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JOURNAL-HISTORY

OF THE

SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY;

BY

SAMUEL H. HURST,

LATE COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO:
1866.

1880-1881 1882-1883

1884-1885

1886-1887 1888-1889 1890-1891 1892-1893 1894-1895

1896-1897

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THIS volume has been prepared at the request of the Officers and Men of the Regiment whose history it attempts to record. Doubtless it has many errors and imperfections. The history of a regiment is so completely interwoven with the history of its brigade, division, corps, and army, that a general view of the movements of all is necessary to a just appreciation of the part borne by a single battalion. The writer presents the result of his labors, to the members and friends of the regiment, with the hope that it will be a valuable record.

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JOURNAL-HISTORY

OF THE

SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO VOL. INFANTRY.

ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

In September, 1861, a group of young men at Chillicothe, Ohio, discussed the possibility of raising a new regiment of volunteers, under the first call of the President for three hundred thousand men. After due consideration, they determined to make the attempt, and invited Captain Orland Smith, of the "Chillicothe Greys," to accept the colonelcy, and Jacob Hyer, Esq., of Greenfield, the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment. These gentlemen accepted the positions tendered them, and at once gave themselves to the work of recruiting and organization. A number of conditional commissions were issued by the Governor, and, by the middle of October, the work of recruiting was fairly begun. The new regiment was to be called the Seventy-third Ohio, and was ordered to *rendezvous* at "Camp Logan," near Chillicothe. Recruiting stations were established in Ross, Highland, Pickaway, Jackson, Pike, Athens and Washington counties; and company encampments

were opened at Hallsville, Clarksburg and Massieville, in Ross county. At this period in the history of the war recruiting was very difficult. The first outburst of the people's patriotic indignation had somewhat subsided. The disaster at Bull Run had cast a deep gloom over the country. It was, indeed, a period of darkness and discouragement. More than twice "sixty days" had passed, and the rebellion, instead of being crushed, was growing stronger every day. Our people were not yet aware of the magnitude of the work they had undertaken, in the war for the integrity of the republic; and the sympathy of England and France with those who were trying to break up our government, and the encouragement given the insurgents by a very large party in the Northern States, gave prestige to the pretended Confederacy, and, to many minds, insured the ultimate success of treason and secession.

The first reverses of the war had taught us something of the spirit and purpose of our enemies; and the loyal nation paused, in grief, to weigh the value of the Union, and count the cost of its salvation. Love of country and of right sat umpire, and fixed in the hearts of all true men the desire—the hope—the determination, that, at any cost, the union of these States should be preserved—the nation should live. It was this determination that prompted the men who now gave themselves to the country: exchanging the pursuits and associations of peaceful life for the dangers, hardships and privations of the field.

On the 12th day of November, the first company ("A" was organized; and, on the 16th, came into camp with

a full one hundred men. November 20th, companies "B" and "F" were organized; and company "G" on the 13th of December. In the meantime a number of parts of companies were brought into camp by the recruiting officers, and all were being drilled in the school of the soldier, the company and the battalion.

On the 30th of December, a consolidation of these detachments was arranged, by which the formation of ten minimum companies was completed, and the regiment organized, and mustered into the service of the United States. The work of drilling and of preparing an outfit for the regiment went steadily forward, and, by the time it was ordered to the field, the discipline, drill, and apparent efficiency of the regiment were alike creditable to the officers and the men.

ORDERED TO THE FIELD.

On the 24th of January, 1862, having orders to report to Gen. Rosecrans (then commanding the department of West Virginia), the regiment left Chillicothe, and proceeded (*via* the Marietta and Cincinnati, and Baltimore and Ohio railroads), to Fetterman, a village near Grafton, in Western Virginia. Here the Seventy-third remained in camp eight days. We met, at Fetterman, the Fifty-fifth, Seventy-fifth and Eighty-second Ohio regiments, like our own, just entering the field.

February 3d, the Seventy-third and Fifty-fifth Ohio were moved by rail to New Creek, and there reported to Gen. Lander for duty. We found, at New Creek, three regiments of Virginia infantry, a battery and a detachment of cavalry.

FORCED MARCHES ON ROMNEY AND MOORFIELD.

Scarcely had the regiment occupied its new camp on the bank of the North Branch of the Potomac, when all the men able for such duty were ordered out on an expedition to Romney, thirty miles distant. The route lay over a mountainous country, now almost impassable with snow, ice and mud. It was a rough introduction to campaign life, but our eager men entered upon it with hearty enthusiasm. The expedition was under the command of Col. Dunning, of the Fifth Ohio, who was also commandant of the post at New Creek. The enemy retired from Romney before Col. Dunning's forces arrived; and, as the river was much swollen, the expedition did not cross, but returned, on the third day, to camp at New Creek.

Another expedition was soon planned; and, on the 12th of February, a force of eighteen hundred men, including the Seventy-third Ohio, was sent against Moorfield, still further up the South Branch of the Potomac than Romney.

It was, near midnight of the 13th, when the head of our column reached the river at the ferry, four miles

below Moorfield, and found that the ferry-boat had been destroyed. The column halted, and the men began to build fires along the road, the night being quite cold. Suddenly a volley of rebel musketry, scarcely three hundred yards to our left front, startled the entire column. The balls came whistling sharply among us, wounding one or two men of our regiment. The detachment of cavalry in advance came tearing back through the column, almost producing a panic; but the infantry stood to arms, and, in a minute, our skirmishers were replying to the enemy's fire, which was promptly silenced. Here was the first gun fired by the Seventy-third Ohio, and the first man of the regiment wounded.

