has resulted in a glorious success, after a march of the most extraordinary character, near five hundred miles, over swamps and rivers deemed impassable to others, at the most inclement season of the year, and drawing our chiet supplies from a poor and wasted country.

“ I thank the army, and assure it that our Government and people honor them for this new display of physical and moral qualities, which reflect honor upon the whole nation.

"You shall now have rest, and the supplies that can be brought from the rich granaries and storehouses of our magnificent country, before again embarking on new and untried dangers.

W. T. SHERMAN,

"Major General Commanding."

"Brevet Major General J. KILPATRICK."

The following congratulatory circular letter was received from General Kilpatrick:

"HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY COMMAND, }
In the Field, March 22, 1865. }

"(CIRCULAR):

"The campaign is over, and we are promised rest. Our depot will be at Mount Olive, and a railroad shall be at the disposal of officers and men. Every liberty shall be granted consistent with the best interests of our cause, for which I feel in my heart the invincible soldiers of my command have done so much. This day I met our great Chief on the field of battle, amid the dead and dying of our enemy, who has again fled before our proud, advancing banners, and my ears were made to tingle with the grateful words of praise, spoken in admiration of the cavalry.

"Soldiers, be proud! Of all the brave men of this army, you have a right to be. You have won the admiration of our infantry, fighting on foot, and mounted, and you will receive the outspoken words of praise from the great Sherman himself.

"He appreciates and will reward your patient endurance of hardships, gallant deeds, and valuable services.

"With the old laurels of Georgia, entwine those won in the Carolinas, and proudly wear them!

"General Sherman is satisfied with his cavalry."

"By command of Brevet Major General KILPATRICK.

"(Signed)

L. G. ESTES,

"Major and A. A. G."

We again quote from the book published by Widdleton: "The wounded and sick in this famous campaign were attended with all the surgical and medical skill necessary; and it may be truly said that the Medical Director, Dr. Helm, (Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers) and all the medical officers, promptly, and in the face of dangers, responded to every call of duty. But, in a long and wearisome march, ambulances, broken down or stuck in the mud, often had to be abandoned. Of all the officers in this campaign, the medical officers were not the least painfully taxed; and

the skill, humanity, and promptness with which their duties were executed, are worthy of the highest praise.

"These men, in toil, danger and battle, did their duty. To have been of, and with them, is the writer's pride. A grateful nation will never forget them. Their ranks are thinned; many rest in the quiet of the grave. But the services rendered the Nation are worthy of imitation by all posterity; and, long as the Republic lasts, their memories will continue to exist. How freely they offered their lives a sacrifice at the altar of their country! How gladly, on the most sanguinary fields of the Rebellion, they met the enemy, will be told in terms of eulogy by historians and poets in future generations."

On the twenty-sixth of March, the Brigade moved to Faison's, and camped, still living upon the country. On the twenty-seventh, large mails were received from home. On the twenty-eighth, just as the command was nicely fixed in camp, at two P. M., "boot and saddle" was sounded, and the Brigade moved ten miles toward Mount Olive, leaving huge piles of accumulated forage and rations at Faison's. Lieutenant Sutton, of Company C, returned from a scout, with some fine horses, and a lot of jolly darkies. On the twenty-ninth, marched to Mount Olive, and camped, and drew clothing. The command remained at Mount Olive until April tenth. On the third of April, General Atkins was serenaded, and called on for a speech, and he predicted that the war would end within ninety days. On April ninth, the following dispatch, from General Grant to General Sherman, was read at dress parade:

" BURKESVILLE JUNCTION, VA., }
April 6, 1865. }

" To Major General SHERMAN:

" SIR: I am pressing Lee, and his men are deserting by thousands, and going to their homes. Press Johnston hard, and let us end the war at once. By order of

* LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT.

" J. A. RAWLINGS,

" Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff."

At daylight, on the morning of April tenth, 1865, the Ninety-Second was again in the saddle, the whole army in motion, and all anxious to "press Johnston hard and end the war at once." It was the object of the cavalry, by rapid marching, to reach the road between Smithfield and Raleigh, and cut off some portion of

Johnston's army, which, it was predicted, would not give battle, but retreat toward Raleigh. The Cavalry Division marched about thirty miles, over the same roads the army had marched on before, and camped after dark, near Bentonsville. The country was desolate, the inhabitants nearly all gone from home, and hardly a sign of life was seen. Marched at seven A. M., on the eleventh, toward Smithfield, and camped about eight miles southwest of that town. There was a light force of Rebel cavalry in front all day, but not sufficient to impede the march. Moved at daylight, on April twelfth, General Atkins's Brigade in advance, and the Ninety-Second leading, and driving the enemy before them. About ten o'clock A. M., Swift Creek was reached. The enemy had destroyed the bridge, and held the opposite side of the stream, but was dislodged by the Ninety-Second; and the advance, under Captain Schermerhorn, wading the stream, the opposite side was held, and the bridge repaired. Just as the balance of the Regiment began crossing the repaired bridge, Major Nichols, of General Sherman's staff, rode up from the rear, bringing the joyful intelligence of the surrender of Lee's army to General Grant. The cavalry column was wild with joy, and made the woods echo again and again with shouts; the Band played "Hail Columbia;" the Ninety-Second crossed over the bridge; the Regiment had scarcely crossed the creek, when the still stubborn brigade of Rebels, holding an earthwork on the hills opposite, and who had been waiting for a part of the column to cross to make an attack while no support could be rendered by the Union cavalry, not yet across the creek, deemed this their favorable opportunity; and, with a yell, the Rebel brigade furiously charged the Ninety-Second, hoping to force it back into the creek; the gray-coats had not heard of Lee's surrender, and evidently did not know that the war was, in fact, over. On the Rebels came; and the Ninety-Second, the men still shouting and laughing, with the glad news they had just heard, received the charge of the Rebel brigade with murderous volleys from their ever faithful repeating rifles; halted it; turned it back; and, like wild mad-caps, dashed upon the retreating foe, captured their line of rifle pits, and put the Rebel brigade to flight, and pushed on, without another halt, to the wagon road and railroad, seven miles east of Raleigh. A soldier who was with the command wrote: "Brilliant victory! But, oh, the price we paid. I never felt so sad in battle before, as I did then, when I looked upon the poor boys who there, after the great war was in fact over, and victory was with our eagles,

received marching orders to report in Heaven." It was in this brilliant charge of the Ninety-Second, headlong against that Rebel brigade, that Captain R. M. A. Hawk, of Company C, received his terrible wound, supposed at the time to be mortal; and more than one soldiers' eyes filled with tears as they saw him, pale and bleeding, by the roadside. His life was spared; but he gave his good right leg to his country that day. Lieutenant Peleg R. Walker, of Company K, was also wounded. Alexander Jackson, of Company C, was killed. The Brigade and Division hastened on after the flying Ninety-Second, and was soon upon the Smithfield Road, seven miles east of Raleigh. The advance of the Ninety-Second had caught a glimpse of a railroad engine and passenger coach, bearing white flags, going toward Smithfield, and rightly conjectured that it meant the surrender of Raleigh. By command of General Atkins, a regiment and section of artillery were placed in line of battle, facing Raleigh, to hold the road against the Rebel brigade that had been flying before the Ninety-Second, and a line of battle quickly formed, facing toward Smithfield; and the first two regiments, the Ninety-Second Illinois and Ninth Michigan, armed with Spencer Rifles and Spencer Carbines, had barely formed in line of battle, when Wade Hampton's cavalry made a spirited charge upon those two regiments; but the Rebels could not stand the volleys from their Spencers, and fell back. The locomotive and passenger coach that had gone toward Smithfield returned, and was halted; and on the train were found Hon. David L. Swain, and Hon. William A. Graham, two of the Ex-Governors of North Carolina, who had been sent, by the Hon. Zebulon B. Vance, the then Governor of North Carolina, to General Sherman, with an offer of the surrender of Raleigh, and bearing a petition to save the public property, and the dwellings of the citizens. They had attempted to reach Sherman, but Wade Hampton had refused them permission to pass his lines, and turned them back.

The following account of their capture is taken from a book written by Mrs. Cornelia Spencer, a Southern lady, and published in 1866: "General Hampton retired, and the train had proceeded slowly about a mile or so, in the direction of Raleigh, when it was again halted, and this time by a detachment of a hundred Spencer rifles, a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry, under the command of General Atkins. The Commissioners were informed that they must proceed to the head-quarters of General Kilpatrick, distant a mile or more. While waiting for a conveyance,

they were courteously treated, and a band of music ordered up for their entertainment. After a brief interval, General Kilpatrick's carriage arrived for them, and they proceeded in it, under escort, to the residence of Mr. Fort, where the General then was. He received them politely, examined the safe conduct of General Hardee, and the dispatches for General Sherman, and then remarked that the circumstances in which they were placed, according to the laws of war, gave him the right, which, however, he had not the smallest intention of exercising, to consider them as prisoners of war.

"'It is true, gentlemen,' said he, 'that you came under the protection of a flag of truce, and are bearers of important dispatches from your Governor to my Commanding General, but that gave you no right to cross my skirmish line while a fight was going on.'

"Governor Graham remarked that the circumstances under which they came explained themselves, and were their own justification. That, in a special train, with open windows, proceeding with the deliberation proper to a flag of truce, with only five persons in a single car, they had little temptation to proceed if they had known, in time to stop, that they were to be exposed to a cross-fire from the skirmish lines of the two armies.

"General Kilpatrick replied that all that was very true, but that it was proper, nevertheless, that he should require them to proceed to General Sherman's head-quarters. He then remarked that the war was virtually at an end, and that every man who voluntarily shed blood, from that time forth, would be a murderer; and read a General Order from General Sherman, congratulating the army on the surrender of General Lee, intelligence of which had just reached him by telegraph. This was the first intelligence our Commissioners had received of this final blow to the Southern Cause. It was, indeed, not unexpected, but no anticipation of such tidings can equal the moment of realization; and to receive it under such circumstances, where extreme caution and self-command were an imperative duty, and where no expression can be allowed to the natural feeling of anguish and dismay with which it filled their breasts, gave an additional pang."

By direction of General Kilpatrick, the Cavalry Division was placed in line of battle by General Atkins, as the Regiment came up, facing Smithfield, and, in stronger force, Hampton again charged our line, hoping to break through and reach Raleigh. His charge was handsomely repulsed by the Spencer Rifles,

carbines, and artillery. And again Hampton's men, mounted and on foot, charged the line, but met with no better success, the Spencers and artillery halting his dispirited troops, who, of course, knew that Sherman's infantry was following them in rear, while Kilpatrick held the road to Raleigh in their front. Darkness came on. Had there been two hours more of daylight, Hampton could not have escaped; but, under cover of the darkness, the wily Rebel cavalryman slipped out of the trap, on a road to the Northward, and passed into Raleigh ahead of Kilpatrick. As soon as Hampton had withdrawn, our troops opened communication with General Sherman, and General Kilpatrick sent the locomotive and car, and the distinguished gentlemen named, to General Sherman's head-quarters, and they succeeded in procuring from General Sherman orders for the protection of Raleigh, and the college buildings and libraries at Chapel Hill. To those gentlemen, in a great measure, the citizens of Raleigh and Chapel Hill are indebted for the protection afforded them by General Sherman's orders. On the thirteenth of April, the command marched early. A soldier, in his diary, wrote: "As it was known that there would be no fighting before the command passed through Raleigh, the Ninety-Second could not have the advance to-day; but the cavalry borrowed our Band, and cut a great dash, marching down through the streets of Raleigh." The Mayor and distinguished citizens met General Kilpatrick on the outskirts of Raleigh, and surrendered the town, and assured General Kilpatrick that the city had been entirely evacuated by the Rebel soldiery. No advance guard was needed, and with banners and guidons unfurled, and music playing, General Kilpatrick rode into the city, at the head of his Division. In passing up Fayetteville street, from the Governor's house to the Capitol, with no thought of an enemy near, General Kilpatrick was suddenly fired upon by one of Wheeler's men. Mrs. Spencer told the story of this shooting, in her book, published in 1866, and we copy it, as follows:

"When walking from the railroad station to the city, the Commissioners had passed through the lines of General Wheeler's cavalry, pressing in the direction of Chapel Hill. Half an hour after reaching the State House, a dozen men, the *debris* of our army, were observed, at the head of Fayetteville street, breaking open and plundering the stores. Governor Swain, who had remained at the State House, approached them, and stated that he was immediately from General Sherman's head-quarters, and had

assurance from him that if no resistance was offered to his advance guard, the town should be protected from plunder and violence, and urged the soldiers to leave at once and join their retreating comrades. They replied, 'D—n Sherman, and the town, too; they cared for neither.' Robert G. Lewis, Esq., the first citizen of Raleigh who had yet been seen, came up just then, and joined his entreaties with earnestness. More and more vehement remonstrances were used without effect, till the head of Kilpatrick's column appeared in sight advancing up the street, when they all, with a single exception, sprang to their horses and started off in full gallop. Their leader, a lieutenant, whose name and previous history are yet unknown, mounted his horse, and took his station midway between the old New-Berne bank and the bookstore, drew his revolver, and waited till Kilpatrick's advance was within a hundred yards, when he discharged it six times in rapid succession in the direction of the officer [General Kilpatrick] at the head of the troops. He then wheeled, put spurs to his horse, and galloped up Morgan street, followed by a dozen fleet horsemen in hot pursuit. Turning a corner his horse fell. He remounted, and dashed around the corner at Pleasant's store on Hillsboro street. A few yards farther on, near the bridge over the railroad, he was overtaken, and brought back to the Capitol Square, where General Kilpatrick ordered his immediate execution. It is said that he asked for five minutes' time to write to his wife, which was refused. He was hung in the grove just back of Mr. Lovejoy's, and was buried there. He died bravely—a vile marauder, who justly expiated his crimes, or a bold patriot, whose gallantry deserves a more generous sentence, as friend or foe shall tell his story."

Mrs. Spencer is a Southern lady, who may be regarded as his friend, and the story she has told leaves no room for a more generous sentence. An officer in the Rebel army, straggling in rear of his command, joining other straggling soldiers in pillaging his own friends, non-combatants, in a city that had been evacuated and surrendered, attempting the assassination of a Union General who came with orders to protect the surrendered city! We desire to add no harsh word, but friend or foe can add no generous sentence.

Sherman's infantry was following the cavalry. The Cavalry Division marched rapidly through Raleigh, and on toward Morrisville. A few miles from Raleigh, General Jordan's brigade, which was leading, struck the enemy, Wheeler's cavalry, en-

camped, not expecting the Yankees to march beyond Raleigh that day, and Jordan's brigade rattled them out of their camps lively. At the first station west of Raleigh, Carey, a quantity of corn was captured at the depot. At Morrisville, twelve miles west of Raleigh, an engine attempted to take cars loaded with corn from the station, but a few shots from the artillery frightened the engine off, and the cars and corn were captured. The Division camped at Morrisville. Here the roads divided, the road to Chapel Hill leading to the left, and the road to Hillsboro following the railroad. General Wade Hampton, with his cavalry, had gone toward Hillsboro, along the railroad, and General Wheeler's cavalry had gone toward Chapel Hill. General Kilpatrick, with Jordan's brigade, had followed Hampton; and General Atkins, with his Brigade, was ordered to follow Wheeler. Atkins's Brigade moved early, on April fourteenth, 1865, and had not gone a mile beyond the picket, when the enemy was found, and he stubbornly disputed the road. The Tenth Ohio Cavalry charged splendidly, driving the enemy, and following them nearly four miles on a run; but the regiment was halted, and the entire Brigade went into camp, General Atkins having received an order from General Kilpatrick, comprised in a single word—"halt." There the Brigade lay halted all day and all night, and until nearly noon of the next day, when General Atkins received another order from General Kilpatrick—"Go ahead"—and, of course, ahead the Brigade went. A terrible rain-storm was prevailing, and the streams were rendered almost impassable by the flood. When the Brigade reached Atkins's plantation, near the New Hope River, General Atkins received another order from General Kilpatrick, only one word—"Halt." The Brigade halted, built barricades, and went into camp again. The bridge across the river had been destroyed; but the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, the leading regiment of the Brigade, crossed a hundred dismounted men over the river, on one stringer of the bridge that was left, and were scarcely over, when they were furiously charged by Wheeler's cavalry. That regiment had been armed with the Spencer Carbines, at Goldsboro, and had not yet had a chance to try their new Spencer Carbines. Mrs. Spencer gives the following account of what happened:

"The Federal cavalry were in close pursuit, and several skirmishes had taken place on the road from Raleigh. A Brigade, under General Atkins, followed General Wheeler, while Kilpatrick, with the balance of the Division, followed Hampton

toward Hillsboro, along the Central Railroad line. The last skirmish occurred, and perhaps the last blood of the war was shed, on Friday evening, fourteenth, at the Atkins plantation, eight miles from Chapel Hill, near the New Hope River, which was much swollen by heavy rains, and the bridge over which, as well as all others on the road, was destroyed by Wheeler's men. They attacked the enemy, endeavoring to cross on fallen trees and driftwood, and several were killed on both sides."

Mrs. Spencer was mistaken in the date—it was Saturday evening, the fifteenth, not the fourteenth, and none were killed on the Union side. The Ninth Ohio met and repulsed four distinct charges of Wheeler's men, and killed and wounded several of them, but did not lose a man in the Ninth Ohio. A bridge was built over the river, but the rains raised the stream, and the bridge was carried off during the night. On Sunday morning, General Atkins was apprised of the truce between Generals Sherman and Johnston, and was directed to go with his Brigade to Chapel Hill, protect the University of North Carolina, with its libraries and grounds, and remain there until the truce was ended. A new bridge was constructed, and the command moved out, the Ninety-Second in the advance. A few miles farther on was found another river, with the bridge destroyed, and the Brigade went into camp, rebuilt the bridge, and Captain J. M. Schermerhorn, of Company G, of the Ninety-Second, was sent forward into Chapel Hill. We again quote from Mrs. Spencer's book :

"On Sunday, at two P. M., General Wheeler called in his pickets, and once more, and for the last time, we saw the gallant sight of our gray-clad Confederate soldiers, and waved our last farewell to our army. A few hours of absolute and Sabbath stillness and silence ensued. The groves stood thick and solemn, the bright sun shining through the great boles and down the grassy slopes, while a pleasant fragrance was wafted from the purple pinnacles of the paullonia. All that nature can do was still done with order and beauty, while men's hearts was failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which were coming on the earth.

"We sat in our pleasant piazzas, and awaited events with a quiet resignation. The silver had all been buried—some of it in springs, some of it under rocks in the streams, some of it in fence corners, which, after the fences had been burned down, was pretty hard to find again; some of it in the woods, some of it in the cel-

lars. There was not much provision to be carried off—that was one comfort. The sight of our empty store-rooms and smoke-houses would be likely to move our invaders to laughter. Our wardrobes were hardly worth hiding—homespun and jeans hung placidly in their accustomed places. But the libraries, public and private, the buildings of the University—all minor selfish considerations were merged in a generous anxiety for these. So we talked and speculated, while the very peace and profound quiet of the place sustained and soothed our minds. Just at sunset, a sedate and soldierly-looking man, at the head of a dozen, *dressed in blue*, rode quietly in by the Raleigh Road. Governor Swain, accompanied by a few of the principal citizens, met them at the entrance, and stated that he had General Sherman's promise that the town and University should be saved from pillage. The soldier replied that such were his orders, and they should be observed. They then rode in, galloped up and down the streets inquiring for Rebels; and being told that *there were none* in town, they withdrew for the night to their camp; and the next morning, being Easter Monday, General Atkins, at the head of a detachment of four thousand cavalry, entered about eight A. M., and we were captured.

"That was surely a day to be remembered by us all. For the first time in four years we saw the old flag—the 'Stars and Stripes,' in whose defense we would once have been willing to die, but which certainly excited very little enthusiasm now. Never before had we realized how entirely our hearts had been turned away from what was once our whole country, till we felt the bitterness aroused by the sight of that flag shaking out its red and white folds over us. The utmost quiet and good order prevailed. Guards were placed at every house immediately, and with a promptness that was needful; for one residence, standing a little apart, was entered by a squad of bummers in advance of the guards, and in less than ten minutes the lower rooms, store-rooms and bed-rooms were overhauled and plundered with a swift and business-like thoroughness only attainable by long and extensive practice. A guard arriving, they left; but their plunder was not restored. The village guards, belonging to the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, deserve especial mention as being a decent set of men, who, while they were here, behaved with civility and propriety."

The Brigade commanded by General Atkins went into camp around the little village of Chapel Hill, one of the prettiest, most lovely spots found in all the campaigning of the Ninety-Second.

during its three years service. The enemy had destroyed all the railroad bridges, and, so far as he could, the railroad track, and while there were plenty of army rations at New-Berne and Goldsboro, General Atkins's Brigade was compelled, per force, to "live upon the country." A soldier, in his diary, wrote: "Strict orders from Brigade head-quarters, instead of rations, to-day." General Atkins could issue "strict orders" to his command, but he could not furnish them army rations until the destroyed railroad bridges and track were repaired. Who was to blame for that? Certainly the Confederate army, that destroyed the railroads and bridges in a country they were abandoning and not attempting to hold. Mrs. Spencer, in speaking of Wheeler's cavalry, was right when she said, "There were rough riders among these troopers—men who, if plunder was the object, would have cared little whether it was got from friend or foe." Just so! And much of the pillaging charged to Atkins's men was really committed by the "rough riders" with Wheeler, a gallant Confederate soldier, but never a disciplinarian. Atkins's Brigade was well disciplined; the Ninety-Second, and, also, each Brigade successively that Atkins commanded, complained of his strict discipline. On the day that his Brigade reached Chapel Hill there were no rations to issue, but there were "strict orders" from Brigade head-quarters. Nevertheless, his command was compelled to "live upon the country." Thousands of men and horses are not easily fed, and with all his "strict orders," it is reasonable to suppose that many plantations were stripped of everything eatable. And, again, of course, all animals were taken that were fit for Uncle Sam's service. Consequently it happened that some families were left, first, without a morsel of food, and, again, with many mouths, colored and white, to provide for, without an animal to make a crop of corn with, the coming season. There was no help for it. "Such is war," and there is no use in attempting to refine it. Useless cruelty in war, and to the defenseless inhabitants of a country occupied by an army, is, of course, indefensible; but "war is cruelty," and the cruelty that ensued from an army subsisting upon the country was not useless. It was an absolute necessity. But Wheeler's cavalry had "lived upon the country" before Atkins's Brigade reached there, and there was but little left to live upon. Ex-Governor Swain, President of the University of North Carolina, a few days after Chapel Hill was occupied by the Federals, addressed the following communication to General Sherman:

"CHAPEL HILL, April 19, 1865.

"Major General W. T. Sherman,

"Commanding United States Forces:

"GENERAL: . . . On my return to this village on Saturday morning, fifteenth instant, I found that General Wheeler, with his division of cavalry, had been encamped here for two days. He resumed his march on Sunday morning, leaving the country denuded to a considerable extent of forage, and taking with him a number of horses and mules. General Atkins arrived with his Brigade on Monday morning, and is in camp here now. I have had several interviews with General Atkins, and have pleasure in stating that he manifests a disposition to execute his orders with as much forbearance as he deems compatible with a proper discharge of his duty. Nevertheless, many worthy families have been stripped by his soldiers of the necessary means of subsistence. A Baptist clergyman—a most estimable citizen, and the most extensive farmer within a circle of three miles—is almost entirely destitute of provision for man and beast; and with a family of more than fifty persons (white and colored), has not a single horse or mule. Other instances, not less striking, exist, of families, in less affluent circumstances; but I refer particularly to Mr. Purefoy, because he has been my near neighbor for about thirty years, and I hold him in the highest estimation. He, like many others, is not merely without the present means of subsistence, but unless his horses and mules are restored or replaced, can make no provision for the future. The delay of a few days even may render it impossible to plant corn within the proper time.

"I am satisfied from the impression made upon me in our recent interview, that, personally, you have no disposition to add to the unavoidable horrors of war, by availing yourself of the utmost license which writers on the subject deem admissable, but that, on the contrary, you would prefer to treat the peaceful tillers of the soil with no unnecessary harshness. I venture to hope, therefore, that the present state of negotiations between the contending armies will enable you to relax the severity of the orders under which General Atkins is acting, and I am satisfied that if you shall feel yourself justified by the course of events in doing so, an intimation of your purpose will be welcome intelligence to him. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. L. SWAIN."

To which letter General Sherman replied as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
 "IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 22, 1865. }

"Hon. D. L. Swain, Chapel Hill, N. C.:

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours of April nineteenth was laid before me yesterday, and I am pleased that you recognize in General Atkins a fair representative of our army.

"The moment war ceases, and I think that time is at hand, all seizures of horses and private property will cease on our part. And it may be that we will be able to spare some animals for the use of the farmers of your neighborhood. There now exists a species of truce, but we must stand prepared for action; but I believe that in a very few days a definite and general peace will be arranged, when I will make orders that will be in accordance with the new state of affairs.

"I do believe that I fairly represent the feelings of my countrymen—that we prefer peace to war; but, if war is forced upon us, we must meet it; but, if peace be possible, we will accept it, and be the friends of the farmers and working classes of North Carolina, as well as actual patrons of churches, colleges, asylums, and all institutions of learning and charity. Accept the assurances of my respect and high esteem.

"I am, truly yours,

"W. T. SHERMAN,
 "Major General Commanding."

Until the railroad which the enemy had destroyed had been repaired, and rations for the army brought up from the rear, the severity of the orders under which General Atkins was acting could not be relaxed; but, when rations could be drawn through the Commissary Department, General Atkins ordered his Brigade Commissary, Captain J. L. Spear, of the Ninety-Second, to issue rations, not only to his troops, but to all the citizens, white and colored, who applied for them; and rations were issued to the inhabitants for miles around. On the nineteenth of April, was received intelligence that a truce had been arranged for fifteen days, and that the first agreement for the surrender of Johnston's army had been forwarded to Washington, for the approval of the President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Navies of the United States. The terms of surrender granted to General Johnston, by General Sherman, were deemed too lenient by the President, or by Hon. E. M. Stanton, then Secretary of War, and were disapproved. The writers of this book thought, at the time,

that it was most unfortunate that the Government did not approve of the terms of surrender at first arranged between Generals Sherman and Johnston; and, even now, they think it was unfortunate. Sherman, in war, was severe; but the war was over, and severity in time of peace was not required, either as punishment, or as security for the future. He who conquers can afford to be generous; and, especially, when the conquered and conquerors are members of the same family. In war, the entire inhabitants of the rebellious States, those who voluntarily aided the Rebellion, and those, also, who gave the Rebellion no aid, or only that which they were forced to give, were enemies to the United States; but, when peace came, they all became a part and portion of the Republic, no longer enemies, but friends; and not only friends, but brothers and equals.

The Ninety-Second, with the Brigade, remained in camp nearly three weeks, at Chapel Hill, waiting for Johnston's surrender, which finally transpired. The interview between Generals Sherman and Johnston, in which terms for the surrender of the Confederate army were agreed upon, took place near Durham's Station, between the picket lines of Hampton and Kilpatrick, Doctor Clinton Helm, Surgeon of the Ninety-Second, and Chief Medical Director of the Cavalry Division, being present. There is little to record in regard to the Ninety-Second, during its stay at Chapel Hill. On the evening of the twenty-second of April, 1865, the Ninety-Second boys, with the Band, proceeded to the head-quarters of General Atkins, to serenade him; and, finding him absent, they proceeded to the residence of ex-Governor Swain, where the General was visiting, and serenaded him there. After several pieces of music had been played by the Band, they called on the General for a speech, when he appeared upon the front porch of Governor Swain's residence, and said:

"Soldiers, I am making a speech to a young lady here to-night, and I have no eloquence to waste—she requires it all. The war, as I told you it would, at Mount Olive, has played out, and in less than the ninety days I then named. I think speech-making has played out also, except to the young ladies. You must go to your quarters."

The boys went to their quarters very sullenly. It was the most unpopular speech the General ever made. Never before, when serenaded by the men of the Ninety-Second—and it had often happened—had he failed to appreciate the compliment, and had always responded cheerfully to their calls for a speech. But

the General was cross in those days to every one, except the girl he was making love to. He went all through the war without being a prisoner, and was captured at last, after the war was over, by the youngest daughter of ex-Governor Swain, and he has been her happy and contented prisoner ever since.

On the twenty-fourth of April, the Ninety-Second received orders to be ready to resume hostilities in forty-eight hours, the terms of the surrender of Johnston's army, first agreed upon, having been disapproved at Washington. The men of the Regiment were very willing to resume hostilities, if it was necessary to do so, and to do, as Grant had written to Sherman, "press Johnston hard, and end the war at once." But there was not a soldier in the Regiment but that felt that it would be cruelty to fight another battle. Every man was conscious of the fact that the war was really over; but orders were orders, and they were ready to resume hostilities.

On the twenty-sixth, the Regiment received orders to be ready to march at daylight; but the orders were countermanded, and news of Johnston's surrender received. The men of the Ninety-Second were not soldiers by profession, and clamorously demanded an immediate muster-out, when news of Johnston's surrender reached them. Certainly, infantry regiments had been ordered to be mustered out and discharged, but the order did not include the Ninety-Second, and, on the twenty-eighth of April, Lieutenant-Colonel VanBuskirk, commanding the Regiment, was called out for a speech, the men desiring to know why certain regiments of infantry were mustered out, and the Ninety-Second retained. Colonel VanBuskirk explained the order to the general satisfaction of the Regiment. On the twenty-ninth, Major General Kilpatrick came over to Chapel Hill, from Durham's Station, and reviewed the Brigade. At ten o'clock A. M., on May third, the Ninety-Second, with the Brigade, bid adieu to Chapel Hill, and marched twelve miles, to Hillsboro. The Confederate cavalry had been paroled, and were marching home, the men permitted to retain their horses and side-arms, and, together, the Ninety-Second and their late enemies, enemies no longer, filled the road, and together they marched along. The Confederate soldiers were somewhat downcast and dispirited; but the Ninety-Second men, who had frequently met them in battle, had no jibes for them; they had learned, on many a hard-fought field, how brave the Confederate soldiers under Wheeler and Hampton were; they respected their bravery; indeed, gray-coat and blue-coat, mingling together in

their march that day through Hillsboro, were friends, enemies no longer, but friends and equals, all citizens of the Republic saved. Had the terms of the surrender of the Confederates, and all questions of re-construction and future Union, been left that day to the soldiers alone, of both armies, there would have been no disagreement; the blue-coats would not have imposed harsh terms upon the gray-coats, and the generosity of the brave conquerors would have been met by the generosity of the brave men conquered.

On the fourth of May, the command continued its march from Hillsboro to Company Shops, and camped, and on the next day, marched to Greensboro, reaching there at four P. M. Two hundred Confederate cannon were parked at Greensboro, surrendered by the Confederate army under the command of Johnston. The Brigade lay several days at Greensboro, waiting for horse-shoes. In the sandy coast country it made but little difference whether the horses were shod or not; but on the rocky and gravelly roads of the higher country the barefooted animals were becoming lame. The war was ended—the Cavalry Division had no other duty than to occupy the country, and maintain quiet and peace, until the civil authorities had re-established government. The discipline of the troops was very strict. No foraging was permitted; the troops were supplied with army rations; the railroad was in running order, and all kinds of supplies were regularly received, and in abundance. On the eighth of May, the command moved to Lexington. On the eleventh of May, the Ninety-Second marched to Salisbury, as an escort for the wagon trains of the Twenty-Third army corps.

On the twelfth of May, 1865, the Ninety-Second made its last march on horseback, to Concord, and, as one of the soldiers wrote in his diary, that day: "Camped, to put on style." It was a stylish camp the Ninety-Second had at Concord, in a grove of young pine trees. Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, of Company K, captured at Nickojack, in Northern Georgia, returned to the Regiment, and was warmly welcomed. He had been promoted to the Captaincy of his company during his absence in the Confederate prisons. First Sergeant James D. White, of Company K, was promoted to Second Lieutenant. On Saturday, the thirteenth of May, the Regiment put its camping grounds in fine order. On Sunday, the fourteenth, the Chaplain held services in a church in Concord. The Regiment lay at Concord, day after day, with nothing to do, except to grumble and grumble about not being

mustered out and sent home. The disaffection was general, among officers and soldiers—all wished to return at once to those peaceful pursuits they had reluctantly left when they volunteered to help maintain the life of the nation. The glorious end had come—the life of the nation was no longer in danger, and it required some effort to keep the men from going home, orders or no orders. There was considerable excitement in camp on the twenty-first of May. The War Department had ordered all infantry regiments, the term of enlistment of which would expire within four months, to be mustered out immediately. The Ninety-Second was an infantry Regiment, although mounted and serving with the cavalry, and it came fairly under the orders of the War Department for immediate muster out. But General Kilpatrick sent a written communication to the Ninety-Second, saying that, in his opinion, the Ninety-Second was not an infantry Regiment, but a Regiment of cavalry; it was mounted and equipped throughout precisely as the cavalry; was then, and has long been, serving with the cavalry; and that he had ordered his mustering officer to regard the Ninety-Second as cavalry, and not to muster out the Regiment under the orders of the War Department, referring to infantry regiments. At Chattanooga, Brigadier General Elliott, commanding the Cavalry of the Department of the Cumberland, had chosen to sneeringly regard the Regiment as an infantry Regiment, and refused to give the Ninety-Second its quota of horses to mount the men, until the cavalry had first been mounted. The Regiment had then wished to be regarded as cavalry, and have received the same treatment as the cavalry. Now the Regiment wished to be regarded as infantry, and be mustered out and sent home; but Kilpatrick chose to regard it as a Regiment of cavalry. There was considerable harsh language used; but reasonable counsels prevailed; for a time Kilpatrick's orders were submitted to; but an appeal from his ruling was taken to General Schofield, commanding the Department, and before General Schofield had decided the matter, an order came from the War Department to muster out cavalry regiments, whose terms of enlistment would expire within four months; and there being no possible way to longer avoid it, for, cavalry or infantry, no matter which, the orders were to muster the Regiment out, and the mustering officer leisurely proceeded to prepare the muster out rolls. The recruits of the Regiment were transferred to the Sixty-Fifth Illinois Veteran Infantry, and Captain H. M. Timms, of Company A, one of the officers de-

tailed to accompany the recruits, was promoted to Major of that regiment. The transfer to the Sixty-Fifth Illinois was made under the following order:

“HEAD-QUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS, }
Greensboro, N. C., June 21, 1865. }

“Special Orders, }
No. 61. }

“III. The following named officers of the Ninety-Second Illinois Infantry are hereby transferred, with two hundred and twenty-five (225) enlisted men of that Regiment, to the Sixty-Fifth Illinois Infantry, and will report to Lieutenant Colonel Stewart, commanding, for duty.

“Captain John F. Nelson, Captain Harvey M. Timms, First Lieutenant Norman Lewis, Second Lieutenant James D. White.

“By command of Brevet Major General Ruger.

“HENRY A. HALL,

“*Captain and A. A. G.*”

On the seventh of June, 1865, blanks having been received from the mustering officer, the very cheerful work of preparing the muster out rolls began in the various companies of the Ninety-Second. Everybody in the Regiment was very happy at the thought of soon going home—cheerfulness and gayety took the place of the grumbling discontent. On the eighth of June, Company G procured a fiddler, and gave a stag-dance to the Regiment, and “all hands around” made everything gay and lively. On the fourteenth of June, the Regiment turned over its horses and horse equipments. On the fifteenth, the Regiment was without horses, no drilling, nothing to do in camp, and again Company G enlivened the time by giving another stag-dance party to the other companies of the Regiment. On Sunday, June eighteenth, 1865, good, old Chaplain Cartwright, who had been preaching to the Freedmen regularly, since the arrival of the Ninety-Second at Concord, preached his farewell sermon to the colored people, and gave them sensible advice, urging them to remember that they were now free, but that they must depend upon themselves entirely in the future, and could only expect happiness and comfort in life by being sober, honest, and industrious citizens. When the Chaplain had concluded, an old, colored man rose up in the large audience that had assembled in the grove to hear his last sermon, and proposed to take up a collection for the benefit of Chaplain Cartwright. The hat was passed, and,

full of greenbacks, it was handed to the Chaplain; he took the hat, and thanked them for their great kindness, and then told them that he could not accept the money from a poor people just out of years of bondage, but would add to it the last dollar he had in the world, and then the money should be expended by them for books to educate their children. Chaplain Cartwright was a poor man, but he was too rich in sensible christian charity to take a gift from the Freedmen to whom he had preached; to their charitable donation he added his last dollar, and left it to purchase books for the children of the black people there assembled. Chaplain Cartwright was a genuine christian minister, and the best Chaplain that served with any regiment in the army. On the twenty-first of June, the Ninety-Second was ordered to be ready to leave for the North-land and home on the morrow—never was there an order more joyfully welcomed. Early on the morning of June twenty-second, the Regiment marched to the depot in Concord, but did not get away on the train until half past one P. M. The train arrived in Lexington just after dark, where General Atkins, in the absence of General Kilpatrick, was then stationed in command of the Cavalry Division; he came to the cars, and, with the Ninety-Second, proceeded homeward. The train reached Greensboro before daylight of the twenty-third of June, and the Regiment left the cars and cooked breakfast, and remained until eight A. M. of the twenty-fourth, when the Regiment again embarked on a train of cars for Danville, reaching there at three P. M. On the morning of the twenty-fifth of June, the Ninety-Second again embarked on the cars, and reached Burkeville Junction after dark. At the first station south of Burkeville Junction, the officers of the Regiment had gone in advance on a passenger train, leaving the men without officers, and the only thing that mars the fair fame of the Ninety-Second then took place. Let one of the soldiers who saw it tell the story; he writes in his diary: "The officers got on a passenger train, and went ahead at the last station on the road up, and while we were lying over for a down train to pass, the boys made a rush for the Sutler's chebang, and, in a very unjust manner, completely robbed the Sutler of all his stores, and then tried to upset the building. There were no officers along to put a stop to it. It seems to me that the officers ought to be with us." The soldier was right, and the blame of this one disgraceful act must rest upon the thoughtless officers; had they been present, it would not have occurred. At nine P. M., on June twenty-sixth, the Regiment reached City Point, on the James River, and,

on the next morning, embarked on the Philadelphia, an old, leaky ferry-boat, that was unfit to transport troops upon. The Captain of the boat thought it would surely go to the bottom; but, by pumping hard, and hugging the shore, she reached Baltimore safely the next day about three o'clock P. M., and the Ninety-Second, after taking supper at the Soldiers' Home, marched through the city of Baltimore and embarked in box cars for Harrisburg, at about eleven P. M. Daylight, on the twenty-ninth of June, found the Regiment at York, Pennsylvania. There were two trains, and no stops were made, except for wood and water. The Regiment was greeted at all the towns, as the trains rolled through them, with waving of handkerchiefs in token of welcome. Breakfasted at Altoona, and was sixty miles east of Pittsburgh the next morning, detained by a jam of trains in advance of the Regiment. At eleven A. M., of the thirtieth, arrived at Pittsburgh, and dined at the Soldiers' Home. Left Pittsburgh about three P. M., and at noon, on the first of July, the train halted near Camp Douglas, in Chicago, and the Regiment disembarked and marched into that camp, and was put under a regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, on duty there. Many of the men, as soon it was known that the Regiment would not be immediately paid and discharged, were granted informal furloughs to go to their homes, and return by the seventh of July. On the eighth of July, 1865, the men received their pay and final discharge papers; and on Sunday, July ninth, 1865, the officers were paid, received also their final discharges, and the three years' soldiering was done.

The Committee who have jointly had in charge the preparation of these pages painfully appreciate how poor and tame is the story they have told of those eventful three years. But they trust it will revive many a pleasant memory, as the surviving members of the Ninety-Second peruse it; while life lasts, those memories will be cherished with pride; and they ought to be. It is something to have been a soldier in the great war that saved the Republic that Washington founded, struck off the shackles from the limbs of four millions of human beings, and kept "the jewel of freedom in the family of nations." In that great struggle, the Ninety-Second did, everywhere and always, its entire duty bravely and well; on lonely outposts, serving as "the eyes of the army," building bridges, mending roads, throwing up fortifications, as infantry, as cavalry, on foot, on horseback, repulsing the charge of the enemy, or charging the enemy with shout and cheer and the terrible music of the rattling Spencers, in camp

and campaign, in bivouac and battle, the Ninety-Second was always obedient to orders, guarded with jealous solicitude the honor of the "Stars and Stripes" given into its keeping, and always received the praises of Brigade, Division, Corps, and Department Commanders, and the admiration of the regiments with which it was associated. The members of the Ninety-Second have good reason for the pride they feel in having their names associated with the honorable record the Regiment made, and their children after them will tell with pride, "My father was a soldier in the Ninety-Second."

