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JOURNAL-HISTORY  
OF THE  
HUNDRED & THIRD  
OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

BY  
PHILIP C. HAYES,  
Late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment and Brevet  
Brigadier-General.

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BRYAN, OHIO.

1872.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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At the request of many of the surviving members of the Hundred and Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, this volume has been prepared. In presenting it to his old comrades in arms, it may be proper to remark that, in preparing it, the writer has made no effort at display, but has given, as far as he could, a plain and truthful history of the doings of the regiment during its entire term of service. If there are any inaccuracies in it, they must be charged to the imperfections either of his memory or his journal. That the book may be a valuable record to both the members and friends of the regiment, is the writer's sincere desire.





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## HUNDRED AND THIRD O. V. I.

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### ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

The war, undertaken on the part of the Government to put down the rebellion and save the nation's life, had been waged from the twelfth of April, 1861, the date of firing upon Fort Sumter, until July, 1862. The 75,000 men, who had been called into the field at first and who, the Government anticipated, were amply sufficient to compel obedience to its laws and enforce its authority in all parts of the land, had thus far proved of little avail against the traitorous armies of the South. So, also, had the 500,000, called into the field in July, 1861. Notwithstanding this mighty army, terrible and irresistible as it then seemed to us, the rebellion continued to grow, gaining new strength every day. As time progressed, it served clearly to reveal to us the fact, which at first was not so



patent, that the rebels were both determined and united in their efforts to destroy the Union and establish an independent Government. The Government and the many loyal people of the North, who thought that the South would not fight, and that the rebellion would be crushed in ninety days, saw not only ninety days, but more than a year pass by, with the rebellion not only not crushed, but daily assuming more gigantic proportions. To strengthen the forces already in the field and enable them to meet and drive back the disloyal hosts, who were hurrying to the front from every city, village and hamlet in the South, more men were needed. Hence it was that, on the first of July, 1862, President LINCOLN issued another Proclamation, calling for 300,000 additional volunteers. It was under this Proclamation that several parties, in the three counties of Cuyahoga, Lorain and Medina, obtained commissions and began to recruit for what was to be known as the Hundred and Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Recruiting stations were at once established at various points in these counties, and faithful efforts were put forth to fill up the new regiment as soon as possible.



At this time the work of recruiting was somewhat difficult. The first glow of patriotic fire had died away, and the second sober thought had succeeded. Defeat after defeat had taught both the Government and the people that the rebellion could not be conquered without a mighty effort and a fearful sacrifice of treasure and blood. In fact, it was only about this time that we began to comprehend something of the magnitude of the work before us. Our reverses had not only sobered us, but had opened our eyes to the gigantic proportions of the rebellion. The death of many of our friends and neighbors had taught us that war meant danger—that, if we enrolled ourselves under the banners of the Republic, we must do so with our lives in our hands. Our armies had suffered defeat after defeat. Rebel successes had greatly encouraged the friends of the Southern cause, and led many at the North, even among those who were friendly to the Government, to doubt whether it was possible to conquer the rebellion. France and England had carefully watched the contest from the beginning. They had seen the Union forces driven back at almost every point and, concluding from this that the



South must finally triumph in its undertaking, they came out boldly and took sides with the enemies of the nation. Besides all this, there was a powerful party in the North, who did not hesitate to avow their sympathy with the South, and to offer the rebels every aid and encouragement in their power. All these things, however, only sobered, they did not discourage the friends of the Government. The heart of the Great North beat as true and loyal as ever, and as the darkness grew blacker around them and the clouds gathered thicker and more threateningly over their heads, the determination in their hearts grew stronger and stronger that treason should be put down—that the nation should live.

It was at such a time that this call of the President was issued. Under the circumstances, it seemed almost impossible to raise troops. The previous calls had taken all the men that it seemed possible to spare. Yet as soon as it was known that recruiting offices were opened, the gallant men from Cuyahoga, Lorain and Medina left their farms, their workshops and places of business, and hastened to enroll themselves among the nation's defenders. The work of recruiting





began about the middle of July, and by the middle of August ten companies were in camp at Cleveland, ready to take the field.

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ORDERED TO THE FIELD.

For some days the regiment remained in this camp, where the work of drilling, equipping and getting ready for the front went briskly forward. On the 3d of September, however, an order came for us to move, and that same evening we took the cars for Cincinnati. We arrived at that place about noon of the following day, where we were at once armed and otherwise equipped for active service. About dark we crossed the Ohio river to Covington, where we took up our quarters in the Market House. Our stay here was brief. On the 6th inst., rumors being rife that the enemy was within a few miles of the city, we were ordered to draw, cook and pack three days' rations, and hold ourselves in readiness to move to the front. This order we obeyed as well as we knew how, and, with haversacks filled to their utmost capacity with hard-tack, pork and such other



things as our Commissary allowed us, we awaited the order to move. It came at length, and about 9 o'clock that same evening, we fell in and marched out, three miles, to Fort Mitchell, near which we were halted for the night.

For its length, this was probably the severest of any march we had during our entire term of service. The weather was excessively hot, the roads were very dusty and nearly all the three miles up hill. Our haversacks, canteens and cart-ridge-boxes were full, while each knapsack, filled to overflowing with clothes and the thousand and one little comforts and souvenirs with which loving hearts had provided us, weighed as much as the traveling trunk of a modern Saratoga belle. All this luggage weighed heavily upon men unaccustomed to such loads, and made the march tiresome in the extreme. Not one of our number but was rejoiced when the end of the march was reached, and not one made the least objection when told that we could lie down and rest for the night. This was the first night that we had slept out doors.

The regiment remained in this camp for several days, the men getting acquainted with each other.



learning something of drill, guard and picket duty, and getting a vast deal of other experience which all soldiers have to get sooner or later. On the 8th, the mustering officer came, and the regiment was duly mustered into the United States service for three years, unless sooner discharged. We numbered at this time 972 officers and men.

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#### FORWARD.

During the most of our stay at this point, things looked considerably war-like. There was almost constant firing on the picket line in our front, and we were frequently ordered to fall into the trenches in expectation that the enemy was going to make a charge upon our line. But all this passed away. The enemy, thinking it too hazardous to attack us, fell back, leaving the Union forces in quiet possession of the field. A pursuit was at once ordered, and on the 18th the entire Union army was put in motion. It was late in the afternoon before the Hundred and Third got under way. We took the road leading directly from Covington to Lexington, and after a march of nine miles,



halted for the night at a little place called Florence. We were routed out early the next morning, and after a hastily-prepared breakfast, again started forward—The Hundred and Third taking their first lesson in skirmishing. This was emphatically a hard day's work. The weather was exceedingly hot—the sun pouring his scorching rays upon us, with no cloud to diminish their intensity for an instant, and no breeze to rob them of their burning heat. Our route lay over hills, through woods and corn-fields, over fences and streams, through weeds and bushes, and with the immense loads we had to carry, we found the work exhaustive in the extreme. But the day at length wore away, and night put an end to our labor. The following day we continued the pursuit, and on the 21st went into camp at

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SNOW'S POND.

Here we met an enemy more to be dreaded than the rebels. The Fall of 1862 was remarkable for its dryness. For many weeks there had been no rain, and the result was, that the wells





and springs of that section of Kentucky had entirely failed. In our present position, pond water was the only water we could obtain, either for drinking or cooking. This was water secured by damming a small stream, thus making a sort of pond which, being filled with water during the Spring rains, retained it during the Summer and Fall. This water, standing perfectly still during the heat of the Summer months, often became completely covered with a green scum, sometimes from half an inch to an inch thick. And this was the only water we had to use during our two or three weeks' stay at this place. It was not only filthy and nauseating to the taste, but it was serious in its effects upon the troops. It bred disease with epidemic rapidity—prostrating with diarrhea at least half the soldiers encamped in the vicinity. The Hundred and Third suffered terribly. Nearly half of the regiment were sick at one time—many of them being attacked so violently that, within the space of a few days, they were reduced to mere skeletons. It was, indeed, a severe introduction to soldier life. Fortunately, however, few of those who were attacked died. The most of them recovered and were ready to



resume their places in the ranks when the regiment moved forward.

While lying here, the enemy's cavalry remained in our front, with which our advance kept up constant skirmishing. Often the firing would become very rapid, and in anticipation of a rebel advance, we would be ordered to fall into line, armed and equipped, ready to meet our foe, should he attack us. Our slumbers at night were frequently disturbed by the cry ringing through the camp: "Fall in—the rebels are coming," and in a somewhat confused state, we would spring to our feet, pull on our clothes, grasp our guns and on the double-quick take our places in the ranks. However, as the rebels failed to put in their appearance on any of these numerous occasions, the thing finally got to be an old story, and we learned to turn out in a more deliberate manner and with much fewer indications of nervous debility.

One day, however, we really came to the conclusion that the rebels were coming. The Hundred and Third were out in the fields, engaged in company drill, when a Michigan Colonel was seen coming down the road from the front as fast as his horse could carry him, his hat off, his hair flying



in the wind and his coat-tail standing out behind at an angle of ninety degrees, while he was shouting at the top of his voice: "The rebels are coming—The rebels are coming!" His words seemed to be confirmed by the fact, that close upon his heels followed some half a dozen forage wagons, making noise enough, as they bounded over the stony road, for a whole brigade of artillery, while the frightened drivers continued to apply the whip to their mules as though the whole rebel army was after them. It is needless to say that we were somewhat startled at the appearance of things, unaccustomed as we were to these little "scares." Our drilling came to an abrupt termination, and we started for camp on the double-quick. Here we at once formed a line of battle, and, with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, awaited the enemy with as much calmness as the circumstances would allow us to exercise. But the rebels failed to put in their appearance, and after waiting for them a suitable length of time, we were ordered forward to ascertain, if possible, what had become of them. But none of them was to be found. The pickets informed us, however, that while they were at breakfast the rebel cavalry



made a rush upon them, captured about forty of their number and then beat a hasty retreat. Knowing that they were out of our reach, we again returned to camp where we found everything peaceful and quiet.

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#### FORWARD AGAIN.

On the 27th, Gen. Q. A. Gilmore came up and took command of our brigade, relieving Gen. Judah. For some days longer we continued our stay at this place, but on the 6th of October an order came to march, and, packing up, we moved forward seven miles to camp A. J. Smith. We remained here but a few days, and then moved forward to Camp Wells near Williamston. It was dark when we were halted for the night, and as the weather was cold and the ground quite damp from recent rains, we were allowed, for the first time in our military career, to take the top rails from fences to build fires with. These top rails were admirable things to burn, and it is wonderful how many of them an experienced soldier would find in a single panel of fence. The ex-





perience we had with them, that night, was so gratifying that we considered the order, given on that occasion, in force during all our subsequent term of service.

From this place we marched on the 16th, and moving forward by easy marches, on the 20th, just at daylight, we arrived at Lexington. For a little more than a week we remained here, spending our time in drilling, doing picket and guard duty, and "seeing the sights." It was while here that we took our first lessons in Brigade Inspection under the direction of Col. S. A. Gilbert. On the 20th we were again on the move, and, after a two days' march, arrived at the city of Frankfort, the Capital of the State.

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#### OUR STAY AT FRANKFORT.

The five months, spent in this place, make up the most pleasant part of our army life. The first two days we felt a little uneasy, owing to numerous reports of the enemy's cavalry being in the vicinity, and, during the first two or three nights, were routed out several times by firing near by, which we imagined to be the rebel cavalry ad-



vancing upon our out-posts. But as no enemy made his appearance, or was even heard of within a score or two of miles, we became less easily alarmed, and gradually settled down into a feeling of security.

The month of November was remarkably pleasant, and was enjoyed by us as much as could be under the circumstances. Two or three companies of the regiment were sent out to Lawrenceburg, where they did duty for several weeks as a sort of out-post guard. Those which remained spent their time in drilling, and the many and various duties which devolve upon soldiers in camp. We had daily schools for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers; squad, company and regimental drill; and last, though not least, an extensive practice in firing our Austrian muskets into the opposite bank of the "Old Kentucky." Every day brought its duties, which kept us in excellent condition physically, and, with full rations and an abundance of choice things, sent us from numerous friends at home, the time passed off rapidly, and, upon the whole, pleasantly.

The strict discipline, which had been so rigidly enforced in the regiment since our sojourn in Kentucky, and which at first we thought rather

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severe, now began to bear fruit. The citizens of Frankfort at first looked upon us with great suspicion, thinking that we were there for the sole purpose of robbing, insulting and abusing them. As they came to know us, however, their minds became disabused of this idea. In all their intercourse with the people, the members of the Hundred and Third, one and all, proved themselves gentlemen. The result was, that the most happy and friendly relations at once sprang up between the two parties. Learning that it was not our purpose to molest peaceable citizens, but rather to protect them, they came frequently to our camp and associated with us in the most free and social way. The kindness of manner, the gentlemanly bearing and the exemplary conduct, which they saw everywhere, won their respect and secured both their hospitality and friendship. Their doors were thrown open to us, and our men were frequently invited to their homes, and feasted upon the luxuries of their tables. Many of them visited our sick in hospital, and kindly administered to their necessities. And when Thanksgiving day arrived, they came to our camp with well-filled baskets and spread out for us a Thanksgiving dinner, which, for variety and richness, equalled the din-



ners we had so often eaten, on this day, among our friends at home.

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#### TRIP TO LOUISVILLE.

In this quiet and pleasant way the time passed on until the 28th of December, when orders came to move. We at once began packing, and, about midnight, took the cars for Louisville. Reaching this city early the next morning, we at once unloaded and went into camp. During our stay here, we made two trips on the cars to Shepherdsville, near which place the guerrilla Morgan was reported to be; but that personage passed by on the other side, out of reach of our longest guns, and we were left in undisturbed possession of the field. After his withdrawal, everything soon became quiet, and on the 3d of January, 1863, we again took the cars and returned to Frankfort.

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#### FURTHER STAY AT FRANKFORT.

It was raining quite profusely when we arrived at this place. Nevertheless we abandoned the cars, and, marching out a short distance on the Lexington pike, went into camp. The next day





dawned cheerless and cold; yet it was a day of universal rejoicing among the troops in this vicinity. The Pay-master, that long-looked-for and anxiously-awaited, but somewhat dilatory, individual, put in his appearance among us, and, for the first time since enlistment, the men were paid. Nothing could have been more gratifying to the various members of the regiment than the greenbacks they received on this occasion. Everybody had been out of money for three months. The men had gone with empty pocket-books until their pocket-books had dwindled to such diminutive dimensions as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye. They had written home to their friends for "little remittances" until they were ashamed to write again. They had borrowed of their comrades until their comrades were as bad off as they were. And when the Paymaster came, had an inventory been taken of all the cash on hand, there would probably not have been found, in the entire regiment, enough for the purchase of a seventy-five cent peanut stand.