The column was now moved to the right; and, just at daylight, approached the river again, opposite and in sight of Moorfield. Col. Harness held the town with a force of militia, numbering from five to eight hundred. We could plainly see them drawn up in line, as if ready to give us battle. Two or three shots from one of Capt. Winan's brass guns conveyed the compliments of the visitors, and Col. Dunning sent in a flag of truce, with a demand for the surrender of the place. Col. Harness replied that the town would be defended to the last. Capt. Winan sent over a few more shells, and the infantry was ordered forward. The river was much swollen, and was barely fordable by horsemen. It flowed through several channels at this point, and the first of these, about half a mile from the town, was crossed by carrying the infantrymen over on the cavalry horses. As soon as the head of our column had

crossed this stream, the rebels opened fire from the nearer houses of the town, where they had posted a hundred men to dispute our crossing. But when two or three battallions had opened a brisk fire in reply, the chivalry fled from the town. Our forces crossed the other streams, and occupied Moorfield, while Col. Harness and his militia beat a hasty retreat toward Winchester.

Col. Dunning did not wish to hold the town, and his forces accordingly recrossed the river, and started back to New Creek ; and, on the 16th, reached camp again.

These forced marches to Romney and Moorfield, over a mountainous country, and through the snow and mud of mid-winter, were severe experiences for new troops, and a great many of the men fell sick.

RETURN TO AND ENCAMPMENT AT CLARKSBURG.

On the 18th of February, our regiment was ordered back again to the command of Gen. Rosecrans, and took the cars for Clarksburg, Va., where we arrived on the 19th. The regiment remained at Clarksburg for a month. The health of the men grew rapidly worse. Our forced marches and exposures told with wonderful effect, so that, in two weeks, three hundred men of the regiment were sick in hospital, and one or more died almost every day.

There was no organized rebel force in this section of the State, but the citizens seemed about equally divided

in their sympathies for the Union and Rebel cause. Those having aristocratic pretensions were usually against the government, but were so discreet that no disturbances occurred during our stay.

CHANGE OF POSITION TO WESTON.

About the 20th of March, the Seventy-third Ohio moved from Clarksburg to Weston, a pleasant town, twenty-five miles up the Elk river. Here we went into camp again, and remained three weeks, when the regiment was ordered across the mountains to join Gen. Milroy. A number of officers and men were left here, also, in hospital; and here died, on the 15th of April, our first officer—Adjutant Frederick C. Smith—leaving behind him the record of a generous and earnest manhood.

MARCH ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

The movement of the regiment, with all its baggage and supplies, was, at this time and season of the year, no small undertaking. Having a full outfit of camp and garrison equipage, and enough personal baggage to have organized a sanitary commission, it required no less than thirty-seven wagons to meet the wants of the regiments—the men, in the meantime, carrying their own heavily-laden knapsacks. The regiment marched

by way of Buchanan and Beverly, Huttonsville and Cheat Mountain—120 miles—to Monterey: crossing, in its route, Buchanan, Rich, Greenbrier, Cheat and Allegheny mountains; delayed, however, by floods of water and roads almost impassable.

A few days after our arrival at Monterey, a large foraging party from Gen. Milroy's command was surprised, by rebel cavalry, near Williamsville. A number of our men were either killed, wounded or captured, and the train, with its supplies, taken charge of by the captors. A force of several hundred men was sent to this vicinity, to endeavor to retrieve the loss. The remaining force at Monterey soon moved forward, twelve miles, to the village of McDowell, at the foot of Bull Pasture mountains; and two regiments were pushed out fifteen miles in advance of that, and across the Shenandoah mountains. The expedition from Williamsville rejoined the command at McDowell, on the 4th of May, bringing in large quantities of supplies.

Gen. Milroy had here now about 4,000 men, and reinforcements were expected from Franklin. On the morning of May 7, the enemy fell upon the two advanced regiments, and, with overwhelming numbers, drove them back toward McDowell, with the loss of some prisoners and almost all their camp equipage and baggage. Learning of their rapid retreat, the Seventy-third Ohio regiment and Hindman's battery were ordered to their support. It was six miles across the Bull Pasture mountains; and four miles out we met the retreating column in a narrow mountain road. It was some time before our gun-carriages and wagons could

be turned around, so that we might return to McDowell. Three miles away, we could plainly see the rebel column winding down the Shenandoah mountains, close upon the heels of our men. A battery was opened across the narrow valley, checking their advance; and our force reached McDowell without disturbance.

BATTLE AT M'DOWELL.

The position of our little army at McDowell was on a low range of hills, parallel with, and about six hundred yards from the Bull Pasture river, which runs at the foot of the mountain; our left resting on the village.

Early on the morning of the 8th of May, Gen. Milroy made disposition for battle, and awaited the coming of the enemy. Our position was overlooked by the mountain, whose summit, at the distance of a mile and a half, afforded a complete view of our forces, position and movements. Here, on a commanding point, the enemy appeared during the morning, and seemed to be moving into position and planting batteries. Our artillery opened upon them at once, and our skirmishers engaged theirs on the mountain side. A section of artillery was also sent across the river, and took position on a spur of the mountain north of the pass. Supported by two regiments, it worked vigorously on the enemy's position.

Gen. Schenck arrived from Franklin, at noon, with reinforcements, swelling our numbers to about 6,000 men. Though senior in rank, Gen. Schenck did not at once assume command.

Skirmishing and artillery firing continued throughout the day, and, late in the afternoon, Gen. Milroy determined to make a sortie upon the enemy's position, to drive him from it, if possible, or, at least, to develop his strength. Three companies of the Seventy-third Ohio were engaged on the skirmish line during a part of the day, while the larger portion of the battalion was in position on the extreme right, guarding the flank of the army. Four regiments were moved across the river, and up the slope of the mountain, through the woods on the right of the pass. Nearly a mile of woodland intervenes between the river and the summit of the mountain, where there are open fields.