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSTER OF FIELD AND STAFF—ROSTER OF EACH COMPANY OF THE REGIMENT—ROSTER OF UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

ROSTER OF THE NINETY-SECOND REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS—FIELD AND STAFF.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks
COLONEL.					
Smith D. Atkins	Freeport.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Freeport, Ill. ...	{ Promoted from Eleventh Ill. Inf'ty Vols., Sept. 4, 1862. Promoted to Brigadier General U. S. V., by brevet, at Savannah, Ga., Jan. 12, '65. Promoted to Major General U. S. V., by brevet, to date from March 13, '65. Mustered out June 21, '65.
LIEUTENANT COLONELS.					
Benjamin F. Sheets.....	Oregon	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Oregon, Ill.....	{ Resigned April 21, 1864. Promoted to Brev. Brig. Gen.
Christopher T. Dunham.....	Freeport.....	April 21, 1864 ..	Not Mustered..	Elgin In. Asy...	{ Declined Commission.....
Matthew Van Buskirk.....	Polo	April 21, 1864 ..	Feb. 24, 1865....	Iowa Falls, Io..	{ Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
MAJORS.					
John H. Bohn.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	St. Louis, Mo....	{ Resigned April 21, '64.....
Albert Woodcock.....	Oregon	April 21, 1864....	June 28, 1864....	Oregon, Ill.....	{ Mustered out June 21, 1865. Promoted Brevet Lieut. Colonel.....
ADJUTANTS.					
Isar C. Lawver.....	Freeport.....	Sept. 6, 1862.....	Sept. 6, 1862.....	St. Louis, Mo....	{ Resigned Oct. 1, '64. Promoted to Major, Reserve Corps.....
Charles C. Freeguard.....	Lena.....	Oct. 1, 1864.....	Hampton, Io....	{ Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
QUARTERMASTERS.					
George W. Marshall.....	Mt. Morris.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Chicago, Ill.	{ Promoted by President, Capt. and A. Q. M.....
Philip Sweeley.....	Winslow.....	June 4, 1864.....	Aug. 24, 1864....	Winslow, Ill....	{ Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF THE NINETY-SECOND REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS—FIELD AND STAFF—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
SURGEON.					
Clinton Helm.....	Byron	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Belolt, Wls	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
1ST ASSISTANT SURGEON					
Thomas Winston	Mt. Morris.....	Sept. 4, 1862	Oct. 10, 1862.....	Forreston, Ill... ..	Resigned July 24, 1864.....
2D ASSISTANT SURGEON.					
Nathan Stephenson	Fair Haven.....	Oct. 11, 1862.....	Oct. 11, 1862.....	Dead	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
CHAPLAINS					
O. D. W. White.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Resigned at Danville, Ky.....
Barton H. Cartwright.....	April 20, 1863..	May 5, 1863.....	Cir. Preacher... ..	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
SERGEANT MAJORS.					
Noah Perrin.....	Lena.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged February 25, 1863.....
Joshua S. McRea.....	Mt. Carroll.....	St. Louis, Mo... ..	Promoted Second Lieutenant Co. I...
Edwin A. Yoniz.....	Oregon	Freeport, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Q. M. SERGEANTS.					
Philip Sweeley	Winslow	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Winslow, Ill....	Promoted to Reg'tl Quartermaster....
Crawford B. Bowles.....	Lane	Altoona, Pa.....	{ Reduced and returned to Co. H, and promoted to Lieutenant.....
William M. Gearhart.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Ames, Iowa.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
COMMISSARY SERGEANTS.					
Fordyce H. Waterbury.....	Polo.....	Polo, Ill.....	Reduced and returned to Co. D.....
George W. Fouke.....	Mt. Morris.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
HOSPITAL STEWARDS.					
David C. Grier.....	Loran.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Morseville, Ill..	Discharged December 6, 1862.....
David B. Turney	Mt. Morris.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN.					
Collan Bauden.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY A—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.					
William J. Bollinger.....	Lena.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Byron, Ill.....	Resigned December 25, 1862.....
Harvey M. Timms.....	Lena.....	Dec. 25, 1862.....	March 23, 1863.....	Yellow C'k, Ill.....	Trans. to Co. I, 65th Reg., pro. Major.....
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
Harvey M. Timms.....	Lena.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Yellow C'k, Ill.....	Promoted.....
William Cox.....	Winslow.....	Dec. 25, 1862.....	March 23, 1863.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Hon. dis. May 15, 1866, for wounds.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
William Cox.....	Winslow.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Promoted.....
William H. Frost.....	Harlem.....	Dec. 25, 1862.....	March 23, 1863.....	Kansas C'y, Mo.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
William H. Frost.....	Harlem.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Kansas C'y, Mo.....	Promoted Second Lieutenant.....
SERGEANTS					
Legrand M. Cox.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Dis. Jan. 27, '65, dis. gun shot wound.....
Warren C. Goddard.....	Kent.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Harlem, Ill.....	Died at Lexington, Ky., Nov. 7, 1862.....
Jesse R. Leigh.....	Erin.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Monticello, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Ledyard B. Hakes.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
CORPORALS.					
Charles S. Vincent.....	West Point.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Madison P. Eldridge.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Summit, Io.....	Discharged April 12, '63, disability.....
Henry Rudy.....	Kent.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died, Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 27, '63.....
William W. Smith.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17, '63.....
George Metcalf.....	West Point.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., March 3, '63.....
Abraham H. Dusenbury.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Iowa.....	Discharged April 3, '64, disability.....
Roswell Eldridge.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	West Point, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Daniel Denure.....	Erin.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Eleroy, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY A—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
MUSICIANS.					
George Boop.....	Kent.....	1862. August 7.....	September 4.....	Kent, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
John J. Lower.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Ridott, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
WAGONER					
George C. Mack.....	Winslow.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Killed at Alken, S. C., Feb. 11, '65....
PRIVATEES.					
Armagost, Hugh S.....	West Point.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died, Mt Sterling, Ky, Nov. 20, '62....
Armagost, James C.....	West Point.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Summit, Iowa.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Butler, David W.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Discharged April 8, 1865, disability....
Beach, Jay A.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	— Oregon.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Boddy, William.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Iowa Falls, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Baker, William H.....	West Point.....	August 26.....	September 4.....	West Point, Ill.....	Discharged April 13, 1863, disability...
Baker, Lambert.....	West Point.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	West Point, Ill.....	Discharged April 13, 1863, disability...
Bassinger, William H.....	West Point.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	West Point, Ill.....	Discharged Aug 29, 1863, disability...
Beverly, William H.....	Harlem.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Babcock, John S.....	Waddams.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged March 13, 1863, disability...
Babbitt, Calvin W.....	Erin.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Eleroy, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Baum, Samuel Y.....	Kent.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Kent, Ill.....	Discharged March 23, 1863, disability...
Caldwell, Jephtha.....	Winslow.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Platteville, Wis.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Cheney, Chester.....	Kent.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cheney, Matthew.....	Kent.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cole, Walter D.....	Ridott.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Ridott, Ill.....	Discharged Aug. 19, 1863.....
Denious, John.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died, Atlanta, Sept 23, '64, wounds....
Dunn, John.....	Cadiz.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Dunn, Joseph I.....	Waddams.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged Feb 2, 1863, disability....
Eggeston, Charles W.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Discharged May 26, 1865, disability....
Erb, William.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Corp'l, killed, Waynesboro, Dec 4, '64...
Flack, William M.....	Derinda.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died, Lexington, Ky., Nov. 22, 1862....
Ferguson, Durham H.....	Stockton.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged July 9, 1863, disability....
Gaylor, Daniel C.....	Winslow.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Discharged Sept. 9, 1863, disability....
Gaylor, Francis H.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	West Point, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gunsaul, Joseph.....	Waddams.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Giddings, Howland M.....	Ward's Grove.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...

ROSTER OF COMPANY A—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce	Remarks.
Gossmann, Charles.....	Erin.....	1862, August 13.....	1862, September 4.....	Eleroy, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gelz, Leonard.....	Stephenson Co.....	August 22.....	September 4.....	Insane.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hatch, Wellington.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died, Nicholasville, Ky., Dec. 23, '62.....
Hoppe, Ernest.....	West Point.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hicks, George.....	Ward's Grove.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., March 31.....
Haynes, Washington E.....	Winslow.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hastings, John Q. A.....	Cadiz.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Cadiz, Wis.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Judson, Charles O.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mendota, Ill.....	Discharged May 26, 1863, disability.....
Johnson, Merritt C.....	Stockton.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Johnson, George.....	Erin.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Knox, Harvey B.....	West Point.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1863.....
Lockman, William S.....	Cadiz.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Laporte, Ind.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mack, Harvey B.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Cadiz, Wis.....	Corp, tr. to Marine Serv., July 21, '64.....
Merrill, Emmet A.....	Erin.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Miller, Morris R.....	Erin.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	{ Died in Andersonville Prison, Sept. 26, 1864. No. of grave, 9,795.....
Marshall, Charles F.....	Harlem.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Corp'l, absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg't.....
McCracken, John H.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Serg't, absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg't.....
Oberhelm, Daniel L.....	Ward's Grove.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Ward's Gr., Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Prouty, James N.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Emmets'g, Io.....	Dis. Mar. 30, '63, to enlist in naval ser.....
Plummer, Pardon D.....	Stockton.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., March 5, 1863.....
Place, Reuben R.....	West Point.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged March 1, '63, disability.....
Plummer, Roswell F.....	Stockton.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., March 5, 1863.....
Penell, William L.....	Harlem.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged Sept. 11, 1863, disability.....
Rand, Nathaniel A.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Cadiz, Wis.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Reeder, John P.....	West Point.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Mus. out June 26, '65. Was prisoner.....
Robinson, Clark.....	Stockton.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Robbins, Henry.....	Erin.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged April 28, 1863, disability.....
Richardson, George W.....	West Point.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Deserted February 15, 1863.....
Sweeley, Philip.....	Winslow.....	September 3.....	September 4.....	Promoted Quartermaster Sergeant.....
Stover, Solomon G.....	Waddams.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	— Kansas.....	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't.....
Thompson, John R.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Trans. to Inv. Corps, Jan. 15, 1864.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY A—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862		
Tyler, Dolphus.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Cadiz, Wis.....	Discharged March 20, 1863, disability..
Tyler, Nathan C.....	Winslow.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Cadiz, Wis.....	Mus. out June 4, '66. Was prisoner...
Taylor, James.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Winslow, Ill....	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't...
Tumbleson, John K.....	West Point.....	August 1.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Thorp, Levi.....	Wayne, Wis.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Iowa Falls, Io..	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l..
Welden, Levi A.....	Winslow.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wright, Watson W.....	Winslow.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Winslow, Ill....	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't...
Wickwire, William H.....	Winslow.....	August 1.....	September 4....	Winslow, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wire, Valson.....	Winslow.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Winslow, Ill....	Discharged Feb. 5, 1863, disability.....
Wire, Jasper A.....	Winslow.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Winslow, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Whitson, Charles W.....	Stockton.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Whitney, William F.....	Harlem.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged Feb. 23, 1863, disability....
Williams, Albert R.....	West Point.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., March 13, '63..
RECRUITS.					
Alaban, Alexis.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 11, 1864....	Oct. 16, 1864....	Transferred to Company E.....
Bryman, Henry.....	Jefferson.....	Feb. 3, 1864....	Feb. 9, 1864....	Trans. to Co. I, 65th Ill. Absent, sick
Balfiett, David M.....	Winslow.....	Oct. 7, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	West Point, Io.	Trans. to Co. I, 65th Ill. Absent, sick
Balliett, Henry.....	Winslow.....	Oct. 7, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	Trans. to Co. I, 65th Ill. Absent, sick
Buchanan, Charles.....	Ridott.....	Jan. 20, 1865....	Jan. 20, 1865....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Churchill, Eugene S.....	Freepoort.....	March 22, 1864..	March 22, 1864..	New Chi., Kas.	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Churchill, George W.....	Erin.....	Sept. 20, 1862...	March 2, 1864..	New Chi., Kas.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Canning, John P.....	Dec. 9, 1864....	Dec. 24, 1864....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Denure, Wellington J.....	Erin.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Eleroy, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Eaton, Urias H.....	Chicago.....	Oct. 1, 1864....	Oct. 1, 1864....	Freepoort, Ill...	Prom. 1st Lieut., Co. I, 18th Ill. Inf'y.
Harshberger, Samuel.....	Kent.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Knott, William.....	Lynnville.....	Oct. 6, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Moothart, William P.....	Loran.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
McCarthy, Thomas.....	Ridott.....	Jan. 20, 1865....	Jan. 18, 1865....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Merrill, Emmet A.....	Erin.....	Dec. 30, 1863....	Jan. 18, 1864....	Killed, Waynesboro, Ga., Dec. 4, '64...
Miller, Gaylord D.....	Erin.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Discharged May 26, '65, disability....
Newman, Richard.....	Ridott.....	Jan. 18, 1864....	Jan. 20, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Pickard, Luther.....	Erin.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Trans. to Co. I, 65th Ill., detached.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY A—RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
Palmer, John, Jr.....	Courtland.....	March 29, 1865..	March 29, 1865..	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Robbins, Sidney L.....	Erlin.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Stocks, Henry W.....	Harlen.....	Feb. 12, 1864....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Eleroy, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Wendling, Michael.....	Ridott.....	Sept. 20, 1862...	March 2, 1864..	{ Absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg't. Sup- posed to have been killed in S. C. }

ROSTER OF COMPANY B—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.					
Wilber W. Dennis.....	Byron.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Resigned January 23, 1863.....
Horace J. Smith.....	Jan. 23, 1863....	March 23, 1863	Ottawa, Kan...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
William H. Crowell.....	Marion.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Resigned February 16, 1863.....
Henry C. Cooling.....	Byron.....	Feb. 16, 1863....	May 16, 1863....	Died July 21, '64	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Ephraim F. Bauder.....	Leaf River.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	{ Resigned Jan. 23, '63. Entered a U. S. Cav. Reg't; died from wounds.
Miles B. Light.....	Jan. 23, 1863....	March 26, 1863.	Honorably discharged Sept. 20, 1864.

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
Henry C. Cooling.....	Byron.....	1862.	1862.
SERGEANTS.					
Samuel H. Mix.....	Byron.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Di'd July 25, '74	Promoted First Lieutenant.....
William F. Campbell.....	Byron.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Rockford, Ill...	Discharged Oct. 7, 1864, disability.....
	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Killed, Powder Spr., Ga., Oct. 3, 1864.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
SERGEANTS.					
William H. Brown.....	Adaline.....	1862. August 12.....	1862. September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Sgt.
Charles Ames.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Marion, Ill.....	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Regt....
CORPORALS.					
George W. Miller.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Trans. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 30, 1863.....
Amos C. James.....	Rockvale.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Rockvale, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Sergt....
William Doty.....	Byron.....	August 8.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65.....
Charles R. Dwight.....	Byron.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Danville, Ill.....	Trans. to Inv. Corps, November 1, 1863.
Joseph M. Norton.....	Byron.....	August 22.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
R. B. Lockwood.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as private.
Patrick J. Guthrie.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Rockvale, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Austin W. Spoor.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Polo.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as private.
PRIVATES.					
Ayers, Francis M.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Discharged June 18, 1863, disability.....
Bond, John E.....	Rockvale ..	August 1.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brasell, Thomas.....	Byron.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Barrack, Elias.....	Byron.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Aurora, Neb.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Carpenter, W. Joseph.....	Byron.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Trans. to Inv. Corps, April 30, 1864.....
Cowen, Ezra W.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., April 22, '63...
Colbern, Henry C.....	Pine Rock.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Pine Rock, Ill.....	Discharged August 26, 1864.....
Crowley, Michael.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cooling, Henry A.....	Byron.....	August 22.....	September 4....	Mustered out August 14, 1865.....
Crowell, Frank G.....	Marion.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cummings, D. A.....	Marion.....	August 2.....	September 4....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Dever, Henry W.....	Marion.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Urbana, Ill.....	Trans. to V. R. C., August 6, 1864.....
Douglas, James A.....	Byron.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Discharged Feb. 24, 1864.....
Diamond, William.....	Leaf River.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Died at Ringgold, Ga., May 12, 1864...
De Forest, William H.....	Byron.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Rockford, Ill.....	Discharged February 2, 1863.....
Ell, John U.....	Byron.....	August 7.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Edgar, Reuben.....	White Rock..	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Everts, Eugene.....	Marion.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Died, New Albany, Ind., April 17, '63.
Elliott, Edwin W.....	Seward.....	August 26.....	September 4....	{ Died in Andersonville Prison, Sept. 7, 1864. No. of grave 8084.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY B—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.		
Gaston, James J.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gorman, Edward.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Ft. Dodge, Io...	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Guthrie, James J.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Des Moines, Io...	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l....
Hare, John.....	Lane.....	September 3.....	September 4.....	White Rock, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hanaker, Joel.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	New Buda, Io...	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Hare, George.....	Rockvale.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn. May, 5, '63.
Hummel, Albert B.....	Byron.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Rockford, Ill...	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Herron, William R.....	Byron.....	September 3.....	September 4.....	Discharged May 24, 1863.....
Hunt, Henry H.....	Leaf River.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out August 23, 1865.....
Howard, Henry H.....	Byron.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 4, 1863.....
Herrick, John M.....	Byron.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Died, Mt Sterling, Ky., Nov. 7, 1862.
Herrick, Benjamin.....	Rockvale.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Falls City, Neb...	{ Dis. July 31, '64, to accept commis- sion in U. S. C. T.....
Irvine, Charles D.....	Rockvale.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Rockvale, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Sergt....
Irvine, Edwin A.....	Marion.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	White Rock, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l....
Kling, John M.....	Rockvale.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Rockvale, Ill...	Discharged March 18, 1864; wounds...
Lent, Edgar S.....	Byron.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Schuyler, Neb...	Transferred to Co. G., 65th Ill. Inf....
Lockwood, Robert.....	Lane.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Rockford, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lacy, James S.....	Oregon.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Discharged September 9, 1863.....
Miles, Philo C.....	Byron.....	August 8.....	September 4.....	Rockford.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McArthur, Mathew M.....	Marion.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Murfelt, William C.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Discharged May 27, 1864.....
Miller, Levi W.....	Byron.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Cath. Mls, Ks...	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Regim't
McCloskey, George.....	Byron.....	August 19.....	September 4.....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863...
McSherry, John D.....	Marion.....	August 22.....	September 4.....	Deserted July 3, 1863.....
Monahan, Melchie.....	Byron.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Nicholoss, William C.....	Byron.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	{ Shot by Lt. Pointer, C. S. A. while a prisoner of war. Died April 23, 1864.....
O'Connor, R. J. A.....	Byron.....	August 18.....	September 4.....	Discharged April 1, 1863.....
Perkins, George H.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Rochelle, Ill...
Rowley, James Chas.....	Lane.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	White Rock, Ill...

ROSTER OF COMPANY B—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Parson, Samuel E.....	Byron	1862. August 12.....	1862. September 4....	Sallna, Ks.....	Discharged April 23, 1863.....
Rice, E. R.....	Byron	August 14.....	September 4....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 23, '63.
Smith, Carlton.....	Byron	August 5.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Shores, Josiah.....	Rockvale	August 5.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Shipley, Christopher.....	Byron	August 7.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Swan, Edgar W.....	Byron	August 7.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Spalding, John F.....	Byron	August 12.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Smith, Sylvester.....	Rockvale	August 11.....	September 4....	Deserted Jan. 31, 1863.....
Swan, Mortimer D.....	Byron	August 13.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Discharged March 19, 1863.....
Lablings, H. H.....	Lane	August 13.....	September 4....	Transferred to marine service.....
Taylor, N. G.....	Paine's Point...	August 12.....	September 4....	Stove Cr'k, Neb	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Tobin, James R.....	Leaf River.....	August 18.....	September 4....	Deserted Oct. 30, 1862.....
Williams, Asa P.....	Rockvale	August 12.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., April 28, '63...
Waggoner, F. H.....	Rockvale	August 13.....	September 4....	Rockvale, Ill...	Dis. Feb. 26, '65, as Corp'l, disability..
Woodcock, Ira W.....	Byron	August 13.....	September 4....	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
Webb, Edwin W.....	Leaf River.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Wales, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
White, William W.....	Byron	August 14.....	September 4....	Milwauk'e, Wis	Mustered out June 24, 1865, pris. war..
Wilson, D. C.....	Marion	August 14.....	September 4....	Discharged Feb. 26, 1865.....
Whitney, Benjamin.....	Byron	August 14.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Discharged April 1, 1863.....
Walters, George.....	Byron	August 14.....	September 4....	Byron, Ill.....	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Reg't....
RECRUITS.					
Artz, Troilla.....	Oregon	Feb. 2, 1865.....	Feb. 2, 1865.....	Oregon, Ill.....	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill. Infantry.....
Austin, Thomas.....	Rockvale	March 28, 1865..	March 28, 1865..	Rockvale, Ill...	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf., ab. sick
Belknap, Irwin M.....	Marion	Oct. 29, 1863.....	Dec. 30, 1863.....	Meca, O.....	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf., ab. sick
Crowell, Edward W.....	Marion	Sept. 5, 1862.....	March 2, 1864...	Marion, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cooling, Albert A.....	Byron	Aug. 22, 1862.....	Milton Jun., Io	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't..
Cattanach, William.....	Byron	Nov. 10, 1863....	Nov. 30, 1863....	{ Shot by Lt. Pointer, C. S. A., while a prisoner of war. Died May 7, '64
Dugan, Charles.....	White Rock....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Cooley, Joseph E.....	Pine Rock.....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 19, 1864....	Pine Rock.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Downes, John.....	Sept. 5, 1862.....	March 2, 1864...	Killed at Nicksjack, April 23, 1864.....
Easymann, Frederick.....	White Rock....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY B - RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
Faubel, John J.....	Oregon	Feb. 24, 1864....	Feb. 24, 1864....	Dead.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Fletcher, Thomas.....	Rockvale.....	Feb. 28, 1865....	Mar. 28, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Graham, Charles F.....	Oregon	Mar. 7, 1865....	Mar. 8, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Helm, John H.....	Byron	Oct. 2, 1863....	Dec. 30, 1863....	Byron, Ill	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hunt, Joseph H.....	Byron	Feb. 29, 1864....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Byron, Ill	Trans to Co G, 65th Ill. Inf Furlough
Hoofman, John.....	Oregon	Mar. 7, 1865....	Mar. 8, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hull, Jeddiah D.....	White Rock.....	Mar. 9, 1865....	Mar. 10, 1865....	Trans to Co G, 65th Ill. Inf Abs't sick
Knowlton, Alvira B.....	Byron	Feb. 7, 1865....	Feb. 7, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
King, Richard M.....	Sept. 5, 1862....	Mar. 2, 1864....	White R'k, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lee, Richard H.....	Oregon	Feb. 24, 1864....	Feb. 24, 1864....	Oregon, Ill	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lawrence, Orrin B.....	Rockvale	Mar. 9, 1865....	Mar. 10, 1865....	Tr. to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf Lost Chl. fire
Lacy, William B.....	Scott	Mar. 9, 1865....	Mar. 10, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
McCoy, William.....	Oregon	Feb. 2, 1865....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Mix, William.....	Byron	Aug. 15, 1864....	Aug. 17, 1864....	Byron	Detached at m. o. of Regiment.....
Norton, Julius C.....	Byron	Feb. 12, 1864....	Feb. 22, 1864....	Seward, Ill.....	D'd, Florence, Ala., Nov. 19, '64, pr war
O'Kafferty, Andrew.....	Sept. 5, 1862....	Mar. 2, 1864....	Byron	Mustered out June 21, '65; wounded..
Osbourne, Maurice P.....	Byron	Feb. 12, 1864....	Feb. 22, 1864....	Salina, Kan.....	Trans to Co. G, 65th Ill. Furlough..
Parsons, Samuel E.....	Byron	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Col. Spr, C. T.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rood, Aaron.....	Byron	Feb. 12, 1864....	Feb. 22, 1864....	White R'k, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rowley, Charles.....	Lane.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Smith, Henry A.....	Byron	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 16, 1865....	Byron, Ill	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Sanderson, Robert A.....	Byron	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Byron, Ill	Trans to Co G, 65th Ill.; absent, sick
Shoemaker, William R.....	Scott	Mar. 9, 1865....	Mar. 10, 1865....	Trans to Co. G, 65th Ill.; absent, sick
Spaulding, David W.....	Byron	Aug. 15, 1864....	Aug. 17, 1864....	Yankton, D. T.....	Detached at m. o. of Regiment.....
Thomas, Theodore.....	Sept. 5, 1862....	Mar. 2, 1864....	Faulkner, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Thorp, Eugene B.....	Jordan	Apr. 11, 1865....	Apr. 11, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Westbrook, Leonard H.....	Ogle County.....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Wadsworth, James C.....	Rockvale.....	Mar. 28, 1865....	Mar. 28, 1865....	Dead	Transferred to Co. G, 65th, Ill. Inf.....
White, Stiles E.....	Marion	Dead	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
UNDER COOK.
McCord, Benjamin.....	July 29, 1863....	Mar. 2, 1864....	Transferred to 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY C—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks
CAPTAINS.					
William Stouffer.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 21, 1863....
Robert M. A. Hawk.....	Lanark.....	Jan. 21, 1863.....	March 23, 1863.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	{ Mustered out June 21, 1865. Pro- moted Brevet Major.....
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
Robert M. A. Hawk.....	Lanark.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Promoted.....
Norman Lewis.....	York.....	Jan. 21, 1863.....	March 23, 1863.....	Thomson, Ill....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Reg....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Norman Lewis.....	York.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Thomson, Ill....	Promoted.....
George T. Sutton.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Jan. 21, 1863.....	March 23, 1863.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
Jacob Kettle	Mt. Carroll.....	1862 August 7.....	September 4....	Discharged April 18, 1863.....
SERGEANTS.					
Charles H. Jones.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
George P. Sutton.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Promoted Second Lieutenant.....
John Hithcock.....	Savanna.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Rockford, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
George R. Stoddard.....	York.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Grundy Co., Io.	Discharged Feb. 4, 1863.....
CORPORALS.					
Carrington B. White	Mt. Carroll.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Discharged January 12, 1863.....
Nicholas Fagan.....	Lanark.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Lanark, Ill.....	Discharged May 8, 1863.....
Thomas F. Elliott.....	Savanna.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Jackson Co., Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
John L. Struck.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Dixon, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't.
Thomas M. Hawk.....	Lanark.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Lanark, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
George Gray.....	Savanna.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
Oscar E. Rifter.....	Lanark.....	August 7.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
Frederick W. Carpenter.....	York.....	August 7.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Discharged June 18, 1863.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY C—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
MUSICIANS.					
Wayland F. Bolcom.....	York	1862. August 7.....	1862. September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
George W. Clark.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 16	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
WAGONER.					
William B. Rea	Mt. Carroll.....	August 9	September 4 ..	Mt. Carroll.....	Discharged, March 11, 1868.....
PRIVATE.					
Aikinson, Evan	Savanna	July 30.....	September 4.....	Discharged May 5, 1863 ; disability....
Adair, Thomas C	Mt. Carroll	August 7	September 4.....	Red Oak, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Allen, Truman	York	August 7	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bohn, Joseph H S	Mt. Carroll	July 21.....	September 4.....	Dead	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bevins, Nathan R.	York	August 7	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., March 3, 1865....
Brown, James H	Savanna	August 7	September 4.....	Savanna, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brown, Jared C	Savanna	August 9	September 4.....	Savanna, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bowers, Joseph	York	August 9	September 4.....	Clear Lake, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Church, Charles W	Mt. Carroll	July 28.....	September 4.....	Discharged June 9, 1863.....
Carey, William R	Savanna	July 30.....	September 4.....	Hanover, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l
Cook, David G.....	Savanna	August 6	September 4.....	Dead	Dis. Sep. 1, '63, for promot'n in U.S.C.T.
Clevidence, John T	Mt. Carroll	August 6	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865 ; wounded
Christian, Andrew J	Mt. Carroll	August 6	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
Collins, George W	Savanna	August 6	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Densmore, Needham.....	Savanna	July 31.....	September 4.....	Savanna, Ill.....	Discharged October 24, 1863.....
Davis, Christopher.....	Mt. Carroll	July 6	September 4.....	Red Oak, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Dyson, James H	York	August 9	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Dunshee, George W	York	August 8	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 25, 1863....
Embliek, Daniel	Mt. Carroll	August 8	September 4.....	Discharged, March 6, 1863.....
Edmunds, William.....	Mt. Carroll	July 26.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Trans. to Naval Service June 30, 1864
Engler, Thomas	Mt. Carroll	July 29.....	September 4.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Ethyre, Daniel	Mt. Carroll	August 8	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Ellithorp, Charles M	York	August 9	September 4.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 25, 1863
Fife, Newton	Mt. Carroll	August 4.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
French, Ralph	Mt. Carroll	August 5.....	September 4.....	Marshall't'n, Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Fuller, George W	Savanna	August 6.....	September 4.....	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Aug. 6, 1864..
Ferris, Reuben W	Mt. Carroll	August 9	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY C—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.		
Frank, George M.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	— Iowa.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Green, Jonathan H.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Thomson, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Goddard, John.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Discharged February 2, 1863.....
Goddard, Levi W.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Getty, Robert.....	Savanna.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gearhart, William M.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Promoted Quartermaster Sergeant.....
Halleck, James T.....	Milledgeville.....	July 30.....	September 4.....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.....
Hitchcock, Napoleon.....	Savanna.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Discharged February 4, 1863.....
Humbert, Frederick.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Henry, Rudolph.....	Savanna.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Helsinger, Jacob.....	Savanna.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.
Johnson, William.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Kirby, George M.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky.....
Kenyon, Sidney D.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Kearney, Francis.....	Woodland.....	August 2.....	September 4.....	Savanna, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
King, Amos.....	Savanna.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky.....
Lawrence, Leo.....	Mt. Carroll.....	July 26.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lasher, William J.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Mustered out July 25, 1865, pris. war.....
Lawrence, Leander.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Jackson Co., Io	Trans. to Inv. Corps, Jan. 23, 1864.....
Miller, Wilson A.....	Mt. Carroll.....	July 30.....	September 4.....	Thomson, Ill....	Discharged June 1, 1863.....
Marcus, Joseph.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Marsh, Ephraim E.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 2.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McClure, Allen.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., April 24, '63.....
Myers, Maroni.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
McCulloch, Charles.....	Savanna.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Thomson, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, '65.....
Magee, Thomas.....	York.....	August 8.....	September 4.....	Savanna, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Milligan, William.....	Savanna.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	— Iowa.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Nichols, Nicholas.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Nagle, John.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
Olney, Dorace E.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4.....	Thomson, Ill....	Mis. out June 24, '65; was prisoner.....
Oakley, Thomas D.....	York.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Discharged June 3, 1863.....
Perry, Henry C.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 7.....	September 4.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY C—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Reinhart, Jacob F.....	Mt. Carroll.....	1862. July 26.....	1862 September 4....	Bremer Co., Io.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Skidmore, Thomas.....	Mt. Carroll.....	July 24.....	September 4....		Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Stacy, James F.....	Mt. Carroll.....	July 28.....	September 4....		Discharged April 4, 1863.....
Summy, Daniel C.....	Savanna.....	July 30.....	September 4....		Trans. to Inv. Corps, Sept. 11, 1863.....
Strong, James C.....	York.....	August 1.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	1st Serg't, dis. April 27, 1864, for pro- motion in U. S. C. T.....
Shay, John J.....	Savanna.....	August 6.....	September 4....		Detached at m. o. of Regiment.....
Souders, William.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Discharged May 16, 1865.....
Stacey, John H.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 9.....	September 4....		Discharged January 19, 1863.....
Tucker, Cyrus.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Missing in action, September, 1864.....
Vaughn, David.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 6.....	September 4....		Died, Nashville, Tenn., March 5, 1863.....
Wollsey, John K.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 4.....	September 4....		Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Regt.....
Wells, Andrew.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 5.....	September 4....	—Iowa.	Discharged September 8, 1863.....
Watson, Otha.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Whitney, Luther.....	York.....	August 7.....	September 4....	Thomson, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Yates, Edward.....	York.....	August 7.....	September 4....		Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
RECRUITS.					
Bennett, Charles C.....	Savanna.....	Sept. 16, 1862....	March 2, 1864....	Thomson, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Booth, Alfred R.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 16, 1862....	March 2, 1864....	Red Oak, Iowa	Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill.....
Brown, Henry J.....	York.....	Oct. 28, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Thomson, Ill.	Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill.....
Brown, Benjamin B.....	York.....	Oct. 28, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Thomson, Ill.	Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill.....
Barrett, Arthur.....	York.....	Dec. 29, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Dead.....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill.....
Black, James B.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Dec. 30, 1863....	Jan. 20, 1864....		Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill.....
Branhall, Francis M.....	Chicago.....	Jan. 11, 1864....	Jan. 31, 1864....		Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill.....
Clark, Louis A.....	Washington.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....		Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill.....
Chase, Francis M.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Burlington, Io.	Trans. to Co. C, 65th Ill., pris. war.....
Chapin, George.....	Savanna.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Lanark, Ill.	Trans. to Co. C, 65th Ill., pris. war.....
Chapin, Lewis.....	Savanna.....	Jan. 5, 1864.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Lanark, Ill.	
Davis, John.....	Woodland.....	Dec. 3, 1863....	Jan. 11, 1864....		Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Davis, John C.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 30, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Elliott, James.....	Woodland.....	Jan. 4, 1864....	Jan. 13, 1864....	Savanna.....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Eymer, Erastus D.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Emory, Edward F.....	Savanna.....	Sept. 20, 1862....	March 2, 1864....		Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY C—RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
Fidler, George E.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Feb. 18, 1864....	March 28, 1864..	Transferred to Co. E, 65th Ill. Inf.....
French, James.....	York.....	Mar. 23, 1865....	March 23, 1865..	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
French, William.....	York.....	Mar. 23, 1865....	March 23, 1865..	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Fuller, John A.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Goddard, John.....	Dixon.....	Dec. 10, 1863....	Dec. 12, 1863....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Gilidott, Miles S.....	Milledgeville ..	Oct. 6, 1862.....	March 2, 1864..	Transferred to Co. E, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Glamon, Charles.....	Woodland.....	Sept. 26, 1864....	Sept. 29, 1864....	Detached at muster out of Regt.....
Gunn, Luther.....	Savanna.....	Sept. 20, 1864....	Sept. 20, 1864....	Savanna, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Goodell, Cyrus.....	Savanna.....	Sept. 20, 1864....	Sept. 20, 1864....	Savanna, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gotschel, John B.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Discharged March 8, 1865.....
Hollingshead, Nathaniel.....	York.....	Mar. 23, 1865....	March 23, 1865..	Died, w'ds, Nashville, Tenn., June 18, '64
Hurlbert, James W.....	York.....	Dec. 29, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hitchcock, Thomas A.....	Savanna.....	Oct. 30, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hewett, George W.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Jackson, Alexander.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Killed, near Raleigh, April 12, 1865.....
Kling, Daniel.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Dec. 30, 1863....	Jan. 11, 1864....	Dead.....	Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lester, Joseph L.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Mills, Daniel A.....	Savanna.....	Mar. 23, 1865....	Mar. 23, 1865..	Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Mularkey, James.....	Freedom.....	Dec. 1, 1863....	Dec. 1, 1863....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Mowery, Henry T.....	Savanna.....	Dec. 31, 1863....	Jan. 11, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Malen, Robert J.....	Savanna.....	Jan. 5, 1864....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Marsh, Jasper N.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Marcoux, Peter.....	York.....	Aug. 30, 1864....	Aug. 31, 1864....	Reed's L, Minn.....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Nettleton, Samuel.....	York.....	Mar. 23, 1865....	Mar. 23, 1865..	Thomson, Ill....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Nelson, Adam B.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Ray, George W.....	Salem.....	Jan. 5, 1864....	Jan. 20, 1864....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. C, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Sleer, John A.....	Lanark.....	Dec. 30, 1863....	Jan. 11, 1864....	Jo Davless Co.....	Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Smith, Thomas J.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Dec. 30, 1863....	Jan. 11, 1864....	Lanark, Ill....	Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Smith, Samuel B.....	York.....	Oct. 28, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Watson, Daniel.....	Chicago.....	May 31, 1864....	Oct. 21, 1864....	Thomson, Ill....	Transferred to Co. B, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Wilder, Hanson L.....	Savanna.....	Oct. 31, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Thomson, Ill....	Transferred to Co. E, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Walker, William L.....	York.....	Oct. 28, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Thomson, Ill....	Transferred to Co. E, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Williams, Henry C.....	York.....	Oct. 28, 1863....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Thomson, Ill....	Transferred to Co. E, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY D—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAIN.					
Lyman Preston.....	Polo ..	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Jefferson, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
FIRST LIEUTENANT.					
George R. Skinner.....	Polo ..	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Cedar R'p's, Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
SECOND LIEUTENANT.					
Oscar F. Sammis.....	Polo ..	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Forreston, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
Henry A. Norton.....	Polo.....	1862. August 21.....	1862. September 4....	Chicago, Ill.....	{ Dis. August 27, 1863, for promotion } in U. S. C. T.....
SERGEANTS.					
R. Dickson Wolsey.....	Polo.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	{ Dis. August 27, 1863, for promotion } in U. S. C. T.....
Stephen B. Lowe.....	Polo.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Franklin Pierce.....	Polo.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Sgt.
Charles S. Eichholtz.....	Polo	August 19	September 4....	Haldane, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as private.
CORPORALS.					
Henry H. Browning	Polo	August 20	September 4....	Galena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as private....
Ronanzo Fisher.....	Polo	August 19	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out May 27, 1865
Henry Wales.....	Polo	August 23	September 4....	Lanark, Ill.....	Discharged at Mound City, Ill.....
William H. Robinson.....	Rockton.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Discharged June 11, 1865.....
Abel German.....	Polo	August 19.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Sergt....
Uriah B. Sammis.....	Polo	August 19.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1863....
Benjamin F. Helstand.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 23	September 4....	{ Serg't, died in Andersonville Prison, } Aug. 2, 1864. No. of grave 4583....
David Scott	Polo.....	August 20	September 4....	Killed, Waynesboro, Ga., Dec. 4, '64....
PRIVATES.					
Austin, George.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Killed, Powder Spr., Ga., Oct. 3, 1864..