But it is scarcely necessary to speak further in detail of our stay at this place. With guard and provost duty, with repairing roads and building



forts, with two trips to Lexington, and with the many and varied duties of camp life, the Winter wore away. We often thought, during those cold months, that we were seeing pretty rough times, but our experience during the two following Winters taught us that such soldiering was nothing but play.

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#### FORWARD MOVEMENT.

But our quiet camp life at last drew to a close. With the early days of Spring, the enemy again took the field. Although he had been comparatively quiet, and had made but few warlike demonstrations during the Winter, still he had not been idle. The time had been consumed in actively preparing for the Summer's campaign. Everything had been done, that could be done, to render this campaign a success. His ranks, decimated by sickness and death, had been filled up, fresh courage and hope had been instilled into the hearts of the troops, and now with renewed determination and energy, he took the field, resolved to drive back the Yankee invaders, and thus compel the National Government to acknowledge the



independence of the Southern States. In accordance with the general plan of operations, determined upon by the rebel government, a force of mounted rebels, under the command of Gen. Pegram, crossed the Cumberland mountains and river, early in March, for the purpose of devastating Southern Kentucky, and collecting horses and supplies, generally, for their main army. Wherever this force went, they took occasion to proclaim that they were only the advance guard of a large army, which was approaching, under the command of Gen. Breckinridge, to take vengeance upon the Federal troops and redeem Kentucky. Gen. S. P. Carter was commanding the Union forces in Southern Kentucky at that time, who gradually fell back as Pegram advanced, in order that he might gain time to bring up re-enforcements from the rear and thus be enabled to turn upon the rebel General and either capture him or compel him to leave the State. Among the troops, thus ordered to the front, was the Hundred and Third Ohio. An order to prepare for a march was received on the 4th of April, and the following day the regiment broke camp, bade farewell to Frankfort, and started Southward. For



several days we were kept moving, passing through Versailles, Nicholasville, Camp Dick Robinson and Lancaster to Stanford. We arrived at this point on the 9th, and went into camp a little east of town. Here we remained a couple of weeks, while fresh troops were being brought up and active preparations made for the general advance which was to drive the rebel army from Kentucky.

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#### MARCH TO MONTICELLO.

On the 25th, everything being ready, the order was given and the advance began. Our march was in the direction of Somerset, which we reached on the 26th. The following day we moved forward toward Mill Springs, but finding the Cumberland river too high for crossing at this point, we turned back through Somerset to Stigall's Ferry. During all this time, our advance kept up a brisk skirmish with the enemy, gradually driving him back. At Stigall's Ferry we crossed the river in boats and pushed forward rapidly toward Monticello. The enemy manifested considerable deter-





mination to check our advance, and the skirmishing at the front was, at times, quite lively. He was gradually forced back, however, until he arrived at Monticello where, selecting a favorable position, he mustered all his force and showed fight. Our cavalry at once engaged him, and couriers were sent back with orders to the infantry to hurry up. Our brigade was about five miles back at the time, and we were at once put on the double-quick, and made the distance in about an hour. When we reached the town, however, the rebels were gone, and everything was quiet. The infantry was halted here, while the cavalry continued the pursuit ten or fifteen miles further, killing and wounding quite a number of the enemy. After remaining here over night, we were again faced about and marched backed to the Cumberland river, which we reached the following morning. The rains had swollen the stream so that it was difficult to cross it, even in boats. The Hundred and Third was among the first troops to pass over and reached the opposite side in safety. But a boat, containing a company of the Twenty-seventh New Jersey, was capsized and thirty-five men were drowned.



## ON THE BANKS OF THE CUMBERLAND.

It was determined to make the Cumberland river our southern line of defense in this part of the field, and with this determination our whole army was ordered into camp in and about Somerset, not far from the northern bank of the river. The Hundred and Third was directed to encamp near the river, and for some weeks did picket duty along its bank. All of our troops were withdrawn from the south side of the stream, and the enemy was allowed to return. He established his pickets along the southern bank, and for some days the firing across the stream was quite brisk. Frequently, however, there would be a cessation of hostilities, when the two parties would engage in conversation across the stream, often in a style more emphatic than polite. At times the conversation would assume a very bitter tone, and then again it would become more mild and friendly, when the rebels would invite our men to come over and trade coffee for whiskey and tobacco, of which articles they had a large surplus.

We remained at this point, save a second trip to Monticello, for several weeks. The life we led was a very quiet one, altogether unlike what sol-



dier life usually is, and very different from what ours proved to be during the two subsequent years. Amid the various duties of camp, the months of May and June passed away, and July came. The Fourth of this month found everything quiet about us, and, as we had celebrated this National Holiday so often in civil life, it seemed but fit and proper that we should celebrate it now, as soldiers of the Great Republic. Gen. Carter had issued an order, a day or two previous, that each regiment in his command should assemble for prayer on the morning of the Fourth, and recommended that the Chaplains should preach a sermon. A programme of exercises was made out in our command, and at 10 o'clock the Hundred and Third assembled to celebrate their first Fourth of July as soldiers. The exercises were opened by singing:

" My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing," &c.;

which was followed by prayer, and then another song. After this, several short speeches were made, full of patriotic fire, when we adjourned with three rousing cheers for the Union.



## TO THE REAR.

The next day was Sunday, and early in the morning orders were received to get ready for a march at once. It was rumored that the enemy, having crossed the Cumberland river above us, was making for our rear as rapidly as possible, hoping to catch us napping, and thus be enabled to strike the blue-grass region, gather up a quantity of horses and supplies, and get away with them before we were aware of what he was doing. To head him off and prevent him from carrying out this programme, our entire army was ordered to fall back. The Hundred and Third left camp about 9 o'clock A. M., and reached Somerset about 11. Here we received the glorious news of the grand Union victory at Gettysburg, Penn., and of the retreat of the rebel army across the Potomac.

After a short rest, our march was resumed, which proved to be one of the severest marches during our three years' service. The heavy rains of the day before had made the roads very muddy, rendering it almost impossible for the men, with their immense loads, to get along. Besides this, the air was sultry as it usually is after a warm rain. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and





the sun poured its rays down upon our heads with all the intensity of a midsummer day. The march, too, was a forced one, and hence we were kept moving right along, with short stoppages for rest, and those only at long intervals. About 9 o'clock at night we were halted and told to get supper. This was soon prepared and eaten, and the men began to make arrangements to lie down, thinking that no one would be so heartless as to make them move further without rest. But in this we were disappointed. The bugle sounded "Fall in," and we were again started forward to be halted only at midnight—having marched twenty miles. The last two hours of our march had been severe in the extreme. Many of our men, who had kept up bravely during the day, determined not to leave the ranks if possible, had been obliged to fall out, absolutely unable to go further. Those, who did hold out and went into camp with the command, were completely used up, few of them having strength to go further, even if their lives had depended upon it.

The rest, that was allowed us, was short. At three A. M. the bugle sounded, and, after a hastily



prepared breakfast, we were again on the move. Our short rest had been greatly enjoyed, but it had failed to relieve us from the effects of yesterday's march. The men were sore and lame, and it seemed almost impossible for them to move. Yet they undertook it with the determination not to give up until they were obliged to. The roads were as muddy and heavy as they had been the day before. Besides, it began to rain shortly after we started, which served to make them worse. Before noon, however, the rain ceased, and the sun again came out with scorching power. It was too much for men, foot-sore, worn and jaded as our men were, and they began to fall out in large numbers. Never before had the regiment "scattered" as it did this day. And what was true of the Hundred and Third was true of every other regiment in the command. At noon we were halted for dinner and a little rest, and then we pushed forward to Stanford, which place we reached about nine P. M., with probably not over half of our command present. Those, who had fallen out, had done so from sheer exhaustion, and those who went into camp, were so nearly used



up that, the instant we were stopped, they spread out their blankets and lay down for the night without tasting a mouthful of supper.

After lying here a couple of days, we moved up to Danville, where we remained, with the exception of a march to Hickman's Bridge and back, for over a month.

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#### ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

All the rebel troops having been driven out of Kentucky, except a few roving bands of cavalry, it was now determined to send an army across the Cumberland mountains into East Tennessee for the purpose of ridding that portion of the State of rebel rule. Accordingly Union troops in great numbers began to congregate in the vicinity of Danville, and preparations for the great move were pushed forward with rapidity and energy. These troops were organized into what was to be known as the "Twenty-third Army Corps," with Major-General Hartsuff in command. The Hundred and Third was brigaded with other regiments, and Col. Cameron, of the Sixty-Fifth



Illinois, placed in command. General Hascall, of Indiana, was assigned to the command of the Division. General Burnside had been ordered to take charge of the expedition, and on the 17th of August he arrived. Everything being ready, the grand movement began the following day, August 18th, 1863—the entire command numbering about 20,000 men.

This march across the mountains is one that will never be forgotten by any one who took part in it and shared its toils and sufferings. The entire journey from Danville via Stanford, Crab Orchard, Burnside's Point, Montgomery, Emery's Iron Works, Lenoir, to Concord was one continuous series of hardships. Over a route, almost impassible for footmen without any load whatever, the troops were obliged to work their way. Weighed down by their heavy loads, it seemed impossible for them to bear up and march over this rugged mountain track. But carrying their loads and marching constituted only a part of their labors. Bridges were to be built, and corduroy to be laid—here leveling down and there building up—and that, too, not for one day or one night merely, but day after day and night after





night during all that long march. In addition to all this, came the labor of assisting the artillery and baggage wagons over the roads they had made. In the performance of this work both the power of endurance and the patience of the troops were put to the severest test. Often after laboring all day, severely and incessantly, in getting teams over the bad roads, they were kept out until twelve or one o'clock at night at the same disagreeable and exhaustive work. Moreover, rations were scarce, and hunger often stared them in the face. At the beginning of the march the troops were put on half rations, and with their appetites sharpened by the severe labors they were called upon to perform, a day's allowance was scarcely sufficient to make them one good meal. Usually by noon every haversack in the command was empty. The result was that when they were halted for the night, the men rarely ever knew where they were to obtain food to satisfy the gnawings of hunger. Many and many a time after reaching camp late at night, tired and worn out with the toils of the day, were they obliged to take their haversacks and go two or three miles to get a little green corn to roast for their suppers.



All this, however, gives but a faint outline of what this army was called upon to endure in its march over the mountains. And yet in the midst of all these trials, privations and labors, the troops preserved the most cheerful spirit and ever manifested a willingness to do and suffer in the great cause to which they had consecrated themselves.

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#### IN EAST TENNESSEE.

But Concord was at last reached, and this arduous march came to an end. The enemy in this part of the field, who, we supposed, would make a determined and desperate effort to hold the Union forces in check, fled at the approach of our cavalry without offering any great resistance. Knoxville, which was regarded as the rebel stronghold in East Tennessee, was abandoned, and our advance took quiet possession of it on the 1st of September. The railroad, leading from Chattanooga into Virginia, was taken possession of by our forces, and the Hundred and Third, with other troops, took the cars, and, passing through Knoxville, moved up to Henderson Station, about nine miles above Greenville.



## LOYALTY OF THE PEOPLE.

During this trip, we had an excellent opportunity to observe the loyalty of the people of East Tennessee, of which we had heard so much. Everywhere we went, we were welcomed with the most unbounded expressions of delight, and with such an enthusiastic outpouring of gratitude as has rarely ever been witnessed among any people. After witnessing our receptions at the various points where we stopped, no one could doubt the genuineness of East Tennessee loyalty. That loyalty was a kind that remained true throughout, under every and all circumstances. It was not sickly, or sentimental, or wavering, but as genuine and true-hearted one day as another—as reliable, unflinching and uncompromising in the presence of rebels as in the presence of Union men.

As we passed up the country at this time, it seemed as though the entire population had turned out to welcome us. Every little town was filled with crowds, eager to catch a glimpse of the Yankee soldiers, and to show them by some outward demonstration that the people of East Tennessee were heart and soul with the defenders of the Union. The National flags, so long concealed,



were now brought out, and could be seen waving from almost every house, while "the cheers, and fond greetings, and happy tears, of the assembled thousands, attested their fervent hope and trust that the national authority and protection, for which they had prayed and pined through two long, weary years, would never again be expelled from their midst."

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AT GREENVILLE.

The demonstrations of the people at Greenville were, perhaps, more enthusiastic and significant than those of the people at any other point. The hearty welcome with which they greeted us and the intense delight manifested at our arrival, the members of the Hundred and Third will never forget. Hearing of our approach, the people had flocked in to see us not only from the village, but from all the surrounding country. The crowd at the depot was immense, and composed of all ages, colors and conditions. They had assembled to testify their joy at our arrival, not by words only, but they had brought "bounteous stores" of re-





freshments of every imaginable kind. The platform was absolutely loaded down with baskets, filled with pies, cakes, meats, &c., &c. As the train stopped, cheer after cheer arose from the crowd, and as each soldier stepped from the cars, he was grasped eagerly by the hand which was shaken until the party, shaking, became exhausted, and then he was passed on to have the same thing repeated over and over again a countless number of times. Old men gathered around him and blessed him. Fathers welcomed him as the defender of a government they loved; mothers greeted him as their own son, while sisters wept for joy as if their own brothers had returned to them after long years of absence. In their excitement, many would seize the old flag and shower it with kisses, rejoicing that they were once more permitted to gaze upon it, floating proudly over them, and reminding them of the happy fact, that the oppressions, insults and outrages, so long heaped upon them by their rebel enemies, were at an end.

But these people were no more loyal than the great mass of the people in East Tennessee. Everywhere we found this same love for the Union



—this same enthusiastic affection for the old flag. No people ever remained more firm in their devotion to their government than did this people—and that, too, under the most trying and unfavorable circumstances. With every inducement, in the world, to go with the South, they yet adhered to their allegiance, although they knew such a course would bring upon them abuse, persecution, loss of property and frequently, loss of life. The very fact, that they dared, being Southerners, to stand by the Government and oppose secession, made them the objects of the most bitter hatred on the part of the rebels and drew upon them the full force of rebel malignity. The result was, that they had not a single right which rebels considered it their duty to respect. Every plan, that hatred and malice could suggest, was devised to persecute and annoy them. Their property was stolen, their houses and barns burned, their wives and daughters insulted, their lives threatened unless they would leave the country, and, in many cases where they had the courage to remain in spite of threats, they were taken by armed rebels and murdered in cold blood; and yet in the midst of all these robberies, outrages and dangers, they



remained true to their country and its cause. Their devotion to the Union, and their terrible sufferings in consequence have become a part of history, from which he who reads will learn that nowhere in all our broad land did loyalty shine forth more brightly, or rebel hate, malignity and unbridled passion manifest themselves in a more dastardly and fiendish manner, than in East Tennessee.

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#### HENDERSON STATION.