It was just sunset when our attacking party emerged from the woods, moving upon the enemy at close range. The attack was most daring, and evidently impressed the enemy (as was, perhaps, intended) that we were ready and able to dispute their further advance. But in vain did our forces try to drive them from their position. The enemy kept bringing forward fresh troops, and all efforts to dislodge them were fruitless. Two additional regiments were sent to the support of the attacking party; so that nearly half of our army was engaged. An incessant roll of musketry was kept up until an hour after dark, when, by common consent, the firing ceased. Our forces at once retired across the river, carrying their wounded with them.

Information, gathered from prisoners and other sources, went to show that the rebel generals, Jackson and Johnson, had combined their forces, and were now 18,000 strong; while the Union forces were scarcely 6,000—were far from any base, and had but limited supplies. It was determined to fall back toward Franklin, under cover of this spirited attack; and accordingly the retreat began about midnight. Our skirmish lines were held until near daylight; and so quiet was the movement, that the enemy did not know of it until the morning revealed to them our burning and deserted camps. Ten men belonging to the Seventy-third Ohio, who were on picket, could not be found in the darkness of the night, and, not knowing of the movement of our army, remained at their post, and fell into the enemy's hands. The army moved rapidly, but in good order, carrying away all its effects for which transportation could be furnished, and burning the remainder.

We were halted for dinner in a commanding position, twelve miles out on the road to Franklin. While here the enemy's cavalry made a dash, and captured a portion of our rear-guard. Gen. Schenck made dispositions for battle, supposing the enemy was close upon us in force; but, after waiting for several hours without being attacked, the march was resumed.

We arrived at Franklin on the afternoon of May 10. Here our generals determined to make a stand, until the arrival of Gen. Fremont, who was expected with large reinforcements.

POSITION AT FRANKLIN.

Our forces were advantageously posted around the town, and for two days a desultory cannonade and skirmish fire was kept up between the belligerents: the enemy all the time feeling, though not seriously pressing our lines.

On the 13th, Gen. Fremont and staff arrived. The army was drawn up to receive him, and gave him a most hearty welcome. On the following day, his army of reinforcement, consisting of about 10,000 men, came into Franklin, with drums beating, and bugles and bands playing. Among them was the celebrated Blenker's division, and it was novel as it was agreeable for our Western men, who had never been in a large army, to meet these men from the Potomac, to whom the life of the camp seemed as easy as the every-day life of home.

Finding us able to cope with them now, the enemy withdrew from our front, and moved off toward the valley of the Shenandoah. Our army remained here for several days; but the question of rations became an alarming one. We had plenty of beef, but nothing else. Hard-bread grew so scarce, that a half-dollar was refused for a single cracker. Officers, in some instances, took the corn from their horses, and gave to the men to parch. The sour wine and Limburg cheese of the Blenker sutleries were entirely exhausted, and our brave Teutons looked with sadness upon their empty "proadsacks." Still, the men bore these priva-

tions with commendable patience, though many fell sick for want of proper food. About the 22d of May, however, supplies arrived from New creek, and starvation threatened us no longer.

THE ARMY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The forces now gathered at Franklin were organized into an army, under command of Gen. Fremont, which was called the "Army of the Mountains." Our regiment was now, for the first time, brigaded, being placed in the brigade commanded by Gen. Schenck. Gen. Fremont assumed command of the Mountain Department under circumstances calculated to inspire confidence that the summer campaign would not be fruitless of good.

May 25th, our army left Franklin, carrying as far as Petersburg all our sick that could be transported. We moved through a pleasant country, and struck the splendid valley of the South Branch of the Potomac at Petersburg. From this point, sending the sick and wounded, and most of our baggage, to New Creek, the army moved on down the valley to Moorfield. Here our regiment had completed its first circle. With great glee we recounted our valorous achievements at the "battle of Moorfield," three months before, and with little effort persuaded ourselves that those three months had transformed us from raw recruits into real veteran soldiers.

May 28th, our army left Moorfield for the Shenandoah valley. There had been trouble in the valley. Stonewall Jackson, after leaving our front at Franklin had suddenly fallen on Gen. Banks at Strasburg, and had driven him back—with no little disaster to our arms—through Winchester to Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights. Our column reached the summit of the Branch mountains, and rested for a day. And very "beautiful upon the mountains" seemed that day of rest to us, as our eyes swept to the east or to the west, over the green ocean of wooded hills. On the next day our army moved on through Wardensville, where our advance skirmished with the enemy's cavalry, driving them back toward Strasburg.

At ten o'clock on the morning of June 1st, our advance brigade, under command of Col. Cluseret, was attacked, and compelled to fall back. The main army was hurriedly brought forward, and disposed in order of battle. Our generals evidently expected an attack by the enemy in force. There was occasional artillery firing throughout the day on both sides, but no engagement occurred. Our brigade was in line in an open field, and during the afternoon we could plainly see the enemy's trains moving up the valley, along the Winchester turnpike; showing us that they were falling back from Winchester. We were under orders to march at midnight, but did not move until next morning, when we were hurried forward, almost on the double-quick, six miles, to Strasburg.

The enemy had escaped up the valley, and our forces were pressing them, engaging their rear-guard. Just

as we reached Strasburg, a column of Gen. Shields' army, composed of cavalry and flying artillery, came in from Front Royal; and, as the two columns filed in together, and moved rapidly up the valley, there were such cheers of greeting as lifted one's heart to hear. Our army followed closely in the footsteps of the retreating rebels, through Woodstock to Edinburg, where we were detained by the burning of a bridge, and then on to Mount Jackson. There was almost constant skirmishing between our advance and the rebel rear-guard. Quite a number of wounded men and prisoners were taken to the rear, and several squads of Banks' men, who had been captured by the enemy, escaped and came back to us. They were the gladdest men we had seen in the army. Our boys loaded them with hard-tack, and while they related their adventures, they ate as if they had been well-nigh starved.