ROSTER OF COMPANY D—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Bumer, Isaac.....	Haldane.....	1862. August 20.....	1862. September 4....	Iowa Center, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Buck, Samuel J.....	Polo.....	August 20.....	September 4....	Died at Nashville, Tenn. March 1, '63.....
Buser, Jacob.....	Polo.....	August 20.....	September 4....	Transferred to Co. K, Oct 1, 1862.....
Black, William.....	Polo.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Cushman, John W.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Discharged April 4, 1865.....
Cram, David.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Died, Louisville, Ky., April 17, 1863.....
Colo, Johnston W.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Feb. 16, 1863.....
Curtiss, Elijah.....	Monroe.....	August 22.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Craven, Albert.....	Monroe.....	August 20.....	September 4....	Corp'l, absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg't.....
Chase, Arthur W.....	Monroe.....	August 20.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cairus, James.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Lighthouse, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.....
Deihl, Andrew.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 5, 1863.....
Dodson, James M.....	Pleasant Valley.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., April 14, '63.....
Edwards, James A.....	Pleasant Valley.....	August 25.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Grim, Solomon C.....	Forksville.....	August 27.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1863.....
Gale, H. Wallace.....	Forksville.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Sergt.....
Henderson, Amaziah.....	Forksville.....	August 22.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Feb. 6, 1863.....
Hills, Orlando P.....	Polo.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Discharged March 6, 1865.....
Holtz, James.....	Pine Creek.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Died, April 14, 1865, wounds.....
Johnston, Joseph.....	Polo.....	August 21.....	September 4....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Johnston, Augustus.....	Pine Creek.....	August 25.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Knott, Edward W.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Oshkosh, Wis.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Keeler, Charles A.....	Pine Creek.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.....
Lockridge, Lebn.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lilly, Reuben.....	Oregon.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Promoted 2d Lieutenant Co. B.....
Light, Miles B.....	Polo.....	August 22.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lawrence, George.....	Polo.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Miller, Martin.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 19.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Regim't.....
McCann, Richard.....	Polo.....	August 27.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out Feb. 21, '66, pris. war.....
McMillen, Henry H.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 27.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.....
McFarland, Frederick.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 27.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY D—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.		
Mitchell, William R.	Polo.	August 19.....	September 4.....	Deserted Oct. 17, 1862.....
Nolen, James.....	Polo.	August 19.....	September 4.....	Transferred to Company K.....
Pulver, Benjamin.....	Polo.	August 22.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Patterson, William C.....	Polo.	August 22.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Perkins, Edgar.....	Polo.	August 22.....	September 4.....	Peoria, Ill.....	Dis. March 23, 1863, as Corporal.....
Pyer, George.....	Polo.	August 22.....	September 4.....	Haldaue, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Pfuman, Zachariah.....	Sterling.	August 23.....	September 4.....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rector, William.....	Polo.	August 21.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Randall, Everett.....	Polo.	August 27.....	September 4.....	Discharged April 30, 1863.....
Richie, David.....	Polo.	August 27.....	September 4.....	Died, Lexington, Ky., Mar. 12, 1863...
Reed, John.....	Polo.	August.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Reed, Charles J.....	Polo.	August 23.....	September 4.....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863...
Reed, Hall P.....	Polo.	August 23.....	September 4.....	Wichita, Kan.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Shosse, Philip L.....	Polo.	August 23.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Snyder, Jacob M.....	Polo.	August 23.....	September 4.....	Wounded, trans. to I. C., Mar. 21, '64.
Snyder, William.....	Polo.	August 22.....	September 4.....	Mus. out June 21, '65; was prisoner...
Saxburg, Lewis.....	Polo.	August 25.....	September 4.....	Died, Camp Douglas, Feb. 19, 1865.....
Slater, Amos B.....	Brookville.	August 25.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Discharged Nov. 12, 1863.....
Scott, Walter.....	August 22.....	September 4.....	Killed, Jonesboro, Ga., Aug. 30, 1864.
Shoemaker, David.....	Polo.	August 21.....	September 4.....	Discharged out June 21, 1865.....
Smith, Edward H.....	Polo.	August 21.....	September 4.....	Polo, Ill.....	Discharged Jan. 17, 1863.....
Sanborn, James F.....	Polo.	August 21.....	September 4.....	Horton, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Smith, Henry.....	Polo.	August 19.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 13, '63...
Turney, David B.....	Polo.	August 21.....	September 4.....	Transferred to Company K.....
Titus, William.....	Polo.	August 21.....	September 4.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Updegraph, Levi.....	Brookville.	August 27.....	September 4.....	Died, May 9, 1844, wounds.....
Waterbury, Fordis H.....	Polo.	August 19.....	September 4.....	Polo, Ill.....	} Promoted Con. Serg't; reduced.
Wallace, Ezra.....	Polo.	August 20.....	September 4.....	} Dis. Nov. 25, '63, pro. U. S. C. T.
Webster, Edward B.....	Polo.	August 20.....	September 4.....	Ottumwa, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l...
Woodruff, Constantine V.....	Polo.	August 20.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Waterbury, James.....	Polo.	August 9.....	September 4.....	Freeport, Cal.....	Mus. out July 22, 1865; was prisoner...
					Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..

ROSTER OF COMPANY D—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Warren, Marcus A.....	Polo.....	1862. August 20.....	1862. September 4.....	Discharged March 25, 1863.....
Welty, Samuel H.....	Polo.....	August 19.....	September 4.....	Discharged March 6, 1863.....
Wilson, Jesse.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4.....	Polo, Ill.....	Discharged June 19, 1863.....
Yontz, Edwin A.....	Polo.....	August 23.....	September 4.....	Corp'l, promoted Sergeant Major.....
RECRUITS.					
Allen, Francis H.....	Oct. 3, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Died May 3, 1864, wounds.....
Baker, William.....	Aug. 2, 1862.....	Mar. 4, 1864.....	Dead.....	Absent, sick at muster out of Reg't.....
Cornelius, Samuel.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn. March 15, '63.....
Hatteroth, Jacob.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Miles, Willard H.....	Newell.....	Deserted Oct. 10, 1863.....
Norton, Edward W.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 5, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Pittman, David.....	Hopkins.....	Jan. 20, 1865.....	Jan. 20, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Pittman, Abraham.....	Hopkins.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Pittman, Benjamin.....	Hopkins.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Pierce, Daniel.....	Hopkins.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Pierce, Carroll.....	Galena.....	Aug. 19, 1864.....	Aug. 22, 1864.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rector, Frederick.....	Buffalo.....	Aug. 22, 1864.....	Aug. 22, 1864.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Reed, James L.....	Buffalo.....	Mar. 13, 1865.....	Mar. 15, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Remley, Henry.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Slafer, Sheldon W.....	Buffalo.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Mar. 23, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
West, Silas M.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Wilcoxson, George I.....	Buffalo.....	Mar. 25, 1864.....	Mar. 28, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY E—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.					
Matthew VanBuskirk.....	Polo	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Iowa Falls, Io.	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.....
Joseph L. Spear.....	Polo	Apr. 21, 1864.....	March 1, 1865...	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
Joseph L. Spear.....	Polo	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Polo, Ill.....	Promoted.....
Jeremiah Vorhis.....	Polo	May 10, 1865.....	Not mustered..	Aurora, Ill.....	Declined; res., as 2d Lieut., Apl. 9, '65.
Robert J. Huic.....	Brookville.....	June 8, 1865.....	Not mustered..	Nashua, Iowa..	Mus. out, as 2d Lieut., June 21, 1865...
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Jeremiah Vorhis.....	Polo	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Aurora, Ill... ..	Promoted.....
Robert J. Huic.....	Brookville.....	May 10, 1865.....	May 25, 1865...	Promoted.....
Collier Robertson.....	Forreston	June 8, 1865.....	Not mustered..	Mus. out, as 1st Serg't, June 21, 1865...

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
James O. Kane.....	Polo.....	1862 August 8.....	September 4....	Kearney J., Neb	Discharged August 17, 1864.....
SERGEANTS					
Collier Robertson.....	Forreston	August 15	September 4....	Forreston, Ill..	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
Albert J. Brimblecom.....	Woosung	August 9.....	September 4....	Payn's Pt., Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
William O. Cunningham.....	Brookville.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Council Blf., Io.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Robert J. Huic.....	Brookville.	August 14.....	September 4....	Prom. 1st Serg't, then 2d Lieutenant..
CORPORALS.					
John S. Leek.....	Polo	August 11.....	September 4....	Died, Franklin, Tenn., May 21, 1863...
William A. Elliott	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	M. O. June 24, '65, as Serg't, pris. war.
Isaac Paul.....	Brookville.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Brookville, Ill..	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Edwin S. Cushman.....	Polo	August 14.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out May 22, 1865.....
Charles L. Holbrook.....	Polo	August 12.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
James T. Best.....	Freeport	August 11.....	September 4....	Freeport, Ill... ..	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Henry Schlosser.....	Forreston	August 10.....	September 4....	{ Died in Andersonville Prison, June 28, 1864. No. of grave, 2585.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Res'd'ce.	Remarks.
CORPORALS.					
Warren C. Barnes	Polo.....	1862. August 13.....	September 4....	— Kan..	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
MUSICIANS.					
Aaron S. Best.....	Freeport	August 11.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Emery D. Waterbury.....	Polo.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mason City, Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
WAGONER.					
Joel Hefner.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1863.
PRIVATE.					
Ayers, Dwight B.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bassett, George O.....	Polo.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Sterling, Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Boddiger, Peter	Brookville.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Best, Robert.....	Freeport.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 24, 1863....
Best, Coston Z.....	Freeport.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Died at Florence, S. C., Feb. 14, 1865.
Banks Isaac C.....	Polo.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Discharged January 23, 1863.....
Bratsman, Franklin.....	Woosung.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Kellogg, Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Calvin, Andrew.....	Woosung.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Deserted Sep. 20, 1862.....
Craddock, John.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l..
Clark, Jason W.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Croutzer, William H.....	Brookville.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Detached at m. o. of Regiment.....
Crow, Daniel.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Colo, Doctor W.....	Polo.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Deyve, Benjamin.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Adaline, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Dodson, John.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Discharged February 22, 1864.....
Dingman, Gideon.....	Brookville.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Deyve, Hiram.....	Polo.....	August 12.....	September 4.... Kan..	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Donohue, John.....	Forreston.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 3, 1863....
Dodson, Hanson W.....	Polo.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Eldora, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, '65.....
Eldridge, Eli.....	Polo.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863.....
Ebright, George W.....	Brookville.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Haldane, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Reholtz, Charles.....	Polo.....	August 9.....	September 4.... Pa.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l..
Evans, John.....	Polo.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Flint, William.....	Polo.....	August 8.....	September 4....	Discharged Jan. 9, 1863.....
Frost, Charles H.....	Forreston.....	August 16.....	September 4....	Transferred to Inv. Corps.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY E—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Fenton, Orren W	Polo	1862. August 15.....	1862. September 4....	Discharged by order of Gen. Granger { Died in Andersonville Prison, Aug. 8, 1864 No. of grave 5025.....
Guyver, William	Brookville.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out July 22, 1865; pris. war.
Good, Frederick	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hyndman, Alexander	Baileysville.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Discharged April 3, 1863.....
Hyndman, George	Baileysville	August 15.....	September 4....	Discharged April 22, 1863.....
Heister, Albert.....	Polo	August 11.....	September 4....	Clarence, Iowa	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't...
Hunsicker, Martin	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	Forreston, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Johnson, Stephen	Freeport.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged Feb. 1, 1863.....
Kittle, William	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Iowa	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lyle, John A.....	Brookville.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Sterling, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Sergt...
Leal, Junius E.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Jan. 23, 1863.....
Maves, Alexander	Polo.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 15, 1863.....
McKerral, Peter.....	Polo.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
McKeal, Garner.....	Polo.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Killed near Ringgold, Ga., Apr. 23, 64
Mellhay, Edward	Brookville.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Minick, John W.....	Forreston	August 9.....	September 4....	Forreston, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mullen, Emanuel.....	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	Transferred to V. R. Co., June 15, 1864.
Messier, Jonathan.....	Brookville	August 9.....	September 4....	Brookville, Ill	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
McMillen, Benjamin	Brookville	August 14.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McElhany, William	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Milledgeville...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
O'Kane, John W.....	Polo.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Wahoe, Neb...	Discharged, March 22, 1865.....
Patterson, John.....	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Prince, Henry M.....	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 28, 1863.....
Punket, Luke.....	Polo.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Discharged June 24, 1863.....
Perine, Aaron.....	Polo.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rowand, Andrew J.....	Polo.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Roberts, Ira Z.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Garden P., Io.	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment...
Reynolds, John.....	Forreston	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Stapley, Frederick.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	WhiteHeath, Ill	Discharged June 15, 1863.....
Shaub, Samuel	Polo	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenu., Feb. 22, '63...

ROSTER OF COMPANY E—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
		1862.	1862.		
Sellers, Jacob.....	Brookville.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863....
Shipman, Levi T.....	Brookville.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Feb. 4, 1863....
Sidell, George H.....	Forreston.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Stohl, Jeremiah G.....	Brookville.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mus. out June 24, '65; prisoner of war
Schryner, Warren F.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Strock, David.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mo.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Strock, David C.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Transferred to Inv. Corps.....
Smith, John.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 24, 1865, prls. war.
Snyder, Cornelius.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Smith, Barney.....	Forreston.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Slms, Frederick W.....	Polo.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Thompson, John J.....	Polo.....	August 8.....	September 4....	Polo, Ill.....	Discharged May 6, 1864.....
Weidman, Wash. R.....	Polo.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Thompson, John C.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Transferred to V. R. C.....
Warner, John H.....	Forreston.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wilson, Coates L.....	Baileyville.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died at Chattanooga, Oct. 19, 1863....
Warren, Rufus.....	Baileyville.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Williams, Alphonso B.....	Polo.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Whittmore, Joseph.....	Polo.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Iowa.....	Discharged June 18, 1863.....
RECRUITS.					
Alaban, Elaxis.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 11, 1864....	Oct. 16, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Barsley, Nelson.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 5, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	Tama, Iowa....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Beck, Henry.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 11, 1864....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Benedict, Abraham.....	Elkhorn.....	Oct. 6, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	Milledgeville ..	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Brubaker, Jacob.....	Buffalo.....	Sept. 26, 1864..	Sept. 29, 1864..	Dixon, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cronkleton, Robert.....	Dixon.....	Dec. 2, 1863....	Feb. 2, 1863....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th, Ill. Inf.....
Crotzer, Andrew.....	Lena.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Lena, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Crawford, Thomas.....	Lima.....	Oct. 7, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Crawford, Edward.....	Elkhorn.....	Jan. 4, 1864....	Jan. 8, 1864....	Died, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 4, '64....
Delmar, William.....	Buffalo.....	Sept. 26, 1864..	Sept. 26, 1864..	Iowa.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Foy, Lewis.....	Forreston.....	Dec. 1, 1863....	Dec. 1, 1863....	Freeport, Ill....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Ferris, Edwin M.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY E—RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks
Giles, Charles H.....	Baileyville.....	Killed, Catlett's Gap, Ga., Sep. 17, '63.
Goodfellow, John.....	Forreston	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Deserted February 1, 1863.....
Hart, Patrick.....	Nora.....	Oct. 5, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Johnson, Lewis.....	Buffalo	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Forreston, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Kenyon, Patrick	Polo.....	Feb. 27, 1865.....	Feb. 27, 1865.....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out May 22, 1865
Lyle, Robert W.....	Buffalo	Dec. 2, 1863.....	Dec. 27, 1863.....	Sterling, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Lowry, Augustus.....	Elkhorn	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Dec. 31, 1863.....	Died, Mound City, Ill., Oct. 7, 1864.....
McElhanev, Joseph.....	Elkhorn	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Milledgeville ..	Discharged June 15, 1865.....
McMillen, Frederick.....	Brookville.....	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864.....	Lincoln, Ill.....
O'Kane, William W.....	Buffalo	Sept. 26, 1864.....	Sept. 29, 1864.....	Polo, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Portner, Samuel.....	Buffalo	Oct. 13, 1864.....	Oct. 16, 1864	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Stahl, William W.....	West Point.....	Feb. 1, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Lena, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Suffrain, Edward.....	Forreston	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Shoop, Martin.....	Brookville.....	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 14, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Springer, George A.....	Springfield.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Mar. 23, 1864.....	Killed, near Ringgold, Ga., Apl. 23, '64
Schwininger, Casper.....	Springfield	Sept. 9, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Tunis or Tannis, William W	Elkhorn	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Iowa.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Walker, Milo.....	Tennessee.....	Sept. 1, 1863.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Died, Savannah, Ga., Dec. 25, 1864.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY F—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.					
Christopher T. Dunham.....	Freeport	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Elgin Ins. Asy.	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.....
Alfred G. Dunham.....	Cherry Valley....	Apr. 21, 1864....	Not mustered..	Waterloo, Io....	Commission canceled.....
William B. Mayer.....	Freeport	Apr. 21, 1864....	Not mustered..	Freeport, Ill....	Mus. out, as 2d Lieut., June 21, 1865....
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
Alfred G. Dunham.....	Cherry Valley....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Waterloo, Io....	Dishonorably dismissed, Aug. 4, 1864....
William B. Mayer.....	Freeport	Apr. 21, 1864....	Not mustered..	Freeport, Ill....	Commission canceled.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
William C. Dove.....	Freeport	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	— Iowa	Resigned, December 24, 1862.....
William B. Mayer.....	Freeport	Dec. 21, 1862....	Feb. 9, 1863....	Freeport, Ill....	Promoted.....
Charles M. Knapp.....	Freeport	Apr. 21, 1864....	Not mustered..	Dead	Commission canceled.....
James M. Work.....	Freeport	Apr. 21, 1864....	Not mustered..	Freeport, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Serg't....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
William B. Mayer.....	Freeport	1862. August 2.....	September 4....	Freeport, Ill....	Promoted Second Lieutenant.....
SERGEANTS.					
Charles M. Knapp.....	Freeport	August 10.....	September 4....	Died, Baileyville, Ill., Jan. 31, 1864.....
James M. Work.....	Freeport	August 12.....	September 4....	Freeport, Ill....	Mustered out June, 21, '65, as 1st Sgt.
Sammuel G. Trine.....	Freeport	August 12.....	September 4....	Mt Morris, Ill..	Dis. to accept com. in 13th U. S. C. T.
George Acker.....	Loran	August 6.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill....	Discharged, March 20, 1863.....
CORPORALS.					
Charles Purinton.....	Florence	August 15.....	September 4....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 10, 1863.....
Ebon C. Winslow.....	Freeport	August 15.....	September 4....	— Minn	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
Harvey Ferrin.....	Harlem.....	August 7.....	September 4....	Wounded, trans. to I. C., June, 1864....
John C. Bigger.....	Silver Creek....	August 10.....	September 4....	St Louis, Att'y	Discharged December 29, 1863.....
Alvaro Hemmenway	Ridott.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Ridott, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
Hosea Dale.....	Berryman.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as private.
Alonzo H. Furman.....	Silver Creek....	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged April 27, 1864

ROSTER OF COMPANY F—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
CORPORALS.					
Daniel R. Vought.....	Silver Creek....	1862. August 10.....	1862. September 4....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 6, 1863.....
MUSICIANS.					
Jacob M. Turneure.....	Florence.....	August 10.....	September 4....	Clinton, J., Wis.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
William H. H. Turneure....	Florence.....	August 10.....	September 3....	Clinton J., Wis.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
WAGONER.					
Philip H. Grove.....	Shannon.....	August 12.....	September 4....	———Penn.	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
PRIVATE.					
Aurand, Thomas J.....	Loran.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Killed, Powder Spr., Ga., Oct. 3, 1864..
Aurand, Joel.....	Loran.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Allen, Hiram.....	Stephenson Co	August 6.....	September 4....	Eleroy, Ill.....	Mustered out July 22, 1865, pris. war...
Anderson, Charles A.....	Stephenson Co	August 15.....	September 4....	U. S. A.....	Discharged Mar. 23, 1864; disability...
Adams, Benjamin F.....	Loran.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Died, New Albany, Ind., Aug. 25, '63..
Allard, Mathias.....	Silver Creek....	August 22.....	September 4....	Freeport, Ill..	Mustered out May 15, 1865.....
Allard, Stephen.....	Silver Creek....	August 21.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Baker, Perril G.....	Loran.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Captured, June 22, 1864.....
Buckman, Zacharias S.....	Freeport.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Davenport, Io.	Mustered out June 24, 1865, pris. war.
Burgess, David R.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Transferred to Ellett's Ram Fleet....
Brauneger, Daniel.....	Loran.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Dakota Ter....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Babb, Daniel P.....	Loran.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Loran, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bishop, William.....	Berryman.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out July 3, 1867, pris. war...
Berry, John.....	Silver Creek....	August 19.....	September 4....	———Iowa.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Colby, Albert H.....	Silver Creek....	August 14.....	September 4....	Silver Creek....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Colton, John.....	Loran.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Insane.....	Discharged Feb. 14, 1864.....
Cuff, John.....	Ridott.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Pecatonica, Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Clark, Thomas.....	Loran.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Loran, Ill.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
Decker, William A.....	Ogle County....	August 10.....	September 4....	U S. A.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Dunnal, Henrich.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Freeport, Ill..	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Edgerton, Charles.....	Berryman.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Eaton, Urias H.....	Silver Creek....	August 10.....	September 4....	Silver Creek, Ill	Discharged March 29, 1863.....
Fox, William.....	Berryman.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Loran, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Fox, James.....	Freeport.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Freeport, Ill..	Mustered out June 21, 1863, as Corp'l.
Friery, John.....	Kent.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Dec. 29, 1863.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY F—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Grier, David C.....	Loran.....	1862. August 15.....	1862. September 4.....	Morseville, Ill..	Promoted Hospital Steward.....
Giddings, Luther.....	Loran.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Loran, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Holmes, Spencer.....	Freeport.....	August 2.....	September 4.....	Savanna, Ill.....	Discharged Feb. 23, 1863.....
Hoy, Henry.....	Loran.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Loran, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Harpster, Henry H.....	Berryman.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Mustered out June 24, 1865, prls. war.
Hetherton, James.....	Florence.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Hamm, Valentine.....	Silver Creek.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., January 10, 1863.
Krotzer, Jacob.....	Freeport.....	August 2.....	September 4.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Kester, Asa.....	Silver Creek.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1863....
Lambert, Ephraim.....	Silver Creek.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn. Nov. 13, '63.....
Lambert, Jeremiah.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Ridott, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Long, Benjamin F.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., January 30, 1863.
Long, Jonathan.....	Loran.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lohr, Paul.....	Loran.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Transferred September 16, 1862.....
Lamie, Jacob.....	Loran.....	August 10.....	September 4..... Mo.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Mitchell, Orrin J.....	Loran.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1863
Miller, Adam W.....	Florence.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Florence, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Metz, Lewellen.....	Stephenson Co.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Florence, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Marl, George E.....	Silver Creek.....	August 10.....	September 4.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865; wounded.
Mader, John.....	Berryman.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 24, 1865, prls. war.
Owen, Henry.....	Ridott.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Piotner, John F.....	Berryman.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Marshall't'n, Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Piotner, William McHenry.....	Berryman.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Marshall't'n, Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Pope, William W.....	Harlem.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Amboy, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Preston, Charles A.....	Harlem.....	August 12.....	September 4..... Kan.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Pentlecoff, Daniel.....	Loran.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Pentlecoff, Samuel.....	Loran.....	August 10.....	September 4.....	Loran, Ill.....	Transferred to I. C., June 22, 1864....
Peterson, Thomas B.....	Berryman.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863.....
Pope, Abraham.....	Freeport.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Peternick, Frederick.....	Freeport.....	August 21.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rice, James H.....	Pleasant Valley.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rodgers, Lewis W.....	Forreston.....	August 10.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, '63....

ROSTER OF COMPANY F—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Must.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Renner, Eli P.....	Freedom.....	1862. August 18.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Sanders, James.....	Silver Creek.....	August 20.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Sager, Conrad.....	Freeport.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Loran, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Sedam, Levi H.....	Rock Run.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Rock Grove, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Smallwood, James.....	Harlem.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Camden Pt, Mo.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.....
Spence, John.....	Pleasant Valley.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	M. o. Feb. 3, 1866, as Serg't; pris. war.....
Smith, William B.....	Forreston.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Forreston, Ill.....	Discharged April 13, '65; disability.....
Smith, Thomas H.....	Forreston.....	August 10.....	September 4.....	Mus. out June 21, 1865, as Wagoner.....
Truckenmiller, Edward G.....	Jefferson.....	August 10.....	September 4.....	Loran, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Thompson, George.....	Ridott.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Oct. 11, 1863.....
Tarbert, Andrew.....	Ridott.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Discharged June 18, 1863.....
Thomas, Elijah.....	Silver Creek.....	August 22.....	September 4.....	— Iowa.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't.....
Wilson, John A.....	Silver Creek.....	August 10.....	September 4.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Work, Washington.....	Florence.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	— Iowa.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Whiteside, Thomas F.....	Waddams.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., Feb. 20, 1863.....
Whiting, Warren.....	West Point.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Deserted February 26, 1863.....
Wade, John A.....	Berryman.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Baileyville, Ill.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Wright, William.....	Jefferson.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 21, 1863.....
Young, Elias.....	Loran.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
RECRUITS.					
Atkins, John C.....	Oneco.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Dead.....	Discharged Mar. 30, '65; disability.....
Atkins, George G.....	Florence.....	Apr. 6, 1865.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Dead.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863.....
Allison, James.....	Menominee.....	Apr. 6, 1865.....	Apr. 6, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Baker, Elmus.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bentley, Nelson S.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 29, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Clark, Sample J.....	West Point.....	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Trans. Co. G, 65th Ill. In.; pris. war.....
Cullens, William H.....	Berryman.....	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Loran, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Couttryman, Adam.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Killed, Steelsboro, Ga., Oct. 26, 1864.....
Engelman, Solomon.....	Lancaster.....	Feb. 12, 1864.....	Mar. 14, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Engelman, Jacob.....	Harlem.....	Feb. 12, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Fox, Henry.....	Florence.....	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864.....	Loran, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Gregory, John.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY F—RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks
Hasson, David W.....	Salem	Dec. 31, 1863.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Elk Point, D. T.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hodges, James P.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 5, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Richmond, Va.....	M. o. Oct. 9, '64, for pro. Adj. 146th Ill.
Miller, Godfrey.....	Shabbona.....	Sept. 29, 1864.....	Sept. 30, 1864.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Miller, Henry.....	Nevada	Sept. 7, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Dead	Died, And. Pris., July 10, '64; gra. 3139
Mowry, John.....	Jefferson	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill. ...	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Morris, Wellington.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Dead	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
McNeal, Thomas.....	Forreston.....	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Reese, Abbott G.....	Erin	Feb. 18, 1864.....	Feb. 22, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Reese, William H. S.....	Erin	Feb. 24, 1865.....	Feb. 25, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rogers, Edward.....	Forreston.....	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 14, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill. ...	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill.; pris. war....
Schlott, John H.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 23, 1864.....	Apr. 11, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Sweet, Noah.....	Silver Creek....	Oct. 10, 1864.....	Oct. 12, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill. ...	Discharged.....
Sweet, Martin A.....	Freeport.....	Dec. 24, 1863.....	Mar. 9, 1864.....	Marquette, Meh.....	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill.; pris. war....
Ventioner, George W.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 26, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Died at Concord, N. C., June 5, 1865...
Wileoxen, Oscar D.....	Harlem	Feb. 12, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Williams, Francis J.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....
Bell, Charles.....	Oct. 12, 1863.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

UNDER COOK.

ROSTER OF COMPANY G—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAIN.					
John M. Schermerhorn.....	Lena	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
John Gishwiller.....	Lena	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Dead	Resigned, February 14, 1863.....
Charles C. Freeguard.....	Lena	Feb 14, 1863....	March 23, 1863....	Hampton, Io...	Promoted to Adjutant.....
Harry G. Fowler.....	Lena	May 10, 1865....	May 25, 1865....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Justin N. Parker.....	Lena	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Warren, Ill....	Resigned February 6, 1863.....
William McCammon.....	Lena	Feb. 6, 1863	March 23, 1863....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
Charles C. Freeguard.....	Lena	1862. August 9.....	September 4....	Hampton, Io...	Promoted First Lieutenant.....
SERGEANTS.					
Noah Ferrin.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Promoted Sergeant Major.....
Harry G. Fowler.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Prom. 1st Serg't, then 1st Lieutenant..
William McCammon	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Promoted Second Lieutenant.....
Gabriel G. Manny.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
CORPORALS.					
George Byrum.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., April 22, '63...
Jacob L. Dorse.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
Albert Van Epps.....	Waddams	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Serg't...
Wallace R. Giddings.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Died at Sand Lowe, Ga., Aug. 30, '64...
Joseph B. Train.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mis Creek, Neb	Trans. to Inv. Corps, June 17, 1864.....
William Back.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead	Missing in action, Feb. 11, 1865.....
William G. Reber.....	Ward's Grove.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Kent, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as private
William E. Stewart.....	Lena	August 9.....	September 4....	Fr'dsville, Neb	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
MUSICIANS.					
Franklin Carver.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Transferred to Co. H, 96th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY G—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
MUSICIANS.		1862.	1862.		
Henry E. Carver.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Transferred to Co. H, 96th Ill. Inf.....
WAGONER.					
Thomas Fleming.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged Mar. 1, 1863; disability.....
PRIVATE.					
Austin, Hiram M.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Armagost, Absalom.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Chas. City, Io.....	Discharged Feb. 13, 1863; disability.....
Beine, Carl F.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged Aug. 26, 1864; wounds.....
Bunker, Hollis M.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bennett, Thomas J.....	Harlem.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Baysinger, Alexander.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Captured at Nickolack Gap, Ga.....
Clark, Henry H.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	McGregor, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cornforth, John.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died, May 18, 1866, wounds.....
Curtis, William U.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Steambo't R. Io.....	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't.....
Clark, Reuben M.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	White R'k, Ks.....	Corp'l, trans to I. C., June 24, 1864.....
Cox, Harrison.....	Eleroy.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Transferred to I. C., June 24, 1864.....
Corning, Nathan.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863.....
Clair, Davis B.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 18, 1863; disability.....
Dejong, Abner.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Delrymple, Samuel L.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Warren, Ill.....	Discharged Nov. 8, 1864; disability.....
Doll, Charles A.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863; disability.....
Drew, Joseph.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Dickhomer, William.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Jan. 3, 1863.....
Empfield, William J.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Tenn., June 13, '63.....
Fisk, Amos.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., Jan. 2, 1863.....
Ford, Lyman A.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't.....
Foreman, James.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Fair, Lyman W.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Discharged June 24, 1863, disability.....
Foley, Patrick.....	Eleroy.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Fair, Henry L.....	West Point.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Giltner, James W.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 9, 1865; wounded.....
Grossman, David.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died at Paris, Ky., Nov. 8, 1862.....
Graves, Consider S.....	Ward's Grove.....	August 9.....	September 4.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY G—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Galbraith, Joseph	Lena, Ill.	1862. August 9	1862. September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.
Galbraith, William	Lena	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Discharged December 28, 1864.
Houser, Christopher	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mus. out June 24, '65; prisoner of war
Hillard, William J	Lena	August 9	September 4	Waddams C., Ill	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment
Hawkins, William	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Waddams C., Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Hawkins, George S.	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Waddams C., Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Houser, Samuel	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Waddams C., Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Haggart Darius	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Jewell, Kan.	Mustered out June 21, 1863, as Corp'l.
Houser, Abraham	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Corp'l, absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg.
Isaacson, Isaac	Kent	August 9	September 4	Dead	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Keeler, Nathan F.	Lena	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Kena, Charles	Kent	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Koller, Ernest	Stephenson Co	August 9	September 4	Dead	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Klaas, Augustus	West Point	August 9	September 4	Winslow, Ill.	Died, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 14, 1863
Kiplinger, James E.	Kent	August 9	September 4	Eleroy, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Keiser, Charles N.	Winslow	August 9	September 4	Orangeville, Ill	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment
Ladd, John	Erin	August 9	September 4	Sada, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Moore, Emanuel	Lena	August 9	September 4	Dead	Discharged Sept. 8, 1864; disability
Mahony, David L.	Lena	August 9	September 4	Janesville, Wis	Discharged June 2, 1863; disability
McCausland, Andrew L.	Lena	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
McStay, Edward	Lena	August 9	September 4	Damascus, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Mahan, William G.	Waddams	August 9	September 4	St. Paul, Minn	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Phillips, James M.	Waddams	August 9	September 4	Dead	Discharged Jan. 31, 1863; to re-enlist
Reese, George W.	Kent	August 9	September 4	Yellow C'k, Ill	Deserted August 15, 1864
Reber, Jacob A.	Erin	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Rathbun, Farris	Kent	August 9	September 4	Shannon, Ill.	Mustered out June 24, 1865; prfs. war
Shigel, Julius	West Point	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Discharged April 22, 1865; wounds
Smith, Thomas A.	West Point	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865
Smith, John I.	Kent	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment
Selzhorn, Herman	Lena	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	
Sisson, William	Lena	August 9	September 4	Lena, Ill.	

ROSTER OF COMPANY G—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Smith, Robert D.....	Waddams.....	1862. August 9.....	1862. September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65.....
Seabury, Jerome.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Steamb't R., Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Stout, Thomas U.....	Harlem.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Shearer, Edward.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Jan. 23, 1863.....
Simpson, John M.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Tomlinson, George H.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged April 1, 1863; disability...
Traln, Samuel S.....	Waddams.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mis Creek, Neb.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863; disability...
Vanalstine, Delos W.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Verbee, Benjamin E.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wales, Thomas.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
West, Philip.....	Lena.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged Sept. 30, 1863; disability...
West, Ezra.....	Winslow.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Werkheiser, William.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died Oct. 6, 1864; wounds.....
Werkheiser, Ephraim.....	Kent.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Discharged Aug. 5, 1863; disability...
Walter, Anthony B.....	Waddams.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wyckoff, Ephraim.....	Waddams.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., April 14, 1863...
RECRUITS.					
Armagost, Absalom.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 1, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Andrews, Silas.....	Loran.....	Oct. 10, 1864...	Oct. 14, 1864...	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Atchley, Wallace.....	Feb. 13, 1865...	Feb. 13, 1865...	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bunker, Hiram.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 29, 1864...	Feb. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Burbridge, Wilson M.....	Waddams.....	Feb. 3, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Lena, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Butler, William H.....	Erin.....	Feb. 12, 1864...	Feb. 29, 1864...	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bennett, Martin L.....	Lafayette Co.....	Feb. 9, 1865....	Feb. 9, 1865....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bartholomew, Wentel.....	Oneco.....	Feb. 24, 1865...	Feb. 23, 1865...	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Beine, Charles.....	Kent.....	Sept. 20, 1862...	Mar. 2, 1864....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bartlett, Thomas H.....	Elizabeth.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Best, Jacob S.....	West Point.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Lena, Ill.....	Discharged Feb. 26, 1865; disability...
Betz, Jacob.....	West Point.....	Feb. 29, 1864...	Feb. 29, 1864...	Killed, n'r. Kingston, Ga., June 22, '64
Crouch, Jonathan.....	Kent.....	Dec. 26, 1863...	Jan. 8, 1864....	D'd, Davis Mills, S. C. Feb. 13, '65, wds
Cox, James H.....	Lena.....	Dec. 21, 1863...	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Colton, John C.....	Harlem.....	Dec. 19, 1863...	Jan. 8, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY G—RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Chamber, John B.....	West Point.....	Holden, Mo.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Feeley, Duncan M.....	Freeport.....	Dec. 19, 1863.....	Jan. 18, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Gates, Henry H.....	Waddams.....	Dec. 26, 1863.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Glanz, Christian.....	Kent.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 14, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Grinnel, Peter L.....	Freeport.....	Dec. 30, 1863.....	Jan. 11, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Haggart, William H.....	Waddams.....	Dec. 30, 1863.....	Jan. 11, 1864.....	Dead.....	From w'ds rec'd near Marietta, Ga.....
Huston, William T.....	Dec. 19, 1863.....	Jan. 11, 1864.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hays, Sanford E.....	Lena.....	Feb. 12, 1864.....	Jan. 11, 1864.....	Lena, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Henderson, Joseph.....	West Point.....	Feb. 5, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Harrington, John.....	Lena.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hayward, Robert.....	Jo Daviess Co.....	Discharged Feb. 23, 1863; disability.....
Hampugh, Gustavus.....	Stephenson Co.....	Deserted Oct. 3, 1862.....
Lawver, George.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 29, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Winslow, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Matthews, John G.....	West Point.....	Dec. 23, 1863.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Dubuque, Io.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
McEathron, Malcolm.....	West Point.....	Dec. 30, 1863.....	Jan. 11, 1864.....	Lena, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Matthews, Samuel R.....	West Point.....	Feb. 12, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Dead.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Oakes, Allen.....	West Point.....	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Lena, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Playford, Henry R.....	Lena.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Phillips, Parley A.....	Waddams.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Damascus, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Richardson, Lafayette.....	West Point.....	Dec. 19, 1863.....	Jan. 11, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Royer, Isaac.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 29, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rea, George W.....	Harlem.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rea, John W.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Skeels, Arthur S.....	Waddams.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	White R'k., Ks.....	Died April 13, 1865; wounds.....
Sendlinger, George W.....	Florence.....	Oct. 24, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Westcott, John.....	Lena.....	Feb. 3, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY H—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.					
James Brice.....	Lane Station...	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Oxford, Io.	Resigned February 22, 1863.
John F. Nelson.....	Lane Station...	Feb. 22, 1863 ...	Mar. 23, 1863.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Regiment.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
James Dawson.....	Lane Station...	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	D'd of w'ds, Atlanta, Ga., Sep. 21, '64.
John F. Nettleton.....	Lane Station...	Sept. 21, 1861...	Nov. 1, 1864....	New Haven, Ct	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Edward C. Mason.....	White Rock....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Sept. 4, 1862.....	Resigned November 24, 1862
John F. Nelson.....	Lane Station...	Nov. 24, 1862.....	Jan. 3, 1863.....	Chicago, Ill....	Promoted
Samuel L. Bailey.....	Lane Station...	Feb. 22, 1863.....	Mar. 23, 1863.....	Colo, Io.	Resigned May 4, 1864.....
John F. Nettleton.....	Lane Station...	May 4, 1864.....	July 8, 1861....	New Haven, Ct	Promoted
Crawford B. Bowles.....	Lane Station...	Sept. 21, 1861....	Nov. 1, 1864....	Altoona, Pa....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
John F. Nelson.....	Lane Station...	1862. August 6	September 4....	Chicago, Ill.....	Promoted Second Lieutenant.....
SERGEANTS					
John F. Nettleton.....	Lane Station...	August 14	September 4....	New Haven, Ct	Promoted Second Lieutenant.....
Daniel C. Haslings.....	Lane Station...	August 6	September 4....	Died at Danville, Ky., Mar. 23, 1863....
Peter F. Kershaw.....	Lane Station...	August 6	September 4....	Amazonia, Mo.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
John M. Hendricks.....	Lane Station...	August 6	September 4....	New Haven, Ct	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment....
CORPORALS.					
James M. Seckler.....	Lane Station...	August 11	September 4....	Discharged May 4, 1863
Ezekiel Pettit.....	Lane Station...	August 11	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
Steven T. Cooper.....	Lane Station...	August 12	September 4....	Mustered out June 24, 1865 ; was pris.
Charles E. Cort.....	Reynolds, Ill...	August 11	September 4....	Mustered out June, 21, '65, as 1st Sgt.
John S. Lee.....	Lane Station...	August 6	September 4....	Dead	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't..
William W. Walters	Lane Station...	August 6	September 4....	Belvidere, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY H—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CORPORALS.					
Dutley C. Whitehead.....	Reynolds.....	1862. August 7.....	September 4.....	Rock Rap's Io.	Discharged April 1, 1863; disability...
Steven B. Kenneston.....	Reynolds.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Rochelle, Ill....	Transferred to V. R. C., April 1, 1863..
PRIVATE.					
Brice, James, Jr.....	Lane Station...	August 5.....	September 4.....	Tama City, Io...	Discharged Jan. 17, 1863; disability...
Brice, Thomas.....	Lane Station...	August 5.....	September 4.....	Tama City, Io...	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l..
Burton, Samuel W.....	Lane Station...	August 5.....	September 4.....	Died, w'ds, Nash'g, Tenn., Nov. 9, '64
Burkhart, John.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4.....	Rochelle, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Banks, Lyman.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4.....	Deserted about Sept. 1, 1863.....
Bailey, Emery D.....	August 11.....	Rockford, Ill....	Never mustered into U. S. service.....
Bailey, William.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4.....	Rochelle, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brace, George C.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4.....	Nevada, Iowa...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brown, John.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4.....	Creston, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brown, Wallace.....	Lane Station...	August 7.....	September 4.....	Rochelle, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Boyle, David.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4.....	Rochelle, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brown, A. D.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bowles, C. B.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4.....	Altoona, Pa....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 9, 1863.....
Bailey, Samuel L.....	Lane Station...	August 16.....	September 4.....	Colo, Iowa....	Pro. Q. M. Ser.; reduced; pro. 2d Lt..
Bailey, William B.....	Lane Station...	August 16.....	September 4.....	White R'k, Ill..	Prom. 1st Serg't, then 2d Lieutenant..
Brown, John R or N.....	White Rock....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Absent, sick at m. o. of Regiment....
Bower, Warren K.....	White Rock....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Churchill, Oliver.....	White Rock....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Clayton, William H.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4.....	Avoca, Iowa....	Transferred to V. R. C., July, 1864....
Dentler, Samuel S.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Dentler, Elam R.....	Lane Station...	August 7.....	September 4.....	Chicago, Ill....	Trans. to Pioneer Corps, Sept. 20, '64.
Dimon, Squire.....	White Rock....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Killed, Jonesboro, Ga., Aug. 30, 1864..
Doctor, John B.....	White Rock....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Drackman, Adolphus.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4.....	Storm Lake, Io	Mus. out June 21, 1865, as Wagoner....
Earl, William B.....	August 6.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Eyster, Cyrus.....	White Rock....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Dement, Ill....	Discharged Feb. 15, 1865; disability..
Farnham, John.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4.....	Chicago, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Flynn, Steven.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Fuller, C. R.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY II—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Gay, Floyd.....	Lane Station...	1862. August 6.....	September 4....	Mus. out June 24, '65; was prisoner.
Gifford, James.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gifford, William.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Killed at Nickofack, Ga., Apr. 23, '64.
Gifford, Richard.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Mus. out June 24, 1865; was prisoner.
Garnhart, D. Porter.....	Lane Station...	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hurd, Edward A.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Herrick, Albert.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Boone, Iowa.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Horton, Jefferson.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Tr. to Miss. Marine Brig., Apr. 30, '63.
Halfred, John B.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hyde, Hiram.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Harlin, William S.....	Lane Station...	August 12.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 6, '63, wds
Hamaker, Joel.....	Reynolds.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Transferred to Company B.....
Herrington, John.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Illiff, Jerred.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	White Rock, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Hathaway, Worden.....	Reynolds.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hanno, J. N.....	Reynolds.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Herrington, Lorenzo.....	White Rock.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Herrington, Wade.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Irvine, William.....	Reynolds.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 24, 1865; was pris.
Jackson, Henry.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Kooker, Mahler D.....	Lane Station...	August 12.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lee, John S.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as mus'cn.
Lyon, Perrine.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged April 1, 1863.....
Love, C. B.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Transferred to Company B.....
Lacy, James L.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Discharged March 19, 1863.....
Miller, John F.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mills, Robert.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Moore, Steven.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Michigan.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Millard, Harvey.....	White Rock...	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mino, Leonard.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mier, Jacob.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out July 22, 1865; was pris.
Noe, Benjamin.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....