But to return. Passing on from Greenville, we arrived at Henderson Station, about nine miles further up the country. Here the enemy appeared in considerable force, and showed fight. Our troops were unloaded and ordered forward at once. By some mistake we were pushed forward a little too far, and the Hundredth Ohio, which was in advance, was surprised by the rebels, surrounded by a large force and nearly half of its number captured. The Hundred and Third would have met with a like fate, had not the danger been discovered and a hasty retreat ordered. We fell back a short distance, and it having been deter-



mined that the rebel force was too strong for us to attack, we returned to Lick Creek Bridge, a few miles below Greenville. Only a few days, however, were allowed us here, when we again moved back to Greenville.

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#### TO JOHNSON'S STATION.

We lay at Greenville until the 19th of September. On this day, all things being ready, a general advance was ordered, and again we started up the country. Moving forward, the first night we halted at Henderson bridge. Here we remained until noon of the next day, when striking tents, we moved up to Jonesboro. This was a severe march. We reached Jonesboro at 11 o'clock at night, hungry and tired. Just at this time rations were very short, and when we halted for the night every haversack in the command was empty. A little beef was issued, and after roasting and eating this, the men lay down to rest. At 4 o'clock the next morning, reveille was sounded, and at 5 we marched out of camp. Our progress was slow, however, as the enemy, with whom our





advance was skirmishing, showed a determination not to fall back any faster than he was obliged to. We reached Johnson's Station about 3 P. M., and after lying about until nearly dark, were marched about half a mile and ordered into camp.

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#### CLEANING OUT A REBEL.

This camp chanced to be on the farm of a violent rebel, and the men were not long in ascertaining his political proclivities. The confederate soldiers had taken very good care of the old fellow. His property had all been spared him, and he was surrounded with all the luxuries of life. His orchard was full of apples, his garden abounded in sweet potatoes, cabbages, &c., his field contained an abundance of corn, his barn-yard was alive with chickens, turkeys and geese, and his stock of pigs was excellent. All these things were very tempting to the appetite of a soldier who had had little to eat for a couple of days, and, as soon as it was known that their owner was a "secesh" of the "strictest sect," the men "went for them" in regular soldier style. The whole brigade seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Every man in the command seemed to



consider himself a special committee of one to see that our "rebel friend" was "cleaned out." While some gathered rails and kindled fires, others went for the apples. One squad started for corn, and another for the garden to get potatoes and cabbages. A few were to be seen chasing down chickens and turkeys, while others were rallying, with fixed bayonets, around a few fat porkers, fully determined that not one should escape. One fellow had even dared to enter the smoke-house and was seen coming to camp with both hands full of lard, declaring to his companions that "there was a whole jar full of that stuff in there, which was very fine." In fact, everything that would allay hunger, or serve to make the men comfortable for the night, was "gobbled up"—each soldier proving to his entire satisfaction that, however much he might hate rebels, rebel chickens, potatoes, &c., were very palatable, and that the top rails of a rebel's fence would make an excellent fire.

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#### TO THE WATAUGA RIVER.

We were routed out early the next morning, but did not leave camp until 11 o'clock. At an early hour firing began in our front, which was



kept up all day. The enemy was reported to be in force on the opposite side of the Watauga river, and when the order came for us to move, every one expected a fight. We were moved around in a rather indefinite manner some time, and were finally taken to the right of our line into a dense pine forest, where after climbing several hills, we were halted, and remained for the afternoon. It was while coming into position in this place that a man in Company "I" accidentally shot himself, killing himself instantly. The artillery firing grew quite rapid along towards night, but no general engagement took place. Just at dark, the Hundred and Third was moved down nearer the river, and directly opposite to the main force of the enemy. Here we were ordered to remain as picket-guard for the night.

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#### RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

The next morning we were up early, expecting to find the enemy more determined to hold his own than on the night previous. But when daylight came, it revealed the fact that he had fled.



A mounted force was at once sent in pursuit, while the infantry was moved back about a mile, where it was halted for further orders. The day wore away without any news from the front of an alarming nature, and just at night we started back towards Jonesboro, where we arrived, after a wearisome march, at two o'clock the next morning. We got but little sleep, as the command was routed out early and once more started forward. This was a hard day on the men. The weather was exceedingly hot, and rations were scarce. Many of the men had nothing to eat except a few apples which they were enabled to gather from orchards along the road. This, with the limited amount of sleep the night previous, rendered the command wholly unfit for any very heavy marching. Yet we were kept moving all day, save a short halt at noon, and went into camp at night utterly worn-out. A good rest, however, proved refreshing, and the next morning all arose as bright as ever. Before leaving camp two days' rations were issued which created universal joy and good feeling throughout the command. The march this day was neither long nor very tiresome. We reached Greenville about the middle





of the afternoon and went into camp. Our tents were up very soon after we were halted; blankets were spread out, and one and all lay down and enjoyed a good rest.

The next day, September 26th, our hearts were cheered by receiving a batch of mail matter, the first we had received for six weeks. Almost everybody was the recipient of a letter from home, and almost everybody was happy at the news it contained. For several days we remained at this point, and the rest we obtained did us all good. On the 30th, however, we were again on the move, and after a march of twenty miles, were halted at Bull's Gap.

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#### AT BLUE SPRINGS.

As our army thus fell back, the enemy followed us, determined to harass our troops as much as possible, although not daring to risk a general engagement. But it was no part of Gen. Burnside's plan to abandon this field to the rebels, although he did not feel quite strong enough to hazard an open fight. After a few days in camp, however, he ordered the army forward for the



purpose, more particularly, of ascertaining somewhat of the enemy's strength. In obedience to this order, we moved out on the morning of October 9th, and marched to Blue Springs, a distance of nine miles. Here we came upon the rebels, and two companies of the Hundred and Third, "A" and "D," were sent forward to ascertain the position of their lines. Venturing a little too far, however, they came upon a large force of the enemy, which immediately charged our men, capturing several of them, and killing and wounding several more. As soon as the situation at the front became known, four or five other companies from the regiment were sent forward, but about the time they arrived at the scene of action, the whole force was ordered back. The enemy did not seem disposed to follow us, and we retired unmolested. About dark the entire army was moved back again to Bull's Gap.

But we were not to remain long here. Burnside was determined to drive the rebel army out of East Tennessee. Hence, having ordered up more troops, and having made all needed preparations, on the morning of October 11th, he ordered a general advance. Again we moved forward to



Blue Springs. The enemy was still here, and had taken up his position a little east of town, where our advance engaged him. For a time the fight waxed quite hot, and as we passed through the town, we could hear the booming of cannon and the rattling of musketry very distinctly. Everything seemed to indicate a general engagement. The Hundred and Third was ordered forward on the double-quick. But we were too late. Night came on about the time we arrived at the front, and the firing on both sides ceased. The Hundred and Third were ordered to sleep on their arms, ready for action at any moment. When morning came, however, we found that the enemy had fled—having lost in the engagement of the previous day about a hundred killed and wounded, and one hundred and fifty prisoners, which had been taken by our cavalry.

A pursuit was at once ordered, and the whole army started forward at an early hour. But it was no use. The enemy had got several hours' start, and we found it impossible to overtake him. We passed through Greenville to Raytown, just beyond which place we encamped.



## OUR FIRST SOLDIER VOTE.

We remained here a couple of days, and on the 14th, the polls were duly opened, and the members of the Hundred and Third cast their first vote as soldiers. That vote was given solidly for John Brough for Governor of Ohio.

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## STILL FORWARD.

On the 15th we started forward again, and having marched to within three miles of Jonesboro, the Hundred and Third went into camp upon a hill, where it was announced we were to fortify and remain. But the idea of our remaining long in one place was soon banished from our minds. So long as the rebel cavalry were "playing such fantastic tricks," and committing so many depredations all around us, it would be necessary for us to keep moving. For a week, however, we lay quietly in this camp, and then an order came to march—to go in light marching order, leaving our tents and camp equipage behind us. In obedience to this order, we started out on the 22d of





October and marched to the Watauga river. Here we encamped for the night. Early the next morning, we took up a position near the river on a high hill, so as to command the ford and the road beyond. From this arrangement, it was evident that the rebels were expected, although we had heard nothing of their doings for a week. About the time we got fairly fixed and were feeling confident that, with our commanding position, we could repulse a force of the enemy four times our own, it began to rain. As there were no tents and very few rubbers in the command, this rain was looked upon as rather disagreeable. The men built huge fires and gathered around them, thus endeavoring to evaporate the water from their clothing as fast as it fell. But this they soon found to be an impossibility. The rain fell so fast that the fires would not more than half burn. The result was, that within a couple of hours almost every man in the regiment was wet through and through. The weather was rather cold, as it usually is the last of October, and with our wet clothing, poor fires and the chilly air, one can easily imagine that our condition was anything but desirable. Yet we stood it, as best we could.



until about 4 o'clock, when we were ordered to fall in, and started back for our old camp.

This march was not very long, but it is one that every member of the regiment, who participated in it, will always remember. The rain had descended freely since 11 o'clock in the morning, but now, as we started out, it came down more copiously than before. The roads were in a terrible condition, muddy, sloppy and with every little stream, that crossed them, overflowing. Most of the men wore the army shoe, and so deep was the mud and water that their feet were soaking wet before we had gone a mile. In addition to this, we marched very fast, and hence the men soon became very tired. Most of them kept along with the command, however, as long as daylight lasted, but when night set in, the marching became so fearfully bad that many fell behind, resolved to take their own time for it. The march continued until about 8 o'clock in the evening, when we neared our journey's end. Some miles back a messenger had been sent forward with orders to have fires kindled in all the company streets, and now as the men, after the toilsome and unpleasant labors of the day, caught sight of their old



camp, made cheerful by the bright flames, they rent the air with shouts of gladness.

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#### BACKWARD AGAIN.

We remained quietly in camp for a week, when on the 28th, we again started out, this time with all our baggage. Our line of march was rearward, and at night we went into camp about two miles east of Greenville. Having remained here over one day, on the 30th, we moved forward again four miles beyond Raytown, where we encamped for the night.

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#### TO PAINTOWN AND BACK.

During all this time the rebel cavalry were busy all around us. One day we would hear of a squad in one direction, and the infantry would be started off immediately and in the most expeditious manner after them. The next day we would hear of a squad in an opposite direction, and we would be faced about at once and sent in search of them.



Thus we were kept moving about constantly, in a fruitless endeavor to surprise and "gobble up" these flying horsemen. Of course, the idea of hunting down cavalry with infantry is ludicrously absurd, but at that time there were some very un-military men in command of the Union forces in East Tennessee, and the consequence was, that we were often obliged to do some very absurd things. One of the most absurd of all the absurd things, however, that we were ever called upon to do, was to make a march to Paintown in search of rebel cavalry.

Some "Wandering Jew" of a citizen came to Headquarters one morning with the information that a rebel Colonel had recently died, that his remains, having been brought home, were to be interred that afternoon about six or eight miles from our camp, and there were to be present at the ceremonies five hundred rebel cavalry. Here was a grand chance for a brilliant display of generalship! These men would be so intent in performing the last sad rites over the remains of one of their leaders as to forget everything else, and could thus be "gobbled up" just as easily as not! And what a feather that would be in somebody's





military cap! Five hundred rebels taken at once, and by such remarkable strategy! The man, who can plan such an expedition and secure such results, has the elements in him of a great leader and must be promoted at once! The opportunity of achieving greatness was too good to be lost, and so it was determined to send out a force and capture these unsuspecting and grief-stricken rebels.

Accordingly the Hundred and Third, with two companies from the Twelfth Kentucky and a couple of twelve pounders, were ordered to pile their knapsacks in their camp, put themselves in light marching order and undertake this little job, which promised to cover one and all with imperishable glory. We left camp about 10 o'clock, and, after a very rapid march, arrived in the vicinity of Paintown. Here we ascertained that the funeral was to take place at the famous Washington College, some two or three miles further on. With this information we pushed rapidly forward, making as little noise as possible, and keeping as much concealed as we could by striking "cross lots" and following deserted roads and by-paths. After a vast deal of marching and counter-march-



ing, and the execution of many very brilliant movements, we finally arrived at the place where the funeral was to be, and where we were to surprise and take captive five hundred of the bone and sinew of the rebel army. But, alas, our hopes of capturing this force and thus ending the rebellion were dashed to the ground at once, when we learned there were no rebel cavalry in that vicinity, nor had there been for weeks. The only rebel soldier we found was the one who was being buried, and the only mourners were a score or two of women and a few old men. It is needless to say that we started back to camp without any prisoners, where we arrived about sun-down, tired and foot-sore, having marched about fifteen miles—and accomplished nothing.

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TO KNOXVILLE.

The rebel authorities now determined to put into execution a plan, by which they hoped either to capture the entire Union force in East Tennessee or drive it out of the State. Bragg, having achieved an important and substantial victory over



Rosecrans at Chickamauga, imagined that the Union army, greatly weakened by its defeat, would not make any further aggressive movements before the following Spring. Hence, placing his main army in front of Chattanooga, he resolved to send a force, under command of Gen. Longstreet, against Gen. Burnside in East Tennessee. This force left the main army about the middle of October. As it advanced, our troops gradually fell back, giving up Philadelphia, Lenoir and Loudon, and concentrating at Campbell's Station. Learning that Longstreet's intention was to capture Knoxville, Gen. Burnside at once began to concentrate the various forces, which he had stationed at different places, at that point. Hence it was that, on the 3d of November, an order was received for all the troops in the vicinity of Jonesboro and Greenville to fall back to Knoxville without delay. Acting upon this order, we packed up at once and started for Henderson Station about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Arriving at this place, we encamped for the night, and early the next morning, having loaded everything on the cars, we got aboard ourselves and started. The train was heavily loaded, the engine poor and the road



in very bad condition. Consequently we made very slow time and did not reach Knoxville until late in the afternoon. As soon as the regiment could be unloaded and things gotten in shape, we moved to the south side of the river where, after marching about a mile through the mud and up hill, we found the rest of our brigade, encamped in an open field. Here we pitched our tents for the night. The next day, all being quiet, we did not move. The day following, however, we changed camp, occupying the brow of a hill and taking much pains in laying out our streets with the hope that we might remain here some time. But we remained only one day.

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#### WINTER QUARTERS.

For some days, there had been considerable talk in the regiment about the probabilities of our being allowed to go into winter quarters. There seemed to be a general impression that such a thing was going to be. Many even went so far as to express the belief that that was why we were ordered to Knoxville. Indeed, after a free and





full discussion of the matter, after looking at it from all sides and duly weighing all the reasons pro and con, almost every member of the command came to the conclusion that this place was to be our home until the next Spring. If there had been any doubt on the subject in the mind of any one, that doubt was banished entirely when on the 7th we moved down into a beautiful cedar grove—just the place for Winter quarters—near the bank of the river. So fully were we convinced that here we were to spend the Winter months, that we at once laid out our streets and began to put up Winter quarters. Our zeal in this work was highly commendable. All the time, that could be spared from our regular duties, was devoted to it. Logs were cut and placed in position, slats were made, chimneys built, and so briskly did the work go on that, in less than ten days' time, our camp presented the appearance of a busy little village—with its broad streets, and comfortably constructed and neatly arranged houses.