At Mount Jackson, the enemy crossed the river, and burned the bridge after them. Our forces remained here two days, while the enemy lay quietly just across the stream. The rain poured in torrents day and night, and the streams were swollen out of their banks. Gen. Fremont evidently expected Gen. Shields to move up the Luray valley, possess himself of the gaps in the Blue Ridge and of the bridge at Port Republic; and, if possible, cut off Jackson's retreat. The enemy fell back through New Market and Harrisonburg, closely followed by our army.

BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

Gen. Jackson made a stand at Cross Keys, where our forces came up with him; and a sanguinary, but indecisive battle was fought on the 8th day of June. In this engagement, the Seventy-third Ohio supported a battery, and skirmished heavily with the enemy, losing eight men killed and wounded. We slept on arms during the night, fully expecting a renewal of the battle on the following day; but when the morning came, the enemy had fallen back to Port Republic, and, having gotten possession of the bridge, crossed the river, and inflicted serious loss on the small detachment from Gen. Shields' army sent to co-operate with Gen. Fremont, and which had, at one time, held the position and bridge at Port Republic.

Gen. Jackson having thus escaped across the river, moved through one of the gaps of the Blue Ridge, in the direction of Charlottesville. Gen. Fremont deeming it imprudent to follow him, abandoned further pursuit.

RETURN TO STRASBURG.

On the 10th of June, our army began falling back to a position where it could be more easily subsisted. We rested a few days at Mount Jackson, from which point ambulances were sent back to Harrisonburg after

the wounded, for whom there had been no transportation. The rebel cavalry followed our army closely, and were now scouring the country in every direction. Our generals deemed it prudent to retire still farther down the valley. They evidently anticipated an attack by the enemy, as we were, for several days, held in constant readiness for battle, and compelled to sleep on our arms at night. Accordingly, on the 20th of June we fell back to Strasburg.

ENCAMPMENT AT MIDDLETOWN.

After remaining at Strasburg two or three days, the army retired a few miles further down the pike, to the village of Middletown, and went into camp. Lieut.-Col. Hyer resigned, and Major Long was appointed to fill his place. The convalescents and baggage left by our army at Petersburg were now brought forward, and we had for a while quietude and rest. The campaign of the valley had been a very laborious and severe one. For six weeks we had neither tents nor shelter of any kind; and our marches, in the heat of early summer, had been most trying on the men.

While here, Gen. Fremont was superseded by Gen. Sigel; and the "Army of the Mountains" became the First Corps of the "Army of Virginia." Gen. Schenck was placed in command of our division, and Col. N. C. McLean, of the Seventy-fifth Ohio regiment, became the commander of our brigade, which now consisted of

the Fifty-fifth, the Seventy-third, the Seventy-fifth and the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiments.

CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE.

Our stay at Middletown was, however, very short. We had scarcely gotten into comfortable encampment, when, on the 7th of July, our army was again set in motion. We marched to Front Royal, and from there moved along the main stream of the Shenandoah up the valley of Luray, to the town of that name.

After halting for a day at this place, on the 10th of July we climbed the Blue Ridge, and from its summit looked down on "Old Virginia." We went into camp at the foot of the mountain, on the eastern side, at the village of Sperryville.

CAMP LIFE AT SPERRYVILLE.

We had a pleasant camp and a most welcome rest of nearly a month at Sperryville: a rest that was greatly needed after the long marches over the mountains and up the valley. The fruits of summer, such as cherries and blackberries, were here more abundant than we had ever seen them anywhere, and the troops feasted upon them with eagerness and delight. We grew very tired of the dry marching rations, and continually

longed for fruit and vegetables. Here we had abundance, and the health of the army was visibly improved.

On the 16th of July the Seventy-third Ohio, with a force of cavalry and a section of artillery, was sent on a reconnoissance in the direction of Madison Court House. We marched about sixteen miles, through a pleasant farming district, when we halted for a day, while the cavalry pushed on to the Court House. A few prisoners were captured in the town, and our cavalry returned. We filled a large train of wagons with corn, and returned to Sperryville on the third day. The plentifulness of corn and cattle in these farming districts of Virginia satisfied us that the rebellion would never starve, as some had hoped and predicted. The agricultural resources of the South were so great that she would, with slave labor, be able to feed all the fighting men within her borders.

The news of McClellan's disastrous battles before Richmond came to us here, and produced gloom throughout the army. Gen. Banks moved his army from Little Washington to Culpepper Court House and beyond. Gen. Pope arrived at Sperryville, and assumed command of the Army of Virginia. Our corps gave him the usual welcome, and passed in review before him. We had also a field-day at Woodville, a village six miles from Sperryville. It was the first occasion of the kind in which our regiment had participated, and was altogether a pleasant sham.

While here we disburdened ourselves of a large amount of baggage and surplus stores, exchanging, also, our Sibley and wall tents for the ordinary shelters.

Finally, came the report that Stonewall Jackson was crossing the Rapidan river, near Orange Court House, and moving on Culpepper, and on the 8th of August, we hurriedly broke camp, and moved forward to join our forces with those of Gen. Banks. We left our pleasant camp with regret. That charming summer month, in our white tents, on the green-sodded hills of Sperryville—with long, bright days, and noble sunsets over the Blue Ridge, and evening serenades, and delightfully cool nights, made a picture pleasant to look back upon in our after history.