ROSTER OF COMPANY H—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks
O'Rooke, James.....	Lane Station...	1862. August 6.....	September 4....	Dead.....	{ Taken pris. Sept. 20, 1864. Lost on Steamer General Lyon.....
Oaks, Hiram L.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	White Rock, Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Parker, Math as.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment ...
Peirce, Bronkley... ..	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	— Iowa.	Discharged March 16, 1863.....
Phillips, John M.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Discharged March 16, 1863.....
Preston, Roster J.....	White Rock.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863....
Reynolds, Simon.....	Reynolds	August 9.....	September 4....	Discharged April 9, 1863.....
Rowley, Charles.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Transferred to Company B.....
Reaves, Robert.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Colo, Iowa.....	Mustered out June 24, 1865; was pris.
Reyley, John.....	Lane Station...	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rilchie, James.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.
Starkey, James W.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Corp'l. pris. of war since April 23, 1864
Sturtevant, Orrin... ..	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Ogden, Iowa....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Squires, James.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged Jan. 17, 1863; disability...
Sly, Jeston.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Shaffer, Thomas.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Discharged, May 12, 1863.....
Spear, W. H.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Discharged, March 31, 1863.....
Schermerhorn, Harvey.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Dustin, Ill.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Sichler, A. B.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	White Rock, Ill	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Steuken, F. W.....	Lane Station...	August 14.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Towner, Seth L.....	August 6.....	September 4....
Tally, Thomas S.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 16, 1863..
Thayer, C. E.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Died March 20, 1865.....
Tressler, Samuel L.....	White Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Trans. to Pioneer Brig., Sept. 20, '64.
Tilton, Elijah.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Died at Marietta, Ga., Oct. 6, 1864....
Virgil, James E.....	Lane Station...	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wohigomath, Fred	Lane Station...	August 5.....	September 4....	Died, Brentwood, Tenn., Apr 6, 1863..
Willis, Judson N.....	Lane Station...	August 11.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Absent, sick, at muster out of Reg't..
Willey, Collins.....	Lane Station...	August 6.....	September 4....	Dead	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Whitely, John B.....	Lane Station...	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
RECruits.					
Cresy, Davis.....	Flagg.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Mar. '8, 1864...	—Ohio....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.

ROSTER OF COMPANY II - RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks
Conaway, Jesse.....	Flagg.....	Feb. 29, 1861....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Chicago, Ill....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Culver, David D.....	Flagg.....	Oct. 10, 1861....	Oct. 14, 1864....	New York.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Davis, John.....	Marion.....	Feb. 10, 1865....	Feb. 11, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Eddy, Jacob B.....	Chicago.....	Mar. 4, 1865....	Mar. 4, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Garnhart, Aaron.....	Marion.....	Feb. 10, 1865....	Feb. 11, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hoford, Francis D.....	Flagg.....	Feb. 27, 1865....	Feb. 27, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Hill, Preston R or K.....	White Rock.....	Mar. 13, 1865....	Mar. 15, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Jewell, Clark B.....	Flagg.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lewis, Edwin.....	Lane.....	Dec. 2, 1863....	Jan. 10, 1864....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lausing, Abram W.....	Aurora.....	Mar. 13, 1865....	Mar. 15, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Reynolds, Simeon.....	Reynolds.....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Royce, John.....	Lafayette.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Sechler, George M. D.....	White Rock.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Died September 14, 1864.....
Tilton, Alonzo F.....	Springfield.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Avoca, Iowa....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Tilton, George W.....	Springfield.....	Feb. 29, 1864....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Rochelle, Ill....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Tilton, Orrin B.....	Lafayette.....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Rochelle, Ill....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Tilton, Comodore P.....	Lafayette.....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Rochelle, Ill....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Van Iraman, Stephen W.....	Flagg.....	Feb. 20, 1864....	Mar. 28, 1864....	Janesville, Wis.	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Walters, Richard L or R.....	Lane.....	Dec. 12, 1863....	Jan. 10, 1864....	Rochelle, Ill....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Yonker, Sylvester.....	Flagg.....	Mar. 13, 1865....	Mar. 15, 1865....	Dead.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY I—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAIN.					
Egbert T. E. Becker.....	Salem, Car'l Co	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865. Promoted
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
David B. Colehour.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Died March 17, 1863.....
Alexander M. York.....	Lanark.....	Mar. 17, 1863....	Apr. 23, 1863....	Ind'pendee, Ks	Res. Apr. 4, '64, for pro. In Col'd Reg..
Joshua S. McRea.....	Mt. Carroll...	Apr. 18, 1864....	St. Louis, Mo...	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Alexander M. York.....	Lanark.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Ind'pendee, Ks	Promoted.....
Joshua S. McRea.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Mar. 17, 1863 ...	Apr. 23, 1863....	St. Louis, Mo...	Promoted.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
Owen B. Edson.....	Wysox.....	1862. August 15.....	1862. September 4....	Deserted October 2, 1862.....
SERGEANTS.					
Edward English.....	Salem.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Villisca, Iowa..	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
William H. Hollinger.....	Mt. Carroll...	August 13.....	September 4....	Dis. Aug. 17, '63, for promot'n in U.S.C.T
Joshua S. McRea.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	St. Louis, Mo...	Promoted Sergeant Major.....
Daniel H. Stouffer.....	Lanark.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Burlington, Io.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
CORPORALS.					
Nathan Stephenson.....	Fair Haven.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Dead	Dis. Oct. 8, '62, for pro. as 2d As. Sur...
William H. Price.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 6.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Sergt...
John M. Noyes.....	Lanark.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Grundy Ctr. Io	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
James A. Bigger.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Killed, Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863...
Henry Bashaw.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't.
Robert Gunn.....	Salem.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
James A. Colehour.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
John K. Burgess.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Discharged March 11, 1863.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY I—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
MUSICIANS.					
James C. Wheat.....	Lanark.....	1862 August 15.....	September 4.....	Lanark, Ill.....	Discharged October 24, 1863.....
Frederick Dehl.....	Salem.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Fair Haven, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
WAGONER.					
John H. Miller.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
PRIVATEES.					
Aldrich, Warren.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died, Mt. Sterling, Ky., Feb. 18, 1863..
Ashley, John W.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Red Oak J., Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Arnold, Simon.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brown, John W.....	Wysox.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bennett, Edgar.....	Fair Haven.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Died, Lexington, Ky., Feb. 19, 1863...
Bauden, Collin.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Promoted Principal Musician.....
Beattie, William.....	Salem.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Iowa Falls, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Barber, James.....	Cherry Grove.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Shannon, Ill.....	Absent, sick, at m. o. of Regiment.....
Carroll, William H.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Carter, William H.....	Lanark.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Corp'l, absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg.....
Church, Harvey.....	Wysox.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Childs, David.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Curry, Abner.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Reg't....
Eshleman, Benjamin F.....	Lanark.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died, Danville, Ky., Jan. 19, 1863.....
Eshleman, Abraham.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Forbes, James M.....	Salem.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Grundy C'r, Io.....	Mus. out Aug. 25, '65; prisoner of war..
Finlayson, George.....	Salem.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Plymouth, Io.....	Mustered out June 21, '65.....
Fraser, Don R.....	Lanark.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Mustered out July 15, 1865; pris. war..
Focht, Anthony.....	Rock Creek.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gaylord, Actias.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863.....
Goodell, William H. H.....	Lanark.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
George, Jeremiah H.....	Salem.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gotschall, George A.....	Cherry Grove.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Green, Thomas.....	Salem.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Gray, Lyman C.....	Wysox.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Discharged Oct. 17, 1863.....
Hollowell, James.....	Lanark.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hollman, Isaac F.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY I—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce	Remarks.
Higgins, Michael.....	Salem.....	1862. August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hayward, Hiram F.....	Salem.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Honsell, Charles R.....	Rock Creek.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Deserted February 1, 1863.....
Hobart, Mark H.....	Fair Haven.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Discharged June 25, 1863.....
Hoover, John, Jr.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	Mus. out June 21, 1865, as Wagoner....
Johnson, Samuel H.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 5.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 15, '63...
Keech, John H.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Discharged March 11, 1863.....
Kingery, Andrew J.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Lanark, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Larkins, Korl.....	Salem.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Lower, Martin L.....	Salem.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 20, 1863
Miller, Samuel H.....	Wysox.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Markley, Joseph.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	Transferred to V. R. Corps.....
Michael, Isaac.....	Lanark.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 16, '63...
McCracken, Thomas.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Minnich, William.....	Wysox.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Meiz, Samuel.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McGill, Frank W.....	Rock Creek.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McWorthy, Henry A.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McWorthy, William P.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 22.....	September 4....	Died, And. Frs., Sep. 25, '64; gra. 9710
Morris, Isaac.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Pulton, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
O'Neal, Pudley.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
O'Neal, James.....	Wysox.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Jan. 17, 1863.....
Ortman, Robert.....	Wysox.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Jan. 6, 1863.....
Rinedollar, Nelson.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	} Discharged to enlist as Hospital Steward, U. S. A., April 11, 1864...
Reynolds, William H.....	Salem.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Killed, Nickoljack, Ga., Apr. 23, 1864...
Reynolds, Charles W.....	Salem.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Grundy C'r, Io.	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Rhodes, James W.....	York.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Killed, Niekoljack, Ga., Apr. 23, 1864...
Richardson, Samuel.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Snyder, James H.....	Lanark.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Discharged April 24, 1865.....
Schick, Jones.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Schreiner, John.....	Salem.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mt. Carroll, Ill..	Discharged May 26, 1864.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY I—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Steinman, Barnhart.....	Cherry Grove.....	1862.	1862.	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 21, '64.....
Smith, John F.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 26, 1863.....
Smith, John P.....	Wyox.....	August 21.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Salsbury, Samuel.....	Salem.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Corp'l, absent, sick, at m. o. of Reg.....
Statemiller, Jacob, Jr.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Swaggart, Eugene M.....	Salem.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Shore, Thompson M.....	York.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 9, 1863.....
Sheimer, William C.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	— Mo.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Thomas, Henry.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10, 1862.....
Vandagriff, William Q.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Willis, J. Platt.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Willis, Seth C.....	Salem.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Winters, John C.....	Lanark.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Walker, Solomon.....	Lanark.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Weber, John.....	Fair Haven.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Weber, Henry.....	Salem.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Weaver, Leonard J.....	Salem.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Walker, James.....	Fair Haven.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Yeager, Henry H.....	Mt. Carroll.....	August 22.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863.....
Yeager, Henry H.....	Lanark.....	August 25.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
REGUITS.					
Apple, Balsar.....	Salem.....	Oct. 3, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill.; pris. war....
Albensee, George.....	Wyox.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bennett, William L.....	Wyox.....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 16, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bowers, Elias G.....	Brookville.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Downs, George W.....	Salem.....	Sept. 15, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Killed, Waynesboro, Ga., Dec. 4, '64.....
Fox, George.....	Fair Haven.....	Dec. 16, 1863.....	Dec. 18, 1863.....	Mustered out June 24, 1865, pris. war....
Free, Francis A.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Dec. 31, 1863.....	Jan. 3, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Galusha, Daniel E.....	Fair Haven.....	Jan. 5, 1864.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Gorgas, Emanuel.....	Dixon.....	Feb. 22, 1864.....	Feb. 22, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Garrison, Anthony.....	Wyox.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 19, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Gartman, Peter.....	Mar. 3, 1865.....	Mar. 3, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY I—RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ee.	Remarks.
Haekett, Edward.....	Fulton.....	Feb. 23, 1865.....	Feb. 25, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Jenkins, Wellington.....	Wysox.....	Dec. 24, 1863.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	StCathrine, Mo.....	Trans. to Co. G, 65th Ill.; ab., sick.....
Kilmore, John C.....	Aug. 1, 1863.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Kimble, William A.....	Brookville.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Kimble, Isaac.....	Brookville.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lang, Peter.....	Elkhorn.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Killed, near Aiken, S. C., Feb 11, '65.
Mitchell, Thomas.....	Henderson.....	Feb. 16, 1865.....	Feb. 16, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
McCord, Eathan.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Feb. 17, 1865.....	Feb. 17, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Merchant, Van Buren.....	Fair Haven.....	Mar. 27, 1865.....	Mar. 28, 1865.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
O'Brien, Daniel.....	Rockford.....	Sept. 19, 1863.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Wounded Jan. 25, 1864; absent sick.....
Penny, Pecker Jesse.....	Sterling.....	Jan. 13, 1863.....	Jan. 13, 1863.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rhodes, Alexander.....	York.....	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Dec. 1, 1863.....	Thomson, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Skilling, William W.....	Mt. Carroll.....	Dec. 31, 1863.....	Jan. 8, 1864.....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Smith, James P.....	Wysox.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Short, William.....	Elkhorn Grove.....	Sept. 20, 1864.....	Sept. 22, 1864.....	Lanark, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Winebrener, William W.....	Dixon.....	Aug. 30, 1864.....	Aug. 31, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill.; Sub.....
Yeakle, William A.....	Brookville.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Feb. 28, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. G, 65th Ill. Inf.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY K—COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Date of Rank.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CAPTAINS.					
Albert Woodcock.....	Oregon.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Oregon, Ill.....	Promoted Major; pro. Lieut. Col.....
Horace C. Scoville.....	Mt. Morris.....	Apr. 21, 1864....	May 12, 1865....	Rockford, Ill...	{ Mustered out June 21, '65. Taken { prisoner at Nickojack, Apr. 23, '64
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.					
Horace J. Smith.....	Oregon.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Ottawa, Kan...	{ Promoted Capt. Co. B. Wounded { in arm, near Florence, Ala.....
Horace C. Scoville.....	Mt. Morris.....	Jan. 23, 1863....	Apr. 18, 1863....	Rockford, Ill...	Promoted.....
Peleg R. Walker.....	Dement.....	Apr. 21, 1864....	May 12, 1865....	Rochelle, Ill....	{ M. o. June 21, '65. Commanded Co. { from April, 1864, till May, 1865.....
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.					
Horace C. Scoville.....	Mt. Morris.....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Sept. 4, 1862....	Rockford, Ill...	Promoted.....
Peleg R. Walker.....	Dement.....	Jan. 23, 1863....	Apr. 18, 1863....	Rochelle, Ill...	Promoted.....
George W. Marshall.....	Mt. Morris.....	Aug. 12, 1862....	Not mustered..	Chicago, Ill....	Commission canceled.....
James D. White.....	Marion, Ogle co	Apr. 21, 1864....	May 12, 1865....	Hale, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Reg.....

ENLISTED MEN.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
FIRST SERGEANT.					
George W. Marshall.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Chicago, Ill....	Pro. Reg. Q. M.; pro. A. Q. M.....
SERGEANTS.					
Peleg R. Walker.....	Dement.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Rochelle, Ill....	Prom. 1st Serg't, then 2d Lieutenant...
Edwin W. Newton.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Franklin, Ill....	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Reg't....
Alexander M. Norris.....	Marion.....	August 15.....	September 4....	Franklin, Ill....	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
Zardas Jewell.....	Pine Rock.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as 1st Serg't
CORPORALS.					
Louis Cavalier.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4.... Iowa,	Dis. Aug., 1863, for pro. in 1st U. S. C. I.
Samuel M. Benedict.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Marion, Ill....	Discharged May 12, 1863.....
E. H. Middlekauff.....	Forreston... ..	August 13.....	September 4....	Forreston, Ill...	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't.

ROSTER OF COMPANY K—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
CORPORALS.					
James D. White.....	Marion.....	1862. August 9.....	September 4.....	Scott, Ill.....	Pro. Ser., 1st Ser. and 2d Lieut.....
Justice D. Boiles.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Boone Co., Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Sergt.....
Joseph R. Potter.....	Scott.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Killed at Alken, S. C., Feb. 11, 1865.....
James P. Bloss.....	Marion.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Killed, Powder Spr., Ga., Oct. 3, 1864.....
George W. Fouke.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Promoted Commissary Sergeant.....
MUSICIANS.					
Daniel G. Clark.....	Lynnville.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Died, Franklin, Tenn., Mar. 15, 1868.....
James B. Cheney.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged April 3, 1863.....
Thomas Coggins.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mt. Morris, Ill.....	Discharged March 20, 1863.....
PRIVATES.					
Arnold, William A.....	Taylor.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Died at Dechard, Tenn., Aug. 16, '63.....
Anderson, G. W.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Bissell, Albert.....	Taylor.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Taylor, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Brooks, Edward.....	Pine Creek.....	August 13.....	September 4..... Neb.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Baker, Calvin.....	Scott.....	August 11.....	September 4..... Kan.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Bly, William M.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Marion, Ill.....	Mustered out June 24, 1865; was pris.....
Bissell, Elijah S.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Boyd, John C.....	Nashua.....	August 8.....	September 4.....	Nashua, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Clark, William F.....	Nashua.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Comstock, Samuel H.....	Nashua.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Deserted April, 1863.....
Coddington, James.....	Pine Creek.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Carter, Thomas W.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4..... Penn.....	Discharged April 22, 1865.....
Carpenter, John H.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4..... Oregon, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Clark, William H.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Cox, William H.....	Oregon.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Oregon, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Crosby, Robert.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mt. Morris, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Chancy, Joseph.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Delair, Edward.....	Dement.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Marysville, Ks.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Davis, Nathaniel.....	Marion.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 14, 1865; pris, war.....
Edmonds, Hiram P.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Taylor, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Frost, Jonathan B.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Dead.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY K—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Fish, John S.....	Mt. Morris.....	1862. August 11.....	1862. September 4.....	Discharged May 15, 1863.....
Falkner, Charles S.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Killed at Alken, S. C. Feb. 11, 1865.....
Ferris, Colin H.....	Scott.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
Frane, Jacob, Jr.....	Marion.....	August 20.....	September 4.....	Absent, wounded, at m. o. of Reg.....
Gibson, John W.....	Dement.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Belvidere, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hill, Jonathan A.....	Pine Creek.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Mus. out June 24, 1865; prisoner war.....
Hills, William A.....	Nashua.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Capt'd, murd'rd by enemy, Apr. 28, '64 { Taken prisoner at Nickojack Gap, April 23, 1864. Died at Florence, S. C., Oct. 4, '64, while a pris. war.
Harrington, E. D.....	Oregon.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged, July 16, 1863.....
Hewitt, Samuel.....	Scott.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hardemar, James.....	Dement.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Hedrick, W. J.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Lincoln, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Kelley, Patrick.....	Malta.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Kendrick, David M.....	Lafayette.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Feb. 18, 1863.....
Kenney, Elisha.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Rockvale, Ill.....	Mustered out June 24, 1865; was pris.....
Merritt, James M.....	Pine Creek.....	August 8.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Malarky, Patrick.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Nashua, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
McKirry, Henry M.....	Nashua.....	August 11.....	September 4..... Neb.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Meddler, John L.....	Pine Creek.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mondebaugh, Samuel J.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Died at Danville, Ky., Dec. 15, 1862.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Mullen, John M.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 16, 1863.....
Miller, S. V.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Oregon, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
March, Aaron.....	Taylor.....	August 12.....	September 4.....	Nashua, Ill.....	M. o. June 21 '65; wound'd Sept., 1863
Malarky, James.....	Scott.....	August 9.....	September 4.....	Discharged July 16, 1863.....
Murray, William.....	Forreston.....	August 14.....	September 4.....	Oregon, Ill.....	Mus. out June 21, 1865, as Wagoner.....
McClain, Alexander.....	Taylor.....	August 12.....	September 4..... Kan.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l.....
March, Charles T.....	Nashua.....	August 8.....	September 4.....	Discharged Sept. 12, 1863.....
Marlin, Anson.....	Nashua.....	August 15.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Morrison, Robert.....	Forreston.....	August 13.....	September 4.....	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
Ott, Andrew.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....

ROSTER OF COMPANY K—ENLISTED MEN—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Ranyon, Lucius C.....	Marion	1862. August 11.....	1862. September 4....	Scott, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Serg't.
Rowland, Alexander.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged June 15, 1863.....
Russell, Henry A.....	Marion	August 9.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., Feb. 17, 1863.....
Rebelle, Wallace.....	Scott	August 11.....	September 4....	Monroe, Ill.....	Mustered out June 10, 1865; pris. war.
Rowe, Edward S.....	Dement.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Killed, Powder Spr., Ga., Oct. 3, 1864.
Rodearnel, Robert J.....	Forreston	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Stewart, Joseph.....	Marion.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Discharged March 4, 1865.....
Scoville, Homer W.....	Pine Rock.....	August 8.....	September 4....	Discharged January 5, 1863.....
Stroh, Muhlenburg.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mt. Morris.....	Mustered out June 21, '65, as Corp'l...
Stolhut, Augustus.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4....	{ Died in Andersonville Prison, Nov. 23, 1864, of w'ds; No. grave, 12, 132
Speran, William S.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Skiff, William T.....	Scott	August 11.....	September 4....	Rockford, Ill.....	Discharged April 9, 1863.....
Scoville, Henry T.....	Pine Rock.....	August 13.....	September 4....	White Rock, Ill.....	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863.....
Sheets, William H.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865; pris. war.
Shepherd, David N.....	Malta.....	August 13.....	September 4.... Iowa	Discharged April 3, 1863.....
Tyler, Samuel T.....	Oregon.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Discharged Feb. 21, 1863.....
Trask, Edward O.....	Pine Rock.....	August 9.....	September 4....	Rockvale, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Sergt...
Wilson, David H.....	Nashua.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Walkup, Liberty.....	Pine Rock.....	August 11.....	September 4.... Iowa	Discharged March 2, 1863.....
Withers, Eli G.....	Mt. Morris.....	August 11.....	September 4....	Mt. Morris, Ill.....	Discharged April 9, 1863.....
Webb, Howley.....	Dement.....	August 12.....	September 4....	Died Feb. 19, '72	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Wood, Norman.....	Pine Rock.....	August 13.....	September 4....	Died, Danville, Ky., January 2, 1863...
Wood, Gifford A.....	Taylor.....	August 14.....	September 4....	Discharged March 21, 1865.....
Zimmerman, Joseph B.....	Scott	August 11.....	September 4....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
RECRUITS.					
Atwood, Enoch.....	Marion.....	Dec. 15, 1863...	Dec. 28, 1863...	Dead.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Atwood, Andrew.....	Wysox.....	Oct. 7, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Arty, Samuel.....	Pine Creek.....	Mar. 6, 1865....	Mar. 7, 1865....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Brundage, Joseph.....	Nov. 17, 1863...	Nov. 30, 1863...	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bigham, Jonathan.....	Dement.....	Jan. 25, 1864...	Feb. 8, 1864...	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Bisby, Julius E.....	Hunce.....	Apr. 6, 1865....	Apr. 6, 1865....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce	Remarks.
Black, William.....	Forreston.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Adaline, Ill.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Crouch, Franklin L.....	Scott.....	Mar. 7, 1865.....	Mar. 7, 1865.....	Pine Creek, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Coddington, Harrison.....	Pine Creek.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Durrin, Leroy J.....	Wysox.....	Feb. 10, 1865.....	Feb. 11, 1865.....	Died, Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 12, 1865.....
Fox, Edwin.....	Marion.....	Feb. 13, 1865.....	Feb. 16, 1865..... Iowa.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Gage, George H.....	Dement.....	Jan. 4, '64.....	Jan. 6, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Goodrich, John B.....	Scott.....	Mar. 6, 1865.....	Mar. 7, 1865.....	Pine Creek, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Kemp, Alfred L.....	Pine Creek.....	Mar. 6, 1865.....	Mar. 7, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Laurey, John S.....	Fulton.....	Jan. 25, '64.....	Jan. 25, 1864.....	Creston, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lewis, Henry W.....	Dement.....	Feb. 5, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Lewis, Baton H.....	Dement.....	Jan. 25, 1864.....	Jan. 25, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Latham, Alycrah W.....	Oregon.....	Feb. 5, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Killed, Jonesboro, Ga., Aug. 19, 1864.....
March, Augustus P.....	Taylor.....	Oct. 4, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Died 1870.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865, as Corp'l.....
McCamond, Jacob.....	Marion.....	Feb. 10, 1865.....	Feb. 11, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
McCallister, Jared.....	Marion.....	Feb. 10, 1865.....	Feb. 11, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Mason, Richard.....	Wysox.....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 8, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Nolen, James.....	Mustered out June 21, 1865.....
Odell, Luther R.....	Leaf River.....	Feb. 9, 1864.....	Feb. 23, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Odell, William A.....	Leaf River.....	Feb. 9, 1864.....	Feb. 23, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Payles, John R.....	Scott.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Pratt, George.....	Scott.....	Feb. 24, 1865.....	Feb. 25, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Rodeker, Charles.....	Scott.....	Oct. 7, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill. Inf.....
Robinson, Jesse.....	Nachusa.....	Oct. 14, 1862.....	Mar. 2, 1864.....	Killed, Waynesboro, Ga., Dec. 4, '64.....
Sheldon, Horace F.....	Dement.....	Jan. 25, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Died Oct. 11, '64, w'ds rec. Powder Sp
Turney, David B.....	Mt. Morris.....	Promoted Hospital Steward.....
Tracy, Chauncey L.....	Leaf River.....	Feb. 9, 1864.....	Feb. 23, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Taylor, Alfred R.....	Marion.....	Feb. 10, 1865.....	Feb. 11, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Taylor, William L.....	Marion.....	Feb. 10, 1865.....	Feb. 11, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Way, Milo L.....	Nov. 17, 1863.....	Nov. 30, 1863.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Wheeler, Andrew.....	Dement.....	Jan. 25, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Rochelle, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Walker, John.....	Scott.....	Jan. 5, 1864.....	Jan. 6, 1864.....	Beacon, Ill.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
White, Charles.....	Wysox.....	Oct. 6, 1864.....	Oct. 9, 1864.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Walkup, John H or W.....	Pine Creek.....	Mar. 6, 1865.....	Mar. 10, 1865.....	Transferred to Co. I, 65th Ill.....
Wingert, David.....	Freeport.....	Mar. 10, 1864.....	Mar. 14, 1864.....	Died, Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 9, 1864.....

ROSTER OF UNASSIGNED RECRUITS--NINETY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Atwood, Patton H.....	Marion.....	Feb. 24, 1865....	Feb. 25, 1865....
Alexander, William.....	Dacotah.....	Feb. 13, 1864....	Feb. 15, 1864....
Artz, William J.....	Oregon.....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Oregon, Ill.....	Mustered out May 21, 1865....
Artz, Rufus B.....	Oregon.....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Feb. 2, 1865....	Mustered out May 21, 1865....
Brown, Edward.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 23, 1864....	Feb. 23, 1864....
Bentley, John.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 9, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....
Brown, Welcom H.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 9, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....
Burham, John M.....	Marion.....	Feb. 24, 1865....	Feb. 25, 1865....	Mustered out May 29, 1865....
Bacon, Marble F.....	Freeport.....	Oct. 19, 1864....	Oct. 19, 1864....
Brown, Cyrus W.....	Dixon.....	Feb. 22, 1864....	Feb. 22, 1864....	Died at Camp Butler, Ill, March 29....
Chambers, John R.....	West Point.....	Oct. 3, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....
Crotzer, William.....	Freeport.....	Mar. 7, 1864....	Mar. 7, 1864....	Lena, Ill.....	Mustered out May 11, 1865....
Clute, Franklin.....	Dixon.....	Oct. 24, 1864....	Oct. 26, 1864....
Doane, Newton.....	Flagg.....	Oct. 7, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....
Daniels, Charles H.....	Winnebago Co.....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Oct. 13, 1864....	Rejected by Board.....
Delate, George.....	West Point.....	Oct. 10, 1864....	Oct. 12, 1864....
Elliot, Orrin J.....	Whiteside.....	Mar. 9, 1865....	Mar. 10, 1865....	Rejected by Board.....
Fish, John B.....	Salem.....	Jan. 23, 1864....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Freeport, Ill ..	Mustered out May 21, 1865....
Feeley, Duncan M.....	Freeport.....	Oct. 7, 1864....	Oct. 9, 1864....
Gaffron, Joseph.....	Wysox.....	Feb. 17, 1865....	Feb. 17, 1865....	Rejected by Board.....
Grim, Martin L.....	Freedom.....
Gay, Porter.....	Flagg.....	Discharged.....
Grim, Martin.....	Discharged April 28, 1865....
Hitchcock, Jonathan J.....	Woodland.....	Oct. 10, 1864....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Mustered out May 21, 1865....
Hunt, William W.....	Byron.....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Feb. 15, 1865....	Mustered out May 21, 1865....
Howland, Charles A.....	Washington.....	Oct. 13, 1864....	Oct. 14, 1864....
Hewitt, George W.....	Mt. Carroll.....
Linkletter, Eugene E.....	Hume.....	Apr. 6, 1865....	April 6, 1865....
Michael, Henry B.....	New Milford.....	Sept. 26, 1864....	Sept. 26, 1864....	Mustered out May 23, 1866....
Meyers, Peter H.....	Wysox.....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Oct. 12, 1864....	Mustered out July 6, 1865....
Mease, Alexander.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 8, 1864....	Feb. 9, 1864....	Rejected. Discharged.....
O'Brine, John.....	Meromunice	Apr. 6, 1865....	Apr. 6, 1865....
Peterson, Timothy T.....	Deserted.....

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS—CONTINUED.

Name and Rank.	Residence.	Enlistment.	Muster.	Pres. Resid'ce.	Remarks.
Rowland, William F.....	Freeport.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....
Robinson, Benjamin D.....	Chicago.....	Jan. 11, 1865.....	Jan. 12, 1865.....
Rand, Comodore R.....	Winslow.....	Feb. 27, 1864.....	Feb. 29, 1864.....	Rejected.....
Rahn, Jacob O.....	Mt. Carroll.....
Taney, John.....	Buffalo.....	Oct. 14, 1864.....	Oct. 16, 1864.....
Tuller, Oliver S.....	Freeport.....	Jan. 26, 1864.....	Feb. 8, 1864.....	Discharged.....

CHAPTER IX.

STATEMENT OF CHARLES W. REYNOLDS, WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER AT NICKOJACK—STATEMENT OF NATHAN C. TYLER—STATEMENT OF DON R. FRAZER—CARRYING A DISPATCH—A CHAT WITH A SOUTHERN LADY—FORAGING IN SOUTH CAROLINA—VENISON STEAK, AND HOW THE BOYS GOT IT—CAPTAIN SMITH'S NEW BOOTS—SERENADING A DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

Charles W. Reynolds, of Company I, Ninety-Second, was one of the soldiers on picket at Nickojack Gap, Georgia, on April twenty-third, 1864, and he thus narrates what he saw at the time of the capture, and what he experienced at Andersonville, and other Rebel prisons:

Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, of Company K, was in command of the outpost, with about sixteen men, I being among the number. We were on the main road that runs south parallel with Taylor's Ridge, and where the road crosses the Ridge and runs to Tunnel Hill. At that time the Union army lay west of, and the Rebel army east of, Taylor's Ridge; the Union troops being encamped about Ringgold, and the Confederate army south of Tunnel Hill. Taylor's Ridge separated the two armies. Our post was near the Gap, just where the mountain road crosses the Ridge, our reserve being a little way in rear at some old log buildings. We had several vedettes out, some at the Gap, and some along the top of the Ridge. In rear of our post, about three-quarters of a mile, was another post of about thirty men. We had been on duty nearly forty-eight hours, and no enemy had been seen along our lines. In the night, under cover of the darkness, a regiment or more of Rebel infantry had crossed Taylor's Ridge in our rear, and barricaded the road. I was at the head-quarters of the picket, having been on duty during the night. My brother William was on guard at the head-quarters of the picket. Just at daybreak we heard firing up the road, at the top of the Ridge, and, instantly, the reserve was mounted, and await-

ing orders. Lieutenant Scoville, observing that the boys on the Ridge were having a lively time, ordered some of us to go and assist them, and five of us immediately started. We soon met the boys coming down, saying: "Fall back to the head-quarters of the picket, for the Rebels are as thick as bees." The bullets were whistling around us—we fell back rapidly, but before we reached the picket post the Rebels were charging down the main road from the Gap, and driving everything before them. Lieutenant Scoville ordered the pickets back onto the reserve, hoping to stop the Rebel charge there; but, instead of reaching the reserve, he ran into the trap prepared in our rear by the Rebel infantry, and he and all with him were immediately captured or killed. The little squad I was with, seeing that we were cut off from our main reserve, took back again through the fields, the enemy on both sides of us and in our rear, and popping it to us with their rifles, which, in the morning dawn, was not a pleasant sight to us, as the flames leaped from the muzzles of their guns. We were making good time, and we hoped to reach the next post, when we saw that the Rebels were heading us off. They had already captured Lieutenant Scoville and the men with him, and were after us. They were well mounted, and dashed forward, and cut off our only hope of escape. Up to this time I had done more running than fighting—I changed tactics, and, halting my horse, I played my Spencer Rifle on them until a Rebel, with twenty more closely following, came upon me, the Rebel shouting: "Surrender, you — Yankee son-of-a —." I didn't object to his abrupt way of speaking, but, as quietly and gracefully as I could, I informed him that I was at his service. He told me to dismount, and give up my arms; then, taking my horse by the halter-strap, said: "Yank, if you will behave yourself, you can ride back over the Ridge to our lines." I mounted, and he led my horse. He questioned me closely, but I was not very communicative. He showed his generosity by giving me two crackers, and told me I had better take them, for it would be a long time before I would get anything to eat. I took them, and voted my captor the most gentlemanly Reb I was acquainted with. Would to God that my comrades had fallen into as good hands. We soon passed our captured boys; they had been dismounted, and were double-quickened to keep up with the Rebel cavalry, now rapidly falling back to Tunnel Hill, evidently fearful that the Yanks would follow. But our camps were eight miles from Nick-o-jack, and they need not have been in such a hurry. They shot

down many of the boys who gave out in double-quicking. My brother William was shot, after his capture, because he hesitated to pull off his boots! Lieutenant Pointer, of Wheeler's staff, was the wretch who murdered my brother. When Lieutenant Pointer had shot away, at his defenseless prisoners, all the shots in his revolver, he beat the disarmed boys, his prisoners, over the head with his heavy navy revolver; he knocked Lieutenant Scoville over the head with his revolver, with no warning to Scoville, from pure maliciousness, and nearly knocked the Lieutenant senseless. Lieutenant Pointer was a contemptible wretch. I never had a "confidence game" played on me until then. A Rebel rode up to me, and, with tears in his eyes, said that if I had any valuables about me I had better give them to him until we reached Tunnel Hill, when he would return them to me. I thought it very kind in him, and gave him all my little keepsakes, love letters from "the girl I left behind me," etc., but it was the last I ever saw of that kind-hearted Johnny. When we were safely inside of the Rebel lines, I was dismounted, to await the coming of the balance of the Yankee prisoners. While waiting, I was frequently invited to "shell out" all the valuables I had, but all I could do was to inform them that I had already "shelled." One Reb proposed to trade boots with me; and trade it was, without ceremony or delay; but I think I got the best of the bargain, for I got a pair of number nines old enough to vote, for a pair of number fives. Another Johnny unceremoniously traded hats with me. I soon found myself with nothing left that a Rebel thought it worth while to trade for. Everything valuable, or supposed to be valuable, was taken from every Yankee prisoner; but that was nothing compared to the cool manner in which the infamous Lieutenant Pointer coolly murdered our poor boys. At last, all that were captured were gathered together, and marched to Tunnel Hill, and placed in the railroad station house. One by one they were taken out, and questioned and cross-questioned by the Rebel officers, in order to learn the strength and situation of our army; but I think they obtained but little information useful to them from the Ninety-Second boys. When we came to have roll-call, we found twenty-one of the Ninety-Second boys answering to their names, as follows: Lieutenant Horace C. Scoville, Company K; Wallace Revelle, Company K; James M. Merritt, Company K; Benjamin F. Heistand, Company D; E. D. Harrington, Company K; William Snyder, Company D; David Shoemaker, Company D; William P. McWorthy, Company I;

Charles W. Reynolds, Company I; Alexander Baysinger, Company G; Abraham Houser, Company G; Corporal James W. Starkey, Company H; Benjamin Noe, Company H; Mahler D. Kooker, Company H; Henry Miller, Company F; William Guyer, Company E; Coston Z. Best, Company E; Francis M. Chase, Company C; Edwin W. Elliott, Company B; Morris R. Miller, Company A; and Nathan C. Tyler, Company A.