But, alas, we soon learned that we had indulged a vain hope—we soon saw that all our labor in building "Winter quarters" had been so much



time and strength thrown away. Just as we were getting comfortably fixed—many had their houses completed and were living in them—an order came to prepare for moving, and on the 15th, we marched out of our pleasant camp, never to return to it again.

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#### LONGSTREET BEFORE KNOXVILLE.

Having repulsed our forces on the 6th at Campbell's Station, Longstreet continued his march upon Knoxville, before which place he arrived about the middle of the month. Although his force was estimated at about 8,000 men, yet it was not sufficient to completely invest the city. Stretching it out, however, as much as possible, and keeping his cavalry continually scouring the country in every direction, he managed to so nearly invest it as to cut off our communication with the outside world, thus leaving us entirely to our own resources.

On the 15th, the day that we left our camp and moved out to the front, the enemy appeared in



considerable force on the south side of the river. We had already formed our line in anticipation of his approach and were ready for him. He pushed his advance up close to our picket line, and from that time until the siege was raised, things were kept pretty lively between the two opposing forces. Firing, pretty constant and often very spirited, was kept up, thus keeping both parties active and on the *qui vive*. That Longstreet intended and expected to take the city, there can be no doubt. Every day some new plan was discovered, which indicated that he was endeavoring to shorten his lines, close in upon us and compel us to surrender. To counteract his efforts and to be ready for any demonstration he might make, our troops were kept constantly busy. Those, that were not at the front, were actively employed in building fortifications. This work was pushed forward both night and day, until every hill in the vicinity was so thoroughly fortified that it seemed absolutely impossible for the enemy to get into the city from this side of the river. And yet the rebels were foolish enough not only to suppose such a thing could be done, but even to undertake it.



## BATTLE OF ARMSTRONG'S HILL.

For this purpose a large force was sent across the river during the night of the 23d. Being made aware of this movement on the part of the enemy, the Hundred and Third, with other regiments, was ordered to the front early the next morning. Having arrived at the point designated, one company from the regiment was sent forward to re-enforce the skirmish line—the remainder of the regiment being held in reserve. The advance kept up a constant firing until dark, when it fell back and formed a new line. On the next day, November 25th, occurred the battle of Armstrong's Hill, the first battle in which the Hundred and Third was ever engaged.

The enemy had been watching his opportunity ever since crossing the river and had come to the conclusion that, perhaps, he might surprise our line while we were changing pickets, and, having broken it, move forward into the city. With this object in view, on the morning of the 25th, he sent forward a division of choice troops with instructions to advance as far as possible through the woods and yet remain concealed, and when the Union forces were engaged in relieving their





pickets, charge their line, break it if possible, and then rush forward, seize the bridge and thus march into the city. There was some delay on the reserve this morning, and the relief did not arrive at the front until about 1 o'clock. It was known at our headquarters that the force in our front had been increased, and, fearing a charge upon our line, it was determined to strengthen it. For this purpose six companies of the regiment were sent forward to relieve the two that had been at the front during the night. As these companies were being stationed, and before they were fairly in position, the enemy started forward with a terrible yell. Almost before we were aware of it, he was upon us, firing rapidly and with well-directed aim as he approached. The suddenness of his advance took us entirely by surprise, and, for a moment, there was a little wavering in our line, as for the first time the regiment came under fire. But it was only for a moment. Recovering themselves, the whole line seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and, with remarkable composure, poured a perfect shower of leaden hail into the ranks of the advancing column. This had a tendency to retard its advance, observing



which, our troops redoubled their fire. Such a warm reception was rather more than the rebels anticipated, and their line began to waver. Observing this, the order was given to fix bayonets, and with a tremendous yell our men sprang forward to the charge. Seeing our approach, the rebels broke and fled promiscuously, stopping only when they had reached their works on the top of an adjoining hill. Not deeming it wise to charge their works, our men fell back and took up their old position. It has taken but a few words to describe this engagement, but it lasted about two hours. The troops engaged in it on our side were our brigade only, consisting of the Hundred and Third Ohio, the Twenty-Fourth Kentucky and the Sixty-Fifth Illinois, and it is not too much to say, that they all did nobly, proving by their actions that there was no discount on their bravery.

The Hundred and Third lost in this engagement about thirty-five men, killed and wounded, and the other two regiments lost nearly as heavily.

Having returned to our old position, we strengthened our pickets, and, night coming on, lay down on our arms to sleep, ready to fall in at once, should the enemy make an attack upon us



under the cover of darkness. Little sleep, however, was obtained that night. The cold was so intense and army blankets so scarce that it was impossible to keep warm even with three in a bed. Most of the regiment could not sleep at all, and the few, who did manage to lose themselves in unconsciousness for a time, did so while shivering with the cold. We managed, however, to worry through the night, and, at 4 o'clock in the morning, were ordered to fall in and stand at arms.

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#### MILITARY NONSENSE.

This is a part of military duty that every soldier dislikes, and regards as the merest nonsense. As a past-time he might put up with it for ten or fifteen minutes on a comfortably warm morning, but to stand on the frozen ground for two hours, as we did on this occasion, grasping frosty gun-barrels with gloveless hands, is rather more than is enjoyable, or promotive of good nature. It was deemed necessary, however, by those in authority, and we had to submit with the best grace possible.



The exercise was not entirely new to us, and hence did not seem so disagreeable as it otherwise might have done. We began to practice it very early in our military life, and had kept it up with remarkable regularity. Indeed, it was among our very first lessons in the military art, dating back to Fort Mitchell, long before we had seen a rebel soldier or been drilled in that interesting exercise of loading in nine times. In those days it was regarded a very important thing, but in the light of subsequent experience it seemed ridiculously foolish. It was no uncommon thing at Fort Mitchell to get us up two hours before daylight and keep us standing at arms until nearly sunrise—and that, too, when the enemy was at least three miles from us. But a little experience at the front soon changed all this. Long before we got through the Atlanta campaign, the practice lost caste entirely. It only took a few charges upon our line to convince those in command that it did not take a soldier more than two minutes to spring from his bivouac, seize his gun and get ready to shoot rebels.

On the present occasion we were kept standing at arms about two hours. Daylight came at last,





however, and the enemy in our front appearing quiet, we were ordered to break ranks.

The day wore away with nothing to disturb us, except a little random firing on the picket line. Being apprehensive that the enemy might renew his attack, as soon as darkness closed in, we began to fortify. Every man in the brigade was put to work, and, by midnight, we had a line of defense constructed, behind which we felt secure against any force the enemy could send against us. The day following was one of comparative quiet, and late in the afternoon the Hundred and Third was relieved and ordered back to camp. This was a most welcome order, and we gladly obeyed it. We had been at the front three days and three nights, with the thermometer at the freezing point, and with no fires and little to eat. Tired and worn out, we reached camp about dark, where we at once turned in and enjoyed a comfortable night's rest.

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#### HARDSHIPS OF THE SIEGE.

We remained in this camp only two or three days, when we moved to a hill a little further up the river. Here we rested quietly for several



days. The hardships of the siege now began to appear in an aggravated form. The weather continued cold and disagreeable, and with scanty clothing and meager rations, the troops suffered greatly. Little clothing had been issued to us since we left Kentucky, and the troops, in consequence, were in a destitute condition. It was no uncommon thing to see men going about over the frozen ground, in the performance of their daily duties, with their stockingless toes protruding through huge gaps in their shoes, with the legs of their pants worn off up to the knee and nothing to protect the lower limbs except their army drawers, and with their bodies shielded from the cold winds and frosts of November only by a thread-bare shirt and a well-worn, and perhaps sleeveless, blouse.

Provisions, also, became very scarce. The limited supply, on hand at the beginning of the siege, had gradually diminished until now it was nearly exhausted. The Commissary Department found it impossible to furnish the troops anything like what was absolutely needed to sustain life. At no time since we had entered Tennessee had we received more than half rations, and now this meager supply was cut down to quarter rations,



and frequently to less. The men found it utterly impossible to live on this allowance, and hence were obliged either to look out for themselves, or to starve. They preferred to do the former, and by various means, suggested by the extremity to which they were reduced, they managed to keep starvation at a distance.

Longstreet's force was not sufficient to enable him to completely surround the city. On the south side of the French Broad river he had left a gap, and through this we were enabled to pass out, protected by our cavalry, into the country above us, for a distance of twenty miles. The luxuriant cornfields, which lay along that river, and which had, hitherto, been unmolested by either army, were thus brought within our reach. Large numbers of wagons, accompanied by squads of men, would go out to these fields every day for corn. This was distributed among the troops and parched, or crushed and made into cakes, constituted their principal food for several days.

It would have been interesting to our friends at home, who knew nothing of soldier life by actual experience, could they have looked in upon our camp while a morning meal was being prepared.



Some would be engaged in attempting to cook a little very tough and lean beef, others in making coffee, others in parching corn, while others, still who were anxious to have a more luxurious breakfast, might be seen earnestly engaged, with cup and bayonet, pounding away with vigor, endeavoring to transform their corn into a sort of meal, which, mixed with water, could be baked and eaten. Cakes of this kind, under ordinary circumstances, would be far from desirable. But our men were reduced to such extremities that they not only ate them with a hearty relish, but considered themselves exceedingly fortunate when they could obtain all they wanted. Hunger, they found, to be the best seasoning for food, and with plenty of such seasoning, they managed to get along very well, so long as they could get plenty of corn.

But there came a time when the cornfields, upon which we had depended, gave out, and our supply of corn ran very low. Then it was that our hardships, already great, became doubly severe. Those, who were so fortunate as to have a little money, could frequently manage to buy a little corn, or, perhaps, now and then, a bit of "pone,"





from some roving cavalry-man, who had just returned from a scout through the country. But those, whose pocket-books were empty, were often compelled to go hungry for days together. It was no uncommon thing for men to pay from fifty cents to a dollar for a single "hard tack," while corn sold readily for from twenty-five to fifty cents per ear. Frequently men were to be seen going around where the cavalry-men had fed their horses and mules, and picking up the few grains of corn which these animals left lying around on the ground. These were washed, and parched, and eaten, thus serving for a time to satisfy the demands of hunger.

These are only a part of the hardships and privations which our troops were obliged to undergo during this siege. History records but few instances where an army was reduced to such extremities; yet one and all accepted the situation, and while their heroism rose equal to the emergency, their love of country grew deeper and more intense. During all those dark days, scarcely a complaint was uttered; on the contrary, the men performed their daily round of duties with a



cheerful spirit, and seemed ever ready to do and suffer if thus they could help forward the great work of putting down the rebellion.

The people of this country have never fully realized what the army endured in Knoxville during those terrible days. They may have read some of the accounts of its sufferings which appeared at the time in the papers; but of their terrible reality those only can have an accurate conception who were there to share them. No portion of our army, during the entire war, suffered as much as did this army during the time it was shut up in Knoxville, and the two following months. And no portion of our army ever manifested more true heroism and patriotic zeal than did the men who fought under Burnside.

The men of the Hundred and Third suffered only with the rest. With them they endured the pangs of hunger; with them they toiled, and with them they stood face to face with danger. Their part of the burden they took up and bore manfully. Never, in the darkest hour, did they shrink from the ready performance of any duty, or indicate, either by word or deed, that they thought the



cause, which demanded so much at their hands, was too insignificant, and unworthy of such a sacrifice.

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#### THE SIEGE ABANDONED.

But these dark days were not to last always. In the midst of our hardships, sufferings and discouragements, on the 4th of December, six regiments of cavalry came pouring into the besieged city, bringing us word that Sherman and his hardy veterans, fresh from the glorious victory of Look-out Mountain, were near at hand. The intelligence brought joy to every heart. Longstreet, fearing that the combined forces of Sherman and Burnside would prove too formidable for him to cope with, abandoned the siege and fled. The news of his departure was received by our troops with the wildest exclamations of joy. As the intelligence spread from camp to camp, shout after shout arose, until the heavens fairly rang.

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#### OUR PURSUIT.

But there was still work for us to do, although the siege was raised. It would not do to let the



enemy depart without an effort to capture him, or at least, to retard his march as much as possible. Hence, in the midst of our rejoicings, came an order to prepare for a move. In obedience to this order, on the morning of December 7th, we moved out of camp and took up our line of march in the direction of Strawberry Plains.

Under the circumstances, this movement seemed well nigh in vain. The troops were in no condition to march. Half of them were not more than half clad, and all were nearly destitute of shoes. Provisions were limited, and the Commissary could furnish only half rations at most. Hundreds of horses had died during the siege from starvation, and hundreds more had become so reduced in flesh as to be entirely useless and had been turned loose to shirk for themselves. The result was, that there were not enough horses, fit for duty, in the entire army to draw a quarter of the guns necessary for such a movement. Yet the movement was undertaken—the troops, even under these unpropitious and discouraging circumstances, being remarkably cheerful.

The roads were quite muddy, and the marching, in consequence, was anything but pleasant—





especially to those whose shoes afforded little or no protection to their feet. We got along comparatively well, however, until we reached the Holston river, which we were obliged to wade. This proved to be a severe task. The water was nearly waist deep and very cold, as it naturally would be at this time of year. In addition to this, the stream was between eighty and a hundred rods wide, and the bottom exceedingly rough. The troops, feeling that what must be done should be done quickly, plunged in, and, after a great deal of struggling, floundering, and many falls, reached the other side, completely wet through from the waist down. Once across, the order was given to move forward, and taking a quick step, in order to avoid becoming chilled and taking cold, we soon made four or five miles when we were halted for the night.

During the two following days we moved forward to a point twelve miles above Strawberry Plains. Here the Hundred and Third was faced about, and executed one of those fancy retrograde movements for the performance of which the army of East Tennessee became so noted. This march was a severe one. It was reported that the en-



emy's cavalry were endeavoring to get in our rear and hence we were ordered to make the march in quick time. But the men had come to understand these reports. They knew that in nine cases out of ten they were not reliable. Hence, having had little to eat during the past twenty-four hours and the weather being quite warm, they were not disposed to hurry much on this occasion. They fell out of the ranks in large numbers, and when we reached Strawberry Plains, not more than fifty out of the entire regiment were present. We pitched our tents and remained here from the 10th to the 15th. During this time the Paymaster put in his appearance, and our eyes were once more gladdened by the sight of greenbacks.

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#### TO BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS.

Late in the afternoon of the 15th we were again on the move, making a nice little march of eight miles, to Blain's Cross Roads, without halting. The reason for this rapid march, was an apprehension that the enemy might make an attack upon our advance. No general attack was made.



however, although there was some lively firing on the picket line for several days.