We marched all night on our road to Culpepper, and at daylight on the morning of the 9th, lay down for a little rest. After breakfasting, we pushed on again, and arrived at Culpepper at noon.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Scarcely had we arrived when, from near Cedar mountain, only six miles in our front, there came heavy sounds of cannon and musketry. Gen. Banks was engaging the enemy. We could see the smoke from the batteries and the bursting shells. We rest during the afternoon, and listen to the sounds of battle with trembling hearts. It seems like real earnest-work, not continuous, but growing fiercer on occasions. At sunset we are ordered forward, and march through the town with colors flying, taking the road to Cedar mountain. We immediately begin to observe the evi-

dences of a sanguinary battle. There are ambulances loaded with wounded, some of whom are crying out as if in excruciating pain. There are groups of slightly wounded, walking back to Culpepper. There are some on horseback, and some in wagons; and all tell of a bitter and bloody contest at the front. We move on four miles, and then turn aside into a field, and rest on our arms. Night has seemingly brought to an end the fiercer part of the conflict, but there are occasional outbursts of musketry and cannon, which tell that the two armies are still grappling in the terrible embrace of battle, probably to be renewed with fiercer and bloodier fight on the morrow.

A little after midnight our brigade is roused up, and we proceed to the front. In the stillness of night, we pass groups of stragglers and camp followers, and parks of ambulances and artillery, and reserves of cavalry and infantry; and, two miles from our bivouac, we file into an open field, with only pickets in our front. We lay down to await the coming daylight.—

Just at dawn, a picket-post, within a hundred paces of us, opened with a volley on a squad of rebel cavalry that had stolen up very near to us. The whole brigade sprang to their feet, and were, in a moment, ready for action. But the cavalry scampered away; and after standing to arms awhile, we were formed in the main line of battle, and awaited what the day might bring forth. There was an occasional shot from a skirmisher's gun, but no engagement took place during the day. On the next day, a heavy reconnoissance was sent out on our left front, and a flag-of truce party was sent to

the battle-field to bury our dead. Gen. Banks having, on the 9th, suffered a temporary reverse, and been driven back for a mile or more, had left most of his dead and some of his wounded in the hands of the enemy.

King's division now arrived from Fredericksburg, and took position on our left, and we felt quite secure. That night our camp-fires swept around in a magnificent semi-circle—a war picture to be remembered for a life.

The next morning, the enemy had fallen back, and Gen. Milroy pushed out after him, stopping a few miles out to await the movement of the main army. Banks, with his shattered and mangled command, moved back to Culpepper, having fully illustrated again, in a most costly way, his want of military genius.

THE RAPIDAN AND THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Two days later, Sigel's corps moved forward ten miles to the Rapidan river, on the Orange Court House road. The enemy's cavalry held the line of the Rapidan; and, from a mountain look-out at the left of our picket-line, we could plainly see the smoke of their camp-fires near Orange Court House. When we had remained here about a week, the enemy, under Jackson, was reported moving down the right bank of the Rapidan, with the evident intention of getting between the city of Washington and the Army of Virginia. This made it necessary for our army to fall back; and

accordingly, orders were issued to that effect. Our corps moved slowly back through Culpepper, and on to the Warrenton White Sulphur Springs. Banks and King crossed the river at the Rappahannock station, closely followed by the enemy, who at once engaged our forces at the bridge. We afterward learned that our corps had, this last day, been marching on a road parallel to the enemy's moving column, and only five miles distant. Early the next morning, our corps moved down the river to the station, it being fully expected that an attack in force would be made at once by the enemy. During the day, there were heavy artillery duels at the bridge, but no general engagement. Our army was massed near the bridge, and could have resisted a powerful column in any attempt to cross the river.

The next morning, the enemy was observed moving to his left, and our division moved, early, four miles up the river to Freeman's Ford, it being determined by our generals, if possible, to hold the line of the Rappahannock.

BATTLE AT FREEMAN'S FORD.

Our batteries were already in position, commanding the ford when we arrived; and the enemy was also in force on the other side. A lively artillery duel was kept up nearly all day. Our brigade was massed near the ford, and our skirmishers deployed along the bank of the river. In the afternoon, Gen. Milroy crossed

the river with his body-guard, and reconnoitered the woods on our left front.

Determining to develop the strength of the enemy here, three regiments were thrown across the river, and pushed out boldly into those woods. Coming at length upon a large force of the enemy, they were driven back in confusion and with considerable loss, Gen. Bolen, of Pennsylvania, in command of the brigade, being killed. Our men retreated from the woods, and huddled together on the hill-side near the river. The enemy came out with shouts, and were only checked by a battery and line of infantry, on our side of the river, opening fire over the heads of our retreating comrades. The Union forces recrossed the river, and the infantry fire ceased. Desultory cannonading was still kept up, and the next morning, the Seventy-third Ohio was sent to the support of the principal battery engaged. Before noon, however, we were called back to the brigade, and the whole corps moved rapidly toward the White Sulphur Springs.

The enemy had gained possession of the ford at the Springs—had thrown a brigade or division across, and was fighting for a foothold on the north side of the river. But the impetuous Milroy was soon there, disputing their advance, and driving them back again. Our brigade swung around on the right, and our regiment supported a section of artillery moving on the extreme flank, and directed by Sigel's eagle-eyed staff officer—Captain Ulric Dahlgren. The enemy was pressed steadily back, and compelled to retire across the river.

With our section of artillery, the regiment stood picket during the night, half a mile out on the flank of the corps. Then, in the morning, the whole corps swept around the spring, and occupied the commanding hills for a mile up the river.

ARTILLERY DUELS.

Here, discovering the enemy, our batteries opened again, and were replied to by the enemy's guns, and, for two hours a spirited artillery duel was carried on. We could plainly see the rebel trains and troops moving up the river to their left, which, of course, necessitated a corresponding movement of our army.

About noon, we drew off from the hills at White Sulpher, and moved up to the village and ford of Waterloo, where the artillery duel was repeated and prolonged. We remained here until the next evening at sunset, when, finding that the enemy still continued to move heavy columns up the river, we drew off and marched to Warrenton, arriving there about midnight.

MOVEMENTS OF THE TWO ARMIES.