We were captured, and were bound to see something of prison life in the Rebel prison pens; but, had we known at that time what per cent. of our little band would never see the Union lines again, sad and sorrowful as our future was, it would have been worse. But, at that time, we did not fear them—we were soldiers under the “Stars and Stripes,” and let come what fortune might bring to us, we would accept it uncomplainingly, as was becoming to soldiers. We had abiding confidence that the Ninety-Second would pay the Rebels, with fearful interest, for what they had done that day. At three P. M., we were put on board of the cars and sent to Dalton, where we were placed in a jail with a hundred or more prisoners, including negroes, Rebel deserters, and Union spies. Some of the spies were to be tried in a few days, and they said they expected to be shot. Among the prisoners were a number of Union men, arrested for their loyalty to the United States; they were true men, and preferred imprisonment and death rather than service in the Rebel army. Soon after we reached Dalton, we were taken to General Hill’s head-quarters, where the General and his ladies appeared quite delighted to see us. We were again searched, but little of value was found. At five P. M., we were placed on the cars again and started for Atlanta, where we arrived at eleven P. M., and were immediately marched to the military prison and locked up. At four P. M., of the twenty-fourth, we were furnished with some rations, consisting of corn-meal and salt, the first food since our capture. We went to work to cook our corn-meal—but our boys longed for some of Uncle Sam’s hard-tack, even if it was branded “B. C.” On the twenty-fifth, we were again placed on the cars, guarded by the Thirty-Fourth Tennessee Confederates, a regiment that had laid at Harrison’s Landing while the Ninety-Second did picket duty there. They wished to know how “Mother” was getting along, referring to a member of Company H, of the Ninety-Second, who had crossed the Tennessee by swimming it, at Harrison’s Landing, and had a chat with some of the Thirty-Fourth Tennessee soldiers. We arrived at Macon the same day, and were placed in the city prison,

with a checker-board iron grating to look through, all in a room 10x12; it was a dismal cell, and we were glad when ordered aboard of the cars again. The guards told us we were bound for Andersonville! They told us it was a fine, healthy place; that the prisoners were well cared for, and had good shelter and plenty of food. We found that it was a healthy country, full of pure water, fuel and food; but Rebel diabolism denied to us poor Yanks the boon of fresh air, cold water, or any shelter, and, in a country full of fuel within sight of our prison pen, they denied us wood enough to cook our scanty rations with. We reached Andersonville about two o'clock P. M., on the twenty-sixth. We got off from the cars in a timbered country, with a dry, sandy soil. About three-quarters of a mile away we could see a large enclosure, composed of timbers set in the ground on end, close together, about fifteen feet high, with sentry boxes along the top—and that was the Andersonville prison pen. The "old Dutchman," as he was called, Captain Wirz, riding a white horse, came along, and escorted us to the prison gate. Here he left us with the guards, and himself went inside to learn what part of the prison to assign us to. While we were waiting outside of the prison gate, a squad of Yankee prisoners came from the woods with armsful of fagots that they had been gathering for fuel. At first we thought it was a squad of negroes; but, as they came nearer, we saw that they were Yankee prisoners! They were black as negroes, and such downcast, hopeless, haggard, woe-begone looking human beings I never saw before. They said they were glad to see us, but would to God that it was under better circumstances. After awhile the prison gate was opened for us to pass through. As we entered, a sight of horror met our eyes that almost froze our blood, and made our hearts stop beating. Before us were skeleton forms that once had been stalwart men—covered with rags, and filth, and vermin—with hollow cheeks and glaring eyes! Some of the Ninety-Second boys, in the heat and intensity of their emotions, exclaimed: "Is this hell? Great God, protect us." Well might Wirz, the incarnate fiend who presided over that Rebel inferno, have written over its gate: "Let him who enters here leave hope behind." The prisoners were divided into squads of nineties—and we fresh-comers were distributed around to fill up some of the nineties where others had died; seven of us were placed in the same part of the prison, and we formed a little family of ourselves, for each other's comfort and mutual encouragement. I will never forget my first night in that horrible place.

There was a heavy, cold dew falling. We lay down in the sand, without a thing under or over us, and already nearly stripped of clothing by our captors; and there we lay, seven of us, spoon-fashion. For many days we remained so exposed to the cold dews at night, and the scorching sun by day, until we managed to save some of our scanty rations and trade them with our starving companions for an old blanket and the half of another one. Then two of the boys and myself went to the prison gate, cut the buttons off our coats, and bought our way out to the woods, and each brought back an armful of poles and wood—the poles to make us a shelter by stretching our old blanket and a half over them, and the wood to cook our coarse corn-meal, which, without the wood to cook it, we would have had to eat raw. When we had fixed up with these scanty materials as best we could, we thought ourselves quite comfortable, in comparison with the thousands around us who had no shelter of any kind. And this in a country filled with timber out of which we could have constructed shelters, if our inhuman and fiendish captors had only have permitted it! I shall never forget the unfortunate predicament we were in when we drew our raw corn meal, cob and kernel ground up together, and we without a dish to cook in, or a splinter of fuel to cook with. Had it not been for the generosity of one of the old prisoners, we would have had to eat it raw—he loaned us a scanty bit of fuel to cook it by, and his *chip* to cook it on. As soon as we saw what constituted cooking utensils in Andersonville, and were able to do so, we procured a *chip* of our own, and were as happy—aye, as we could be! At this time there were about seven thousand Yankee prisoners crowded and huddled into the stockade at Andersonville. Nearly all of them had wintered at Belle Isle or Danville. They were almost destitute of clothing, and were living skeletons. All were eager to find out the prospects of an exchange, and the least encouragement they could get they would catch at as drowning men do at straws. Every day we all had to fall in by nineties, and if one man was missing that could not be accounted for, the whole ninety starving skeletons were kept absolutely without food that day. The poor fellows tried hard to keep up good spirits, and outlive the Confederacy. About the middle of May, as the Union armies began to advance, Yankee prisoners would be brought in every day, and from them we obtained our only news from the United States. The Rebels would never let us know what was going on at the front—only

when they gained some slight victory, we would hear them boast of it.

It would be remarkable if, among so many men in horrible confinement, there should not be methods of escape devised and attempted. The work of tunneling out was silently going on, and we hoped that it would be successful; but, in some way, the Rebels discovered it, and the fiendish Wirz swore that not another morsel of food should be issued to any one of his thousands of starving prisoners until the partly-constructed tunnel was again filled up. Wirz was the commander of the interior of the prison, and was a wretch of the lowest type, insolent, overbearing, heartless, and, of course, a coward, for no one with a spark of manly courage about him would come among helpless prisoners, famishing for the want of food, and draw a revolver, as he did. I formed the acquaintance, in Andersonville, of a man by the name of Henshaw, from Lee county, Illinois. He had made his escape several times, but was always caught by the bloodhounds (nigger-dogs), which the Rebels kept for the purpose of pursuing prisoners, and which rendered it almost hopeless for any one to attempt to escape. In the latter part of May, the prisoners arranged to make an attempt at an escape on a grand scale. It was to be done by undermining the stockade, and, at a given signal, in broad daylight, a rush was to be made by the prisoners against the stockade, and topple it over, and seize the Rebel artillery and all the arms and ammunition and provisions possible, and make a grand attempt to reach the lines of the Union armies. But just before the time for action had arrived, we found the whole plot had been disclosed to the Rebels—some traitor or spy had given the minutest details of the plan to Wirz. Soon after the following was posted near the prison gate:

“NOTICE.—Not wishing to shed the blood of hundreds not connected with those who concocted a mad plan to force the stockade, and make, in this way, their escape, I hereby warn the leaders, and those who formed themselves into a band to carry out this, that I am in possession of all the facts, and have made my dispositions accordingly, so as to frustrate them. No choice would be left me but to open with grape and canister on the stockade, and what effect that would have in this densely crowded place need not be told. May 25, 1864. H. WIRZ.”

The only consolation left us was that we had badly frightened our Rebel guards. About this time Henry Miller, of Company

F, of the Ninety-Second, died, the first among the Ninety-Second prisoners captured at Nickojack to fall a victim to Rebel cruelty. The prisoners in Andersonville were dying off at a fearful rate; especially those who had been longest in Rebel hands. The Rebel authorities had deliberately planned the murder of the prisoners in their hands by the slow process of starvation and disease—it was, at first, slow but sure, and then it was sure and rapid. I have counted one hundred and thirty lifeless skeletons of our boys that had died in one day. You might walk around the prison any hour in the day and see men closing their eyes in death. Diarrhea and scurvy appeared to be the most fatal diseases. None can know the horrors of scurvy except those who have beheld them. Sometimes the cords of the victim would be contracted, and the limbs drawn up so that the patient could neither walk, stand, nor lie still; sometimes it would be confined to the bones, and not make any appearance on the outside; sometimes it would be confined to the mouth, and the gums would separate from the teeth, and the teeth drop out. There were hundreds of cases of this disease in Andersonville. I have seen many of our prisoners suffering with scurvy actually starve to death because they could not eat the coarse corn meal furnished by the Rebels to the Yankee prisoners. In the month of June it rained continuously for twenty-one days, and it was not strange that disease multiplied in our crowded prison pen, and assumed every possible form. There were fifteen thousand prisoners in the stockade during all that rainy time, without shelters, lying out in the storm day and night. I cannot describe the hopeless misery and suffering. Imagination cannot conceive of it. Night after night, in a sort of delirium, I have dreamed of sitting down to some bountifully supplied table, away up home in Northern Illinois, and, waking, would find myself in the wet sand, cold, and nearly famishing for food. One principal topic of conversation, forced upon us by our sufferings, and the cravings of hunger, was something good to eat. If any one knew of a rare dish, something especially good, he would entertain, and momentarily satisfy, the rest of his mess, by describing it minutely, the manner of cooking it, etc. We not only lacked food, but clean water. We were forced to use the swamp water that ran through the prison pen, that had been filled with filth by flowing first through the Rebel camps. One day a clear spring of water burst out near the swamp inside of our prison during the rainy weather, and day and night there was a continual stream of men there trying to get a drink of clean

water. All around the inside of the Andersonville Prison, about fifteen feet from the stockade, was a slender pole, or slight ditch, which was called the "dead line." Any one who put his foot beyond that line was a dead man—the Rebel guards, without commanding a halt, would shoot him down. Many poor fellows, so starved that they had lost their reason, crossed that line unconsciously, and were coolly shot dead. During the month of June prisoners came in so fast that the Rebels had to build an addition to the stockade, after which there were about thirty acres in the entire enclosure. When the addition was completed, they made a small gap in the stockade, and ordered thirteen thousand prisoners to pass into it, giving them two hours to move into the additional enclosure, with a threat to deprive them of the few ragged blankets they had left, and their rations, if they did not pass through in the time allotted. On July third many new prisoners arrived, and the entire day was spent in roll calls, and assigning the new prisoners to fill vacancies in the companies of nineties. They gave us one-half pound of corn meal that day. On the fourth of July we received no rations at all, nor until four o'clock of the fifth, when each man received one-half pint of corn mush, without salt, but with plenty of cob and husks in it. At this time there was organized among the prisoners a gang of robbers, or, as they styled themselves, raiders. They would steal the rations and clothing and fuel of the weaker prisoners, and when they met with resistance, they did not hesitate to commit murder, and more than one poor prisoner was murdered by these robbers among the Yankee prisoners. Wirz, the prison keeper, (and I tell this of him cheerfully, for it is the only good thing I can say of him,) told us to form a police of our own, and point out the guilty ones, and he would have them arrested. About forty of the leading spirits in that robber gang were captured, and tried by a jury selected by the prisoners themselves—six of them were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. On the twelfth of July a gallows was erected inside of the prison, and at four o'clock P. M. Wirz came in, with the six prisoners under Rebel guards, and, said Wirz: "These men have been tried and convicted by their own comrades, prisoners with themselves, and I now return them to you, in as good condition as I received them. You can now do with them as your reason, justice and mercy dictate, and may God protect both you and them." As they were mounting the scaffold, one broke loose and ran to the opposite side of the prison, but was soon brought back and placed with the other five.

After giving them time to make a few remarks, meal sacks were drawn over their heads, and they were launched into eternity, to meet, perhaps, a more merciful fate from the Judge of all the world, than was accorded them by their starving and dying comrades, whom they had banded together to rob of their little food and clothing. That men could be found in that horrible place ready to rob the dying and the dead, their own comrades, is a terrible commentary upon the sufferings there endured. It was near this time that Edwin W. Elliott, of Company B, died, and many more of our little company were slowly starving to death, and failing day by day. If a man once permitted the thought to find lodgment in his brain that he would not live to get out, he was certain to die; there was one thing remarkable about it—you would never hear a man regret that he was about to die—it seemed to be to them a glad feeling of relief and liberty that their sufferings and tortures were so soon to end—the gloom of Andersonville was darker than the gloom of the grave. I remained comparatively healthy until July twentieth, when I began to see and feel the unmistakable evidences that I was to suffer with scurvy. Within ten days I was suffering so badly that I could not walk, and my teeth were nearly dropping out of my mouth, and I am now confident that I would soon have been numbered with the fourteen thousand Yankee soldiers who lie buried at Andersonville, had not Nathaniel Davis, of Company K, of the Ninety-Second, who had been captured and just brought into the prison pen, have given me some money which he had secreted about his person, with which I bought of my Rebel guards some Irish potatoes, and ate them raw. In two weeks after that I could see I was recovering. To my comrade, Mr. Davis, I most truly owe my life, for, without his timely kindness, I surely would have died. About September first Sergeant John Spence, of Company F, was brought to Andersonville. By the new arrivals we kept posted about the Ninety-Second. Our Rebel guards were continually setting a time for exchange, and our boys would cheer up, but when the time had passed the boys would get the blues, and die faster than ever. Our Rebel guards gloried in our disappointments. On September first there were thirty-four thousand Yankee prisoners in Andersonville. Our guards were getting afraid that we would be rescued by our troops, and began moving the prisoners out for different points. On the eight of September the company of ninety, to which Mahler D. Kooker, of Company H, Morris R. Miller, of Company A, William P. McWorthy, of

Company I, and myself belong, was ordered out; but Miller and McWorthy were so weak that they could not walk, and the guards took them to the hospital. Poor boys, they were heroes, but they could stand such treatment no longer, and it was not many days until we heard that they were both dead. We were crowded into old box cars, sixty of us into a car, and we were soon on our way, via Savannah, to Charleston, S. C., where we were placed in the city jail yard, under the fire of General Foster's gun-boats, where the Yankee shell were bursting continually around us. When a shell would burst close by, the boys would set up a cheer; they said it sounded good, for it came from home. We were placed there to keep Foster from shelling the city, but it did not stop the Yankee shell from screaming through the streets of Charleston; and after they found it useless to keep us there, the Rebels moved us out to the Charleston fair grounds, where we were kept for five weeks; and we there received the best rations ever received in the Confederacy, and had the benefit of the fine sea breeze, and the poor Yankees began to recover health and spirits. On October fourth, we were again placed on board the cars, and taken to Florence, South Carolina, and again placed in a stockade, like that at Andersonville, but not so extensive. Lieutenant Barrett was in command of the interior of the prison pen, and, if it be possible, was a meaner and more fiendish villain than Wirz. We had plenty of fuel for a time, for at first there was plenty of timber inside of the stockade; but our rations were scantier than at Andersonville. For three months we received nothing in the shape of meat. Tunneling by the prisoners was attempted to some extent, but without success. At one time Lieutenant Barrett had an idea that there was a tunnel about completed, and ordered that no rations be issued until the facts were disclosed. But only two or three men knew anything about the tunnel, and they would make no disclosure, and for three days the already half starved ten thousand Yankee prisoners went entirely without any kind of food, and hundreds literally died of sheer starvation! I believe that if the three men knowing about the tunnel had not at last pointed it out, every one of the ten thousand prisoners would have been starved to death! About this time George M. Frank, of Company C, Ninety-Second, came into the Rebel prison pen at Florence. I shall never forget the expression on his face when we met. He could hardly believe that I was the same boy whom he had known as a member of Company I, of the Ninety-Second. I did not weigh

eighty pounds, and yet I was a fair specimen of the Yankee prisoners who had been long in Rebel hands. On February fifteenth, 1865, we were again on board of the cars, and our Rebel guards said we were going to be exchanged. We had been so often deceived that we dared not believe them. We passed through Wilmington to Goldsboro, and then to Greensboro, N. C. Here the officer of the guard told us we were going to Richmond, Virginia, to be exchanged, and we began to hope that it was true. At Greensboro seven of our boys actually froze to death, in a country covered with timber, and where there was no excuse for it, save alone Rebel cruelty and heartlessness. On the night of the twentieth of February, we arrived in Richmond, and marched immediately over the frozen pavements, many of us barefooted and nearly naked, to the Pemberton Prison. On the twenty-third, we signed parole papers, and on the morning of the twenty-fourth of February, 1865, we were marched on board of a Rebel steamer, and were soon on our way down the James River to Aiken's Landing, where we crossed the line between the two armies, and stepped again under the old "Stars and Stripes." Never will I forget my feeling of happiness as I stood and gazed at the dear old Flag, that for nearly a year I had not seen, looking brighter and more beautiful than ever before. Again the drum beats roll-call, and we gather around to see how many of the twenty-one captured at Nickojack, on the morning of April twenty-third, 1864, will answer. Nearly half will never answer roll-call again on earth. The following fell victims to Rebel cruelty: Henry Miller, Company F, died at Andersonville, July tenth, 1874; his grave was numbered 3139. Morris R. Miller, Company A, died at Andersonville, September twenty-sixth, 1864; number of grave, 9795. Edwin W. Elliott, Company B, died at Andersonville, September seventh, 1864; number of grave, 8084. Sergeant Benjamin F. Heistand, Company D, died August second, 1864, at Andersonville; grave numbered 4583. William Snyder, Company D, died at Andersonville; number of grave not known. Coston Z. Best, Company E, died in the Rebel prison pen at Florence, S. C., February fourteenth, 1865; grave not known. Alexander Baysinger, Company G, died at Andersonville; date of death and number of grave unknown. Corporal James W. Starkey, Company H, died at Andersonville; date of death and number of grave unknown. E. D. Harrington, Company K, died in the Rebel prison pen at Florence, S. C., October fourth, 1864; number of grave unknown. William Guyer, Com-

pany E, died in Andersonville Prison, August eighth, 1864; number of grave, 5025. William P. McWorthy, Company I, died in Andersonville Prison, September twenty-fifth, 1864; number of grave, 9710. What a story of death the numbers of the graves reveal! On August tenth, 1864, when Henry Miller, of Company F, died, his grave was numbered 3139; on the twenty-sixth of September, 1864, Morris R. Miller, of Company A, died, and his grave was numbered 9795;—six thousand six hundred and fifty-six victims to Rebel cruelty, whose graves were numbered, and many graves were not numbered, in one prison pen, from July tenth, 1864, to September twenty-sixth, 1864!

Nathan C. Tyler, of Company A, Ninety-Second, was also one of the prisoners captured by the Rebels at Nickojack, on the morning of April twenty-third, 1864, and Mr. Tyler makes the following statement:

We had been nearly two days on picket duty, at Nickojack, eight miles from camp; the attack upon us was made about four o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third of April, 1864, the outpost at the top of the Gap being first to receive the enemy's fire. There were twelve men at that post. Lieutenant Scoville sent men to reinforce the post, and I was one of them. Just as we reached the post the Rebels came on in full force, and, at the same time, strongly attacked the main reserve at the foot of the mountain. Finding ourselves completely cut off from any support, we started toward camp, trying to reach the road leading to camp behind the reserve the Rebels had attacked, but we found the road blockaded with Rebels, who had taken up position in the rear of the reserve and barricaded the road. They had crossed the mountain on foot, in the night, and taken up position in our rear; completely trapped and surrounded by the enemy, we were captured. They instantly stripped us of our boots, clothing, watches and money. Some of our men were deliberately shot down by them, after our men had surrendered and given up their arms. We were double-quickened to the top of the mountain, when they regarded us as beyond chance of rescue by our troops, and we were permitted to march a little slower. On the opposite side of the mountain we found a regiment of Rebels that had been held in reserve. We were marched on to Tunnel Hill, where we took the cars for Dalton, and were taken to the head-quarters of the Rebel General commanding, and closely cross-questioned. We were taken from there, by cars, to Atlanta, and from there to Macon, and then to Andersonville. We were drawn up in line,

and the roll called. Lieutenant Scoville was sent back to Macon, and the rest of us, twenty in number, entered the prison pen. We shuddered with horror as we entered that living tomb. The first thing that met my eyes was the Rebels carrying out the dead from the prison. They were carried on stretchers to the gate of the stockade, and then thrown into wagons, entirely nude, from twenty to thirty in a wagon, promiscuously, heads and feet together, and hauled away, and thrown into trenches. When we reached the inside of the prison we found the most wretched looking human beings that it is possible for the imagination to conceive of—bareheaded and barefooted, all of them almost naked, and many of them entirely naked, mere skeletons, filthy, and eaten up with vermin. No one could keep clean. No soap or towels were furnished, and not even water to wash in. I never looked upon a sight so appalling before. Our hearts sank within us, and almost quit beating. We were divided up, and parcelled out to fill up the companies of nineties, taking the places of those who had died. Our rations consisted, at first, of one-half pint of corn meal to each man, ground with the cob. My first dough-cake I baked on a *chip*. After a while our rations were furnished to us cooked, but not increased. This kind of food—without shelter from the storms or sun, huddled together in rags and filth—was too much for the strongest of us, and the weakest soon died. It seemed to me that we must all inevitably die, and not one of the thousands there be left to tell the horrid story. From thirty to fifty, and sometimes more, would die daily. I was sick a great share of the time—in fact, all of the time—for a while in the stockade, and afterward in the hospital, which was simply an inclosure with a board fence around it. Our only shelter in the hospitals were old tent flies, so old that the rains sifted through as readily as through a sieve. The hospitals were heavily guarded. Only the worst cases were sent there. I was in the hospital nearly three months. I speak of one ward, containing hundreds of sick, and myself and one other prisoner were the only two that ever entered that ward during those three months who came out alive. There were fifty or seventy-five such tents, or wards, in the hospital grounds. We were laid side by side, twelve or fifteen in a row, close together, and received very little attention during the day, and none whatever during the night. I have known men to die early in the night, and lay close by them, until the Rebels would come around late the next forenoon and remove them. I was too sick and weak to move myself, or remove the dead. If

our strength recovered a little, we would be so overcome with hunger that we would dream about eating, and wake up with our mouths all foam and froth, and feeling as if we could eat our own hands off. Many a time I have wished for the poor privilege of skimming a swill barrel by the door of some farmer in Stephenson county! Often I thought that if I could only get back to Uncle Sam's army rations I would never murmur or complain again. Our daily talk was about being exchanged, and rumors would be set afloat almost every day that the glorious time would soon come. It seemed to us that if our pitiable condition was known at the North, something would surely be done to relieve us, either by the Government in securing our exchange, or by the people in raising an army large enough to come and liberate us. When we went to Andersonville the stockade consisted of about eighteen acres, inclosed by a tight fence twelve or fourteen feet high, made by setting hewn timbers in the ground six or eight feet deep, and close together. On the top of the fence, six or eight rods apart, the Rebel guards were posted, with platforms to stand upon, and steps to ascend and descend by. Inside of the stockade, a light fence, two or three feet high, run all around, about fourteen feet from the stockade, called the "dead line." The guards were ordered to shoot any prisoner crossing the "dead line." I remember seeing one of our poor prisoners shot for simply reaching his hand a little way beyond the "dead line" to get a chip to cook his coarse corn meal upon! Occasionally we would hear the yelp of the hounds in the heavy timber outside of the stockade, after some poor Yankee trying to escape from that earthly hell! A small stream of water run through the prison pen from west to east. One time, after a heavy rain, the water undermined and broke down from twelve to fifteen feet of the stockade. The Rebel guards raised a cry that the Yankee prisoners were going to make a break to get out. Wirz sent in word that if any attempt to get out was made he would turn the Rebel batteries on the prisoners and kill every d—d one of them. I was inside the stockade eleven months and four days. I remember that at one time some of the prisoners formed a plan of escape by digging a tunnel, commencing thirty or forty feet inside of the stockade and coming out on the outside. They worked by reliefs during the night, under an old tent, used in the daytime by the Rebels to distribute rations from. The dirt was carried down into the middle of the stockade, by the creek, and so well was the work carried on that the plot was not discovered until some forty

or fifty of the boys had got through the tunnel and got out of it on the outside of the stockade. But bloodhounds were put upon their tracks by the Rebels, and few of them, if, indeed, any of them finally reached the Union lines. Their effort exasperated our Rebel keepers, and made our miserable condition worse than before, if such a thing was possible. Soon after Lee's surrender, and Lincoln's assassination, I was removed from Andersonville. Lee's surrender caused an awful alarm among the Rebels, but the assassination of Abraham Lincoln cheered them up again. I was taken by the way of Jackson and Meridan, in Mississippi, to Black River, marching the last thirty miles on foot, which took us six days, so weak and feeble had we become. At Black River we were paroled, and I then saw the happiest day in my life—the day on which I bid good bye to the Southern Confederacy. Don R. Fraser, of Company I, makes the following statement:

On the nineteenth of October, 1864, while assisting in shipping ammunition from Atlanta to Kilpatrick's Division, the Rebel cavalry captured the train I was on. Obstructions had been placed upon the track, and the train was wrecked, and the Rebels, secreted in the brush each side of the railroad, cut off escape for all upon the train. The Rebels gathered up forty-six Yankee prisoners, and, after robbing us of all valuables, and most of our clothing, started us across the country toward Alabama. We trudged along down-hearted enough. After a few hours my thoughts turned upon some method of escape. Lieutenant Colonel Showers, of the 17th Ohio, was among the prisoners. I managed to get in conversation with him, and we began talking over some plan of escaping from our captors, but our guards soon suspected us, and we were separated. Among our Rebel guards I recognized an old acquaintance whom I had known in Jo Daviess County, a private in the First Mississippi Rebel cavalry. We had quite a chat, and he was kind enough to go to the Rebel Captain and obtain a horse for me to ride. In four days we reached Oxford, Alabama, having had rations issued but once to us, a little meal and fresh beef, about enough for one good meal. We remained at Oxford two days. I there became acquainted with Lieutenant W. D. Stone, of Clauton's Rebel Scouts. He had considerable sympathy for us. His company guarded us. He offered to assist in procuring my exchange—but he was sent to the front, and I to Castle Morgan, at Cahawba, Alabama. At Talladega we fell in with more Yankee prisoners, swelling our numbers to about six hundred. On settling down at Cahawba, I

still thought much about some plan of escape, and, taking others into my confidence, we soon had made up a party of fifty agreed upon making an attempt together to overpower the guards; we had everything arranged, even to the hour that the attempt was to be made, when some traitor or spy among us told our plans. I was taken out, and questioned, and the six hundred that went into the Rebel prison when I did were sent to Millen, and I retained at Cahawba. While at Cahawba I noticed, for the first time, the effect of slow starvation upon the human system—how the never-ceasing, wolfish cravings of nature eat out of a man all human feeling, eradicating all sympathy and benevolence, leaving nothing but the most indurate selfishness. My experience in Castle Morgan, at Cahawba, was short, but compared favorably with the others in which I was afterwards confined. The officials did not appear to have lost *all* human feeling, and, although the amount of rations allowed us would certainly have led to starvation ultimately, the unnecessary cruelty practiced elsewhere was not adopted to the same extent. On account of our plan to escape, all who were suspected of being connected with it were started on the cars for Montgomery. We reached Columbus, Georgia, about dusk, and were taken off the train to camp there that night. While marching from the train I noticed several smoke-stacks lying on the platform—the chance of escape was tempting, and, in the crowding and confusion, I dived into one of the smoke-stacks. After the crowd had gone I found that I had company—two other Yankees had adopted the same plan—Harvey Hart, from Indiana, and William Welch, from Iowa, both of whom had been captured at the same time with myself. Hart told me that he had been in Andersonville, but, while being transferred to Florence, South Carolina, had escaped, and, after thirty-two nights of lonely travel, had reached the Union lines near Atlanta, but had been so unfortunate as to be again captured by the Rebels. Welch told me he had once been a prisoner at Macon, Georgia, and had escaped to Atlanta. We cautiously pushed out of Columbus. When near the outskirts of the town we were hailed—but our hailers proved to be two more Yankees trying to escape—Lieutenant Colonel Showers, and Lieutenant Hudson. We were glad enough to meet, and, after a hearty consultation, we, as nearly as we could guess, started northward; but it was very dark, and we frequently found ourselves during the night approaching Columbus, and, at daylight, were only five miles from the town. We knew that the hounds would soon be on our

track, and, in order to avoid them, we waded down stream in a creek for nearly a mile, and climbed into trees to hide for the day. About noon we heard the baying of hounds. With beating hearts we listened. If they were really on our track at all, either our marching in a circle during the night, or our stratagem of wading in the running stream, deceived them, and they did not come near us. In the evening we approached a negro shanty and procured a meal, and continued our march. In the daytime we lay concealed in the woods. The next night it rained, and was very cold. Hart and I approached a house, and entered; one woman soon went out, and the others told us we had better leave. As we left the house we saw a man with a torch, blowing a tin horn, as we supposed, for the hounds, and we all scooted, through briars, over fences, through marshes and creeks; it was dark as a pocket. No hounds followed us. Shortly after midnight we saw a light, and flanked it—farther on we found more fires, and flanked them—and we found still more fires, with Rebel soldiers around them. We knew we were near a camp of some kind. A wagon train moved by. Negroes afterward told us that it was a portion of Hood's army moving from Jonesboro to Macon. After a deal of dodging we passed the Rebels, or they passed us. At daylight we approached a negro shanty, wet, cold and hungry; the negroes gave us a meal. I lay down on the floor and had a chill that I thought would shake the buttons off my clothes. The negroes, not daring to keep us long in the house, took us to the corn house, where we remained until evening. On leaving, one negro joined us in our tramp for freedom. About eleven o'clock that night we reached a negro shanty where there was but one man—a miller—he had plenty of flour and bacon, and supplied us with a lot of biscuit. Another negro joined our party. At dawn, after flanking some Rebel soldiers, we passed around the town of LaGrange, on the West Point Railroad. Here, by some means, our party became separated, Lieutenant Colonel Showers and Lieutenant Hudson taking one road, with the two darkies, and Welch, Hart and I another. We never saw them again, but heard afterward that they reached the Union lines safely. We regretted the loss of the biscuit, which the negroes carried in pillow cases, but not the company of the darkies, as, if captured with them in our company, we should certainly meet death at the hands of our captors. We went into the woods to sleep, but were soon awakened by the baying of hounds—we ran about half a mile, and crept into a tangled thicket of blackberry

brambles; after a while we crawled out, and pushed on through the woods as fast as we could go, and found again a secluded spot, and slept until darkness came on, when we again continued our tramp all night, and slept the next day. The next night Welch was too sick to travel, the weather cold, and the rain pouring down, and we crawled into a cotton gin house, to rest, and went so soundly to sleep that we did not wake until after daylight. We dared not remain, and we tried to dodge along into the woods again, but it was our ill luck to be seen by two Rebel officers, fully armed, who came upon us, and again we were prisoners in Rebel hands. After considerable cross-questioning we had to own up that we were Yankees trying to escape to the Union lines, and we were turned over to two of Harvey's scouts, to be taken to Newnan. When near Newnan they stripped us of our clothing, giving us the rags two negroes had on, who were with them. They turned us over to the Rebel authorities at Newnan, and we were put into the jail. The next day we were sent to West Point, and placed in jail along with six colored men. From there we were taken to Andersonville. We reached there in the afternoon, but, there being no prisoners there at that time, Wirz refused to receive us. We remained there one night, and, the next morning, were sent to Millen. It was about one week after the Presidential election. I was kept there about three weeks, when Sherman's army was getting too close, and they marched us to Savannah, Georgia. From there a part were sent north; and a part, among whom my lot was cast, were started for Black-shear, by rail, on flat cars. About five miles below Doctortown the train was stopped for wood. It was dark, and I slipped down between the cars, and lay down on the ties close up to the wheels. When the train had left I found that I had five companions, but none of my former comrades. After consultation two started back to meet Sherman. Two, who belonged to the 17th Iowa, and myself, decided to try to reach the United States gun-boats of the blockading squadron, near Brunswick. After traveling part of the night through swamps and thickets we stopped to rest; we took off our clothing, and, wringing the water out, put our clothing on again; my clothing consisted of a pair of cotton drawers, and part of a shirt; my companions were a little better clad, and had blankets; we lay down together; when we awoke it was broad daylight, and we found ourselves almost surrounded by water. In the evening we approached a negro cabin and procured food, and directions as to the course to travel. We passed

around a station on the Gulf Railroad, and, at daylight, dived into a swamp to remain during the day. This was our usual course; we never approached a human habitation except to procure food; every one was suspicious of us—even the house dogs appeared to know that we were Yankees. The interminable pine forests appeared to be full of Rebel patrols. On one occasion we called at a house where were two white women and some negroes, who gave us a good supper, and while we were enjoying it in came the planter himself, of course a soldier in the Rebel army, home on French leave. He seemed very friendly, and invited us to remain all night, and gave us very lengthy directions about the road, for which we were very thankful, until one of the women whispered to me: "For God's sake go away—he has sent to Waynesville for soldiers to capture you." I told her, "We will go." I said to the boys, "Well, let's go, boys." Our entertainer urged us not to be in a hurry, but we started off slowly until out of sight, and then "scooted" into the woods, and took the back track, and when beyond the house in the other direction, we heard mounted men approach the house, and we continued our march on the back track. For six days and nights we laid low in the swamps, assisted to food by negroes, and a couple of Union ladies. We lay there hiding, not thirty miles away, when Kilpatrick's Division, under command of General Atkins, and my own regiment with them, attempted to destroy the railroad bridge near Doctor-town. We heard rumors from the negroes of troops on the road, but we did not know then how near they were to us. When we judged it safe we resumed our journey, and, on reaching Turtle River, we found a boat, and, as it proved, most unwisely proceeded down the river in it, in broad daylight. About ten o'clock in the morning we heard one of the United States gun-boats whistle, and our hearts beat fast with hopes of reaching the gun-boat—but soon after a Rebel soldier hailed us with: "Halloo, thar—come in out o' thar, or I'll shoot!" On the bank stood four Johnnies, with their muskets ready to shoot, with a four-oared boat tied by the bank. The game was up. We deserved to be captured for navigating that river in a boat in broad daylight, and our foolhardiness met with its proper reward. When we landed they inquired: "Is you'ns Yanks? Whar is you'ns gwoin? Whar did you'ns cum from?" Our captors treated us kindly, gave us plenty to eat, and their officer, Lieutenant Beverly, gave me a pair of cotton pantaloons, a pair of shoes, and ten dollars in Confederate money. The next day we were sent to Waynesville,

where we remained two days, when we were sent to Blackshear, where I again met my old prison comrades, and had many invitations to join in overpowering the guards and trying to escape; but I was sick of trying to escape through such a swampy, desolate country as that along the Atlantic coast of Southern Georgia. After a few days I was sent to Thomasville, with many others, arriving in a hard rain-storm, in which we stood all night, in a field by the railroad. In the morning Captain Bledsoe, in charge of us, gave us permission to cut timber and build us shelters; three others and I scooped out the sand about two feet, put over it a ridge-pole, and covered it with slabs, and made us a bed of pine boughs. We were allowed plenty of wood at Thomasville, and, together, we had several dollars of Confederate money, and we were very comfortable there. But, in about three weeks the Rebels again moved us to Andersonville, marching us on foot fifty-five miles, to Albany, where, at night, we were locked up in box cars, ninety in a car, so crowded and smothered that twenty died before morning in the car I was in. About nine o'clock in the morning we reached the old Andersonville Prison. We got off from the cars sick, stiff and nearly famished, and entered the prison, and were assigned to various companies, to draw rations. I remained there until about the twenty-fifth of March, 1865, when, with others, I was put on the cars, expecting to go to the new point of exchange, Jacksonville, Florida. From Albany we marched on foot, and, the first night, while going into camp, it was whispered among us that we would be sent back again to Andersonville. Sure enough—Colonel Jones, the Rebel officer in charge, came along, and said: "Boys, you are ordered back. Your authorities at Jacksonville will not receive you." Oh, how cruel—our own officers not receive us! It seemed to us that they did not want us, a lot of starved skeletons that might never be fit for duty again—better let us die in prison than be troubled with us. I watched all that night for a chance to escape to the woods and swamps once more, but got no opportunity. Lots of the men gave up trying to live, and died. In three days all that were left of us were back again in Andersonville, where we remained until the seventeenth of April, when we heard that the Union cavalry were approaching from the direction of Montgomery, Alabama. At ten o'clock at night the Rebels put us on the cars and started us for Macon, burning up the stores left at Andersonville, and it looked as if that hell was permanently evacuated. We did not reach Macon—the trains ahead of us came back with

the prisoners aboard, and we all started back toward Andersonville. How anxiously we wondered if we would stop at Andersonville! We came in sight of it, and the train rolled by! How glad we were! We grasped each other's hands, and cried, we were so glad. We reached Albany, then marched to Thomasville, and then to Ocean Pond. Five of us, and I among them, were set at work making out new paroles, working at it three days. We there heard of the surrender of Lee's army, and of the assassination of President Lincoln, but we did not believe either, our guards so often deceived us. They piled us on the cars and took us to Baldwin, twenty-seven miles from Jacksonville. They told us to start—we were free, and must walk. Brown, Ulmsted and I started together. After a while said I, "Boys, let's hurrah?" "No," said Brown, "the Rebels may change their minds, and take us back! Wait until we are safely outside of their pickets." We did cheer when we got safely outside of their pickets, and with light hearts we kept on. About nine o'clock the next morning, April twenty-eighth, 1865, we caught sight of the "Stars and Stripes" floating over the city of Jacksonville, Florida. The sun grew brighter, and the air fresher. Oh, how good the old Flag looked to us as we marched on! How happy we were when we marched under its bright folds, with uncovered heads! We were at last at home!

A soldier who was with the detail sends us the following account of carrying a dispatch:

On the morning that Kilpatrick's cavalry took up its line of march from Marietta, Georgia, to Savannah, just as the Ninety-Second had reached the top of the hill near the Military Academy south of Marietta, four men from Company D, Corporal Andrew Deihl, and privates Ezra Wallace, Johnson Lawrence and Albert Craven, were detailed to report at once to General Kilpatrick. The detail immediately reported to General Kilpatrick at the head of the Cavalry Division, and the Corporal was given a sealed dispatch to carry to Colonel William D. Hamilton, of the 9th Ohio Cavalry. General Kilpatrick told us that our undertaking was a dangerous one, for the woods and mountains were full of bushwhackers, but that we must trust to our alertness and our trusty Repeating Spencer Rifles. We were directed to go back as far as Dalton, should we not meet the 9th Ohio Cavalry before reaching there. If we should meet the 9th Ohio before reaching Dalton, we should deliver the dispatch to Colonel Hamilton, and, with the 9th Ohio Cavalry, return to Kilpatrick's command

again. But, if we missed the 9th Ohio entirely, then, on reaching Dalton, we were to choose between the chances of going on back to the garrison at Chattanooga, or making an attempt to retrace our steps, and, following on in the track of the army, rejoin Kilpatrick's Division. So we four started back northward, while all of Sherman's army was marching southward. Nothing occurred to break the monotony of our ride until we reached Altoona Pass, where we found the citizens engaged in removing the wounded Rebels, who had been there since their fierce attack just after Hood had commenced his march toward Nashville. Some of the Rebel officers, who were but slightly wounded and had their side arms, were a little inclined to be saucy, and intimated that our little squad might have a body-guard before long; but, heedless of their dark hints, we pushed on, and were soon winding our way along the lonely road around the sharp crags and bluffs that loom up on each side of the road north of Altoona Pass, when, as we made a sharp turn in the road, we saw, only a short distance in front of us, a squad of about thirty Rebels riding leisurely and carelessly toward us. Quickly our four Spencer Rifles came up and flashed their bullets toward the Rebels. In concert we shouted, "Forward, forward, come on, boys," and we four dashed forward, when the thoroughly surprised Rebels, as demoralized as if they had met the whole of the Ninety-Second Regiment, broke and retreated in confusion. As they retreated before us, by ones, and by twos, and by fours, they dived into the woods to escape their pursuers, and very shortly the coast was clear in our front. And then we boys began to realize that our greatest danger was at hand; for, we knew that the Rebels, as they climbed the hills that overlooked the road, would very soon discover that they had been bluffed, and would rally and pursue us. Our forebodings were not amiss; very soon we heard the shrill notes of a Rebel bugle sounding the "recall," and, in a few moments, the scales were turned, and it was we four Ninety-Second boys that were fleeing for dear life, with that whole pack of Rebels in pursuit of us. Our pursuers did not appear to be gaining on us very much, until, when we were descending a steep pitch in the road, the horse that Lawrence was riding stumbled and fell, throwing Lawrence some feet ahead of his horse, and so confusing him that, when he regained his saddle, he insisted on going back instead of going forward. The other boys, who had halted to assist him, and defend him by pumping their repeating rifles at their pursuers, soon convinced Lawrence, and we four

again dashed forward. The Rebels were close upon us; but we boys knew that it was life or death with us, and with our spurs we roweled our jaded horses, and with our Spencer Rifles we sent back shot for shot at the gray-coats chasing us—and we answered them defiantly, yell for yell. The race was exciting—our horses were sensibly slackening their speed, and the Rebels, with drawn sabres, and yelling at us, were gaining on us, and the Etowah River was close in our front—our fate seemed sealed—when, suddenly, the pursuing Rebels stop yelling—they halt—they are themselves retreating! And well they might, for the Rebels were the first to see the advance of the 9th Ohio Union Cavalry coming up the bank of the Etowah River. Colonel Hamilton sent a company from his regiment after the retreating Rebels, but darkness soon came on, and they made good their escape. The Corporal delivered his dispatch to Colonel Hamilton, and with the 9th Ohio we joined our command again, and marched with it from the mountains of Northern Georgia down to the sea-shore.