Every member present with the regiment will remember the night of December 16th. Just at dusk the regiment was moved forward about a mile beyond Blain's Cross Roads. Here we were halted in a ploughed field and ordered to bivouac. The field was nice and dry when we lay down, and everyone was delighted because we had gotten such a good place; but about midnight it began to rain quite vigorously, and kept it up until the ground all about us was a perfect mortar-bed. No tents had been put up, and hence the men had no protection but the blankets which were over them. These soon became soaked, while the water, running under them, thoroughly wet those upon which they were lying. This made their condition far from comfortable, and resulted in driving almost every man from his bed. But when they were up their condition was no better than before. It was so dark that one could not see six inches before him, while the mud all about him was ankle deep. Scarcely a rail, or chunk, or any other article could be found to sit on, and hence the men had to stand and take it as best



they could. Probably the three or four hours just before daylight were the most disagreeable and uncomfortable of any three or four hours during our entire term of service. The rain ceased early in the morning, and we moved off the ploughed field to a meadow near by. The next day we moved to a camp in the woods adjoining, where we remained until the enemy fell back, when, on the last day of December, we returned to Strawberry Plains.

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#### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Here we spent the second New Year's Day of our army life—a day ever to be remembered by the members of the Hundred and Third. The weather was terribly cold; the ground was frozen hard and covered with snow; the wind blew shrill and piercing—the thermometer standing below zero. No clothing had been drawn since we left Knoxville, and the men were in a very destitute condition—having scarcely enough to cover their nakedness. There were not over half a dozen overcoats in the regiment. Blankets, also, were scarce, and those we did have were worn so very





thin as to afford little protection against the cold. Under these circumstances the men suffered exceedingly. It was impossible to keep anything like comfortable. The nearest approach to comfort they could make, was to keep a large fire burning before the tents, in which, even then, they would sit shivering with the cold. Besides all this, every haversack in the regiment was empty, and the Commissary had not the wherewith to replenish it. On this cold, blustering, disagreeable day, just when the troops needed a double allowance of provisions, not a mouthful of anything eatable was issued. All that they had to allay their hunger was what they picked up in the country round about—and this was very little, indeed. The country in every direction had been overrun by hungry soldiers of both armies, and everything that could be found in the eating line, had been “gobbled up.” Some of the Hundred and Third went out, on this New Year’s Day, eight or ten miles from camp and returned at night with nothing in the line of provisions except a few ears of corn.

And thus suffering from both cold and hunger we spent the day—a day as little like ordinary



New Year's Days as night is like day. It was such a New Year's as none of us ever spent before, and certainly hope never to spend again. How different it was from the New Year's each had been accustomed to spend amid the pleasures and comforts, and luxuries, even, of home! What a contrast between the dinner of a few grains of parched corn, and the sumptuous dinners upon which one and all had feasted in other days! What a change from the brilliantly-lighted and comfortably-warmed parlors of more peaceful times to the little tents, so cheerless and cold! What happy visions of days gone by must have flitted before the mind of each, as he sat in his canvas home this day, suffering from both hunger and cold! With what anxious longing did he think over the many home comforts he once enjoyed! What bright recollections of roast turkey, fried oysters, mince pie and scores of other luxuries, must memory have brought before him, as if to make him more sensible of his present destitute situation.

But the day finally wore away, and another came—the second day of the New Year. But its coming brought no relief. Both the cold and the scanty fare



continued, with this slight improvement in regard to provisions, that two ounces of meal and a small bit of lean beef were issued to each man. This was not enough to keep soul and body together, and had it been all that the troops had, they must have suffered terribly. But, fortunately, some of the men, during a foraging expedition, had chanced to come upon a small cornfield, which thus far had escaped the notice of both our own and the rebel troops. From this we obtained a liberal supply of corn, which lasted us for several days and until the Commissary was enabled to contribute somewhat to our sustenance.

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#### MARCH TO DANDRIDGE AND BACK.

In the course of a few days the weather moderated, and with half rations once more, and what could be picked up here and there, the troops managed to live in a comparatively comfortable manner during the latter half of our two weeks' stay at this place. But the enemy was still in our front, and something must be done to drive him from the State. So on the the 15th we were ordered out of camp, and that never-to-be-forgotten



march to Dandridge began. Longstreet had concentrated a considerable force at this place, and it was feared that he might cross to the south side of the French Broad river, move upon Knoxville by a forced march, capture the city and leave us out in the cold. To prevent him from carrying out any such plan, it was determined to send forward as large a force as we could spare, to watch his movements, attack him if a favorable opportunity offered, and, by all means, to prevent him moving upon Knoxville.

There was nothing particularly remarkable connected with our march to Dandridge, but the retreat from that place was among the most noted events of our whole army life. No sooner had we arrived at the front, than Longstreet, being informed of our arrival and fearing an attack, began to make preparations for a retreat. To cover his movements, he ordered his advance to keep up a lively skirmish fire, and at the same time, sent a party to the river to lay a pontoon, as if he intended to cross and move upon Knoxville. This feint succeeded more completely than he had dared to expect. Our generals were thoroughly deceived by it, and, believing that Long-





street was endeavoring to flank them and march upon Knoxville, at once ordered a retreat, even while Longstreet was moving in the opposite direction as rapidly as he could.

To characterize this retreat as disgraceful is speaking of it in very mild terms—disgraceful, not on the part of the troops who were ever ready to do their duty, but disgraceful on the part of drunken generals, who, relying upon some mere rumor that Longstreet was preparing to cross the river, without stopping to investigate the matter, ordered a retreat. The whole movement was the product of a brain terribly befogged and rendered shamefully timorous by bad whisky, and, from beginning to end, indicated its origin. Had we moved to the front, instead of to the rear, we should, doubtless, have obtained an important victory. Had we even stood our ground twenty-four hours longer, Longstreet and his whole army, except, perhaps, a few cavalry, would have been miles away from our front. But instead of this, at the command of men not fit to be trusted with a corporal's guard, we let slip our advantage and beat a hasty retreat—a retreat which was more like a rout than like anything else.



The order to fall back was given about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, January 17th. At this time the Hundred and Third was occupying a position about two miles north-east of Dandridge. With the other troops we fell back to that place where we found everything in the utmost confusion. Teams came pouring into town from every direction, each at full speed and anxious to get ahead in this general backward movement. Troops were rushing hither and thither, without any particular order or apparent head. Our brigade commander, however, was on hand and we were thus kept in good shape. In arranging the order of march, teams were allowed to pass on ahead. Being loaded very heavily and the roads being very muddy, they necessarily moved very slow. About every five or ten rods some two or three would get stuck in the mud, when there would be a general halt, until by kicking, and whipping, and yelling, and swearing, the drivers would compel the mules to force the wagons through the mud inch by inch.

The infantry, of course, was obliged to keep in the rear of these teams. As often as they stopped, we were obliged to stop. This was exceedingly



annoying and unpleasant. The halts were so frequent that we found it impossible to move over half a dozen rods at a time, and so short, that there was not sufficient time given us to sit down and rest. Thus we were kept on our feet constantly almost, without making much headway. Besides this, it was quite cold, and, standing still so much, we became chilly and remarkably uncomfortable. Under these circumstances, the march was not only very tiresome, but not at all promotive of good nature. The sweetest-tempered became somewhat "riled," and indulged in some loud grumbling, while those, accustomed to profanity, forgetting that patience is a virtue, let slip some of the "tallest swearing" ever heard.

Morning at length dawned, and upon taking our bearings, we found we had made only about two miles. The march had been very severe and exhaustive, although the distance gone over was so short, and it was to be expected, after such a night's work, that we would have an opportunity given us to get some breakfast. We had nothing in our haversacks but a little meal and meat, and unless we had an opportunity to cook them, we must go hungry. But there was no such thing as



stopping on this disgraceful retreat. Some half-drunken general had gotten the idea into his head that Longstreet's whole army was upon us, and our business was to get out of its way. Hence he had issued his orders, and all we had to do was to move on. Yet we could not help thinking that we could march farther, go over the same distance quicker, and do it with far greater ease, if we could be allowed to get a little warm breakfast. Many of our men acted upon this idea. During the night they had kept up with the command promptly, but now hunger got the better of discipline, and they fell out, one after another, until not more than a fourth of the regiment were left. It took but a short time to cook and eat their breakfast, which being done, they came on, soon overtaking us and feeling much better and stronger than we who had kept marching all the time. Some few of them, however, were not content with getting their breakfast, but, after eating, lay down to take a nap. In this way they were surprised by the enemy's cavalry, and some eight or ten captured.

About 10 o'clock it began to rain. If it had been disagreeable before, it was doubly so now.





The rain fell profusely for about two hours, making the roads a perfect mortar bed. To get out of the mud and water was impossible; we found it best to keep in the middle of the road, although sometimes we sank into the slush ankle deep. Yet we always found a bottom here, which we feared we might not always find at the side of the road. About noon it stopped raining, and we began to imagine that a halt would be ordered to give the troops a chance to get dinner. But in this we were disappointed. We were kept marching right along, as though it was not necessary for us either to rest or eat.

The day at length wore away, and about sundown we were ordered into camp for the night. Never was there an order more joyfully received or more willingly obeyed. The troops were completely exhausted, and it was only their remarkable determination that had enabled them to keep up with their commands until the day's march was done. For nearly twenty-four hours they had been on the move, stopping neither for rest nor to cook a mouthful to eat. The result was, that those, who went into camp with their commands, were so completely tired out that, although ex-



ceedingly hungry, they spread out their blankets as soon as they could get their tents up, and lay down to sleep without tasting a morsel of food.

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#### ON TOWARD KNOXVILLE.

Considerably refreshed, we were called out early the next morning and continued our march to Strawberry Plains. Crossing the river on the new railroad bridge which our troops had constructed, we moved on about two miles toward Knoxville, where we went into camp. Remaining here over one day, on the 21st, we again started out, moving westward. Our progress was remarkably slow. The roads were in a fearful condition, and the teams, thin and weak from a long continued lack of feed, found it impossible, almost, to drag the heavily-loaded wagons along. They had to be helped over all the bad places and up all the hills, and when the day closed and we went into camp, we found that we had made but three miles.

The day following we left camp at 5 o'clock in the morning and continued our march. Some of



the artillery horses had given out, making it necessary for the troops to take hold and draw the guns, or else leave them for the enemy. One of these guns, a six-pounder, was placed in charge of the Hundred and Third, which we drew about two miles to the railroad, where it could be loaded on the cars and shipped to a place of safety. Continuing our march, we reached Knoxville about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and went into camp a little east of the city. After a day or two, however, we moved to the south side of the river, and again occupied our old camp.

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#### A MONTH IN CAMP AT KNOXVILLE.

This camp had quite a familiar look, and it seemed really like getting home to move into it again after all the privations and sufferings of the last six weeks. It was rumored that we were to remain here for some time, and so we took a little extra pains in laying out our camp and pitching our tents. When everything was duly arranged, our tents up and our streets properly cleaned, the camp presented quite a neat and attractive ap-



pearance. For over a month we were allowed to enjoy it, and our stay here, "with naught to molest or make us afraid," was remarkably pleasant, as compared with our life during the preceding three months.

The defeat of Bragg at Chattanooga and the withdrawal of Longstreet from Knoxville gave us the entire control of the Tennessee river between these two places. This enabled us once more to come into communication with the outer world; and early in the month of February, we were cheered by the arrival of several boats, laden with rations and clothing, and bringing us huge piles of letters and papers from home. This arrival was the occasion of universal rejoicing among the troops. For six long months they had at no time received over half rations, and frequently less. Scarcely a stitch of clothing had been issued to them since they left Kentucky. At times, they had been placed in very trying circumstances, where they had suffered greatly both from hunger and insufficiency of clothing. Now, however, there was to be a change. Full rations were at once issued, and every man was fitted out with new clothing sufficient to meet all his wants and





make him comfortable. Under this new order of things we passed the time very pleasantly until the 28th of the month, when orders came to march.

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#### UP THE COUNTRY AGAIN.

In obedience to these orders, we packed up and once more started up the country. After a two days' march we reached Strawberry Plains in the midst of a severe rain storm. As the troops had to be conveyed across the river in boats, the Hundred and Third were obliged to stand in the rain several hours, waiting for those ahead of us to be taken across. Finally, just at night, our turn came, and, jumping into the boats, we were soon landed on the other side. Not finding any good place for a camp, and the ground being wet and cold, we divided up into companies and squads, and took possession of several unoccupied houses in the vicinity, where we made ourselves quite comfortable for the night. This occasion will be remembered by all who were present with the regiment, but particularly by those who worked



two or three hours, after dark, in the mud and rain, unloading rations from the boats.

The rain continuing, we kept closely in doors all the next day, but the day following being pleasant, the regiment was moved out to the north of the railroad where we went into camp. In this place we remained quietly until the 10th of March, when we started out of camp and moved up to Mossy Creek, and thence to Morristown, where we arrived on the 12th. At this place we came up with the enemy with whom our cavalry had two or three skirmishes. No general engagement, however, took place, although the rebels were reported in force, in our front.

On the evening of the 17th, a report was brought us, that the rebel cavalry were endeavoring to work around to our rear with the intention of capturing our trains. To checkmate this movement, our forces were turned about the following morning and started in the direction of Strawberry Plains. The first five miles of this march we moved through the fields, in column of divisions, but at length, it having gotten through the skull of the commander-in-chief that there were no rebels within a dozen miles of us, this foolish



mode of marching was discontinued, and we were permitted to take the road. At Mossy Creek we were halted, where we remained until the first of April. At that time another advance was ordered, and starting forward, we pushed up as far as Bull's Gap. This place had a familiar look, and finding all quiet, we remained here until the 24th.

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#### TO JONESBORO AGAIN.

On the morning of that day we were called up at 1 o'clock and started for Jonesboro, as it was rumored that the rebels had concentrated quite a force at that point. After a very severe and hurried march, about the middle of the afternoon of the second day we reached the town, only to learn that the enemy had taken refuge beyond the Watauga river, some eight or ten miles distant. This was very comforting news to us, and in order that we might the better enjoy it, we were ordered into camp for the night. It was just before we reached this camp, that one of our men, who had fallen a little behind the regiment, was shot dead by a rebel bush-whacker.



The enemy having left us so far in the rear, a council of war was called, consisting of the General commanding and the commanders of the several regiments of the brigade, to determine whether to attempt to catch him or to return to Bull's Gap. The latter was considered not only the safest, but the wisest policy, especially as we infantry had tried so often to overtake the rebel cavalry and failed. So on the following morning we again turned our faces rearward.

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#### TEARING UP RAILROAD.

Our operations, this day, were a little out of the regular military mode of doing things. In fact, none of our books on military tactics treats of anything at all like them. Starting out of camp at an early hour, we were ordered to take the railroad and to tear up the track, burn the ties and demolish things generally in as summary and effective a manner as possible. With commendable energy and determination we entered upon the work assigned us, and, by 2 o'clock in the afternoon, had accomplished so much that we were relieved from any further duty in this direction.