It was now evident that the whole of Lee's army was in our front, and that it was pressing forward to fall upon, and, if possible crush the Army of Virginia be-

fore it could be reinforced by McClellan's forces, which were being transported to Aquia Creek and Alexandria. Our division remained at Warrenton a day and night. Meanwhile, large numbers of the sick that filled the churches and temporary hospitals of the town were transported by rail to Alexandria; and the army began to strip for the fight, which, it was evident, must soon come. The rebel cavalry made a raid on our trains near Catlet's Station, and did considerable damage.

On the morning of August 26th, we moved out on the Alexandria pike, passed through New Baltimore and Buckland, and arrived, during the afternoon, in the vicinity of Gainesville, when the rebels appeared in our front. A force of rebels had, in the morning, passed over the road we were then on, and a column had been passing from Thoroughfare Gap, through Gainesville during the day. Our advance found a force at Gainesville, and fell back until the column came up. Some shells were thrown into the woods, and we stood to our arms during the evening, and rested on them at night. It was afterward known that this was Stonewall Jackson's army, which, crossing the pike at Gainesville, moved on to the railroad at Bristoe, where they were repulsed by Gen. Hooker, and then moved off by the left to Manassas Junction.

Early on the morning of the 27th, our corps moved through Gainesville, in the direction of Manassas. We reached the vicinity of the Junction before noon, and found that Jackson had left there early in the morning, after supplying his troops out of our immense stores at the Junction, and burning what he did not want. There

was much delay and apparent indecision here, and, late in the afternoon, we filed to the left, and marched across to the old Bull Run battle-ground. We reached the high grounds commanding Bull Run, and the Warrenton and Alexandria pike just before sunset, and just as the rear of Jackson's army was filing past. Our artillery opened upon his rear-guard, near the "Stone Bridge," but he marched on, without turning to give us battle. He had made the entire circuit from Gainesville, *via* Bristoe, Manassas and Centerville, and was now on his way back to Gainesville; and our generals had let him! Our artillery kept up their fire until after dark, and just at dusk there was a fearful musketry fire in the direction of Gainesville, telling us that our forces were engaging the enemy in the vicinity of that village. Sigel's skirmish line rested across the pike, about a mile from Groveton, near the "Stone House," and we slept on our arms for the night.

BATTLE OF "SECOND BULL RUN."

Just after daylight next morning, Gen. Milroy went forward to feel the enemy. Skirmishing began early in the day, and continued with greater or less earnestness. Our batteries opened at long range, and the guns of the enemy replied at the distance of about a mile and a half. As soon as the position of the enemy had been determined, our whole corps went forward in order of battle: the divisions of Milroy and Shurz on the right, and

Schenck, supported by Reno with the Pennsylvania reserves, on the left of the turnpike. Our line moved on up the inclined plain, through wood and field, past Groveton and right up to within a few hundred yards of the rebel batteries. Milroy moved along the embankment of the Manassas Gap railroad, and tried to charge those batteries which had been working slowly all the morning; but he was repulsed with loss. Schenck was now ordered to cross the pike, mass his troops behind a lot of timber, and charge the enemy's batteries. Just as the division was massed, however, Gen. Reynolds came dashing down on horseback from the direction of Milroy's engagement, and said to Gen. Schenck, "General, for God's sake, don't go up there!" Doubtless Milroy was already repulsed, and we should have received the full broadside of the rebel batteries, in grape and canister, the moment we unmasked the woods. Directly, Gen. Schenck received orders to recross the pike, and fall back toward Groveton which he did in good order. Scarcely had we started, however, when a battery from the rebel right opened on us, and fairly plowed up the field over which we were passing with shot and shell. The rebel infantry pressed close on us, also; but we turned upon them at Groveton, and engaged and held them there until late in the afternoon, when we again retired to the vicinity of "Stone House." For an hour before sunset there was a marked lull in the battle, though skirmishing was kept up all along the lines, and it became evident that both sides were preparing for a last struggle for the mastery of the field. The two armies now stood near where they

did in the opening contest of the morning; or rather, the enemy was advanced, and we were in the nearer embrace of a desperate and deadly last effort.

It was just before sunset that a staff officer rode up to Gen. Schenck, and said, "The general desires you to move your division across the pike. Gens. McDowell and Porter are coming in on the left." How our hearts leaped to hear of this timely help, just when the last struggle was to be made for the laurels of that hard day's work! Scarcely had our orders been executed when McDowell's column came pouring over the field in splendid style. They came down the hill, crossed the run knee deep in water, and went forward along the pike to the very front of battle, all on the double-quick, and shouting and cheering as we never heard men shout and cheer before. It was a grand exhibition of the enthusiasm of battle. But the brave fellows paid dearly for their heroic work; for, though the night soon closed over the field, and put an end to the contest, next morning we could see their dead bodies strewn over the field for nearly half a mile in our front.

That night was very dark, and as, at the close of the contest, no connected picket-line was formed, matters were not a little confused, and once or twice our own men fired into each other. During the night the enemy fell back again to the high ground a mile and a half from our line; and the morning of August 29th found the two armies in precisely the same relative position as that occupied by Sigel and Jackson on the morning before. Lee had, however, brought forward and joined with Jackson all his remaining forces; while McDowell

and Porter had united with Sigel, and Hooker and Banks were on the railroad, only six miles away.

Again the battle opened with cannon at long range, and a spirited artillery duel was kept up during the morning, and we saw, for the first time, great slugs of railroad iron thrown by the enemy's guns.

The field this morning presented an imposing view. Standing upon a hill near our position, we could see the entire army gathered here (now numbering 45,000), maneuvering and massing preparatory to the work of the last day's battle of second Bull Run. It was, indeed an imposing pageant, and we felt confident that if our army was commanded with ability, there was no danger of great disaster.