On the ninth of September, 1863, the Ninety-Second entered Chattanooga, and information was immediately sent to General Rosecrans that Bragg had evacuated that place, and, with reinforcements from Richmond, intended to give battle, very shortly, to Rosecrans. That wily Teuton gave no heed to the information—he regarded Bragg as flying from him in fear and dismay—a thing that Bragg had no idea of doing. The Ninety-Second marched through Chattanooga to the mouth of the Chicamauga, and an officer of the Ninety-Second, who was unwell, stopped at a fine country mansion by the roadside, and remained over night. His hostess was a Rebel lady of much intelligence. We extract from a letter written home by the officer, the following account of his night's entertainment:

I dusted off my clothing, and, with the aid of a darkey or two, washed up, and was soon seated at the supper table. The party consisted of Mrs. W——; a young lady, a Miss R——, dressed in home-spun of excellent manufacture; and two pretty little girls, daughters of Mrs. W——. My hostess was an intelligent lady, with very agreeable manners at the table. Supper over, I was conducted into the finely furnished parlor, Mrs. W. and Miss R. accompanying me, and conversation ran on chattily between the Rebel ladies and myself. They plied me with questions; how long had I been in the service? how many men had General Rosecrans? where was my home? why did I

come away down here to fight them? what was my politics? what did I think about the war? and a thousand other questions. After a while I asked, "Mrs. W., where is your husband?" She answered, "My husband, at my request, left home yesterday, for the middle portion of the State." "Is he in the Confederate service?" I asked. She answered, quite positively, "No, sir; he is in very delicate health, and has been for more than three years. He is not able to do any duty as a soldier; otherwise he would be in the Southern army, for he is a true Southern man. I wished him to go away from home and stay until the Yankees were driven back." "Indeed, Madam," said I, "that was cruel in you; for, if he remains absent until we are driven back, I am afraid you will never see him again." Miss R. smiled in derision, and Mrs. W. confidently answered, "O, I don't know about that. If my seeing him again depended strictly upon your being driven back, I am very sure I would see him again *before many days*. But I did not wish him to remain here and fall into the hands of the Yankees. He is a true Southern man, and has given largely to support our cause, and he would be too good a prize for a Yankee prison. I would rather never see him again than to have him captured and thrown into a Yankee prison—the very thought almost kills me. *You* may think the Yankees are going to hold this country; but you will *not* do so many days." And then she added, smilingly and coaxingly, "How many men does General Rosecrans have?" I answered, "I might tell, I suppose, very nearly; but you must excuse me—it would not be soldierly for me to impart such information." She pleadingly pursued, "O, why not tell me—it would not injure your cause to tell me—I am sure I will never say anything about it, and, if I desired to communicate with our officers, I could not, for I am inside the Yankee lines—do tell me?" I replied, "Well, lines sometimes change, and, besides, it is very easy for you *Rebels*"—and then I hesitated to see the effect of that term; I feared that it was a little harsh, but I began to feel that it was just—she was quick to see my hesitation, and said, "Do not be backward about the use of the word *Rebel*, for I am proud to be called a Rebel." I continued, "You cannot be prouder of that term than I am of Yankee, and so we will use both terms without offense to-night. It is very easy for you Rebels to communicate with your army, although you are within our lines, and it would not be proper for me to impart information regarding our army." She pleadingly continued, "O, there would be nothing improper in just telling me, for, as I live, I will not

tell any one. You can just give me an idea, without committing yourself, you know?" I answered, "No, no; you know that I am an officer of the Union army, and to impart such information would be doing violence to my sense of duty, and would surely give you a poor opinion of a Yankee officer." "Well, well," she said, "it will do no harm at any rate to say where General McCook is, and how many men he has?" "I beg pardon," I said, "but, really, it is useless to press such questions upon me." She smiled pleasantly, and said, "I *do* believe you are honest." "Well," I replied, "*do* you, really, now? That *is* complimentary." "Oh, no offense," she quickly responded, "do not be offended; I did not mean it so." The conversation ran along on many subjects—I endeavored to keep it away from anything connected with the war, but the ladies would bring it back to that again and again, by their questions. Said Mrs. W., "I don't see how so fine a gentleman as you are can think of living under Abe Lincoln. What do you think of his Emancipation Proclamation?" "I think it a most blessed thing, madam," I replied. She continued, "Do tell me, are you an Abolitionist?" I answered, "Well, no—that is, when the war broke out my feelings were not that way—but they have changed now. When the Proclamation was first issued I did not *exactly* approve of it; but the longer I am in the army, and the more I see of the Rebels, the better I like the idea of giving the black man his liberty. In fact, I am beginning to like it considerably; and it is my opinion that, if the war lasts a great while longer, there will not be a black man left in the Confederacy to darken your doors, unless it is with United States muskets in their hands." "Do you really think so?" she asked. "I certainly do, madam," I replied. She said, "O, if Lincoln would only withdraw that Proclamation, I believe the war would soon be over." I laughed, and replied, "No, it would not. The Rebels had three months' notice of the Proclamation, and refused to lay down their arms." She petulently inquired, "What do you think of old Lincoln, anyway?" I answered warmly, "Me! I think that Abraham Lincoln is one of the greatest and noblest men now living on earth." "Oh, dear me," she said, "do you really think so?" I answered, "I do, madam." "Well," she said, "I believe you are honest in it. But, for my part, I cannot see what there is to admire in him." I looked at her and at Miss R., and smilingly replied, "Proclamation, ladies!" They dropped their eyes for a moment; then Mrs. W., looking up, said, "O, that nasty Proclamation! If he

would only take that back—and I half believe he will have to do it yet.” I answered, “It is useless to think so. The North has been lenient to Rebels too long already.” I was anxious to drop the subject, and made many efforts to change our conversation to some more agreeable topic. I asked her how much corn she was raising, and she replied, that she had on that plantation one hundred and eighty acres, and on another eighty acres, and considerable on another up the Tennessee River, near Knoxville. The conversation ran smoothly along for some time upon other subjects than the war. But after a while Mrs. W. asked, “When do you think the war will close?” I answered, “Not until the Rebels lay down their arms and submit to the authority of the United States.” She earnestly retorted, “They will *never* do that.” “Then,” said I, “the war will continue until the Southern people are annihilated,” and I added, half jokingly, “if the war lasts so long, you may never see your husband again.” She looked at me inquiringly, while the moisture in her eyes betrayed the emotion she did not wish me to notice, and said, “Do you really think so?” “I do, indeed, madam.” “But,” said she, “that would be inhuman.” “Not more so,” I replied, “than a continued resistance to the authority of the United States. There is no escape from it—sooner or later the South must submit to the lawful authority of the government they are in rebellion against.” “But,” she replied, “I know that the South will *never* do that.” “Well,” I said, “the question cannot be argued out with words, ladies. Dreadful war must settle it, and one side or the other must yield. I feel sure that, in the end, the Rebels will yield to lawful authority. I might be as positive as you are, and say I *know* they will, for the Rebellion will be crushed out, even if it requires the death of *all* the Rebels to accomplish it.” She answered me, “I believe you are sincere, for I have never conversed with a gentleman of more apparent candor and earnestness. But I think—well, in fact, I *know*, you cannot hold *this* country but a short time longer. It will be a Buell and Bragg race for the Ohio, except under more favorable circumstances for us. General Rosecrans will be driven out of Chattanooga into the Tennessee River. I do not believe that Rosecrans will ever get his troops onto the north side of the Tennessee again, for, when General Bragg commences, he will give you no time to cross.” “Well,” I replied, “I believe you are very candid with me in this conversation. But I feel sure we shall not be compelled to fall back, unless Bragg has a much larger force than he is supposed to

have." "What force do you think we have?" she asked. I replied, "Well, you cannot drive us back, unless you have at least one hundred thousand men to do it with." She quickly answered, "We will concede to you a greater force than that, and then General Bragg will whip Rosecrans, and *not far from here.*" Not far from here! thought I, and inquired, "Why do you say 'not far from here?'" "Because," she answered, "this will not be far from the battle-field, and we shall have Chattanooga too. I wish you to remember this conversation, and if you live through the battle, which, indeed, I earnestly hope that you may, you will find that I am right. I am only telling you what you may as well be prepared for, and I do hope that you will get through safe, and that I will see you again some other time, under more favorable circumstances." I laughed at her prediction of disaster to Rosecrans, and turned the conversation again upon other matters, and the evening wore away. At a late hour I was shown to my room, and Mrs. W. told me I could sleep, without fear of molestation, in the same bed that more than one Rebel General had slept in. With a pleasant "good night," I was left alone. At daylight I arose, and, going out on the back porch, was putting on my spurs, when Mrs. W. came out through the dining-room door, and bid me a cheerful "good morning." I arose, and greeted her as cheerfully as she had greeted me. We chatted cheerfully, she urging me to remain for breakfast, and ordering her servant, Cato, to give my horse a good feed. The conversation would turn again upon the war, and, Mrs. W., looking out toward the Chicamauga River, said, "Your army will be defeated *right here*; you are not going to get along *so fast* as you think. I wish you to *remember* what I tell you." "Why," I asked, "if Bragg is going to fight, why did he evacuate Chattanooga?" She answered, "That was not done of necessity, but as a matter of strategy on the part of General Bragg, in order to get Rosecrans's army among the mountains on the south side of the Tennessee, where escape will be hopeless after the sound thrashing Bragg will give Rosecrans." Mrs. W. was a very intelligent lady, and I began to think that she knew what she was talking about. She had informed me the evening before that she was well acquainted with Bragg, and Wheeler, and Forrest, and other Confederate Generals. We soon went into breakfast, which over, I cordially shook hands all around, thanked Mrs. W. for my kind entertainment over night, and bade them adieu. As I mounted to ride away,

Mrs. W. said, "Remember what I told you." I replied, "O, I will remember it. Good bye, ladies."

No one can read this chat with Mrs. W., an intelligent Southern lady, in the light of subsequent events, without arriving at the conclusion that *she did* know what she was talking about. Bragg's evacuation of Chattanooga was entirely a question of strategy. He fell back behind the Chicamauga in order to await his expected reinforcements under Longstreet, from Richmond, and in order to strike Rosecrans's columns singly, and destroy them in detail. That explains Mrs. W.'s anxious inquiry about General McCook, and the forces under him. Failing in that, after his reinforcements arrived, Bragg actually struck Rosecrans's army in flank while it was racing back to Chattanooga; and Rosecrans's army was only saved from meeting the complete disaster predicted by Mrs. W., through the heroism and soldierly skill of one of Rosecrans's subordinate Generals, Major General George H. Thomas.

J. W. Cushing, of Company D, sends us the following narration of a day's experience foraging in South Carolina:

On the thirteenth of February, 1865, a party of six, including myself, were detailed to forage during the day for our company. We left the command at daylight, with instructions not to venture more than five miles from the road the Regiment was marching on; and, under no circumstances, to scatter out on different plantations, but to keep in a body, ready for battle, and with our forty-two shots in our trusty Spencers defend ourselves if occasion required. We met with no difficulty during the forenoon, and had no success in foraging, as other Yankee troops were ahead of us. We, therefore, ventured farther from the command, and had better success in finding corn for our animals, and hams, sweet potatoes and chickens for the men, of which we laid in a bountiful supply for ourselves and comrades in camp, when we started for our command, which was to camp that night at the junction of the Charleston and Augusta Railroad. The negroes informed us that it was fifteen miles to the junction. About four P. M., while halting for lunch, we distinctly heard firing a long distance in our front; but, supposing it was some of our own men, killing hogs or turkeys or chickens, we gave no heed to it. On continuing our march, as we rounded a curve in the road, we were surprised to hear from a Rebel patrol the command "halt!" accompanied by a shot from his Confederate musket. As quick as thought up came our half dozen Spencers, and the Rebel patrol was killed. We began to fear trouble ahead. We captured the

Confederate horse the patrol was shot off from, and loaded him with a part of our provisions and forage, and cautiously proceeded; after we had traveled some distance, coming in sight of a cross-roads, we saw a squad of a dozen Rebels, having a joyous time, judging from their gleefulness. They had not discovered our approach. Some had on blue coats, others blue pants, and it was with some difficulty we determined their true character. We had to pass that point; the country was swampy, and no other road for us. We formed in line across the road, and quickly charged them with a yell, pumping our Spencers at them as we rushed toward them. They were completely surprised, and, exchanging only a few shots with us, they retreated up one of the cross-roads. And our eyes here met a sight that was horrifying; there, by the roadside, where the Rebels were so gleeful when we first caught sight of them, lay three Yankee soldiers, two of them dead, and one just breathing his last. I put my ear to his mouth, and he had just strength left to tell his name, company and regiment, and say that "we were murdered after our surrender." They belonged to Company D, 9th Michigan Cavalry, of Atkins's Brigade. The Rebels had captured them, and, after disarming them and stripping them of their valuables and clothing, had deliberately shot them down. A negro on the plantation, who saw it, detailed to us the story. We ordered the negroes to bury the murdered boys of the 9th Michigan, and moved on, and had not proceeded far, when we could distinctly hear the clatter of hoofs in our rear, and we knew that the squad of Rebels, far outnumbering us, had rallied, and were after us. We started our Confederate pack-horse on in advance, and formed in line across the road and awaited our pursuers, and, as soon as they came in sight, we gave them a volley from our Spencers, and charged them, keeping up our firing while charging, and driving them back some distance, when we wheeled and hastily retreated. The gray-coats had been reinforced, and instead of a dozen, we had twenty-five or thirty after us. We felt alarmed—it was nearly twelve miles yet to camp. It was nearly night, and we hoped our pursuers would not come on again—but we soon saw a squad of them on our left, attempting to flank our little party and get ahead of us on the road. We whipped up our Confederate pack-horse, and had the advantage of the flanking party, as they were going through woods and fields, and had occasional fences to impede them, while we had a good road to march upon. It was growing dark, and, hopeless of reaching the road in our front, the gray-

coats again charged our rear; but we halted them with our Spencers, one of our boys having his horse shot in the charge. It began to look like a capture for us—Andersonville began to loom up before our imaginations. The Rebels were in rear of us, and troops approaching us in front also. We might take to the woods and scatter, and trust to the darkness of the night to escape our enemies; but the troops approaching us in front proved to be a squad of the 9th Ohio, of our Brigade. They were in our advance, and, hearing our firing, had returned to our assistance. The Rebels, probably judging from our cheers that we had been reinforced, did not molest us again, and we returned to camp with the rations for our comrades and forage for their animals.

Richard H. Lee, of Company B, who was "Orderly" for Captain Horace J. Smith, of Company B, who served on General Atkins's staff as Brigade Adjutant, sends us the following:

On the morning of March fifth, 1865, I was sent by Captain Smith four miles to Division head-quarters, to obtain for him a pair of new cavalry boots. I returned with them, but they were too small; and back I went for a larger pair, obtained them, and returned, and Captain Smith had just pulled them on, when a sharp volley was heard at the picket post. The Captain mounted old "Possom," and started for the picket post, I following, but he soon directed me to order the regiments of the Brigade to saddle up, and I returned to obey his order, and the Captain rode out to the picket post. Giving his horse to a soldier to hold, he climbed to the roof of an old log house to discover the position of the enemy, when the Rebels charged, and sent a volley toward the post. The Captain's new boots slipped out from under him, and he rolled to the ground. The soldier holding old "Possom" thought the Captain was killed, and, letting old "Possom" go, he retreated with the picket post. General Atkins and staff were riding toward the front, and, having delivered my order, I rode with them, until our troops came back pell mell, some horses with and some without riders, and among the latter was old "Possom," Captain Smith's horse. I caught him. One soldier told me that Captain Smith was killed, but another said he saw him take to the brush. I waited with his horse, hoping he would come up. The Rebels were advancing, and shooting so carelessly that my hair stood on end, and pulled for a week afterward. I soon saw the Captain coming through the brush, and beckoning me to hold on. I waited until he came up and vaulted

onto the back of old "Possom," and we hastily retreated within our lines.

Dick Lee tells the following also:

While camping for the night, near Wadesboro, N. C., a tame deer came running through the yard near the camp-fire of the Brigade Orderlies, with a jingling sheep bell attached to his neck. One of the boys proposed a venison steak for breakfast; it would not do to shoot the deer—but we soon had him corralled in a corner by a smoke house, and not many minutes after he was cut up into steaks and distributed. Then out of the house comes an old man, accompanied by a staff officer, passing close by us, and we heard the old gentleman say, "The deer is one I am raising, and I am afraid they will shoot him." The officer replied, "No, they dare not shoot in camp, and if he is like some *dears* I know of, he will be hard to catch." The old man replied, "If I could just hear the bell, I would drive him into the grove back of the house, and feel safe." "Elias," who stood by, cautiously picked up the bell, and we soon heard its tinkling jingle in the grove. "There," said the old man, "I know'd he was too smart for you'uns." And the satisfied old gentleman accompanied the staff officer back into the house.

A soldier writes: While passing through Raleigh, N. C., one of the gayest and most gallant officers on General Atkins's staff, when near what he supposed to be a "Female Seminary," asked permission of the General to take the Brigade Band and serenade the ladies. The General tipped a wink to the other members of his staff, and gave permission. Away went the officer with the Band, and music was soon floating out on the air; but the ladies, talking to each other by making signs with their fingers, soon revealed to the officer that his music was unheeded by the deaf and dumb mutes he was serenading. The officer returned with the Band, and, until he was mustered out of service, he never heard the last of that gallant serenade.

It was expected that this chapter would contain some contribution, story, personally reminiscence of the march, battle, picket duty, scouting or foraging, by every member of the Ninety-Second. But the members of the Regiment have been slow to furnish such material, and the Committee on Publication can only say, that they have, in this chapter, made use of all the material furnished them.

CHAPTER X.

THE REUNION AT POLO, SEPTEMBER FOURTH, 1867—GENERAL ATKINS'S ADDRESS—A REUNION ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED—THE REUNION AT FREEPORT, SEPTEMBER FOURTH, 1870—GENERAL SHEETS'S ADDRESS—THE REUNION AT MOUNT CARROLL, SEPTEMBER FOURTH, 1873—MAJOR WOODCOCK'S ADDRESS.

The first Reunion of the Ninety-Second was held at Polo, Ogle County, Illinois, on September fourth, 1867. The following account of that Reunion is taken from the public press. The Chicago Republican said:

"At the depot the Polo band welcomed the visitors, and General Atkins found himself busy for a season, shaking hands with his boys. One mile away a beautiful grove was prepared for the occasion, and thither, in line of march, the throng pressed forward. The meeting was called to order by Major Albert Woodcock." There was music by the band, and prayer was offered by the old Chaplain of the Regiment, Rev. Barton H. Cartwright. Then followed the address, an hour and twenty minutes in length, by General Smith D. Atkins, of Freeport, the Colonel of the Ninety-Second. The following is a resolution adopted by the members of the Regiment present at the Reunion, immediately after the close of General Atkins's address, with his reply:

"*Resolved*, That we have listened with pleasure to the address of General Smith D. Atkins on this occasion, and respectfully request a copy for publication."

"POLO, Sept. 4, 1867.

"*To the Soldiers of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers:*

"In compliance with your resolution, I herewith hand you a copy of my address at your first Reunion.

"Very Respectfully Your Obedient Servant,

"SMITH D. ATKINS."

The following is the address delivered by General Atkins at Polo:

Soldiers of the Ninety-Second Illinois:

COMRADES—FRIENDS: I commence my remarks with conflicting emotions of joy and sadness—joy that so many battle-surviving veterans are here to answer to roll-call to-day, and sorrow for the many who sleep quietly in their beds of glory on the battle-field's holy ground, who never more will answer roll-call until the bugle note of the resurrection reveille shall sound the assembly to the morning call of the grand Adjutant on high. Hail, survivors of a most glorious band! Citizen soldiers, and soldiers that *are* citizens! The crowded memories of the last five years come rushing, thronging, so thick and fast, like battalions closed in mass, that I find it difficult to detail those that must perform the duty of a single relief on this occasion.

Five years! so long to look forward—so short to look back! It seems only yesterday that our prairies were all alive with patriotic ardor, and little parties were traveling over the country with fife and drum, holding meetings in every school-house, drumming up recruits; where the laborers from the harvest fields thronged late at night, and glee clubs were singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more," and "We will rescue our country, we'll save her or die!" Who *can* forget those meetings, or would forget them if he could? It was in those meetings that the hearts of the American people were touched with the sacred fires of liberty, and melted into a patriotism from which was moulded as heroic deeds as embellish the history of any age. How many a husband who went to those meetings with no thought of enlistment, returned to his wife with tearful eyes to tell her he had enlisted—he couldn't stand it any longer—the dear old flag of his fathers had been insulted, aye, liberty was in danger—traitors had dared to raise their bloody hands against the country Washington had saved, and by the memories of Bunker Hill and Lexington, and his gray-haired revolutionary sires who had bared their breasts to the storms of war, he must go! And then a sleepless night, in which all the little plans for his absence were discussed and the good-bye kiss. Ah, boys, you will not soon forget your partings! Happy, happy wives that have your husbands back again. Happy maidens whose lovers are here. Happy mothers, happy fathers, that are here with your soldier boys to-day. But, Oh! God pity the wives

who are waiting yet—the maidens whose lovers come not back—the fathers, the mothers, whose darling boys shall never come home.

In this Reunion you will rapidly live over again—you already have done so—all those bloody years; you already have recounted to one another the incidents of every camping ground, every march, bivouac, skirmish, and battle.

You have not forgotten Rockford, where you took your first lessons in camp-life. You thought the rough board barracks, and the rations prepared by loving hands at home, and brought you in baskets, hardly good enough. You thought the company, squad, and battalion drills hard work; but you learned by and by what a terribly in earnest thing it was to leave a citizen's for a soldier's life. Don't you sometimes quietly smile when you think of the dirk-knives you bought, the pistols with which you loaded down your belts, and the curiosity shops you so carefully stowed away in your knapsacks to the tune of a hundred pounds? When will you forget your first march down through the streets of Rockford, that bright October morning, nine hundred and fifty strong, with colors streaming in the wind and martial music filling the air? How many tearful eyes were there—how many delicate hands waved adieu, as the train slowly rolled off bearing you away!

And you have not forgotten your camp in the old field south of Covington, Kentucky, where you heard the first hostile shot, and the last one fired by Kirby Smith in his raid on Cincinnati. Do you remember your field drilling there—"Forward into line. By companies, left half wheel. Double quick. March!"—and away you went tumbling down into the dark ravines, or climbing the sides so steep you had to cling to the grass. It was there you drew your bell tents, and a six mule team to each company to "tote" your "traps." It was there, at four o'clock one afternoon, you started on your second march, thirteen miles on a good pike road, and I never saw a Regiment march so before or since. A quarter horse was nowhere. I couldn't keep you back! But the next morning, when you tied your boots together and hung them over your shoulders, because you couldn't get them on your swollen feet, you could march quite comfortably slow. Do you remember how the sullen roar of artillery sounded off to the front that evening, when Aids came riding back to tell us somebody was fighting? But you got used to artillery after that!

You remember, too, your experience in Kentucky, marching

along by the plantations of the rich old Rebel planters of the blue grass region, guarding the property of the enemies of the country, while you drank out of their cattle ponds! And our first entrance into Lexington, the home of Henry Clay, all the Regiment singing,

“ We will rally around the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!”

And on the road to Mt. Sterling. Have the boys of Company “A” forgotten the nice, fresh mutton they furnished the hospital one day? How the darkies flocked into our camp. Have you forgotten Mt. Sterling? I wonder if those “secesh” planters have got their slaves back yet? Do you recollect Winchester? It seems to me I can now hear the “tramp, tramp, tramp,” of the old Regiment on the broad pike road of Winchester town, with guns loaded and bayonets fixed, while the crowds of the cadaverous looking Kentuckians, who had come there with the avowed purpose of suppressing the Ninety-Second Regiment, slunk away. And the moonlight evening in camp, where the Major sang, “Dinah am a handsome gal,” and your Colonel got down from his dignity, and showed you how to “cut a pigeon wing!” And on to Lexington again—I don’t imagine the State of Kentucky is many millions better off for the black boys they compelled you to return to them. And at Danville, where our Band was organized, and our glee club sang at our dress parades,

“ So let the cannon boom as they will,
We’ll be gay and happy still,
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We’ll be gay and happy still.”

But among the first music our Band learned was the solemn funeral dirge, and we followed to their burial many of our boys at Danville. And what a march we had from there after John Morgan. Perhaps the regular army officers thought we could catch that bold rider with columns of infantry, but no volunteer officer thought so. How the rails disappeared that dark and rainy night when our boys went into camp, and how long your faces were the next evening, when you camped again in Danville on the very ground you had occupied before, and were without the board floors to your tents which you had made bonfires of when you began your march. And the march to Louisville. I wonder if the fellow who got his skull cracked with the butt of a musket in Louisville

has been hunting fugitive slaves lately? And down the Ohio and up the Cumberland, where we reached Fort Donelson in time to see the dead Rebels that Colonel Harding, of the 83d Illinois, had mustered out, but not in time to take active part in the glory of that repulse. And on to Nashville and Franklin. We didn't do much fighting at Franklin, but we cut down lots of timber, built the largest kind of breastworks, had some fine Brigade drills, and turned out in line of battle regularly every morning two hours before daylight! It was at Franklin that our new old Chaplain came to us, and it was marching from Franklin to Triune one hot morning that you threw away your blankets, which the Chaplain kindly gathered up and piled in front of him on his horse and returned to you again on going into camp, when some graceless soldier even took the Chaplain's blanket, to pay him for his pains! And at Triune you heard Rebel shell go fluttering over your camp for the first time. And from Triune you marched through rain and mud to join the right flank of Rosecrans's army in his movement against Tullahoma and Shelbyville. Do you recollect your march from Guy's Gap, with the "Johnnies" captured at Shelbyville, and the plantation kettles full of coffee Captain Espy had prepared for them? Would to God the kind treatment we always gave the Rebel prisoners had induced them to treat kindly our poor boys at Andersonville and Libby. And from Shelbyville to Wartrace, through the hardest rain-storm that ever fell. And the building of the bridge over Duck River, where, while you were working, details were made to gather for you blackberries by the tub full. And then you were "paddle-ducks" no longer, for Wilder came along and "gobbled" you up for his "Spencer Brigade." How glad your faces were with the thought that you would have no more hard marches, loaded down with heavy knapsacks. And what a gala day was that about Columbia and Shelbyville, gathering up horses and darkies—the horses to mount yourselves upon, and the darkies to muster into the ranks of the Army of the Cumberland, bearing the bright banners of liberty, and "keeping step to the music of the Union." What a funny cavalcade you were, mounted on Tennessee plow nags, with citizen saddles of every pattern, infantry clothing and long Enfield Rifles, but a happier, more determined, braver set of men never drew rein. General John E. Smith used to call you "Mamelukes," and as I remembered the campaign of Napoleon in the shadow of the Pyramids of Egypt, and the annoyance the fiery Mamelukes gave him, hanging on his flanks or falling like an

avalanche on his detached parties, I was disposed to accept as a compliment what he intended as a jeer. And then from Decherd over the mountains into the Tennessee Valley, at Harrison's Landing, where one of the Polo boys got a shot in the arm, sent from Dixie's land across the Tennessee River, the first soldier in the Ninety-Second wounded by Rebel lead. There you learned that the "Spencers" would carry farther than the Enfields, and taught the swaggering "Johnnies" on the other side of the river to "hunt their holes" behind their breastworks. And here it was that our good old Chaplain was so exercised about the Tennessee lady that was coloring her cotton clothing "butternut." How his voice rang through the camp as he went hallooing, "Doctor Winston! Doctor Winston! There's a woman 'dying' over there!" and Doctor Winston, good-natured fellow, couldn't see where the "laugh came in." And back again over Walden's Ridge, down through the Sequatchie Valley, and over the Tennessee, to report to General Rosecrans for special duty, the only mounted force at his immediate command, for all the cavalry was with McCook on the right, or with Wilder and Minty on the left. Colonel Van Buskirk, and the detail with him, were the first blue-coated soldiers to drink in the air on the top of Lookout Mountain, and brought back the first authentic intelligence to General Rosecrans that Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga. And the next morning it was your honor to lead the advance over Lookout Mountain, driving the Rebel pickets before you and into the town of Chattanooga, planting your colors first in that Rebel stronghold, while columns of dust from the fleeing cavalry of the enemy were yet rising, and the rattle of advance firing sounded on the air, and made it possible for General Wagner, who laid idly on the north side of the Tennessee, to cross over in a skiff and telegraph over the country that he was the first into Chattanooga! And on through the town, after Forrest and his Rebel horde, to Frier's Island, where Wilder was attempting to ford the Tennessee. Do you remember your camp that night on the old grape plantation? And then to Ringgold. Can't you hear the bullets, boys, "tszip," "tszip," as they sounded that bright morning, our first prospect of a fair stand-up fight? If General Van Cleve had pushed into Ringgold, instead of stopping for an artillery duel, we would have "bottled up" Forrest and two of his brigades. And away toward Rossville, saving on the road Crittenden's wagon train, the Ninety-Second coming up just in time to repulse the Rebel charge. And down the top of Lookout Mountain that dark night—"artil-

lery closed up!" to Thomas's head-quarters, establishing courier posts. And with Turchin's brigade at Dug Gap, where the Rebel army was held in check from morning until sundown, waiting for McCook. And the burial of Giles at night with light-wood torches 'neath the fat pines. And then the bloody field by Chicamauga's dark river! Words fail me to tell that story. When General Reynolds said to you his front line was hotly pressed, and the Ninety-Second was the only reserve he had, you hitched your horses to the trees, and, forming as infantry, you started to reinforce the line, and found the regular battery already captured, and the entire brigade cut to pieces and fleeing before a tumultuous sea of Rebels, and you, halting in the open field, while the enemy's bullets rattled around you, and the fleeing troops of the broken brigade crowded past and through your line, it was yours to steadily receive the shock of the enemy's victorious charge, to halt it in your front by your heavy volleys of musketry, and hold the ground until your artillery had left you, and the gray-coats were surging past your flanks! Then you sprang to your horses, and while the flood of artillery and infantry went streaming to the rear, you faced to the front again, and passing around the Rebel column that had broken and penetrated our lines, you rejoined Wilder's Brigade and formed on his left flank, filling a part of the very gap made by the assault on our lines! Were you not glad when General Nagle's column marched in on our left? How terribly sounded the continuous roll of musketry, as he pushed out on the enemy in the gleaming of the twilight! Will you not hear, ringing in your ears in your old age even, the agonizing cries of the wounded between our line of battle and the enemy, crying for "water! water!!" God grant that in all our fair land such cries may never again be heard except in memory.

And the next morning, when we scattered out in a thin skirmish line to hold the entire front of Wilder's Brigade, while Rosecrans's lines were retired to the hills, and sent word again and again to McCook of the heavy columns of the enemy moving past our left, and when the shock of the storm of which we had repeatedly warned him burst on McCook, it scattered his thin lines like chaff, and left us nearly surrounded, and we only got out in time to see all McCook's corps, like a cloud of dust, floating away from the field. But you did not join the cloud! With Wilder you gathered up the wounded, the ambulances, and deserted artillery left upon the field, and, holding the Rebel cavalry in check, sullenly retired. How your hearts ached to be with old

"Pap" Thomas on the left, where the Union cannon still thundered defiance to Bragg's minions and Longstreet's legions! Companies "K" and "C" were there to witness the bull-dog tenacity of the hero of Chicamauga, and have a part in the glory achieved by the troops under Thomas. And away again to Harrison's Landing, picketing the Tennessee, and back again over Walden's Ridge to Caperton's Ferry, to Huntsville, to Trianna, where Colonel Sheets "didn't catch a fish," but where we had plenty of forage for our jaded animals, and where Skinner and his scouts had plenty of riding, and played many a trick on the confiding "Johnnies" on the south side of the Tennessee. And then back again to Ringgold, where we went into Kilpatrick's Division, and had a camp in the open field so finely policed and shaded with artificially planted evergreens, that General Elliott pronounced it the handsomest camp in the Army of the Cumberland, and the only camp in the cavalry. I can see the camp now, with Taylor's Ridge sweeping away to the south; and oh! what sad memories come back to me as I remember the bloody massacre of our poor boys captured at Nickojack Trace! I had solemnly protested against picketing eight miles away, and expected disaster at that post; but I did not expect that soldiers captured bravely fighting would be brutally murdered after they had laid down their arms! No civilized people could be thus guilty! It required a barbarism that had enslaved four millions of men, lifted its bloody hands against the temple of liberty WASHINGTON had raised, contrived and executed the horrible tortures of Andersonville, Millen, Salisbury and Bell Isle, and culminated in the assassination of the great and good LINCOLN, to produce the libel on a soldier or a man that could coolly murder a captured enemy, as our poor boys at Nickojack were murdered. Whenever I think of the brave men so cruelly butchered, I will curse the cowardly guilty criminals who did it, and curse the treason that was the father of the crime. But a day or two after Nickojack, when we pushed the enemy down to Tunnel Hill, many a gray-coated Rebel bit the dust, when you went into battle shouting, "Boys, remember Nickojack!" And then with Kilpatrick in the lead on Rockyface, and through Snake Creek Gap to Reseca, where our little General was wounded, and on to Lay's Ferry, and Adairsville, and Kingston, and while Sherman was thundering against Atlanta, scattered along the line of railroad keeping open communications, or under Major Woodcock on the wild ride around at Atlanta, and at Jonesboro, Flint River

and Lovejoy's. And at all these places the music of your "Spencers" was heard whenever a gray-coated "Johnny" was seen, heard first, and heard latest—when we heard their sharp rattle, we knew the enemy was near, and when we no longer heard it, we knew the enemy had gone.

And when Sherman captured Atlanta and gave his army rest, you lay in camp on half rations, while your Division Commissary was running bakeries, and selling you bread at a shilling a loaf! And when Hood started around Sherman on his campaign against Nashville, it was yours to lead Sherman's columns against him, and gallantly achieve new laurels at Powder Springs and Van Wert. Do you remember how you drove the enemy from Powder River and pushed up to the village of Powder Springs, under the command of Captain Preston, until you developed the long line of the enemy, and drew the fire of his light and heavy artillery, and then retired bearing your wounded and your dead? Do you remember your charge at Van Wert and the music of the dozen Rebel bands, that solemn evening when the news came that the enemy had surrounded us on every side? And back again to Marietta, where our Division was reorganized for the grand campaign from the mountains to the sea. Do you recollect your review by General Sherman, the smoking ruins of Marietta, and the destroying of the railroad, and the commencement of our march, leading Sherman's columns southward, while Hood was marching north? Do you remember the brilliant charge of the first brigade, at the old Rebel earthworks at Lovejoy's, when that brigade took back again the two pieces of artillery the Rebels had taken from Stoneman? And at Bear Creek Station, where we sent Wheeler flying toward Macon, and the night marching across the Ocmulgee on the pontoons, and into a country where horses and turkeys and sweet potatoes were plenty. And from Clinton to Macon, where Captain Becker, with a battalion so handsomely repulsed the charge of Crews's brigade; and do you recollect how that Rebel brigade scattered in utter confusion in every direction through the woods and fields, leaving us an open road up to the Rebel earthworks east of Macon? Can you not now even hear the cannon thunder, and the bursting shells from the nine pieces of artillery with which the enemy opened on us—and can't you see the long line of burning railroad ties, with the iron rails heating for bending? The cutting of that railroad put Wheeler in our rear, and cut off the Rebel General Cobb with his Georgia "Melish," and gave

Sherman uninterrupted roads as he wheeled his grand army to the left and held his course for Savannah. And then that rainy night when we retired on the Clinton Road, and buried our dead, and amputated the limbs of the wounded. And the next morning when you boys, under that cool, intrepid officer, Colonel Van Buskirk, who honored the silver leaves he wore, and had doubly earned the eagles he would have honored, so handsomely repulsed the four heavy columns charging against you, and achieved as brilliant a little victory as the history of the war can furnish. I give the credit to the skill of your commander, and your cool bravery; but you, I know, will give the credit to your trusty "Spencers" that served you so well and faithfully on many a trying occasion. And then away through Milledgeville to the left flank of the army, feinting on Augusta, and turning short off for Millen. Do you remember the day when Wheeler came up in our rear, joined by Wade Hampton and his Potomac cavalry, and you so steadily and ably held the rear guard while Kilpatrick's column, uninterrupted, continued its march all day long? I seldom have seen the cool bravery and courage of the Ninety-Second put to a severer test, or more evenly and squarely vindicated. After they had charged one or two of the "rail barricades" and found them full of "Spencers," they became very shy of charging, and the remark I made to Kilpatrick was true, that there was no danger to his Division as long as the Ninety-Second was between it and the enemy. Kilpatrick thought the next day that he would superintend the rear guard in person, and came very near getting his precious little person into a Rebel prison, and he himself confessed if it had not been for one of the regiments of my Brigade, the 9th Michigan Cavalry, with their "Spencer" Rifles, he would have been captured. Do you recollect Buckhead Creek Church, when an Orderly came to tell us that General Kilpatrick was captured, and we waited for the first brigade to pass through ours? and the fight on the Chevish plantation, a little farther on, where we all sat down in the road and gave Wheeler and Hampton, with their combined force far outnumbering ours, an opportunity to run over us if they could, and how they couldn't! The only mistake of that engagement was that Kilpatrick did not have a couple of regiments ready to charge the confused ranks of the enemy, after we had given them so handsome a repulse! But that was lacking a great many times. If always, when the Ninety-Second had charged the enemy on foot, broken their ranks and sent them flying, a well-

ordered cavalry charge had followed up the victory, Kilpatrick would have done what the Rebel General Forrest never failed to do, and his many laurels, bright now, would have been brighter still. And then the fight at Waynesboro. Do you recollect your night on picket, when the enemy brought up his artillery, and Erb and Merrill were mustered out honorably? and the next morning, when you were double-quickened into the fight without breakfast? Thanks to the pistol in Schermerhorn's breast coat pocket—if it had not been there, he would have had marching orders to report to his quarters on high. How proud I was of the old Regiment that morning! How coolly you charged the enemy's long line of barricades, capturing eighty-seven of the "Johnnies," and grinding out the shot from your coffee-mill guns on the backs of the fleeing mass that attempted to retreat. How soldierly you behaved, scorning to leave your ranks to take charge of the prisoners your valor had captured, leaving them to be picked up by the cavalry following, and yourselves pressing forward, shoulder to shoulder, and repulsing, with the deadly fire of your death-dealing "Spencers," the heavy charge of Rebel cavalry by which they attempted to regain their lost ground! That was a brilliant victory, but brilliant as it was, we paid dearly for it. Brave "Gedee" Scott and his no less brave comrades who sleep to-day in their narrow little beds on that victory-crowned field was part of the price paid for victory. And on to Savannah, where the dashing waves of the Atlantic sounded welcome to the brave Western men who had marched from the heart of the Continent, over mountain barrier, through rocky defile and dismal swamps, to plant the eagle-surmounted shot and shell-torn standards of the old Republic on the ocean-beat shore! Have you forgotten your foraging after rice in the straw for your horses, your trip to the Altamaha River, your foraging expedition to Taylor's Creek after corn, sweet potatoes, honey, turkeys, and chickens? How did you like your oysters gathered up from the neglected oyster beds, on New Year's day, 1865, at King's Bridge? Do you remember our second review by General Sherman, in the streets of the captured city of Savannah, where we passed in review before the Secretary of War? And away again through rain and swamps on to the "sacred soil" (?) of South Carolina? Do you remember how you put your cartridge boxes on your heads and held your guns up over them and waded the Salkehatchie River under the fire of the enemy, and charged over the abatis up the steep hill opposite, and drove them out of their

earthworks? When will you forget Barnwell wrapped in flames, or Blackville Station, with its miles of burning railroad ties? When will you forget Aiken? Wheeler and Hampton had there prepared a trap for you, and Kilpatrick's dare-devil dash drove you squarely into the jaws of the trap, but when they sprung it and thought they had you nicely, they found they had caught a tartar! There never was a tight place that the Ninety-Second, with their Repeating Rifles, was not sent into; and you will remember how fearful I was that the Regiment would some day be surrounded by the enemy and be left by the cavalry to get out again as best it could.