Bridges and culverts were demolished, ties were burned, and rails heated and bent into every conceivable shape for the distance of several miles. So effective was our work and so complete the ruin which marked our footsteps, that one of the East Tennessee rebels declared, that "These d——d Yanks beat the very devil for tearing up railroads." After having gratified our destructive propensities to the full, we started forward, and, after two days' hard marching, early on the morning of the 28th arrived at Bull's Gap.

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#### TO CHARLESTON.

We did not remain long at this place. A train of box cars came along and stopped near where we lay on to which the regiment was hurried, and about noon started westward. What this movement meant, or whither we were bound, none of us knew, and few even attempted to conjecture. The iron horse hurried on and on, but to us each additional mile only made our destination more uncertain. We passed Strawberry Plains without halting. We steamed down to Knoxville, but



stopped here only long enough to gather up a few men from the hospitals and on duty in the city. From this place we sped away, and about 11 o'clock at night, arrived at Loudon. Here we unloaded and, going about half a mile, went into camp. Early the next morning we were again on the move, and after a two days' march, reached Charleston.

Here things began to look considerably war-like. Troops, without number, were encamped about the village. The hills in every direction were dotted thick with tents, and the plains and valleys packed full of artillery and baggage-wagons. Everything indicated that there was work ahead, and when the report reached us, that the 23d corps was to unite with Sherman and push forward after the enemy into the heart of Georgia, we came to the conclusion that our campaign life in East Tennessee was at an end.

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#### THE GRAND MOVE BEGINS.

The correctness of this conclusion was made apparent when, on the 3d of May, the whole army was put in motion in the direction of Dalton.



The 23d corps was now thoroughly organized with Gen. Schofield in command. The Hundred and Third was assigned to the second brigade, third division of this corps. Having the utmost faith in their officers, the troops moved out in excellent condition and spirits, manifesting a willingness, a determination and a confidence in the success of the undertaking; which were in themselves a sure presage of victory. After wandering about in the woods for several days, our corps finally came up with the enemy on the 9th. Our advance at once engaged him, driving him back into his works on Potatoe Hill. Near this hill our division was halted and, darkness soon coming on, we received orders to bivouac for the night. What the orders of the morrow would be we knew not. Everything indicated that we would be required to push forward and drive the enemy from his position. But this was not done. As soon as morning dawned, we were ordered to fall back. After going about four miles we were halted and went into camp, remaining two days. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, we were again on the move. Marching quite rapidly, we passed through Tunnel Hill and Snake Creek Gap, and arrived in the vicinity of Resacca about 9 o'clock, A. M.



## BATTLE OF RESACCA.

Here the rebels had concentrated their main force, determined to prevent our further advance. Their lines were in the form of an irregular semi-circle, several miles in length, the right resting on the river above and the left on the river below Resacca. Johnston, the rebel commander, had taken a great deal of pains in constructing his works, and had made them more than ordinarily strong. Arriving in this vicinity, as above stated, we lay about during the remainder of the day and at night were ordered to sleep on our arms, ready for work if occasion required. The enemy, as if anticipating an attack upon his lines, was busily engaged during the entire night strengthening his fortifications. The woods all along his line were alive with axes, and it was evident that Johnston was resolved to to give us a warm reception in case we attempted to drive him from his position.

Early in the morning heavy picket firing began in our front. Having gotten our breakfast, the Hundred and Third was started off in the direction of Dalton, for the purpose, it was said, of opening up communication with the Fourth corps, which was on our left. We had gone but a little ways, however, when the order was countermand-





ed, and we were called back. During the forenoon our corps changed position several times, and, about noon, came up in front of the rebel works.

From our position we could get a full view of the enemy's works. A large open field lay between him and us, nearly a mile wide and with a small creek running through it. The rebels had taken position on the opposite bank of this creek, which was somewhat elevated and which they had fortified very strongly. Upon a little spur, running out from the bank and giving them a position whence they could sweep the open field, they had massed their artillery, which was supported on either side by no less than three lines of works for infantry. These works, as we gazed at them from our position seemed almost impregnable, yet about noon an order was given to the Second and Third divisions of our corps to charge them. Springing to our feet and straitening up our lines, we at once moved forward to the work. The enemy, seeing us approaching, opened upon us with all the guns he had. The fire was terrible, and told heavily upon our line, as we moved over that open field with nothing to shield us from its fury.



As we drew nearer the enemy's works, the firing became fiercer and more destructive—the batteries belching forth a constant stream of iron hail which scattered death and destruction on every side. Still we moved on, increasing our speed as we drew nearer the rebel works. When we arrived at the foot of the hill upon which the enemy was entrenched, we were halted for a short time and ordered to lie down. Here we remained for nearly half an hour, while balls went whistling over our heads as thick as rain-drops, and shells were bursting every instant with their terrible awful noise in the air above us. At length came the order to "charge bayonet," and springing quickly to their feet with a shout that rang out above the rattling of musketry and the booming of cannon, our whole line started swiftly and sternly forward. The rebels, thinking to drive back or annihilate the advancing column, double-loaded their cannon with grape and canister, and poured into our ranks a rapid and wasting fire. But our advance was not checked. On and on, with bent forms and guns tightly grasped, the column swept, without shrinking, through the driving, deadly sleet. The first line of the enemy's works was reached and



taken. The defenders of the second, unable to resist the determined and impetuous charge, turned and fled—and with a loud cheer our troops sprang over the works after them, driving them to take refuge behind the guns of the fort. But all would not do. Human valor was not sufficient to move forward farther in the face of that withering, deadly fire. The second division, which was upon our right, had come unexpectedly upon a swamp on the flats bordering the creek, had been thrown into confusion, and, with terrible loss, had been obliged to retire. This left the enemy free to concentrate all his fire upon our brigade, which now became so terrific and deadly as to render it certain destruction to the whole line to advance further. The ground we had passed over was covered with the dead and wounded, and it seemed the highth of folly to sacrifice the remainder of the brigade in what must prove a vain attempt to drive the enemy from his strongly-fortified position. What we had gained, however, we determined to hold, and so sheltering ourselves as well as we could, we continued to pour a well-directed fire into the rebel works until nearly night, when we were relieved and ordered to fall back.



In this engagement the Hundred and Third lost over a third of its number in killed and wounded, among whom were two commissioned officers, who were instantly killed. This battle was the severest of any in which we were ever engaged, and our losses were by far the heaviest we ever sustained in any engagement either before or after.

Passing on from this bloody field early on the morning of the 15th, we moved around to the left of our line, for the purpose of supporting the Twentieth Corps, which were engaged in a fierce struggle with the enemy. Fortunately, however, that Corps did not need our assistance, and hence we were not called into action. Nevertheless, the contest raged fearfully all day, and we were momentarily expecting an order to move forward and participate in the terrible work of death. After considerable marching and countermarching, the day at last closed. Darkness set in, and for a time the fearful carnage was stayed. The Hundred and Third, with other troops in our command, were ordered to sleep on their arms, ready to fall in at a moment's notice. We partook of a cold supper and lay down. During the night the enemy made a fierce attack upon our lines, but





was repulsed with heavy loss. The fierce rattle of musketry and the loud booming of cannon, which accompanied the attack, aroused us, and every man sprang to his feet and grasped his gun, expecting to be ordered to the front at once. Gradually, however, the firing died away, the rebels withdrew into their works and quiet again rested upon that bloody field.

At daylight the next morning we were called out, and ordered to get breakfast as quickly as possible, and be ready to move. It was supposed that the enemy had fallen back during the night, and to ascertain whether this was so or not, a reconnoissance was sent out, which soon returned with the news that the rebels works were vacant.

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TO CASSVILLE.

This being known, a pursuit was at once ordered, and soon the whole army was in motion. Our corps moved forward about noon, crossed the Connasauga river, and pushed forward as rapidly as possible after the retreating foe. Reaching the Coosawattee, we crossed, after considerable delay,



about 9 o'clock in the evening. Continuing our march in the darkness of the night, we made about six miles, when at 2 o'clock in the morning we went into camp. The men were very tired and at once spread out their blankets and lay down. They were allowed but a few hours sleep, however. Reveille was sounded early, and at 7 o'clock we moved forward. This day we marched twelve miles, when hungry, weary and footsore, we halted at 5 o'clock.

The next morning, May 19th, we were called up at half past two, and moved out of camp at four. There was considerable firing, during the day, on the advance, but the enemy made no determined stand. The next day our corps moved through Cassville, which had been evacuated by the rebels the preceding evening. Leaving this place we pushed on to Cartersville, the Hundred and Third putting in a hard day's work on the skirmish line. We drove the enemy before us, and the firing at times became quite lively. Falling back gradually, as we advanced, the rebels made good their retreat across the Etowah river, burning the bridge after them. Our troops were halted in the vicinity of Carters-



ville, where we remained several days. During this time, the Hundred and Third and the Twenty-Fourth Kentucky were sent up the river, about seven miles, to burn a rolling mill, which was accomplished according to programme without loss on our part.

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#### PUMPKIN VINE CREEK.

On the 23d we were again on the move and for several days were kept marching and skirmishing pretty lively, often being kept up until midnight. After many and devious wanderings, we arrived in the vicinity of Pumpkin Vine Creek. Here we found the enemy in strong position, and for several days things had quite a warlike look. The picket lines of the two armies were close together and both unusually strong. Heavy firing was kept up almost constantly, although very little damage was done by either party. The artillery fire was very severe at times, and the terrible shellings we received while in this position will never be forgotten. The enemy was active and kept us on the *qui vive* constantly, both day and



night. Frequently our whole line would be called up half a dozen times during a single night, by his advancing his pickets as if to attack us. No general engagement, however, took place, and on the 1st of June we were relieved, and, falling back about a mile, went into camp for the night.

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#### THE SECOND OF JUNE.

The next important event in our history was the charge on the 2d of June. Starting out early on the morning of this day, we pushed on after the rebels until we drove them into their works. The Hundred and Third came out into an open field, on the opposite side of which, in the woods, were the rebel pickets, quite strongly fortified. An order to charge this line was at once given and, starting forward, we swept hurriedly across the field, compelling the enemy to fall back into his main line of works. During this charge we lost several men, wounded.

The events of this day and of the night which followed will abide with us forever. Scarcely had we gotten into position, after the charge was





made, before it began to rain in perfect torrents, and continued until not a man of us but was wet through and through. Fortifications had to be built, and work on these kept us busy until nearly midnight. Besides this, the weather turned quite cold. Yet we were not allowed to build a particle of fire, either to dry our clothes or even to make a cup of coffee. Our situation was far from being enviable, as any one can imagine. Yet there was no help for it, and with nothing but a cold supper, we were obliged to lie down in our wet clothes, ready to fall in at once, should the enemy advance. Those on the picket line, however, suffered more than the others, from the fact that they were obliged not only to keep awake and endure the cold, but were exposed to the fire of the enemy, which was kept up all night. But morning at length dawned, and having advanced our picket line a little, we ascertained that the rebels had abandoned their works and fallen back.

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#### TO NORSES' CREEK.

After a rest of a few days, on the 10th we were again on the move, and after considerable marching and skirmishing, on the 17th, came out into a



large open field, where our brigade received such a terrible shelling. Here we spent two nights and a day in fortifying, and on the 19th, again started forward—the Hundred and Third being on the skirmish line. This was one of the most disagreeable days of the whole campaign. The rain fell thick and fast nearly all day. We were obliged to skirmish through the woods and brush, wading streams and swamps, often where the water was knee deep, and getting so thoroughly soaked that not a man in the line had a dry thread on him. We kept up a lively skirmish, all the time, with the enemy, driving him back gradually until about the middle of the afternoon we came up to Norses' Creek. This stream was so swollen with the rains as to make it impossible for us to cross. The enemy took up a position on the opposite side and at once opened upon our advance with both artillery and musketry. Deeming it unwise to attempt to go further, we formed our line and opened fire in return. This we kept up until darkness compelled us to desist. We lost in this day's operations several of our best men. The night, which succeeded this day, was more unpleasant than the day had been. The rain ceased, but it turned quite cold, and wet through



and through, we were obliged to remain on the picket line all night, without fires either to warm ourselves, dry our clothing, or cook our suppers. We worried it through, however, realizing that it was the duty of true soldiers to accept such things as they come, and make the best of them.

Morning revealed the rebels still in our front, determined to hold us in check as long as possible. How to get across the creek in face of their artillery and musketry, was the question. Finally, however, it was resolved to send a picked force, protected by our artillery, across a bridge in our front, and thus effect a lodgment upon the opposite side, which being accomplished, the remainder of the troops would be hurried across to their assistance. This picked force consisted of fifteen men from our brigade, five of whom were from the Hundred and Third. Although the undertaking, at first, seemed extremely hazardous, it was accomplished without any loss to the fifteen men. Everything being arranged, our artillery opened in full force, shelling the woods in the vicinity of the bridge so effectually as to drive every rebel out of them, and thus rendering the danger of crossing very slight. This done, the fifteen



men passed over, and as soon as they had reached the other side, our entire brigade was hurried across. The enemy at first thought to resist us, but finally fell back. Firing, however, was kept up for some time, and one of the men from our command was killed. Our brigade at once went into position and proceeded to fortify. This proved to be labor in vain, however, for during the night the enemy retreated.

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#### CHATTAHOOCHIE RIVER.

Our life for the next two weeks was devoid of any particular excitement. We marched about a great deal, did a vast amount of picket duty and considerable skirmishing, until on the 8th of July we reached the Chattahoochie river. The time we had in crossing this stream is fresh in the mind of every member of the regiment, present on that occasion. It seemed like an exceedingly dangerous undertaking, as we stood on the bank and looked across at the hills and dense woods opposite, which, for aught we knew, might be filled with rebels ready to pounce upon us the moment





we reached the other side. But fortunately, the rebels did not expect us in that quarter, and so we crossed without opposition—the Hundred and Third having the honor of being the first troops in all Sherman's army to reach the southern bank of that much-dreaded river.

As soon as we were over, an advance was ordered, and moving forward a couple of miles, our corps was halted, formed its lines and fortified. Then came a few days of rest, giving the troops an opportunity to recruit up a little, and, at the same time, draw a little clothing of which they were greatly in need. On the 14th, our brigade moved from this position, and going about a mile, fortified again. At this place the regiment was called upon to bid good bye to its Surgeon, Dr. L. D. Griswold, whose continued ill health obliged him to resign and return home.

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#### SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

The morning of the 15th saw us again on the move. After several days' marching, on the 20th, our corps struck the railroad about midway between Decatur and Atlanta. This brought the



army before the "Gate City," the objective point of the campaign, and Sherman at once ordered the troops into position, for the purpose of reducing it and compelling the enemy to evacuate it. The Twenty-third corps went into position near the railroad, and near the extreme left of our line.