During the day our forces on the right pushed forward, and engaged the enemy vigorously, while the center and left only advanced to the village of Groveton. Schenck's division had been massed on the right of the pike, half a mile forward of "Stone House," during the last night and this forenoon. In the afternoon we were ordered into a new position, and formed line on a bald hill on the left of the pike, half a mile from Groveton. Our line was nearly perpendicular to the turnpike, and extended out some six or eight hundred yards. The division held the left of a second line of battle, McLean's brigade forming the left of the division—the Seventy-third Ohio being on the left of the brigade. We were thus thrown on the extreme left of our army lines, and, as we supposed, were destined to have work to do. Our division line was not refused on the left, but ended abruptly in an open field, and

was without any defenses whatever. During the afternoon, Gen. Pope and some of his subordinates arrived at the conclusion that the enemy was retreating, and leaving the Union army in possession of the field. Under the inspiration of this belief, that celebrated dispatch was sent to Washington, announcing a splendid victory of our arms, which, in the light of subsequent events, was such a bitter reflection on the military genius and career of Maj.-Gen. John Pope.

About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, however, the battle began to grow more earnest. The volleys of small arms and roll of artillery told of the beginning of a fierce and bloody struggle. The tide of battle was borne toward us, and soon we discovered the entire rebel line advancing and driving every thing before it. Their line reached across the turnpike, through the open grounds, and into the woods on either side. They came on rapidly—firing, shouting and cheering; and so terrible was their sweep that all opposition seemed to melt away before them. In the center, our troops became confused, and seemed, in their retreat to be huddling together, and crowding into and along the pike in some disorder.

Still, on came the rebel line, seemingly fired with the terrible enthusiasm of victory; and, though our men fought bravely, they could not withstand the charge and shock of that victorious line. The very momentum they seemed to gain, sweeping down, as they did, from the high grounds beyond Groveton, made them resistless. And still our division stood waiting for the moment when it could pour in an effective fire. Finally, the

right of the division opened upon them as they charged a battery three hundred yards in our front. That fire drove them back behind a hill, where they halted for a moment to reform and prepare for the charge on our division. On the left front of our brigade (two hundred yards from, and masking the front of, our battalion) was a wood lot; and a deep ravine (three hundred yards in front of our right) led up into this woods. Up this ravine, and into the woods the enemy were now seen marching by the flank; and the right of our brigade, from their more advantageous position, began to pour into them a most effective fire. We watched and waited with terrible anxiety. One, two, three battle-flags were seen to pass into the woods; and then we knew that the Seventy-third Ohio would have to meet the charge of a whole brigade of rebels. But we stand firmly, and patiently bide our time.

Just then there emerged from the woods, half a mile out on our left flank, a brigade of men massed in column, and they bore down steadily toward us. Our regimental officers discovered this movement, and promptly informed the brigade commander that the enemy was coming in on our flank. But he assured them that this was a brigade of our own men coming to our support.

The enemy in our front, moving in concert with those on our flank, now came out of the woods—their line masking and overlapping our own. The moment they emerged from the timber, our regiment and the whole left of the brigade, poured into them such a murderous volley that they retreated to the covert of the woods again; and now, from their partial covert, they opened

fire on us, and the combat grew fierce, indeed. It was the first real, earnest, open-field, line-of-battle fighting we had done, and the regiment seemed determined to acquit itself well. And so, without any defenses whatever, the battalion stood up, and delivered its fire most effectively—shouting and cheering as they saw the enemy waver and go back into the woods.

But the contest was not long. In a few minutes the “stars and bars” of the flanking column were so plainly visible that it required no argument to persuade the bridge commander that our “support” was unreliable. Just then, too, a battery from our left front opened upon us, and the shot and shell came plowing down our lines. On came the flanking column, moving so as to gain our rear; while the enemy in our front, doubtless emboldened by their advantage, advanced again, and, for a little while, a most murderous struggle is maintained. But the contest is too unequal. Still we stand until the enemy have nearly gained our rear, and have opened fire upon our flank. Then we retire—yielding first upon the left, then the center and right. Some twenty men on the extreme left, exposed to this terrible cross-fire, sought shelter behind a garden fence; but in a minute the two rebel lines have closed in, and they are prisoners of war. It was three hundred yards from where our left rested to a woods in our right rear, and over the intervening ground played the enemy’s withering cross-fire. When we reached the woods, we found a supporting line-of-battle, ready to check the foe. Those of our men who were yet unharmed were scattered over a long line, and the officers devoted them-

selves most earnestly to the work of rallying and bringing them together. About eighty were gotten together in these woods, and held ready for action, until it became evident that we could no longer accomplish any thing. Then we were moved across the pike, where Gen. McLean was gathering together the scattered fragments of his brigade. Gen. Schenck had been wounded, and had left the field. Gen. Milroy and other commanders exerted all their powers to save the battle from becoming what the first Bull Run had been—a disastrous rout.

The enemy were checked and held, while all our trains and artillery, save such guns as the enemy had already captured, were successfully moved across Bull Run, and on to Centerville. Night had closed in on the contestants. The sound of battle had died in the air, and the enemy could fairly claim that the day was his.

It was about ten o'clock at night when our brigade crossed Bull Run and Cub Run, near the latter of which we bivouacked in the rain, and, early the next morning, moved on to Centerville.

Our regiment suffered most severely in this battle. We went into the engagement with three hundred and twelve guns, and lost one hundred and forty-four men killed and wounded, and twenty prisoners; which left us one hundred and forty-eight men for duty. Among the fallen were the brave and kind-hearted Captain Burkett, mortally wounded, and the gallant and generous Lieut. Trimble, killed, who, with many noble comrades, were deeply mourned by the regiment.

The second Bull Run was a disastrous engagement, and evinced to the army either a want of skill in its commander or a want of zealous and hearty support on the part of some of his subordinate generals. The army was indeed ungenerous enough to attribute our defeat to both these causes combined.