At Aiken, Kilpatrick ordered me to withdraw with the balance of my Brigade and leave you surrounded, but I determined to maintain the reserve line until you came out, or at least until I could no longer hear the rattle of your "Spencers." How often I have urged you to stick by one another, and fight in a body, whatever might be the odds against you. You did it at Aiken, and we did not have to wait long until you had cut your way through and were ready to turn again upon your enemy; and, with the gallant 9th Ohio and 9th Michigan, charged them in turn, driving them through Aiken in confusion, and rescuing Companies "K" and "A," still left surrounded by the "Johnnies," and fighting among the buildings in the town, and bringing off your wounded. Bitterly the enemy paid for their effort to gobble up the Ninety-Second Regiment. They buried eighty of their slain at Aiken! After that I had no more fears that the Regiment would ever get into a place it could not get out of, and about concluded that all of Jeff. Davis's gray-coated legions could not capture the Ninety-Second! It was a hard task to fight, with four little regiments, Wheeler and Hampton with seven divisions; but seven divisions could not whip you while you had plenty of ammunition for your "Spencers." And on again, past Saluda Factory, Columbia, Winnsboro and Rocky Mount to Solemn Grove, where you marched in the night on a parallel road with the enemy's column, and so close your flankers mingled with theirs, and the loud talking in their column could be plainly heard, and when we struck the forks of the road, and supposed we had got in ahead of them, we met one of Wheeler's aids, who came dashing back ordering us to "hurry up," and we quietly informed him he was a prisoner, and Kilpatrick's troops didn't obey Wheeler's orders. But we learned from him that three divisions of Rebel troops were on the road just ahead of us, and four divisions of Rebels coming up in

our rear—we had just filled the gap in the Rebel column, and with Wheeler leading and Hampton following, we were marching along the same road with them! So we concluded that if the Rebels wanted that road so bad they might have it all by themselves, while we plunged into the dark pine woods and found another road off on the right. Only cool, intrepid men, who would not speak above their breath, and were ready to fight, could be taken out of so dangerous a place. And on, by Fayetteville to Averysboro, where we opened the fight by capturing Colonel Rhett, of South Carolina, who had just evacuated Fort Sumter. And on again, to Bentonsville, where Johnston's "Johnnies" showed fight, but where, when "Uncle Billy" turned his columns around to give them fair battle, between dark and daylight,

"Folded their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently hastened away."

It was your fortune to first make the discovery in the morning that the ubiquitous gray-backs had "slid out," and to lead the advance that followed on through the town of Bentonsville. Then we turned around and greeted Schofield at Goldsboro, who, after his magnificent victory over Hood at Franklin, from behind the very fortifications you helped to construct, and Hood's final repulse at Nashville, had taken the cars to the sea-coast and sail to New Berne, to shake hands again with his old comrades of the Atlanta campaign. Honor Lincoln, and Grant, and Sherman, and Thomas, and Schofield, and all who planned or helped to execute that grand winter's campaign; and when you grow old tell your little grandchildren that you marched and fought with Sherman's boys in the grandest campaign in all the world's history. And as soon as Sherman had issued clothing, you led his columns against Johnston at Smithfield. Have you forgotten the bright morning when we drove the enemy across Swift Creek in North Carolina, found the bridge destroyed, and, after part of your Regiment had waded the creek so as to hold the other side, our pioneers rebuilt the bridge, and just after the Ninety-Second began crossing, Major Nichols, of Sherman's staff, rode up with the news that Lee had surrendered to Grant? No, you have not forgotten it, and you will never forget it. How your caps went into the air, how loud your glad voices rang out—how bright the starry banners we had so long followed looked as you gave them to the breeze and the sunlight; and never before did bugles blare and trumpets blow so loud, or music sound so sweet as when our Band struck up "Hail

Columbia!" But the still stubborn "Johnnies," in their earthworks half a mile across the creek, who had been only waiting for part of the column to cross to make an attack when no support could be offered by the troops not yet across, had not yet heard of Lee's surrender, and did not know the war was ended! But you boys of the Ninety-Second, shouting and laughing with the glad news you had just heard, coolly received the wild charge of that Rebel brigade, halted it with murderous volleys from your ever faithful "Spencers," turned it back, and shouting still with joy over Lee's surrender, dashed after the retreating Rebels, and captured their earthworks. Brilliant victory—but, oh! the price we paid! I never felt so sad in battle as I did then, when I looked upon the poor boys who there, after the great war was in fact over, and victory was with our eagles, received marching orders to report in heaven. Little did I dream when I saw Major Hawk, under the great oak tree by the white farm house, pale and bleeding with his terrible wound, that I should greet him here in a Reunion of our Regiment in our Illinois home. Long may he live to receive the greetings of his old comrades in arms! And on, through Raleigh to New Hope Creek, where our Brigade fired its last shot. It was my fortune while Captain of Company "A," 11th Illinois, to assist in capturing one of the first (if not *the* first) Rebel flags captured west of the Alleghanies; it was a few days after Ellsworth captured the Rebel flag at Alexandria, Virginia, and a day or two before Governor Oglesby captured the Rebel flag on the Mississippi, near Columbus; and a book recently published in New York, edited by a Southern lady, gives the Brigade I commanded the honor of firing the last loyal shot in the war before the surrender of Johnston's army. And then you quietly sat down in Chapel Hill to await the terms of surrender that was to close the most gigantic Rebellion known in all the world's history.

No sooner did you hear of Johnston's surrender than you were clamoring to be mustered out; you were not soldiers from choice; you went from a sense of duty alone, and when the power of the Rebellion was broken, and the Rebel armies scattered, your duty was done. All the world's history can furnish no prouder record than was achieved by our citizen soldiery, and never before have a million battle-scarred heroes left the bloody field as soon as the last hostile shot had died away, and hastily returned to kiss their wives, their babies, and their sweethearts, and resume the peaceful callings they had left. With the flag of your country, known and

honored in every part of the world where the bible is read and christianity acknowledged, proudly floating over you, secure in the liberties your valor helped achieve for your country, you are laboring in your professions, at your trades, or on your farms. Children of the North American Republic, proud of your country, your country is proud of you.

One feature in our Regiment I have not yet mentioned—a feature which will gladden the hearts of some of the fathers and mothers of the boys. As soon as the Regiment was mustered in, a party of christian gentlemen belonging to the Regiment organized a Thursday evening prayer meeting, and, during all our service, I do not believe that one Thursday evening was permitted to pass without a meeting of that christian band. Many a time have I heard their earnest prayers and fervent amens rising above the din and confusion of the busy camp, and louder than the wind and storm. Such christianity is a badge of honor in this life, and will prove the highest honor in the next. Those who believe the army so demoralizing that virtue cannot live in it, are sadly mistaken—gold is refined in the fire—and I can bear cheerful testimony that the professors of religion in the Ninety-Second, both officers and men, so bore themselves as to honor the profession they made.

Very little have I told you of our Regimental history—battle after battle have I passed by without mention—yet who shall say that your Regimental career was not one of uninterrupted honor? and shall not the impartial historian record that the Ninety-Second Illinois did fully its part in crushing out the great slaveholders' Rebellion? and who shall dare assert that the starry emblem of liberty, "flag of the free heart's only hope," given into your keeping, although tattered and torn in battle and campaign, was not brought back by you without a stain on its bright blue field?

Some tell me these Reunions are wrong,—that we ought to strive to forget, and not to remember our terrible sufferings, privations, battles, and maimings, the horrible prison pens, and deliberate butchery of our captured prisoners, and forgive our erring brothers of the South, who tried to lay our temple of liberty in ruins, and attempted to wade through seas of blood to found a Confederacy, with slavery as the chief corner-stone. Did our revolutionary sires seek to forget Bunker Hill and Lexington as soon as the power of King George was broken? Did they forget the prison ships? Did the people of America forget

WASHINGTON and his compeers? No! While liberty survives, the fame of the Continental soldiers will remain bright, and as long as a revolutionary hero shall live, so long will the American people honor the survivors of the revolutionary struggle; and when all are gone, their memories will live to keep bright the sacred fires of liberty their heroism kindled. Time, in its flight, will bring such memories to the American people of you. Their battle, and your battle, was for freedom. In the sacred cause of liberty and humanity, they fought and bled; and so did you. For the last ninety years, those who have loved their country and liberty have met annually, and, kneeling around the altars of liberty, have renewed their vows to keep their memories bright forever; and hereafter, mingled with praises of them, will be praises of you.

Christ has taught us that forgiveness is for those who seek it, "confessing their sins." There is no man living more willing than I am to forgive those people in the South who see their sin and are turning from it. But when their sins are forgiven, and they are received into full fellowship in the American Church of Liberty, they must kneel with us and worship at Liberty's altar; they must join with us in chanting the songs of Freedom, and in sounding the praises of the "boys in blue," who battled Rebellion's hosts under Liberty's bright banner.

Let us cherish the sacred memories of our soldier life—let us never forget the terrible price we have paid for liberty, or the "crimson currency" in which it was paid. Let us honor the memory of our dead comrades, whose graves are scattered over Kentucky, on the banks of the Tennessee, by Chicamauga's dark river of death, around Atlanta's hills, along the roadside beneath the dark pines of the Carolinas, or in nameless graves at Millen or Andersonville.

" The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread—
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

And it seems to me that now, from their bright homes on high, they are looking down on this Reunion of the old Regiment, and

there comes a message from away beyond the clouds, "Comrades, stand by your colors—keep the old flag to the breeze!" And from your hearts I know goes back the reply, "Aye, we will! The bright starry banner, emblem of liberty, that floats so proudly over your graves, shall be kept to the breeze! We are children of the Republic, and if dangers threaten we will 'rally around the flag' as in days gone by!" And again from heaven's starry dome I hear the return reply, "All is well!"

Cherishing the sacred memories of our comrades gone, owe we no duties to the gray-haired father or mother, whose staff and support in life's declining years these fallen boys were?—owe we no duties to the weeping widows, or little fatherless children they have left? Yes, we owe these duties—they are solemn and binding. We should ever be ready to divide the rations from our well filled haversacks which the all-bountiful Commissary of the universe so freely issues to us, with any of those who need. Let a permanent Reunion organization be formed, and let its most sacred duty be to hunt up those suffering ones, and systematically apply the relief which a soldier's warm heart is always ready to bestow upon the kindred of his dead comrades.

And in the Articles of Reunion, let us provide for a meeting every three years, as long as any of the old Regiment survive, to renew our vows to liberty, and our allegiance to the dear old flag. Will all that are here to-day meet in our Reunion three years hence? No, not all. If I am living, I will be at that Reunion. But, ere then, some of us will have marching orders from Him who outranks the President or The General, the Grand Commander of the universe, and will have gone into permanent quarters beyond death's pontoons, on the other side of the dark river. And who will be here ten, twenty, forty years from now? Will our old Chaplain be here to offer his spiritual advice, and on bended knees offer prayer to the Throne of God for the gray-haired veterans, who, forty years from to-day, will hold the Reunion of the Ninety-Second Regiment? Not likely. In the course of nature, it is probable that the oldest will be gathered to their fathers first. And who among us all will be the last to answer roll-call on earth?

And then, while liberty blesses the loved land of our birth, the old Regiment shall all meet together again, up yonder, where our blattle-slain comrades are waiting to greet us, in a Reunion where there never shall be parting more, nor death, nor battle, on the "eternal camping ground" beyond the skies.

At the close of General Atkins's address the Band played. Afterward the "Commissary call" was sounded on the bugle, occasioning a lively interest. After two or three hours, pleasantly spent in picnic fashion in the beautiful grove, the Regiment held a "dress parade" and a short "battalion drill." "Sick call" was sounded, but all present reported for duty. A permanent Reunion organization was perfected. General Smith D. Atkins was chosen President; Captain R. M. A. Hawk, Vice-President; J. C. Lowe, Recording Secretary; Dr. George R. Skinner, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. Clinton Helm, Treasurer; Rev. Barton H. Cartwright, Chaplain. In the evening the generous citizens of Polo gave the Ninety-Second, and all soldiers present, an entertainment and supper in Agricultural Hall.

The following account of the second Reunion of the Ninety-Second is taken from the Freeport Journal:

The Ninety-Second Illinois Mounted Infantry Volunteers held their second Reunion at Wilcoxon's Opera House, in Freeport, on Thursday last, September first, 1870. The day was beautiful; the early train from the east brought large delegations from Companies B and K; extra passenger coaches were attached to the 9:30 train from the south, on the Illinois Central, and came in loaded; the morning train from the west brought large delegations; the noon trains from the east and west, on the Western Union Road, also brought many to attend the Reunion; from an early hour in the morning until noon, the old members of the Regiment, accompanied by their fathers and mothers, their wives and children, and family friends, came thronging into the city in wagons and carriages, until the streets presented a holiday appearance. At a little past one o'clock p. m. the Freeport Zouaves, under command of Captain Hurlburt, accompanied by the Winslow Brass Band, paraded through the city, and at two o'clock p. m. the audience assembled at Wilcoxon's magnificent Opera House, the use of which had been tendered for that purpose by Mr. Wilcoxon without cost, and at a little past two o'clock p. m., after the jam of finding seats in the Opera House was over, the exercises began, by the audience being called to order by General Atkins, President of the Ninety-Second Illinois Reunion Association, who stated that the Reunion was held under the auspices of the Ninety-Second Illinois Mounted Infantry Volunteers, a Regiment that was composed of five companies from Ogle County, three companies from Stephenson County, and two companies from Carroll County, and was mustered into the service at

Rockford, Illinois, on the fourth day of September, 1862, and, after almost three years' service, after the close of the war, was mustered out, and held its first Reunion at Polo, Illinois, on September fourth, 1867, five years from the day on which they were mustered into the service. At that Reunion they had resolved to hold a Reunion so long as two of the members of the old Regiment should be alive, once in every three years. In obedience to that resolution they were there—and they had cordially invited the soldiers of other regiments to meet with them, and the citizens also, for they well knew that the memories of the past, which were so dear to the surviving members of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers, were the common memories of all the soldiers of the Republic, and of the people of America. The exercises began with music by the Band. Afterward the President stated that it was a well-known fact, that the Ninety-Second Illinois was a God-fearing and a God-serving Regiment, and it would be appropriate that, before anything further was done, they should join in prayer, while Chaplain Cartwright, the old and well-beloved Chaplain of the Regiment, invoked the blessings of Deity, and the President called upon Rev. Barton H. Cartwright, who made an appropriate prayer.

After which the President called upon Captain E. T. E. Becker for a song, and Captain Becker came forward to the stand, and sang the beautiful song commencing,

“ 'Tis finished, 'tis finished, the great work is ended,”

which was heartily applauded by the audience.

After music by the Band, the President introduced General Sheets, of Ogle County, late Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers, who, the President said, was a modest gentleman, quite bashful among the ladies, but whom he had known to face the enemy upon the battle-field without flinching. The General came forward, amid applause, and spoke as follows :

SOLDIERS, COMRADES, FRIENDS: Addresses are sometimes appropriate—but at a soldiers' Reunion I believe them always out of place. We come here to think and talk of the scenes of the past—of events gone by—of hardships endured—of struggles deep and earnest, and to renew the associations of the past; and under such circumstances a set speech must always be out of order. And yet, in obedience to the orders of my superiors, I am here to inflict on you just such a speech.

When our good old Chaplain Cartwright first came to the

Regiment, he asked me how we got the Regiment out to preaching. I told him, if the boys, being hungry, could find a good dinner, they would need no urging to eat, and a good Chaplain, furnishing them with such spiritual food as they needed, would have no difficulty in getting them out to hear.

Sabbath morning came—the hour for worship had arrived—no church bells broke the stillness of the morning—instead of the Chaplain asking the Adjutant to call the Regiment together for worship, I heard his clarion voice (not always melodious) crying, “Ho, boys! come up here and help me serve the Lord for half an hour, and I will help you in the trenches the balance of the week.” I need not assure you that everything was abandoned, and if all did not serve the Lord for half an hour, they listened to the Chaplain’s sermon. I shall not make you so rash a promise.

I have arranged, briefly as possible, a few of the events in the history of our Regiment. If there are soldiers of other commands here, we greet them most cordially—we were brothers struggling in the same cause—and they may find something in our history that will be responsive to their own experience.

The Ninety-Second Illinois was mustered into the service of the United States, at Rockford, Illinois, September fourth, 1862. It was composed of two companies from Carroll, three from Stephenson, and five from Ogle. Of the one thousand men composing the Regiment, 999 of whom I dare speak, were as true and good as the war ever produced. It is no disparagement to others, to say that better material for soldiers was never mustered for the conflict. Men of noble impulses, men of high culture, your own sons, brothers, or husbands were there.

Our first experience in camp was at Rockford. It was so unlike the experiences of war, that none of us will ever forget it. I have no doubt but that your memory to-day is fresh in the remembrance of those yellow-legged chickens—those broad-backed turkeys—the delicious fruit—the rich cakes, and everything which wife, or mother, or sister could provide for our wants. How those tables in the rear of our barracks used to groan beneath their load!

And there, too, came our first experience in drill. Do you remember a crowd of very wise looking fellows, numbering thirty-three, with bright shoulder-straps, to whom nine hundred and seventy of you less fortunate fellows used to tip your hats? Do you remember how we thirty-three dignified men were lead out each day, by a beardless boy called Lawver, and put in train-

ing for our high position? You called them the *awkward squad*. The most prominent thing about them was the glitter of their new uniforms. Their hands and feet were always in the wrong place. Was there ever anything more laughable or amusing than this *officers' drill*; unless it was to see Doctor Winston on horse-back, at review?

Who will ever forget how wise your Captains and Lieutenants were after these drills, when they took you out into the same fields and repeated what they had learned? There, too, *your* awkwardness was displayed. Then came the Regimental drill, when we were exhibited to the multitude. Do you remember the first time I undertook to drill the Regiment? My first command, *promptly executed by you*, put the Regiment in such a position as to require the skill of every officer for ten minutes to straighten the line again. I had not then learned to say that I *knew* the command was wrong, and only gave it to see if you would execute it. Fond parents looked on at those drills, and, pointing with feelings of noble pride to their boy, said, "Isn't our John a *model* soldier? Wouldn't he look fine with those shoulder-straps? and he would certainly set an awkward horse better than those awkward field officers."

But the days of this soldiering were soon numbered. The middle of October brought the long hoped-for order to move to the field of strife. Every fellow seemed spoiling for a fight, and in his own estimation weighed two hundred pounds avoirdupois! The last farewells were said—the last kiss from mother, sister, or maiden was taken, and away with the speed of the wind, we went Southward. Many—alas, how many, never again to return to friends or loved ones. All over the South-land lie buried those who went forth that morning with hopes bright as we. Noble boys—no sister's, or mother's, or maiden's hands pressed their foreheads, or closed their eyes in death. They went down always with their face to the foe. Noble, heroic boys—how we loved them!

"Sleep, soldier boy! the clarion tongue
Of deathless fame shall speak of thee;
And ages hence, thy name among
The brightest of the earth shall be."

I am glad that here in Stephenson county you are building a Monument in honor of these heroic men. The people of Byron, in my county, were among the first to pay this tribute to the memory of our fallen comrades. There, as here, you honor the

men, and the cause for which they fell. The Monument you build will perish. Time, relentless time, with sunshine and storm, will deface the words you have inscribed upon the marble—but out in the unfolding future, the fame and glory of these men will gain new lustre. Humanity's cause, for which they battled, shall never die. Soldiers—surviving comrades—while we enjoy this Regimental Reunion, let us remember our fallen comrades.

After leaving Rockford, our first campaign was made in Loyal Kentucky. We marched through her blue-grass region, always beautiful; we drank the green waters from her miasma stock pond, while loyal Major Generals locked the wells; we burned no fence-rails, robbed no bee-hives, twisted no chickens' necks, kissed no pretty girls; *but we would steal niggers!*

After marching and countermarching, we neared the mountain region, and, finding no armed Rebels, we went into garrison duty at Mt. Sterling. Here was developed the startling announcement that the Regiment had but one married man, poor old Captain Brice, and I really believe he would have passed for unmarried, if he had not have had a gray-bearded son in the Regiment. It was here that we witnessed the first, and, so far as I know, the only, exhibition of cowardice on the part of a private soldier in our command. While marching through the streets of Mt. Sterling, one of our boys said to a beautiful Kentucky girl, who was carrying a little flag—the Stars and Stripes—"What will you take for that flag?" Her quick and ready response was, "*a kiss, sir!*" And he, who afterward faced danger on a hundred battle-fields, and assisted in carrying our banner on to victory and triumph, was too cowardly to capture that little flag!

I have always thought that the soldier imagined that the Adjutant reserved all such duties for himself; I am sure he was not an officer, for we had no officer, not even Captain Becker or Captain Hawk, who ever turned his back on *such a foe*. It was here that our Colonel Atkins (wonder if Mrs. A. is present?) learned to sing, with great fervor,

"Miss Julie am a handsome gal,
Her heart am young and tender."

Boys, have you forgotten Miss Julia? The Colonel used to take me along, and the old lady (so unlike most mothers) had such an easy way of getting me out of the parlor, so that the Colonel and Miss Julia could admire alone. The old lady used to tell me about her lands, her niggers, and her family, while the Colonel

in the parlor defined love to Miss Julia. Here is what he was overheard by one of the boys to say :

“ Love, real love, cannot well be defined,
’Tis a feeling of feelings deep down in the mind;
Suffice it to say, it is tenderly furious,
Painfully pleasing and peculiarly curious.”

Mrs. Atkins can tell us whether the Colonel ever surpassed this poetic effusion !

At Mt. Sterling, too, we had our first long roll. A crowd of innocent darkies were hunting coons at night. Having treed his coonship, they used powder and shot to bring him down. Our sentinels, smelling the enemy afar off, gave the alarm. Needham rushed for the drum—men and officers for their arms, and in less than three minutes our line was formed and ready for the strife.

The foe, of course, did not test our metal. Our only loss was the heads of three drums that Needham stove in. And the only disaster was that of the Major, who, in the great haste, got into his pants, with his pants wrong end up.

The anti-slavery sentiment of our Regiment soon became obnoxious to the good people of Mt. Sterling. Repeated orders and changes brought us to Danville, Ky. On the whole, the change was a pleasant one. Our stay in Kentucky was made up of a mixture of pleasant and unpleasant events. We were called *the* Abolition Regiment—using the more chaste language of Kentucky loyalists, we were “ *nigger* thieves.” We were pursued by men and women hunting their chattels. Our Colonel, I believe, stands indicted as a thief under the old laws of Loyal Kentucky ! I believe I express the sentiment of every soldier, when I say that our cause suffered more from the so-called loyalists of Kentucky, than from the Rebel element. Had Kentucky joined the other Rebellious States, the war would have been shortened by years. Her loyalty was always with an “ if.”

I need not assure you that the order, transferring us from the Army of Kentucky to the Army of the Cumberland, was hailed with shouts of joy, and songs of gladness. It meant more active work. We learned that inaction was death. What we needed in the army, as well as out of it, was something to do. Active work brings good health, and develops strong muscle. We soon found this, but not exactly to our taste. Time and events brought us to Franklin, Tennessee, where we found ample room for the exercise of muscle in digging ditches, and building fortifications. These

works, that seemed useless then, afterward served to protect our army under General Thomas, and many a brave fellow who found shelter in them, gave thanks to the men whose efforts had built them. At Franklin came that senseless order, putting us in line of battle, long before daylight, and keeping us there until General Granger should wake from his morning sleep, and order "recall" sounded from the fort. That order would have cost us the lives of fifty noble men, if we had not violated its spirit, and spent the time in drill.

Our march from Franklin to Triune you have not forgotten. I shall never forget how those knapsacks of yours looked on that June morning. Many a fellow, anxious to save extra shoes and blankets, started with knapsack larger than himself. We had not marched more than five miles, before you began to strew the ground with boots, shoes, overcoats, blankets, etc. This was our first march after Chaplain Cartwright joined the command. Seeing this great waste of property, the Chaplain undertook to save it; riding up to the head of the Regiment, he told me what was going on. I told him it was all right, that you ought to lighten your load. "But," said he, "the poor fellows will need their blankets." That night the Chaplain rode into camp, with his horse loaded with blankets, and calling to the boys, he gave to each his own. The Chaplain followed this until, one day, some wicked chap claimed the Chaplain's own blanket, and left him to sleep without any covering. This was the first time that Brother Cartwright entertained a doubt but that every Union soldier was a good honest christian. The second doubt came when he traded horses with a cavalryman, and got a horse so religious that he would always kneel, in going down hill. This march to Triune brought us into the movement against Tullahoma.

During the following month, we were mounted and attached to Wilder's Brigade. Could you have seen us as we were first mounted, you would not have wondered that General John E. Smith called us "Mamelukes." We had horses and mules of every age, size and color. In August we crossed the Cumberland Mountains, demonstrating against Chattanooga. Recrossing the mountains, we reported to General Thomas at Trenton, Georgia, and, on the morning of the ninth of September, entered Chattanooga, and unfurled on the Crutchfield House our flag—the first Stars and Stripes seen in that city since the fall of Fort Sumter.

I must not attempt to trace longer in detail the history of our command—I can say of it, without detracting from others, that

in camp, on the march, in battle—everywhere it did its duty, whenever that was made known. Its discipline and drill were above the average. Its fighting qualities below none. Those who measure the service of a Regiment, or its bravery, by its losses, fail of a correct estimate. I remember in the Chicamauga battle, that in less than five minutes we lost, in killed and wounded, thirty men, and it was at a time and in a place where we were doing no possible good. He is a good commander who accomplishes the object desired with the least loss of life. The life of a Union soldier was too precious to be sacrificed to gratify the ambition of a reckless leader.

It would be pleasant to follow the Regiment into battle, to tell you where, and how they fought. But this has formed no part of my purpose. Three years ago General Atkins gave a detailed account of the Regiment in battle. Since that time it has become history, and you can read it there. The record is one of which all are proud. No stain of dishonor rests upon it. It has been my purpose, rather, to make mention of a few of the pleasing remembrances of the past; to call to mind some of the unwritten history of the Regiment. Of course I cannot picture these events to do them justice.

I might describe to you Doctor Winston on horseback, or Captain Schermerhorn as a cook, or Captain "Bobb Shorty" on parade, and yet you could not appreciate fully those events without the sight of the natural eye. I am sure if you should see the Doctor on horseback, or eat one of Schermerhorn's camp dinners, you would never forget it.

Camp life was not altogether as unpleasant as the people at home were in the habit of believing. It had its bright and its dark days—its sunshine and its shadows—its January and its June. It was not always without social enjoyments. You have never had a finer time at home in your parlors than we used to enjoy when our Captain Becker used to sing of home, and friends, and country. How often that trundle-bed song—so simple, yet so beautiful—used to take us back over the by-gone years to childhood's happy hours. And then came Hope, painting the future in characters of living light and beauty.

[General Sheets here suggested that it might be a good thing if the Captain would sing that good old song right at that time. The Captain came forward, amid applause, and gave the song, when General Sheets continued:]

Do you imagine that Lawver or Skinner ever enjoyed a social

gathering more than that near Bridgeport, Alabama, where each of them took behind him on his horse a *buxom* Alabama girl and went with "we uns" to the party? All went merry at the party, but on the way home Skinner's girl fell from the horse, and buried herself in Alabama mud, so that neither Lawver nor Skinner, nor both combined, could lift her on the horse again. Do you think Schermerhorn was ever more tranquil than when he used to visit Widow Lewis, down at Trianna? Even that long row of hats failed to give him pain. Trianna was a great town for widows. It was the custom there to hang a hat of each departed husband on the wall as a remembrance of the loved ones gone. Widow Lewis had ten of these hats. The Captain was there one day (of course he was inquiring about the departed loved ones), and while he was thus engaged some wicked fellow stole his horse and equipments, and Schermerhorn never saw them again.

Speaking of hats reminds me of a fellow of Company F, whom I saw hatless one day—

I remember Petermyre, one of the boys of Company F. It was near Ringgold, in Georgia; we had received orders to report to General Rosecrans, at Lafayette, Georgia—and, by the way, General Rosecrans himself never went quite so far south as Lafayette, for Bragg, with his Rebel army and with the reinforcements of Longstreet, from Lee's army, at that time lay between us and Lafayette—but we had our orders, and pushed out bright and early on the road for Lafayette. Near Ringgold, we struck a division of Rebel cavalry under Forrest. General Atkins was commanding, and he had formed a line of battle across the road, facing south, with the right flank resting on the Chicamauga River, and the left flank on the mountain, and we were pushing the enemy with our Spencer Rifles, when suddenly the enemy's line of skirmishers gave way, and we charged up to their main line. Petermyre had got far in advance of the rest—had, in fact, dashed right in among the Rebels. Pretty soon he came down the road on foot, and I asked him what he was coming back for, and he said: "O, Colonel, Colonel, dey shoots my horse, dey shoots my gun, dey shoots me here, and dey shoots me dar, and I'se almost dead!" And sure enough Petermyre's horse had been killed under him; another bullet had wounded him; another bullet still had struck him, and lodged in the side of his pocket-book; and yet another bullet had shattered and torn away the butt of his Spencer Rifle. It seemed laughable to me at the time, but I

didn't feel like scolding him for coming back. You see Petermyre could not capture all of Forrest's cavalry alone!

While we were lying on the Tennessee River, General Atkins sent me out one day to visit the picket posts. It was against orders to kill the animals in the country, but sometimes the boys would kill a hog, particularly if they thought they would not be caught at it. "Dide" Haggart was on picket at one of the posts I visited, and when I rode up to the post the first thing I saw was a handsome porker, killed and dressed; "Dide" was greatly frightened, but he was equal to the occasion. Said he, "Colonel," pointing to the hog, "that was the d—dest hog I ever saw; he came at me with his mouth wide open, and I had to shoot him to save my life." I thought "Dide" was not very much to blame for shooting such a very ferocious hog, and he escaped punishment. The next morning the officers' mess had fresh pork for breakfast; but the cook did not tell where it came from.

I have a notion to tell a story about our good old Chaplain; I hardly know whether I had better, but I guess I will. We were on the march, and the boys came across a patch of sweet potatoes, and they "went for them," every man for himself, down on his hands and knees, and clawing after the luscious tubers, and the Chaplain was in the crowd. By and by the owner of the potato patch came out, a tall gentleman, in a suit of black citizens' clothing, with white neck-tie; the Chaplain did not look up to see him, and the citizen said, "It is too bad, it is too bad." "Yes," said the Chaplain, "it is too bad," but kept on going for his share of the sweet potatoes. "Why," said the citizen, "I am a minister of the gospel." "Yes," replied the Chaplain, as he hauled out a big potato, "so be I."

These incidents were of every day occurrence. If it were possible to gather them together, they would form an interesting volume. Who will ever wish to forget them? And if in this Reunion we shall spend the hours in refreshing our memories of the past, our coming will not be in vain. We may talk of heroic deeds of the noble ones fallen, of the cause for which they fell, and in all this find that which will be pleasant and profitable.

The war with its events is over. I trust the bugle may never again call us or our children to the field of strife. It was a fearful war. The Government has never, and can never reward you for the hardships and perils you endured.

You can only look for your reward in the results accomplished. You have seen the hour of triumph. You have seen

our beautiful banner carried forward to victory. You gaze to-day upon its bright stars and ample folds, and there you read in characters of living light and beauty, those sublime words:—
“*Liberty and Union—Now and Forever—One and Inseparable!*”

Your valor has vindicated the honor of the country, and saved it from Rebel hate. Aside from the conscious assurance of having done your duty well, you have the thanks of all loyal hearts. The *people* have never forgotten the debt of gratitude they owe. *Politicians* have, and would still deceive you. I heard them say to men in my own county, “Go to the war, you ought to go, and when you return the people will bestow upon you the offices, and hold you in remembrance.” And yet, with the exception of two or three post-offices, I know of no Federal positions in all this Congressional District filled by soldiers. You were good to stop bullets, but you must beg if you would fill a place of profit or trust. Offices which have grown out of the war are filled by men who never smelled powder, and all over the land there are crippled or maimed soldiers, every way worthy, struggling in poverty and want. These things have been so in the past, because this patronage has been used by the politicians to secure place and power. It ought not to be so. I am glad to say that I believe this District is now represented by a man who thinks more of his christian manhood than of the place he fills.

I rejoice in another fact. Higher and nobler motives than these prompted you to shoulder your guns and peril your lives for your country’s defense. You saw the flag insulted and trampled in the dust, and, leaving the endearments of home, you placed friends, and property, and life upon the altar of your country—a willing sacrifice. You have saved the country from Rebel hate, and have perpetuated, to yourselves and to your children, the blessings of a free Government. You have solved for the world the great problem of self-government.

The crushing of the great Rebellion here has done more to perpetuate this Republic, and to plant in other lands the germ of civil freedom than a thousand years of peaceful discussion. Such an effect has been produced all over the world by our success, that I believe those simple words, “I am an American citizen,” would bring to the stranger a more affectionate and a broader shield of protection, than to be clothed in the robes of royalty and called a king. Its influence will be seen and felt all over Europe—in her populous cities, and in her mountain fastnesses—and shall be echoed and re-echoed along her blood-stained battle-

fields, until every man and woman struggling for a nobler development shall read with new joy of our achievements here.

You crushed the Rebellion. You destroyed slavery, and in these years of strife you lifted the Government over a thousand years of discussion, and placed her in the van of christian civilization.

In 1861 Jeff. Davis went out of the United States Senate to destroy the Government he was sworn to defend. In 1869 Jeff. Davis's seat in the same Senate was filled by a colored citizen of Mississippi.

Your efforts have placed the Government where nothing but gross folly can ever impede its progress. We may go forward in triumph—leveling the mountains, filling up the valleys, developing our soil, laying parallel tracks from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and binding with these cords of commercial intercourse East and West, North and South, into a Union so firm and indissoluable, that, under the providence of God, even the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The triumphs of our civilization shall spread all over this land, covering the hills and vales, the green riverside and broad savannas of our young continent.

The sword shall be beaten into the plowshare, the spear into the pruning-hook, and these implements of industry, in the hands of a free and brave people, shall develop here a continent rich in all that constitutes true wealth. Should traitors ever again assail the flag, we will beat the plowshare into the sword, and the pruning hook into the spear, and vindicate again the honor and unity of the Government.

A career of unprecedented glory awaits this nation. Disenthralled from the sins that have so long impeded us, we wake to a new life. Already the darkness disappears and the morning light gilds the horizon. If we prove true to our high trust, the dreams of the past shall more than be realized. I see the nation coming up in its grandeur to the fulfillment of its lofty destiny. Our vast territory shall be peopled with an industrious, freedom-loving people.

Christian civilization, no longer an apologist for slavery, shall rear here her imperishable monuments, and science and art shall gain new and bloodless victories, while the songs of our joy shall float out over all lands, and shall fill all climes.

Here, O young man, here, my soldier friend, is the field of your glory. Here you may identify yourself with interests that time

cannot destroy. Here, if honest, virtuous, earnest, you may assist in moulding for this nation a destiny noble and grand. Here you may grapple with the grandest problems of human life. Here you may set in motion chords of influence that shall vibrate on and on through the coming years. Here, however humble your lot in life may be, you may aspire to be good and great. Here every man is his own king, and may write his history in characters of light and beauty.

Our ranks are growing thin. One by one we shall drop away. But the ranks in the great battle of life will be filled by our children, or children's children.

When another three years shall roll around, some who hear me now will have listened to the angel reveille on the other shore. This battle of life is an earnest battle. In it we need stout hands and brave hearts. There is no "discharge" in this conflict. It is not a muster for three years, but for life. Let us acquit ourselves like men. If we shall prove as true to ourselves as to our country, the future will be radiant with hope for each one. Comrades, God bless you! If we meet no more here, when on the other shore let us gather at the great Reunion. Living, I shall love to remember you. Dying, I shall hope to meet you where the anthem of peace and good will is unbroken.

General Sheets's speech was received with shouts of laughter and rounds of applause, and at its conclusion it was unanimously resolved that it should be printed in the proceedings.

After music by the Band, Captain Becker again came forward and sang a song. The audience called for various persons to speak, but the election of officers for the ensuing three years being in order, it was proceeded with, and Captain R. M. A. Hawk was elected President. The ex-President of the Association introduced Captain Hawk to the audience and retired, when Captain Hawk thanked them for the honor conferred upon him, and took his seat as the presiding officer. Dick McCann, private of Company D, was elected Vice President, and Al. McClure, private Company C, was elected Secretary.

Chaplain Cartwright made a handsome speech, and closed by presenting General Smith D. Atkins, late Colonel of the Ninety-Second Illinois Mounted Infantry Volunteers, with a beautiful bouquet. The General accepted it, and in a short speech returned his thanks for that, and the many tokens of kindness he had received. He referred to the terrible sacrifice in human life that the putting down of the Rebellion had cost the nation; to the peaceful

security that had been wrought out by the bloody sacrifice that the nation had made, and to the bright and happy future that was before the American people.

Major Albert Woodcock, of Ogle county, being loudly called for, came forward and made an eloquent speech of ten or fifteen minutes. He was feeling good, and his talk made others feel good. He had promised the boys of the Ninety-Second that as long as he was County Clerk of Ogle county, their marriage licenses should cost them nothing. He had already issued more than a hundred marriage licenses on those terms, and he thought when a pretty girl married one of the members of the Ninety-Second that was a recruit mustered in; every time one of the old members became a father, and that was pretty often, that was another recruit mustered in; and so the old Regiment was growing, and getting larger and larger every year. He thought that at every Reunion the wives and babies should be brought along, and then every Reunion would be larger and larger. Captain Horace J. Smith was called for, and it was said that if he could not make a speech, he could at least show himself on the stand, and make such a speech as Grant makes, but the Captain rose up in the body of the hall, and modestly said he could not "Grant it." Captain Schermehorn, Dr. Tom Winston, Captain Becker, and many others were called for, but they declined.

The singing by Captain Becker has not been surpassed in the Opera House. The music by the Winslow Band was splendid.

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Wilcoxon, for the generous donation of the free use of the Opera House, and to the Freeport Zouaves, for turning out on the occasion.

On motion, it was resolved that the next Reunion of the Ninety-Second Illinois Mounted Infantry Volunteers be held at Mt. Carroll, three years from the fourth day of September inst.—to-wit: September fourth, 1873.

At about six o'clock P. M., the meeting finally adjourned, and after many hand-shakings and good-byes, the hall was emptied.

R. M. A. HAWK, *President.*

AL. McCLURE, *Secretary.*

The third Reunion of the Ninety-Second was held at Mt. Carroll, Carroll County, September fourth, 1873. We take the following account of it from the Freeport Journal:

Our reporter wended his way to the Western Union Railway depot, in Freeport, at 8:40, last Thursday morning, and found

about one hundred and fifty people waiting for the Mt. Carroll train. The railroad people at Freeport had evidently not anticipated such a rush, and had made no arrangements for passenger coaches; but the gentlemanly agent, Mr. E. C. Fitch, did all he could to make the passengers comfortable, by adding four extra cabooses to the train, and with the cabooses packed full, the train soon started. The train was a heavy one, and did not make very fast time, but reached Mt. Carroll about twelve o'clock M., where Major Hawk, President of the Ninety-Second Illinois Reunion Association, was in waiting, with a committee on reception, and a brass band, with ample omnibus room to convey the entire party free to the picnic grounds in the Court House Square. Reaching there, after a pleasant ride through the beautiful city of Mt. Carroll, the party found a large number of ladies and gentlemen already assembled. President Hawk called the assemblage to order, and after prayer by the Rev. Barton H. Cartwright, Chaplain of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers, Hon. H. A. Mills, Mayor of Mt. Carroll, delivered a beautiful and appropriate welcoming address to the soldiers of the various regiments, and their friends. After reading the programme of the day's exercises, President Hawk invited the assembled multitude to partake of a bountiful dinner provided by the citizens of Mt. Carroll, set upon tables in the open air; after all had assembled around the tables, thanks were returned by the Chaplain, and all were supplied with one of the best dinners our reporter ever saw out of doors. There was everything in abundance, and everything of the nicest and best, especially the hot coffee and genuine Carroll County blue grass dairy cream. The ladies of Mt. Carroll waited upon the tables, and pressed upon their guests the dainties their superior cookery had provided. There was room for all the hundreds there assembled, and abundance provided, and no hurry and no confusion. If the good citizens of Mt. Carroll could have heard the universal praise accorded them, they would never regret the trouble and expense they voluntarily imposed upon themselves.