The main event which characterized our stay here, was the rapid march we made on the 22d, when we were ordered out to re-enforce the Seventeenth corps in the terrible battle which it fought that day, and in which the gallant McPherson fell. This march was made in the midst of a perfect cloud of dust and beneath the scorching rays of a July sun—most of the distance the brigade moving on the double-quick. But notwithstanding our hurry, we were too late. The battle was over when we reached the scene of action—the Seventeenth corps having routed the enemy and driven him back into his works with terrible loss.

Another important event occurred on the 28th, when we were ordered out to make a demonstration against the enemy in our front. There had been severe fighting that day on the extreme right of our line—the rebels having attempted to drive back our troops as they were moving into position.



This demonstration on the left was made with the hope that the enemy, thinking we were going to storm their works at this point, would draw off some of their forces which had engaged our right, to strengthen the line in our front, and thus relieve our right. The whole brigade moved out quietly just at dark, and when near the enemy's picket line, was halted and ordered to lie down. As soon as everything was ready, the order was given to rise, move forward and fire. At the word, every man rose up, advanced and fired as directed—and as soon as his gun could be reloaded, fired again. This rapid firing of an entire brigade, breaking in so suddenly upon the stillness of the evening, created a fearful racket and led us to imagine the whole rebel army to be upon us. The result was, that we beat a rather hasty retreat, not, however, until we had accomplished the purpose for which we had been sent out.

A few days after this event, orders came for a march, and having got everything ready, on the evening of August 1st, we moved out of our works and started for the right of our line. We continued our march until 1 o'clock the next morning, when we were halted for a little rest.



We lay down and slept about three hours, when we were again called up, and, as soon as we could get breakfast, started forward. Reaching the right of our line late in the afternoon, we went into position at once and began to fortify. It was not a time, however, for troops to remain long in one position, and so for the next three or four days we were kept moving here and there, remaining in no one place more than a few hours.

It was in this locality, on the 6th of August, that the first brigade, under Gen. Reilly, made that fearful charge upon the enemy's works, in which the Hundredth Ohio was so terribly cut to pieces. It fell to the lot of the Hundred and Third to support this charge, and the scenes of that day and of the night which followed will ever remain fresh in the minds of all who participated in them.

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#### CUTTING LOOSE FROM ATLANTA.

Our life for the next two or three weeks was devoid of any particular interest. We marched about a great deal, built line after line of works, did picket and skirmish duty, until the 28th, when the great movement of cutting loose from Atlanta





began. The Hundred and Third started forward with the other troops and moved in the direction of Eastpoint. While on this march, two of our men were captured while out foraging. Continuing our march, on the 31st our brigade struck the railroad leading south from Atlanta, about a mile and a half below Rough and Ready—having driven the rebels before us all day. Forming a line across this road, we at once proceeded to fortify. The day following we pushed forward to Rough and Ready, where we began to tear up the railroad track, bending the rails and burning the ties. This work kept us busy all the forenoon. The Hundred and Third rather prided itself upon being thoroughly accomplished in this kind of work—having served an apprenticeship at it in East Tennessee—and the destruction and havoc we made was of a kind not calculated to produce the most amiable feelings among the owners of the road and rebels generally.

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TO JONESBORO.

About noon we were ordered to discontinue our work of destruction, and, after a hastily prepared dinner, we again took up our march south-



ward. About 9 o'clock in the evening we arrived in the vicinity of Jonesboro, but too late to participate in the terrible battle which had been fought there during the afternoon and in which our troops had won such a decisive and glorious victory.

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#### THE FALL OF ATLANTA.

Here we remained several days, expecting every day to receive orders to advance. But the glorious news which reached us on the 3d of September, that the enemy had evacuated Atlanta and that our troops were in possession of the city, terminated our movements toward the south.

This news was received with the greatest rejoicing by the entire army. All felt that the arduous campaign had been gloriously successful. Not only had the enemy been gradually driven back, but the great object of the campaign had been realized. Atlanta—the Gate City—had fallen, and was now in our possession. For four long months we had been engaged in this campaign. We had met the enemy upon many a bloody field and had seen victory after victory



perch upon our banners. We had penetrated into the very heart of the Confederacy and had captured their most important stronghold in this section. We had cut their army in two, driving one part of it below Jonesboro, while the other portion, greatly demoralized, was fleeing before our cavalry toward the east. The situation was cheering in the extreme, and as the troops contemplated it, they forgot the trials, hardships and dangers through which they had passed, and thought only of the glorious result which their trials, hardships and dangers had wrought out. This thought brought joy and gladness to the heart of every soldier in that heroic army, and led him to thank God that his sacrifices had not been in vain.

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#### BACK TO DECATUR.

The object of the campaign having been secured, it was now time for a little rest. Accordingly, on the 5th of September, an order was issued to the army to fall back. Never was an order received with a heartier welcome than this.



and never was one more cheerfully obeyed. It had rained nearly all day, and was raining in the evening, when our corps abandoned its works and started to the rear. That night's march was exceedingly disagreeable and fatiguing. The rain ceased shortly after we started, but it left the roads in a horrible condition. The darkness was so intense as to render it impossible for us to see, only as we built fires along the road to light up our way. Yet we continued our march all night long, thinking not so much of our present condition, as of the rest in store for us at the end of our journey. About 7 o'clock in the morning a halt was ordered and we went into camp for the day. The next morning we were again on the move, and on the following day, arrived at Decatur.

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#### IN CAMP ONCE MORE.

Here it was announced that we were to remain for a time and rest. This was a most welcome announcement. If ever troops needed rest it was those belonging to Sherman's army, and if ever troops had earned rest, it was they. For four





months they had been on the move constantly, and during all that time had faced a strong and gallant enemy—an enemy determined never to yield a foot of his soil except as he was compelled to. The campaign had been exceedingly wearing and exhaustive—there being upon the troops one unbroken strain of every power, mental and physical. Whenever necessity required it, the troops were obliged to march, no matter what was the condition of the weather, or what the hour of the day or night. Besides all this, they were in the immediate front of the enemy all the time, and constantly exposed to the fire of his guns. It may truthfully be said of Sherman's army, that it was under fire, day and night, during all the four months of that campaign. Wherever the troops were, whether in battle, on the picket line, or in camp, they were exposed to danger. Having thus faced danger for four months; having labored and suffered with unswerving zeal; having marched, and fought, and conquered, it was exceedingly gratifying to one and all, wearied and exhausted as they were, to enter upon a season of rest.

To none of these troops was this rest more welcome than to the Hundred and Third. To us



the campaign had been full of hardships, and sufferings, and losses. The regiment had endeavored faithfully to do their duty, and had always been ready either for a march, for work, or for a fight, whenever called upon. When we joined Sherman's army at Charleston, on the last day of April, the regiment numbered nearly five hundred men. When we reached Decatur there were present for duty only one hundred and ninety-five. What had become of the remainder, who started out with us on that eventful campaign, can only be known by looking over the company rolls. No less than three hundred of our comrades were absent from their places in the ranks. Their faces were no longer to be seen by us—their voices no longer heard. Some were lying in hospital, sick; some had been wounded and compelled to lay down their arms and go to the rear; some had been smitten down by disease, and, far away from home and friends, had died; some were dragging out a miserable existence in the prisons of the South, or had perished of starvation, exposure and cruelty; some had fallen on the battlefield, gallantly fighting the nation's foes. Disease, exposure and rebel shot had done their work, and



removed from our side many of our brave and noble comrades.

With our ranks thus thinned, we went into camp at Decatur. For nearly a month we remained here, enjoying the rest as only soldiers know how to do, after such a long and arduous campaign. A few days after we arrived at this place, the regiment received orders to report at Corps Headquarters, to act as Headquarter guard. This virtually ended our fighting, as the regiment held this position until it was mustered out of the service.

Our duties, for the three weeks which followed, were very light. A little guard duty comprised it all, and this was so easy as to give us scarcely sufficient exercise to keep us in good health. During our stay here, the Paymaster put in his appearance, and presented the men with four months' pay. Clothing also arrived in abundance, and each man in the regiment took occasion to array himself in a complete new suit of army blue. This so changed the appearance of some of the men that their nearest friends scarcely recognized them. It is said that one fellow looked so different that his comrades gathered around him, think-



ing him to be one of those six hundred dollar substitutes, and began to ask him all sorts of questions, such as "Where did you come from?" "When did you leave your mother?" "What did it cost to get you up?" "Are there any more such where you came from?" &c., &c. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it was told among the boys, and it is supposed they never told anything but what was true.

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#### ANOTHER MOVE BACKWARD.

The month of September finally drew to a close, and with it terminated our stay at Decatur. Hood, ambitious to do something to immortalize himself, bolster up the waning fortunes of the Confederacy, and inspire renewed confidence in the hearts of the Southern people, undertook to pass around Sherman's army, hoping that, by getting into our rear, destroying the railroad leading north and thus cutting off our supplies, he could starve our army into a surrender. But Sherman's vigilant eye was upon him, and no sooner had Hood got fairly under way, than our entire





army, except the Twentieth corps which was left to guard Atlanta, was started after him. This march we found comparatively easy. Our route lay through Marietta, Allatoona, Cartersville, Cassville and Kingston to Rome. It was near Kingston where, on the 11th of October, the regiment was halted about noon, and we cast our second vote as soldiers. Hood had struck for Allatoona, and assaulted the place with three divisions. But our forces, under command of Gen. Corse, had repulsed him with the loss of over a thousand men. Finding that he could not carry this place, the rebel leader passed around it and again struck the railroad, tearing up about twenty-five miles of track, and capturing a few of our troops on duty at Dalton. But Sherman was close upon his heels, and with his army moved through Calhoun, Resacca and Snake Creek Gap to Villanow. Hood, finding himself closely pressed and fearing that he might lose his whole army if he continued his march northward, moved off to the southwest, passed around Sherman's left and thus reached Northern Alabama in safety. Sherman continued his pursuit through Gower's Gap and Summer-ville to Gaylesville, where, thinking it useless to



follow the enemy further, he turned his army about and marched it through Cedar Bluffs and Rome to Resacca.

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#### TO NASHVILLE.

Sherman now began to make preparations for his grand march to the sea. For this purpose he marched his main army back to Atlanta, while he sent the Fourth and Twenty-Third Corps to Nashville to re-enforce Gen. Thomas, to whom was assigned the duty of looking after Hood. Having arrived at Resacca on the 1st of November, these two Corps at once took the cars for Nashville. The Hundred and Third was stopped at Chattanooga, where it remained about two weeks. It then took the cars and moved via Nashville to Pulaski, where it arrived on the 19th.

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#### HOOD AT PULASKI.

But our stay here was of short duration. Having left Sherman to pursue his course unmolested



for a time, Hood now turned his attention to Thomas in Nashville. He thought the best way to stop Sherman from carrying out his purpose of cutting the Confederacy in two was to crush Thomas, capture Nashville, and then move forward through Kentucky to Ohio. He knew that if he could do this, Sherman would be obliged to drop all other plans and follow him. With this object in view, he marched into Tennessee, with an army of 40,000 men, anticipating an easy victory over Thomas and a full and speedy realization of his hopes. To impede, rather than seriously dispute, his advance on Nashville, the Fourth and Twenty-Third corps had been ordered to concentrate at Pulaski. It was not the intention of Thomas to risk any general engagement at this point, but to hold Hood in check until he (Thomas) could concentrate the troops under his command at Nashville and get everything arranged so as to enable him to hold the city against any force which the enemy could bring against it. Consequently, when Hood appeared in force before Pulaski, our troops were ordered to fall back gradually, impeding the enemy's progress as much as possible. In obedience to this order we moved



back, on the 23d, to Columbia. At this point things began to look considerably warlike. The enemy appeared before the place in force and at once opened fire upon our pickets. For two days the firing was kept up, some of the time quite lively. Hood, however, did not dare to risk an assault upon our works, but evinced a purpose to cross the river above us and get in our rear. This induced Gen. Schofield, who was in command of our forces, to fall back to Franklin. This march was made during the night of the 28th—the army arriving in Franklin about sunrise on the morning of the 29th.

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#### THE HUNDRED AND THIRD AT SPRING HILL.

It was during this march, at Spring Hill, that the metal of the Hundred and Third was again tested. The enemy had shown himself near by, and a division of the Fourth corps, in charge of the wagon train, was ordered out to repel any charge that he might make. A battery was placed upon an elevation, covering the fields in the direction of the enemy, and the Hundred and Third





was directed to support it. As was expected the rebels soon appeared in force, and, having placed themselves in line of battle, moved forward, out of the woods, and opened fire, as if intending to charge our line. Their large force, seeming determination and rapid fire created a panic among our troops, and the entire division broke and ran to the rear in great confusion. The battery and the Hundred and Third, however, stood their ground and manfully defended the line. While the battery hurled its leaden hail, thick and fast, into the ranks of the advancing foe, the Hundred and Third poured a rapid and well-directed fire into their line, which, together, had the effect of checking their advance. In the meantime the division rallied and moved forward again to the front. The enemy, supposing this to be a fresh division, and that we had more troops in reserve, withdrew, leaving us in possession of the field.

The action of the Hundred and Third on this occasion entitled them to the highest praise. The supply train of our entire army was at this point, and had the regiment not shown a determined and confident front, the enemy would have moved on, captured the train, and probably a large por-



tion of the division in charge of it. The conduct of the regiment was highly complimented both by Gen. Schofield and Gen. Stanley.

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#### THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

As before stated, our army reached Franklin early on the 29th. Our troops at once formed a line on the south side of the town, with both the right and left resting upon the Harpeth river, and began to fortify. The day was mostly occupied in getting our trains across the river and fairly on their way to Nashville. The enemy followed closely upon our heels, and the next morning appeared in considerable force in our front. Hood, however, was resolved to give us battle, and, having brought up all his troops, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he ordered an assault upon our lines, intending to crush in our front at the first outset by sheer weight of numbers. As his columns moved forward to the attack, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Break the Yankee line, and there is nothing more to withstand you this side of the Ohio river." But that line was not so



easily broken. The impetuosity and weight of the rebel charge did at first cause our troops to waver and fall back a short distance. But quickly recovering themselves, they reformed their line, moved back to their works and fought with a resolute determination that was proof against the repeated attacks of Hood's entire army. The battle raged fiercely until 10 o'clock at night, the troops on both sides fighting with the greatest desperation. Failing to break our line, the enemy, then, withdrew, completely demoralized, and leaving nearly two thousand dead upon the field. The battle was one of the bloodiest of the war. Hood's loss was 1,750 killed; 3,800 wounded, and 702 prisoners; total, 6,252. Our loss was 189, killed; 1,083 wounded, and 1,104 missing; total 2,376.

This terrible defeat was a crusher to Hood's army. Disappointed and deeply chagrined at his failure and heavy loss, that General marched his weary and disheartened troops back a couple of miles, where they bivouacked for the night. As soon as it was definitely ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn, our troops were ordered to abandon their works and fall back toward Nashville. This they did, and, continuing their march



all night, reached that city about noon the next day. Here the army at once went into position and began to fortify.

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AT NASHVILLE—PREPARING FOR AN ADVANCE.

For the next two weeks the city of Nashville was full of hurry and bustle. A grand advance was to be made by Thomas' army, with the intention of crushing Hood, and thus putting an end to the rebellion in Tennessee. Considerable time was necessary to make preparations for this advance, but at length everything was ready, and, on the 15th of December, the entire Union army was ordered to advance.

After the battle of Franklin, Hood had promptly followed us to Nashville, and his army was now in position in our front. The rebels had shown no disposition, however, to attack us, and only seemed anxious to so fortify themselves as to be able to resist successfully any attack we might make upon their line. Their galling defeat at Franklin had taken all the fight out of them, and left them completely demoralized. Hence they





offered but slight resistance to our troops as they advanced. The strongest points in their line were carried with comparatively little loss on our side. Our army was everywhere successful, and, after two days' fighting, we had the proud satisfaction of seeing the whole rebel army fleeing, in the utmost confusion, before us.

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#### THE PURSUIT OF HOOD.

Our army pursued them as rapidly as possible, meeting with no opposition. As we moved forward toward Franklin, we picked up a great many stragglers and found the roads strewn with abandoned baggage, guns, &c., which indicated that the retreat had been both precipitate and disorderly. Our pursuit lay over the same route we had taken while retreating toward Nashville, and although it was a pursuit, it was by no means a pleasant one. The warm weather had taken nearly all the frost out of the ground and left the roads in a very bad condition; besides, it rained for two or three days almost constantly, which rendered the roads, already bad, almost impassable for our artillery and baggage wagons. Still we pushed on, following the retreating foe through Franklin



and Columbia to Mt. Pleasant, which place we reached January 2d, 1865.

It was while we were at this place that the regiment was presented with a new flag, gotten up by the ladies of Cleveland. Our old flag had been completely used up during the Atlanta campaign. Rebel shot and shell, together with the natural wear and tear, had carried it all away except the staff and a few tatters which still remained, none of them over a foot long. This new flag came just when we needed it most, and was received with delighted and thankful hearts by the members of the regiment.

From this point we pushed forward to the Tennessee river in the vicinity of Clifton. But we failed to find the enemy. Hood's army, which he had so proudly boasted he would lead into Nashville, was broken, routed, scattered, and not enough of it could be collected together by its commander to withstand a single regiment of our troops.

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#### OUR TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA.

The great rebel army of the West being thus annihilated, there was no longer any necessity



for keeping so many Union troops in this part of the field. Hence a few days after reaching the Tennessee river, the Twenty-Third corps received orders to proceed at once to Fort Fisher, North Carolina. Accordingly, we took boats, on the 15th of January, and moved down the Tennessee river and up the Ohio to Cincinnati. Here we were packed into cars and transported to Alexandria, Va. From this place we took boat down the Potomac, out on the broad Atlantic, and, on the 9th of February, arrived at Fort Fisher. A few days were spent here, and then the regiment was sent down to Smithville.

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#### ON TO WILMINGTON.

The object of sending the Twenty-Third corps into this part of the field was, to so increase the force already here as to enable it to move forward, capture Wilmington, and pushing thence up toward Raleigh, establish a depot of supplies for Sherman's army in the vicinity of Goldsboro. This meant business, and Gen. Schofield, who was placed in command, was determined to do all in



his power to make the undertaking a success. Hence, as soon as all things could be made ready, the whole army was put in motion. On the 19th of February Fort Anderson was abandoned by the enemy, and the Hundred and Third at once moved into it, where it remained a few days guarding prisoners. On the 22d, Wilmington was captured, and our entire army forthwith occupied the city.

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#### EXCHANGED PRISONERS.

For some days we remained in this rebel stronghold, during which time we learned more, perhaps, of the wickedness and barbarity of the rebellion than during our whole term of service besides. It fell to the lot of the Hundred and Third to have charge of 10,000 Union soldiers who had been captured by the enemy at various times and places, and who, after lying for months in the prisons at Salisbury, Andersonville and Belle Isle, were now exchanged and sent to us at Wilmington. Nothing could have given us a clearer insight into the inhuman policy of the rebel government in regard to its treatment of Union prison-





ers, or a more thorough understanding of the diabolical spirit which actuated the rebel leaders, than the condition of these men. We had thought the prison-pens of the South were terrible places prior to this. We had often listened to the recital of horrible tales in regard to the inhuman cruelty practiced toward Union prisoners by rebel officials. We had heard of our men actually dying of starvation, exposure and cruel neglect. We had been told of the fatal "dead-line," and of our men being shot down, like dogs, for daring to cross it. We had heard of Union soldiers, who never flinched upon the battle-field, being shamefully and brutally murdered by rebel officials, for daring to ask for a crust of bread or a cup of water to save them from perishing. But all that we had ever heard dwindled into insignificance as we gazed upon these men—many of them mere wrecks of their former selves. Never had we so fully realized the diabolical inhumanity with which our men were treated, as we did now while looking at those upon whom this inhumanity had been exercised. Nothing we had ever seen, heard, or experienced spake to us so loudly of the terrible wickedness of the rebellion as did a look at these men.



## TOWARD RALEIGH.

Our stay at Wilmington was terminated on the 6th of March by an order to move. Leaving the city, we traversed a wilderness country, through sand, and mud, and rain, for several days, and on the 11th formed a junction, near Kingston, with the army from Newburn. This march was anything but pleasant, yet, as we found plenty of sweet potatoes, bacon, chickens, &c., &c., along the route, we endured its hardships very well. From Kingston we moved forward, on the 20th, toward Goldsboro, which place we reached the following day. Here, two or three days after, we were joined by Sherman's army, which had made its way from Rome, Ga., where we had left it four months previous, through Georgia and South Carolina up to this place. For some days we remained in camp at this point, for the purpose of giving Sherman's troops an opportunity to enjoy a little rest which they so much needed, and also to draw clothing and be paid.

At the same time preparations were being actively pushed forward for continuing our advance. Supplies were hurried forward as rapidly as possible, and everything was done, that could be, to



make this advance a success. With his own army, re-enforced by that of Schofield, there was little doubt that Sherman would be able to move forward successfully against the enemy, and, in concert with the army before Petersburg and Richmond, strike a blow that would terminate the war. While every soldier in our army was looking forward, hopefully, to such a united and successful campaign, and while all were busy in making preparations for it, the glorious intelligence reached us that Richmond, the rebel capital, had been evacuated by the enemy, and that our troops were in possession of the city. This intelligence brought gladness to all our hearts and was received with the greatest rejoicing by our entire army.

Everything being ready, on the 10th of April, Sherman's columns moved forward again toward the enemy, and three days after entered triumphantly the city of Raleigh—the enemy having gradually fallen back without offering us any serious resistance.

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NEAR THE END.

At this time, everything looked bright and encouraging to us. Sherman had marched triumphantly through the Confederacy, cutting it in



two, capturing several of the rebel strongholds and devastating a vast tract of rebel territory. Richmond had fallen, and Grant was in rapid pursuit of the retreating rebel army. Hood's army in the West had been completely annihilated. Schofield's troops had been victorious at every point. Raleigh was now ours, and the enemy in our front was so weakened and demoralized that he dared not give us battle. The prospect in all directions was cheering, and everything indicated that the rebellion could not survive much longer. Sherman's whole army were in the best of spirits and very anxious that the rebel General, Johnston, would show fight, that they might have an opportunity of crushing his army and of thus putting an end to the rebellion in this part of the field. Everything seemed to favor us just at this time, and to add to our rejoicing, scarcely had we entered Raleigh, before the glorious news reached us that Lee had surrendered his entire army to Gen. Grant. Then we knew that the war was virtually ended, and that our own campaign must be short. And short it proved to be, for on the 26th, terms were agreed upon between Gen. Sherman and Gen. Johnston, and the entire rebel army in our front was surrendered.





Thus within the short space of two weeks, the two leading rebel armies were annihilated. It was now evident to us that the rebellion was at an end, the war over, the country saved, the honor of the flag vindicated, and our work as soldiers done. No words are adequate to express the feelings of joy which thrilled our hearts, as the thought, that our fighting days were over, now stood before our mental vision as a fact. No tongue can tell the deep sense of relief, which we felt, as we fully realized that now, after months and years of toil, and suffering, and hardship, and privation, and danger, our last battle had been fought, and that soon we should return to the enjoyment of quiet life and peaceful days with our friends at home.

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#### HOMeward BOUND.

Soon after Johnston's surrender, an order was issued by Gen. Sherman for his whole army, except the Twenty-Third corps and some few regiments of cavalry, to proceed at once to Washington to be mustered out of the service. The Twenty-Third corps and the cavalry were to remain in North Carolina to act as a sort of police



force to preserve order. The life we led for the following six weeks was a very quiet one, and as pleasant, on the whole, as military life could be. Still we all felt uneasy. The war was over, and hence we all longed to get home. Consequently it was a time of general rejoicing in the regiment when we received an order to proceed North. In obedience to this order, on the 12th of June, we took the cars, bade adieu to Raleigh and started for Beaufort. It was late in the afternoon when we reached this place, and, as there was no boat in readiness to receive us, we were obliged to remain there until the following day. A boat then came for us, and, getting aboard, we started for Fortress Monroe. Here we changed boats and were conveyed up the Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore.

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SADNESS AND JOY COMMINGLED.

It was, indeed, a happy day for us when we took the cars at Baltimore for Cleveland. Joyously we passed along, each one expecting soon to be at home, surrounded by friends and loved ones, and sharing once again in the comforts and enjoyments of home-life. But our joy was suddenly turned to grief and our hearts made to



bleed with bitter sorrow when, on the 18th, while coming down the mountains in Pennsylvania, the cars ran off the track, several of them being precipitated down a steep embankment, crushing and mangling many of our number beneath them. No less than twenty-seven of our comrades were more or less injured by the accident. Three or four were so severely hurt that they died in a very short time.

This was certainly one of the saddest events in our whole army life. Had these men been cut down in battle, their death would not have seemed so terrible, for then we should have felt that they had died to some purpose. But to be thus killed, after having passed safely through all the dangers of three years' service at the front, and when now they were almost in sight of their homes, seemed sad in the extreme and filled our hearts with a deeper sorrow than would have attended their death under almost any other circumstances.

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AT CLEVELAND.

Having cared for our wounded comrades as best we could, we moved forward late in the afternoon and the next arrived in Cleveland. An immense



crowd of friends and relatives was gathered at the depot to welcome us, and the warm greeting we received showed how rejoiced they were to look into our faces and shake our hands once more. The regiment being formed moved up the street to the public square where a rich banquet had been prepared for us. Of this we partook in the most approved style, and then, reforming, moved back to the old camp which we had occupied in 1862. But what a change had been wrought in our command since we left that camp almost three years before! Then the regiment numbered over a thousand strong. Now it numbered only about three hundred, all told. The march, the camp, the bivouac, exposure, disease, and battle, had done their work, and less than a third of those, who left that camp in 1862, were permitted to return to it again.

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#### MUSTERED OUT.

A few days were occupied in making out rolls and getting discharge papers ready, and on the 22d of June, 1865, we were paid off and the regiment was formally mustered out of the service. Then came the hand-shakings and the good-byes





—and then the old comrades, who had stood shoulder to shoulder in the midst of trials, hardships, sufferings, and all the dangers of the battle-field, separated, and each started for his home, rejoicing that he was once more free from military life.

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#### CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Thus have we followed the regiment through its various marches, campaigns and battles, from the time of its organization to its final muster out. Its history is but a record of continual labors, trials, sufferings and losses. From first to last the regiment was at the front, ever doing its duty with faithfulness and a sincere devotion to the cause in which it was engaged. Few regiments in the service did more arduous or honorable work, or have made for themselves, by their own heroic deeds, a more brilliant record. Wherever the regiment was placed, it was always ready for duty, illustrating most worthily the heroism and patriotic virtues of the citizen soldier. Its readiness to do and suffer, whenever occasion required, is worthy of all praise and secured for it the confidence



of its brigade, division and corps commanders. Never, on any occasion, was it found wanting, and the record it made is one of which every member of the regiment may justly be proud.

Six years, and more, have passed away since the regiment was disbanded, and we shook the parting hand and said the final good-bye at Cleveland. Yet, as we stand in the midst of the peace and quiet of civil life to-day and review the history of the Hundred and Third, we have nothing to regret—nothing of which to be ashamed. This it is that makes it a pleasure to recall the scenes of our three years at the front. The leading events of our army life are as fresh in our minds as though they had occurred but yesterday. Our whole experience, while at the front, is written so indelibly upon our memories that nothing can ever obliterate it. And we rejoice that such is the case. With a record of which each and all may be proud, we would not forget it if we could. There is no hardship through which we passed, no trial we endured, no danger to which we were exposed in the line of duty, that we would wish blotted from memory. On the contrary, it gives us pleasure to know that



these abide with us, and that we can recall and live over our army experience whenever we see fit.

As we look back to-day, there is not one of our number but rejoices that he had the courage and manliness to heed his country's call and to march forth to fight its enemies. Every heart leaps with a manly pride as he points to the record which his regiment made. There were many dark moments, many severe trials, many discouragements during our three years of active service, yet who among us does not rejoice that he was at the front, that he trod the battle field where leaden hail fell thick and fast, that he helped to conquer the rebellion, that he stood shoulder to shoulder with those gallant heroes who bore the old "stars and stripes" so triumphantly against its enemies, and that he was permitted to share not only the privations, and sufferings, and dangers, but also the victories of the "Grand Union Army."

And now, comrades, while we enjoy the peace which that army conquered; while we rejoice that the principles for which it fought were so gloriously triumphant; while we feel proud of the part we bore in saving the nation's life; while our country mounts higher and higher in all that constitutes



true dignity and greatness; may the grass grow green over the graves of our heroic dead, and may the love we bear to our native land grow deeper and purer, our devotion to its institutions more firm and abiding, and the fires of patriotism burn, with ever increasing brilliancy, upon the altar of our hearts.





INDIVIDUAL MEMORIAL.



*Name,*.....

*Company,*.....

*Rank,*.....

*Battles Engaged in,*.....

*No. Times Wounded,*.....

*How Long in Service,*.....

*When Discharged,*.....

*Reason of Discharge,*.....

*Date of Death,*.....

*Cause of Death,*.....

REMARKS,

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*Name,*-----

*Company,*-----

*Rank,*-----

*Battles Engaged in,*-----

*No. Times Wounded,*-----

*How Long in Service,*-----

*When Discharged,*-----

*Reason of Discharge,*-----

*Date of Death,*-----

*Cause of Death,*-----

REMARKS,

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*Name,*.....

*Company,*.....

*Rank,*.....

*Battles Engaged in,*.....

*No. Times Wounded,*.....

*How Long in Service,*.....

*When Discharged,*.....

*Reason of Discharge,*.....

*Date of Death,*.....

*Cause of Death,*.....

REMARKS.

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