After dinner, the Black Oak Brass Band again discoursed sweet music; and while the Band played, the audience, numbering fully one thousand ladies and gentlemen, assembled around the speaker's stand, and were called to order by Major R. M. A. Hawk, President of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteer Reunion Association, who introduced Chaplain Cartwright, who addressed the Heavenly Father, in one of his old-fashioned, soul-

stirring Methodist prayers. The boys of the Ninety-Second Illinois are very warm in praise of their beloved old Chaplain, and he deserves it; for if there is a sincere christian man on the face of the globe, Rev. Barton H. Cartwright is one. Music followed prayer, and then the President introduced the orator of the day, Major Albert Woodcock, of Ogle County, who spoke as follows:

DEAR COMRADES AND BROTHERS: With a heart wild with happiness, I greet you. Mr. President, endeared to us by ties made sacred by the great loss you sustained for the old flag, we, your brothers, greet you. Meeting, dear comrades, as we do, on this, our Thanksgiving day, about the family heart of the old Ninety-Second, with joy, with gladness we greet and embrace each other. Brave comrades of other regiments, you who shared with us the march, the bivouac and battle, should you be here, we greet you. We bid you welcome to this our encampment; welcome to break with us a little hard tack, and share with us our social joy.

You will remember, dear boys, in the South, at the close of the day, as we went into bivouac, whether it was upon the mountain tops, banks of snowy clouds beneath us, or in the valley by the spring, jutting crag, and mountain peaks towering above us, or in the piney woods of the South, near the cypress swamp, or beneath the giant live oaks, the air fragrant with magnolia blossoms,—no sooner would the camp-fire be lighted than the story would run the round. This one would tell of a hair-breadth escape; that one, of an amusing adventure while foraging; and another would tell the story of Chicamauga, or some other battle scene. O, boys, how we enjoyed those narrations, as we sipped our amber-hued coffee from our cups of tin, or watched the blossoming tobacco smoke curl upward from our pipes of brier-wood. The story, the song, the joke, the laugh would gladden the heart, till sleep would step in and assert its power. The fatigued form would then sink upon the ground—its bed; the head reclining upon the saddle for a pillow; the star-studded blue above for curtains; the sighing of the winds through the pine tops, or the song of the mocking birds—a lullaby. Sweet sleep would then, in dreams, restore home and loved ones distant. The march, the scout, the battle of life for the past three years, have ended, and we are again in camp. Our camp-fires are already ablaze. Here are our head-quarters. There is our commander. He has detailed me, and placed me on duty, not for picket, but to tell our oft-repeated story. In our command are our Brutuses of silver-tongue and

famed oratory; but poor Mark Antony is before you to-day, of broken speech and hesitating tongue; but no Ninety-Second boy ever disobeyed orders; hence, respected commander, your order I obey. Were no one present, boys, but you, I would not care; but citizens, our friends—God bless them—are here. What I may say will be about ourselves; hence our friends will not think us guilty of self-praise. What little I may relate of the history of the Ninety-Second to-day, in the hearts of comrades here of other regiments, will stir up sweet memories in their own history. What deeds of valor of Ninety-Second boys I may describe, will be but a *fac similie* of brave, daring deeds of their own. Friday morning, October eleventh, 1862, we bid good-bye to our weeping friends at Rockford, and rolled away for the seat of war. Sunday forenoon, October thirteenth, we crossed the Ohio into Dixie land, commencing a series of marches of which the memory to you and me is terrible; it was the saddest experience of our soldier life. It killed many of our comrades, and you, boys, to-day feel the effects of it. The country was dried up—a drouth had been in the land; the sun was fearfully hot, ranging from 85° to 100°. The whole army was moving, and the roads were terribly cut up; the dust was ankle deep, and rolled in whirling clouds heavenward; so thick was it that you could scarcely see your file leader; dust was in your nose, your mouth, your throat and your lungs; you could scarcely breathe. On your back was strapped the ponderous knapsack; from your shoulder hung the haversack, full of hard tack and old pork. The cartridge box and accoutrements, nearly as heavy as a buggy harness, was upon you. Your clothes were wool, your shoes heavy brogans, forty-five rounds of ammunition were in your box, with the long Enfield Rifle and bayonet on your shoulder. You were loaded down like a mule. Staggering under such a burthen, you would march, march, march, tramp, tramp, tramp, wondering when the bugle would sound the halt. Your throat would become dry and parched; your lips hot and fevered. You would feel dizzy, and wonder whether you would hold out. Here and there you would see a comrade faint and fall, but 'twas nothing but a soldier or two, now and then, and the columns kept on. Guards were stationed all along the road. Kentucky did not secede, and those people were a *very* loyal people. A guard was at every house. You saw the oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hung at the well. O, how you longed for the pure sparkling cold water to slake your thirst, but a guard was there! Those

people were a *very* loyal people, you know; and the well water you could not touch. You were ordered to halt at the frog-pond beyond, and there slake your thirst. At the pond, with your hand you would carefully remove the crust of green scum from the surface, which enabled you to see the dead mule in the bottom of the pond whose flesh seasoned the water. Not minding the bugs and *polliwogs* that came in your way, you drank and drank, till you were full. You filled your canteens, and then it was again march, tramp, tramp, tramp. In this way you marched all over the State of Kentucky; up this pike, down that pike, hither, thither, yonder; sometimes after Morgan and his troops, they on horseback, you on foot. During these scenes of trial, it was pleasant to witness the acts of kindness shown by comrades to each other. It was a common sight to see a soldier carrying the knapsack of a weaker one in addition to his own. I remember one day of seeing a brawny-shouldered old chap, who lives somewhere hereabouts, carrying three knapsacks of his boys. While thus marching and suffering, patriotism and love of the old flag buoyed up the heart and animated the spirit, and the joke and laugh went round. Often while passing through a village, the whole Regiment would burst into song, led by our grand old singer, and the sky would ring again and again with the following stanzas:

“ Yes, we’ll rally ’round the flag, boys,
We’ll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We’ll rally from the hill-side,
We’ll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the Stars,
While we rally ’round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.”

Our Regiment was never captured but once, and that was in Kentucky. It was taken by negroes. It will not be far from the truth for me to state, that every shoulder strap, and every boy in the Regiment, had one or more black servants; fine, thick woolly-headed fellows they were, each one worth from \$2,000 to \$3,000. After leaving Mt. Sterling, the order of march was:—

1st. The advance guard.

2nd. The Band.

- 3rd. The Colonel and Regimental officers.
- 4th. The rank and file.
- 5th. The colored recruits.
- 6th. A very heavy rear guard, with bristling bayonets.
- 7th. The Sheriffs of Kentucky.
- 8th. And last, the fat, rotund, Manor Lords, slave owners.

The Sheriffs wanted our Colonel; the Lords, our colored recruits. February second, 1863, we left, with great rejoicing, the *very loyal* State of Kentucky. On board steamers *Tempest* and *Arizona*, for seven days and nights, we steamed down the Ohio and up the Cumberland. Those were days and nights of suffering to you, my comrades; soldiers, niggers and mules were mixed up together in grand chaos. It was in dead winter. The icy winds of the North seemed to be let loose; they howled about our boat, shrieking between decks, and piping through every nook and cranny. It seemed to you your hearts would stop beating, you were so cold. You crawled about the boilers, and some of you climbed on top of them; some of you crept under, your side next the boiler roasting, your other side freezing. Some of you could not get to the boiler, and, blue, and cold, you shivered, your teeth making doleful music. I heard some of you say, "It's a hard way to serve the country." I heard others wish they were in a fight.

Our Kentucky marches helped largely to populate Danville cemeteries. Our steamboat march in winter added many to the cemeteries of Nashville. Of our noble dead of Danville, I remember Captain William Stouffer. He was a fine looking soldier, as straight as an arrow, with flashing black eyes, and commanding mien. As a companion, he was genial and pleasant, and as a company commander, respected and loved by his men. He was mustered out of the service by the great Captain of all armies January twenty-first, 1863. Of our patriotic dead of Nashville, I remember Lieutenant David B. Colehour. He was a fine boy, and every inch a soldier. His frank, open face, and large, generous heart, made everybody his friend. No braver soldier ever died, more regretted, than did our Lieutenant boy. The country, in his death, met a great loss, but heaven acquired a rich gain. He was transferred from the Ninety-Second to heaven's glorious army March seventeenth, 1863.

Save the hardy mountaineers of the Cumberland Range, the people of Tennessee were not very loyal people, hence the crystal well, and the singing rill furnished us with pure, sparkling, cold

water to drink; chickens, ducks, pigs, honey, sweet potatoes and green corn, food to eat; and the fences, cedar rails with which to cook our food.

While at Franklin, you remember, boys, the little pleasure trip we took with Phil. Sheridan to Duck River? Phil. was so mad that the Rebs would not stand and fight that he double-quickened us all the way back to camp. You remember, too, while at Triune, the Rebs had the impudence to move up and shell our camp? While in line of battle, awaiting orders, the shells screaming over, Brother Cartwright, who had just joined us as a new recruit (Chaplain), came dashing along on his war-horse, a rifle upon his shoulder, with the exclamation: "Why don't you move out, boys? Move out and pitch into them!" Brother Cartwright had not yet learned the lesson which we had already conned over—to wait, wearily, patiently wait, for orders.

July second, 1863, was the day of jubilee for the Ninety-Second, for then we were mounted, and armed with the Spencer Rifle. I cannot stop to tell how we chased Bragg through Tennessee—a skirmish here, and a fight there; nor of the noble rivers we crossed; nor of our fine encampments on the Cumberland Range, from which we could see into five different States, billowy, sun-lit clouds beneath us, the serene blue above us; nor of the beautiful valleys we passed through; not even old Sequatchie, whose rich crops of green corn saved us and our horses from starvation. By the way—an incident: When we first descended from the mountain into Sequatchie, you remember, boys, we ran into a band of Rebs, capturing a few, the rest escaping up through the valley? As we filed along the road, I noticed Brother Cartwright in the distance, in front of a mourning group. He called to me; I rode to his side, and there witnessed a heartrending scene. It was a mother with a babe in her arms, and three or four little ones clinging to her skirts. She was wringing her hands in terrible agony, and was wild with grief. She said, "Oh! if you had only come a little sooner my husband would be living, and this great sorrow would not be upon me. They (referring to the flying Rebs) conscripted my husband this morning, saying he should serve in the Confederate army. My husband told them he loved his country, and would die before he would fight against the old flag; they then led him out a little ways from the house, and shot him down, murdering him before my eyes. Oh! he was brave, he was good, he was true; my poor, dear, dear, dead husband!"

The great tears trembled down Brother Cartwright's cheeks as he pointed the sorrow-stricken woman for comfort to the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's Friend.

I must not, dear boys, linger to tell of our break-neck ride over Lookout's craggy head, where Jo Hooker afterward fought the Rebs above the clouds; nor how the Ninety-Second, being in advance of the entire army, and, charging the Rebs, your guns were the first to echo and re-echo among the crags and ragged rocks of Lookout Mountain; and how the Ninety-Second flag was the first to float over Lookout's crest, and the first to wave over Chattanooga.

The night of that day, September ninth, 1863, we encamped at Boyce's plantation, which was an extensive grape vineyard. From his cellars, you remember, boys, you rolled out several casks of wine. Every man in the Regiment drank and became merry. It was said that even the Chaplain drank, but of this there is no proof; that he was merry, is true, for he was always merry. As the canteens went round, gurgling out their sparkling contents down the throats of Uncle Sam's boys, the joke, the laugh, and the song were had. Every boy's heart was in tune, and they sang, with Captain Becker, our favorite campaign song, as composed by General Wolf, near the heights of Quebec:

"How stands the glass around?

For shame, ye take no care, my boys;

How stands the glass around?

Let wine and mirth abound.

The bugles sound, the colors they are flying, boys;

To fight, kill, or wound,

And may we be found, content with our hard fate, my boys,

On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why?

Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why?

Whose business 'tis to die.

Such sighing! fie! drown care, drink on, my jolly boys,

'Tis he, you or I.

Cold, hot, wet or dry, we're always bound to follow, boys,

And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain;

I mean not to upbraid you, boys;

'Tis but in vain,

For a soldier to complain.

If next campaign sends us to Him who made us, boys,
We're freed from all pain.

But if we do remain, the bottle and kind sweetheart, boys,
Cures all again."

(At this point Captain Becker was called out, and sang, with great effect, the foregoing song, when Major Woodcock resumed.)

Allow me to say that Boyce's wine was not very old; that the strongest drink the Regiment was accustomed to imbibe was coffee; that, if my memory serves me, I never saw a Ninety-Second boy drunk, and I never expect to. The days that followed were days of blood. September nineteenth and twentieth came the terrible battle of Chicamauga. History describes it, but fails to depict its horrors—no pen nor tongue can do that. In it, boys, you took an honorable part; some of you bear scars to-day of wounds there received; some of you are cripples for life, Captain Thompson, of Company E, of that number. Many of our brave comrades sleep the sleep of death upon Chicamauga's bank.

In this battle was enacted a small theatrical scene. The actors were General Atkins and a private of King's brigade. At the time the earth was trembling, quaking beneath the united discharge of a thousand cannon, while the roll of musketry sounded like muttering thunder, King's brigade in front of us had given way before the Rebs, and broke through our ranks. Generals Atkins, Sheets and others tried to rally them. As a boy was dashing by, the General ordered, "Halt!" Boy halted. General said, "Fall into your ranks!" Boy said, "Show me my ranks." General said, "Fall into these ranks," pointing to the Ninety-Second. Boy said, "I won't!" General Atkins's sabre gleamed in the sunlight as he brought it up in the attitude of the downward stroke. Boy wheeled into position of guard against cavalry. Pantomime—General Atkins, towering up to his full height, his blade gleaming, quivering as it was about descending upon the boy's skull; boy at a guard, with long Enfield Rifle, a wicked, glittering bayonet on its end, pointed at the General's breast, ready to parry. The pantomime lasted just three seconds, when the Rebel fiends, howling like devils in their charge, caused the curtains to drop upon the scene.

In the month of April, 1864, the Regiment was stationed at Ringgold, doing out-post duty for Sherman's army. From Ringgold, in a south-west direction, for many miles extends Taylor's

Ridge, a rocky, sharp-crested mountain, being a part of the Cumberland Range. On the opposite side of this mountain was the Rebel army. Along this range, to a distance of ten miles from camp, were established the outposts, or videttes. The mounted men were so few in number that to occupy this space, the videttes had to be stationed too far apart; so distant that, in a dark night, the enemy could pass between the videttes unseen. We who did this duty knew that we were isolated from the command, and in great danger of being killed or captured, but it was our business to obey orders. A detail for forty-eight hours, every other morning, was made from the Regiment for this duty. When the detail would start from camp for the mountain, we were wont to say jocosely, "Good-bye, boys;" but we meant it, and the boys knew it. On the morning of the twenty-second of April, Captain Scoville, with about forty men from the Ninety-Second, was detailed for the ridge. As the Captain, with his men mounted and equipped, were making their way out of the camp for the field of danger, as usual you called out, "Good-bye, Lieutenant Scoville, good-bye, boys." "Good-bye, good-bye," was the response. It was the last good-bye spoken by many of that noble band. The night following was very dark. The Rebels, as we had feared, passed between the videttes, and accumulated a large force in the rear of our men; they barricaded the road in the direction of camp. A heavy force then charged over the ridge; the boys were surrounded; they fought with desperation; several were killed in the fight; crushed with overwhelming numbers, they surrendered. The Rebels, on horseback, started for the gap below. Our boys, on foot, were ordered to keep up with them as they trotted their horses. In rear of the boys rode the Rebel Lieutenant Pointer, cursing them with every breath, threatening to shoot the first man that failed to keep up. Soon, overtaxed, nature began to fail; as a boy's breath grew short and thick, his form to stagger, and his speed to diminish, Pointer, that fiend incarnate, would shoot him through the heart. Several had thus been cruelly murdered, when Willie Cattanach, of Company B, began to totter and his strength to fail. Pointer threatened; Willie plead, "Don't shoot me, I'll keep up." Regardless of his entreaty, Pointer fired; the ball struck the noble boy, but he did not fall, and continued his exertion to keep up; the black-hearted villain fired again, the ball passing through Willie's lungs, inflicting a terrible wound. Willie fell, mortally wounded, but lived long enough to tell the heart-rending story. Oh! what a terrible crime! Can such a

wretch go unpunished? I trow not. If he is not already suffering for his crime, a terrible retribution will overtake him. The next morning we gathered up ten dead ones, of whom the largest part were foully murdered. The larger part of those who escaped murder by the hand of Pointer, were afterward murdered by starvation and terrible suffering in Andersonville Prison. The vows of vengeance on the part of the Regiment were terrible. You declared, boys, you would never take another prisoner, but would shoot every Rebel that fell into your power. A few days afterward, I noticed you took some prisoners. I noticed, too, how well you kept your vows of a terrible revenge. This is the manner in which you shot them down: "Johnny, are you hungry?" "Yes." "Sit down, then, by me on this log, and try some of Uncle Sam's hard-tack and sow-belly." "Johnny, have they any coffee where you came from?" "No, blockade can't get any." "Try a little coffee and sugar in this tin cup." "Where's your blouse, Johnny?" "Hain't got none." "Here, take mine; I can get another from the Quartermaster."

I must not stop to tell of your advance from Ringgold to the Oostanaula; thence to the Etowa; thence to the Chattahoochee, fighting your way as you went. I must not linger to tell of your raid about Atlanta, in which, for five days and nights, you were constantly in the saddle, without a wink of sleep or rest, unless you caught it on horse, being almost constantly under fire, and in which Captain Billy Mayer and others received scars; but I will relate one day's experience in Sherman's flank movement that gave us Atlanta.

At seven o'clock on the morning of August thirtieth, 1864, we moved on the road toward Jonesboro, having the advance of the army of the Tennessee. General Howard was in command of that army, General Logan commanding the Fifteenth corps. We skirmished with the Rebs constantly, driving them easily till we reached Bethsaida Church, where, beyond an open field, they were massed behind a long line of works. Generals Logan and Kilpatrick reconnoitered the position. Kilpatrick said, "Logan, throw forward some of your infantry, and charge them out." Logan said, "Kilpatrick, you are a charging man, charge yourself." The General then ordered Colonel Baldwin, of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry, to make the charge. The Colonel replied, "I'll be d—d if I do it. It's not the business of cavalry to charge fortifications." Colonel Baldwin, not long after, went under arrest. The order then came to the Ninety-Second: "With the Regi-

ment on horseback you will charge those works, and drive out the Rebs." The question was asked, "May we not charge on foot, as we were accustomed to do?" The reply was, "You will charge on horseback." Kilpatrick wished to show his cavalry. Boys, you remember how hard it was to wheel the horses into line in that tangled wildwood, beneath a galling fire, the bullets rattling like hail against the trees. Some of you shouted, "Let us charge on foot." The reply was, "No; we are ordered to charge on horse." The command was given, "Forward." Like wild mad-caps you dashed over that field, and threw your horses against the works; you brought your Spencers down and pumped fire into that living mass; stricken with fear, they fled. The ground along the works was strown with Rebel dead and dying. Some prisoners you took. One boy of Company I, in his excitement, sprung from his horse upon the back of a big Johnny, and, grabbing him by the collar, dragged him over the works, and, leading him up to Captain Becker, said: "Cap, here's a prisoner; what shall I do with him?" The Captain said, "Take him back to the rear." The boy said, "I have not time, Cap; you take him back; I want to go for another!" Captain Becker, at the time you told me the boy's name; I have forgotten it. Is he present? This charge cost us valuable lives, though the Rebs lost ten to our one. Here Lieutenant Dawson, of Company H, was mortally wounded, than whom a better, braver soldier never lived. His loss to Company H, and to the Regiment, was irreparable. His body sleeps by the Chattahoochee; but his noble, daring spirit finds rest up yonder in the soldier's paradise. We moved forward again on the Jonesboro Road till we reached a valley, where we were ordered to halt. Here we witnessed a most splendid artillery duel. On the range of hills east of us was Rebel artillery; on a western summit our batteries were in position. We were midway between the two. It was a grand scene to witness. White wreaths of smoke curled upward from the guns, white wreaths from the bursting shells; Rebel shot howled over us; our shells screamed back again. Thunder answered to thunder, peal to peal, crash to crash! Earth fairly shook. Our boys beat. The Rebel gunners limbered up, and rumbled away. Onward we moved, still toward Jonesboro. We marched till we reached Flint River Valley, about two miles from town. As we looked down from the hill, we saw the river, a bridge spanning it; Rebel ranks were guarding the bridge, and about to destroy it. "Forward the Ninety-Second!" was the

order. "Charge the Rebs, save the bridge!" At our request we charged on foot. On the run you went in, cheer upon cheer uttered as you dashed upon the Rebs. They could not stand the blaze of your Spencers; they fled. The bridge was saved. As you were returning to your horses, you met Generals Howard and Osterhaus. General Howard said, "Boys, that was a splendid charge; you are a noble Regiment." Osterhaus said, "Das ist ein goot Regiment; dey trills de infantry trill." Each of you, after these compliments, felt as big as a full-fledged Major General; and you had a right to feel thus, for you were good, brave, noble boys. Had you been ordered to charge into the very jaws of death, I believe you would have done it. As soon as mounted, Kilpatrick said, "Captain Estes will accompany you, and give you my orders." We moved down the hill, and as we were crossing the bridge you heard Estes say to an infantry Colonel who stood by, "Colonel, the cavalry will beat the infantry. We are going right into Jonesboro." We made a right turn as we crossed the bridge, and marched down the left bank of the river. The shades of night were falling. You had marched and fought the blessed day through—no rest; no dinner, no coffee or little hard-tack in your stomachs. After moving about a mile and a half down the river, you came to a swale; it was getting quite dark. Some of you said, "Yonder are the Rebels! I see their line; there are hundreds and hundreds of them." Estes replied, "It's a d—d lie; there's not a Rebel between us and Jonesboro." As we crossed the swale, and reached the foot of a hill, a rolling volley of musketry greeted us. Estes said, "The General directs that you dismount your command, charge the hill, take it, and hold it." He then moved rapidly to the rear. In advance of the rest of our Division, we knew not how far, the line of the Rebel army running across the top of that hill; we ordered to charge the hill, take and hold it. Great God, what a task! "Prepare to fight on foot," was the order.

"Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred."

"Forward!" was the command. How like demons you fought your way up that hill. Terrible was the roll of your Spencers. The incessant, unbroken fire of your guns the Rebs, though ten to your one, could not withstand. Dismayed, they recoiled, and fled back to the foot of the hill. "Lie down!" was the order. You obeyed. How closely, how lovingly you hugged old mother earth; had you not done it, there would probably have been but one Reunion of the Ninety-Second, and that up yonder,—for fire to the right of you, fire in front of you, fire to the left of you, volleyed and flamed! Should you live till you are wrinkled and gray, you can never forget the terrible hissing, whistling, and whizzing of bullets above you. It seems as if ten thousand colonies of bees were let loose in the trees about you. One, two and three different messengers were sent back with the word: "We hold the hill, send us reinforcements or further orders." The Division had come up. The balance of our Brigade tried to form on our left, but could not; had they succeeded, a general engagement of the two armies would have ensued. Orders came—"Fall back."

"Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them."

One-fifth of our number engaged were killed or wounded, and nearly all while lying flat upon the ground. As we were moving back, we met Colonel Murray; he exclaimed, "God bless the Ninety Second! Such terrific firing I never heard; I feared that not a man of you would come out alive. Brave, brave boys!" As he thus complimented you, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. In this fight, Lieutenant Sammis was twice wounded, one wound crippling him for life. It was midnight before we sank to rest on the ground. Thus ended an eventful day in the history of the Ninety-Second. A day or two after, General Howard issued an order to Kilpatrick, complimenting him for the brilliant diversion made by the cavalry on his right, which enabled him to get his men into line without firing a gun. The brilliant diversion referred to was made by you, boys, and by you alone.

Brother Cartwright's little sermons, so warm from the heart, that he talked to you down yonder, seldom exceeded twenty

minutes. We always thought it safe to follow his example. I fear in my little talk to-day I shall digress somewhat from it; but I'll hasten.

I'll not stop to tell how General Atkins, with his Brigade, pounced upon the Rebs at Macon, making them believe that city was Sherman's objective point, which enabled the army to swing to the east, getting between the Rebs and the sea. In that charge you had the post of honor—the advance. Brother Cartwright undertook to pick up the Rebel wounded your Spencers had scattered along the road, most of whom were shot through the head, but he found the job too big. I'll not tell of your triumphant march through Milledgeville, the Capitol of Georgia, our Brass Band, led by Collen Bauden, playing Yankee Doodle in finest style. Neither must I relate how well you acted as rear guard of the Division, Sunday, November twenty-seventh, while moving toward Waynesboro, Wheeler's whole command following close in you steps. Charge after charge of Rebs you repulsed; many saddles you emptied, horses going back riderless. The next morning General Kilpatrick said, "Atkins, the Ninety-Second must again act as rear guard to-day." General Atkins replied, "The boys are worn and weary from yesterday's toil; they ought not to bear the brunt again to day." Kilpatrick said, "They must." Atkins replied, "They shall not; if you think the other brigade can not take its turn on duty, I will again march in rear with my Brigade, but the Ninety-Second shall not be the rear Regiment." General Kilpatrick, with a little profanity, yielded, but not with a very good grace. I will not tell of the fight you had at Buckhead Creek, in which Kilpatrick lost his hat, and came near being captured; the Rebs, after our Division went into line behind barricades, meeting a terrible repulse, losing some two hundred men. Wheeler, and his command, were growing more and more insolent every day. It was necessary they should have a good drubbing. Sunday morning, December fourth, you were ordered to strip for fight. The night previous you had been on picket, so annoyed by Rebel shells that you got no rest. You had had no breakfast. You loaded up with cartridges. General Atkins was ordered to open the fight. The General directed that you should charge on foot in the centre, and the cavalry on your right and left, mounted. Our artillery opened up in fine style. On foot, in line of battle, you moved forward till you came to a creek, which you waded. As you halted on the opposite bank to re-form your line, you saw the enemy. On the crest of the hill beyond

frowned their works; those barricades swarmed and were gray with Rebels. Wheeler's whole command was in and about them. Their battle-flags floated in defiance. You could see the gleam of their guns pointed at you, as at a rest they were taking aim. You knew when that death volley came, many of you would go down; but you were not daunted. Victory you were resolved to win. "Forward!" was the command. "Charge for the works! On, boys! On!" Up that hill you double-quickened. When near the works, a sheet of flame volleyed at you—down went some of your numbers; the Rebs had fired high. Cheer upon cheer you now sent up, for you knew you had them. Like mad you sprang forward, threw yourselves upon the works, pumped fire from your Spencers at the Rebs as you climbed up. Down upon the Johnnies you leaped, capturing almost as many Rebels as you had men in your Regiment. You did not stop here; you ordered your prisoners back to the cavalry, and forward you dashed, driving the Rebs from a lesser line of works. In consternation they fled. In grand confusion they were mingled together in a large open field, each in the other's way, struggling to get to the rear. An unbroken sheet of flame rolled at them from your Spencers. "Where's the cavalry? Where's the cavalry?" some of you shouted. "Oh! what a glorious chance for a cavalry charge!" The cavalry were not up to time—the golden moment was lost. The Rebs got on the Waynesboro road, and oh! how they did skedaddle! Kilpatrick came up, and in his fine, piping voice screamed out, "Boys, barricades don't stop you, do they?" You shouted in reply, "We want our breakfast." Said he, "Ride into yonder wood, and make your coffee." Of our hero boys that here fell, I must speak of but one—brave, noble Geede Scott, of Company D, General Atkins's Brigade color-bearer. As you were dashing forward in your charge, sending up cheer after cheer, Geede rose in his stirrups and cheered with you, waving in triumph the Brigade flag. A Rebel shot struck him; he fell. You were victorious over the enemy—he, over death. He was transferred to the command up yonder, to become a standard-bearer in the shining ranks of Heaven's great army.

December fifteenth, 1864, from Midway Church some of you went to Sunbury Sound, and there watered your horses in the Atlantic. I believe you said your horses did not relish its briny waters; but that you very much relished the big, fat oysters you swallowed from the shell, seasoned with a little Atlantic brine. December twenty-second, 1864, Sherman presented to

President Lincoln the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns, much ammunition, and twenty five thousand bales of cotton. A little rest beneath the giant live oaks, and you were away upon the Carolina campaign.

February eleventh, 1865, you were in front of Aiken, S. C. Wheeler's whole command and Cheatham's division of infantry were there. About the town in horse-shoe shape the Rebs were formed, a little retired and concealed from view. The road into the town was open, a column of Rebs in the town being in line of battle. Kilpatrick said, "Atkins, had you not better charge into the town?" Atkins replied, "I think not; I believe the Rebs are massed in heavy force in and about it; but if you order it, I will charge." The order was given. "Forward the Ninety-Second," was the command. "Charge into the town!" Away you went, boys, flying into the town. You struck the column of Rebs there, hurling them back. While you were thus charging, the Rebs outside of the town in massive columns closed in upon your rear, cutting you off, and surrounding you. Kilpatrick, who had witnessed the movement, said, "There's a Regiment gone to hell!" But to that hot place, boys, you did not go, and I hope you never will. "Right about," was the order. "Charge for your lives! Fight your way through! Surrender, never!" You charged, throwing yourselves upon the enemy; they were ten to your one; the shock was so heavy it broke your slender line into atoms. Each was then his own General, and fought on his own hook. How nobly you did it, shooting down every man who confronted you. A majority came through, but a portion still remained in the coils of the enemy. You reformed, and, with the 9th Ohio and 9th Michigan, you charged again, driving back the Rebs, and rescuing the remainder of your comrades. A history of your daring deeds that day would make a book; few were captured, but many killed and wounded. As you were charging back, several Rebs took after Kilpatrick, and chased him in fine style. The General called out, "Shoot the d—d Rebs, shoot them!" Several Spencers cracked, the Rebs fell, and General Kilpatrick and his spotted horse were saved. A big overgrown Reb charged Colonel Van Buskirk; their steeds came together with a heavy shock; both riders were thrown to the ground; Colonel Van Buskirk was first to his feet, and with his heavy navy revolver, which he had before emptied, he struck the rising Reb upon the head, prostrating him again to the earth. Ed. Webb, of Company B, shot his antagonist, and led off his horse

and accoutrements. Thus I might relate a daring adventure of each of you, had I time. I wrote Captain Becker, asking him for incidents to relate. He replied, "Ridicule the officers, but praise the boys, for they deserve it. You may tell how I lost my hat at Florence, and how at Aiken my old sabre was so rusted in the scabbard I had to take both hands to draw it." I will add what the Captain did not tell me, but what I know. Two big Rebs confronted him, contemplating his capture. Captain Becker, in tones of thunder, yelled at them, "Get out of my road, you rascals, or I'll smash you!" As the Captain made for them, they thought discretion the better part of valor, and fled. It appears that Captain Becker thought his sword was in better condition to "smash" than to cut.

Many were your fights and skirmishes in the Carolinas.

April twelfth, 1865, you reached a branch of the Neuse River, as the Rebs were in the act of destroying the bridge. You drove them from it. As you halted to repair it, news came from Sherman that Lee had surrendered. O, how the sky echoed and re-echoed again with your exultant cheers! The bridge repaired, you crossed. The Rebs charged you; you repulsed them, and, in return, charged them, driving them up the road, over the hill, and away to the railroad, and beyond it. While at the railroad, a train of cars came dashing along. You halted it. Ex-Governor Swain and others stepped out. General Atkins received them, and, for the first time, in the Governor beheld his future father-in-law. The Governor was bearing to Sherman the surrender of the city of Raleigh. The battle fought that day, my comrades, was your last, and your trusty Spencers there fired the last shots of the war. In it the Regiment lost valuable lives. Of the wounded was our respected President, who fell in the thickest of the fight. Though maimed and deformed for life, he is loved and respected by his comrades, and esteemed and honored by the people among whom his lot is cast.

Of our noble patriot dead, their graves are scattered along the line of our march, from the banks of the Ohio through to the sea, and thence northward through the Carolinas. Their heroic spirits, I believe, are here to-day, hovering over us at this moment, and enjoying the blessedness of this home scene.

Sergeant Bloss, of Company K, who fell mortally wounded in the charge at Powder Springs, Georgia, after commending his wife and babes to the care of Omnipotence, said: "My life is a part of the price of freedom; cheerfully I die." Brave words,

and true. Our fallen heroes died in freedom's cause—the noblest death allotted to man.

In the words of others:

“Their names will thrill the coming ages as they are spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels.”—*Manning*.

“Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register. And till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.”—*Beecher*.

Mr. President, dear comrades, and brothers: Let us so live that when tattoo with us shall sound, and the lights of our lives shall be blown out, we may lie down to rest, having well fought life's battle, and nobly done our duty in life's campaign, in full accord with that Book of Regulations that was written by God's own hand; that when resurrection morn shall come, and you awake to the peals of Gabriel's trump, as he blows reveille, you, with the boys down yonder, will rise triumphant to form a part of the great Reunion of the army of God, in Heaven's blessed encampment.

Major Woodcock's address was received with many demonstrations of applause, and was heartily cheered at its close. Music by the Band followed, when Major Hawk announced a business meeting of the members of the Ninety-Second Illinois, in the court-room, and with a benediction by the Chaplain the out-door audience was dismissed; not, however, without an urgent invitation to report promptly on the grounds at six o'clock for supper.

The business meeting was opened by prayer, and the President stated the object to be to select a place for the next Reunion, and to elect officers for the coming three years. General Sheets tendered an invitation on behalf of Oregon, Ogle County, to the Association, to hold its next Reunion there on September fourth, 1876. Mr. King tendered a like invitation on behalf of Rochelle. On motion, the invitation from Oregon was accepted, and Oregon, Ogle County, fixed as the place of the next Reunion of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers, and September fourth, 1876, fixed as the time. General B. F. Sheets, late Lieutenant Colonel

of the Ninety-Second Illinois, was unanimously chosen President of the Association.

Major Hawk made a touching and feeling address to his comrades, on retiring from the Presidential chair. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered Major Hawk. General Sheets, on assuming the chair, returned thanks for the honor, and promised to serve as faithfully as he knew how. John M. King, Esq., late Corporal of Company B, Ninety-Second Illinois, was unanimously elected Vice-President. Richard H. Lee, Esq., late private of Company B, was unanimously elected Secretary. E. A. Irvine, Esq., late Sergeant of Company B, was unanimously elected Corresponding Secretary.

A Committee was appointed to prepare and publish a History of the Ninety-Second Illinois Volunteers.

Thanks were returned to Major Woodcock for his able address, and a copy requested for publication. Major Hawk was unanimously chosen as the orator for September fourth, 1876. The Major was taken by surprise, and vainly tried to decline, but they would not let him off. He intimated that they would get the worst of it in the end. One of the boys said, "Cram in a big load, Major, and we will take the chances on your firing off your mouth."

The following letters and telegrams were then read:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 2, 1873.

DEAR GENERAL: Your note of invitation to the third triennial Reunion of the Ninety-Second Illinois Regiment has just reached me. I regret to say I cannot go. I well remember the first time I saw the Ninety-Second, with you at their head, just beginning their glorious career, their uniforms new, their guns bright, their flags unsullied by battle smoke or shot, their men bright-eyed, buoyant. It seems but yesterday, so powerful and brave; gone now, scattered, dead. Who can answer the muster roll? Where are the shot-torn and ragged flags? Where the well burnished instruments of death? All have vanished like a pageant, and the mighty war itself, rocking thirty millions of people on its stormy waves, has vanished too.

But it was not all a dream; personally, life-enduring friendships were formed; politically, the greatest results were wrought out; and all time shall bear witness to the patriotism and devotion of the men who risked their lives to do it.

I wish you all a most happy Reunion, and long life to the brave men of the Ninety-Second.

Yours truly, JOHN COBURN.

To General S. D. Atkins.

IOWA FALLS, IOWA, Sept. 1, 1873.

CAPTAIN E. T. E. BECKER:

My Dear Captain and Comrade: I had fondly anticipated meeting you and the old comrades of the Ninety-Second at this Reunion, but business has ordered otherwise. But though absent in person, will be with you in mind. Words are inadequate to express the true admiration and gratitude I have for the comrades of the old Ninety-Second, with whom I have been in many well fought battles, and, through you, extend the hand of friendship and fellowship, and the many regrets that I am not able to be with you at this, your third triennial Reunion.

Yours truly, M. VAN BUSKIRK.

FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 4, 1873.

MAJOR R. M. A. HAWK, Mt. Carroll:

Please present regrets and warmest greetings to my old comrades. I am celebrating a Reunion at home. It is a big boy!

LAWVER.

The business meeting then adjourned, and the Ninety-Second boys again mingled with their friends in the Court House Square. The soldiers had come, bringing with them their wives and babies, their fathers and mothers, their cousins and sweethearts, and friends, and such happy groups as were there are seldom seen. Some had come more than a thousand miles to attend the Reunion. Stories of the camp and battle went around again, and the merry mood of all told plainly that they knew where the laugh came in. And tears started too, sometimes, when the names of beloved comrades, who had fallen, were mentioned. It was a Reunion where patriotism was both sanctified and born—in which the past was honored, and the future made more secure. Promptly at six o'clock, supper was announced. They assembled in an orderly manner around the long tables, and reverently bowed their heads while the good old Chaplain returned thanks, and asked God's blessing. And such a supper! Smoking hot coffee for the soldiers, and tea for the ladies! Cold chicken, turkey, ham, beef, mutton, buttered rolls, cake in endless variety,

grapes, apples, and ice cream! And the free gift, too, of the generous people of Mt. Carroll. The ladies of that goodly city were again the waiting maids. Again there was abundance, and no hurry or confusion.

With the gathering shades of night the grove was lighted up with Chinese lanterns, and when the Band struck up, the audience assembled around the speaker's stand. The President called it to order, and the Chaplain offered prayer, when the President read the first toast—"The Fifteenth Illinois Infantry," which was responded to by Major Adam Nase, the present Collector of Internal Revenue for this District. Major Nase was wounded in battle, and after having his leg amputated by Rebel surgeons, came back home by way of Libby Prison. His speech was full of patriotism and eloquence, and we regret that we cannot give it in full. We have not room for any of the patriotic and eloquent addresses made in the evening. We can only give in order the toasts, and the names of those who responded: "The 34th Illinois;" response by Dr. John S. Hostetter; an able address. The boys loudly called for General Atkins, when the General appeared and made a short speech. General Sheets was also called out, and made a humorous address. "The 45th Illinois;" response by Captain J. M. Adair, in an excellent speech. "The 52d Illinois;" response by Captain S. S. Dunn. "The 96th Illinois;" response by Moses Furlong. "The 19th Illinois;" response by Captain W. H. Wildey. "The 8th Illinois Cavalry;" response by John H. Bowman. "The 7th Illinois Cavalry;" response by T. G. Smith. "The 55th Illinois;" response by D. B. Smith. "The 14th Iowa;" response by Rev. Mr. Kinen. "The West Virginia Cavalry;" response by Rev. W. H. Tibbals. "The 3d Wisconsin;" response by Charles Vandergrift. "The 146th New York;" response by D. W. Hughes. "The 20th Wisconsin;" response by Captain H. Vandergrift. The toasts were interspersed with fine music by the Black Oak Band. During the evening Captain Becker (old dad) was twice called out, once to sing "The Trundle Bed Song," and once to sing "The Soldiers' Song." The good old Chaplain was called out, and responded feelingly. Thanks were returned to the people of Mt. Carroll, with three cheers and a tiger, and three cheers and a tiger were given by the Ninety-Second boys for their comrades of other regiments. The proceedings proper closed with prayer by the Chaplain, and a benediction. But while waiting for the 'busses to convey them to the cars, the boys called for Becker to lead in the song, "We'll rally around the flag,

boys," and "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," while old and young joined in the chorus, and made the rock-bound hills of Mt. Carroll echo with their songs. So ended one of the happiest Soldiers' Reunions ever held in Northern Illinois.

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