Sunday morning, August 30th, was rainy and dismal. Our army held the line of Cub Run, and the enemy made no attempt to bring on another engagement, though they felt our lines, and assured themselves of our position. The Union forces were disposed in such a manner as to be able to meet any emergency, and the army rested in the rain from its hard three days of battle. All our wounded who had been able to get to the rear were now sent on to Washington and Alexandria; but many of our worst wounded had fallen into the enemy's hands.

August 31st, a large detail of officers and men was sent to the battle-field, under a flag of truce, to care for our wounded and bury our dead. They found our poor fellows stripped and robbed of almost every thing, in the most approved style of Southern chivalry.

The rebel cavalry made a raid on our trains near Fairfax Court House. They also cut some bridges on the railroad, which necessitated the burning, it was said, of two millions' worth of supplies and material of war. During the afternoon the battle of Chantilla was fought, in which those heroic generals, Kearney and Stephens, were killed.

The enemy seemed pressing our lines now, and moving in force around our right in the direction of Lees-

burg and Aldie, and already preparing for a bold push into Pennsylvania.

IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON.

It was dark, on the evening of the 31st, when our brigade left Centerville—joining in the general movement of the army back toward the defenses of Washington. The road was crammed with trains and troops all the way back to Fairfax. The roads were almost impassable with mud. The night was wet and chilly, and as we marched along, or stood waiting in the rain and mud, it seemed the most starless night of our lives. Doubtless defeat and anxiety made it still more gloomy than nature intended. We marched only five miles during the entire night, and halted the next morning at Fairfax Court House for breakfast. Then Sigel's corps moved off on the road to New Vienna, while the rest of the army moved on toward Alexandria. We passed through New Vienna, and halted on the Leesburg pike, six miles from Chain Bridge, where we remained four days with only slight demonstrations of cavalry in our front.

Gen. Lee is now moving with energy toward Maryland; and our main army is pouring through Washington to check his advance. Gen. Pope is superseded, and Gen. McClellan is appointed to command. The Army of Virginia is merged into the Army of the Potomac. Sigel's corps remains in front of Washington, as a guard to the capital, while the rest of the army

moves into Maryland. We move from our camp on the Leesburg pike, and stop for a day at the Hall farm—then on toward Alexandria to the Glebe farm, near Ball's Cross-roads, and only five miles from Washington: the dome of the capital being visible from our camp. Our brigade remained here for ten days, and then moved again some three miles to Munson's Hill, near Falls Church. We encamped here during the remainder of September, having a long and much-needed rest.

During this time the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were fought, and Lee compelled to fall back to Winchester. Sigel's lines are again thrown forward to Centerville, at which place our division halts a few days. Then McLean's brigade makes a reconnoissance up the railroad to Bristoe, Catlet's and Warrenton Junction. We drive a small party of rebels before us, skirmishing with them in several places. We could now see what trains of stores and supplies had been burned during the second Bull Run battle, and could easily believe the story of millions destroyed. In four days our brigade returned to Centerville, and went into camp again. Here we now awaited the movements of the main Potomac army.

It was late in October when Gen. McClellan recrossed the Potomac, and came sweeping along the base of the Blue Ridge. At every gap in the mountains we could hear his cannon. Lee was thus compelled to fall back from Winchester, and there was promise of a stirring campaign.

The Seventy-third Ohio was now transferred from

McLean's brigade, and placed in a new one, formed of three new regiments, just entering the field, and our own. Our associated regiments were the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York, and the Thirty-third Massachusetts. The brigade was placed under the command of Col. Orland Smith, and was designated the Second brigade, Second division of Sigel's corps—Gen. Steinwehr being in command of our division. The Seventy-third regiment was moved back to Fairfax Court House, where the brigade was organized.

On the last day of October, our regiment received one hundred and twenty new recruits from Ohio.

Col. Smith being detailed to command the brigade, Lieut.-Col. Long took command of the regiment.

ON THE WAR-PATH AGAIN.

Early in November we went forward again, passing through Bull Run battle-ground, and seeing, for the first time, the shallow graves of our dead comrades. We pass through Gainesville and Haymarket, to Carter's switch, on the Manassas Gap road, two miles from Thoroughfare Gap. McClellan is still moving up that beautiful valley between the Catoctin range and the Blue Ridge. His cannon tells every day of some advance. Lee is rapidly falling back to make his communications secure. Our division moves on to New Baltimore. McClellan's advance is at Warrenton and Rap-

pahannock Station. The army is in great expectation that something masterly is to be done. But suddenly we are ordered back to Thoroughfare Gap, and the word comes to us that McClellan is removed from command, and so we are to begin anew under a new leader. The army was greatly disheartened by this event, and we longed to be in the West—some where—any where, that we might be rescued from the influence of Washington politicians, and allowed a fair chance.

Gen. Burnside is appointed to command the army and he moves at once, with his main force, down the Rappahannock toward Fredericksburg, while Sigel's corps is ordered back to Centerville and Fairfax.

FAIRFAX AND GERMANTOWN.

Our division went into camp at Germantown, near Fairfax Court House, where it remained until winter had fairly set in. About the first of December our regiment was ordered to Fairfax station, four miles from the Court House. Here we went into camp again, and assisted in building an excellent road from the station to the Court House, over which the supplies for our corps were to be carried.

We have built us a new camp, and are indulging pleasant thoughts of comfortable winter-quarters, when there come rumors of a new campaign, and all our visions of winter-quarters vanish.

MARCH TO FALMOUTH.

December 12th, Sigel's corps is on the march to Fredericksburg, to join the main army, and we take our place in the column as it marches past the Station. We cross the Ocoquan at Wolf Run shoals, and pass through a country that is worn-out, and much of it abandoned land, but which has grown into beauty, at least, with a fine growth of young evergreen and forest trees. Our column halts for a night and day at Dumfries, the ancient county-seat of Prince William, but now a decayed village, with half a score of old wooden houses. Yonder, on the hill, stands the old court house, where Patrick Henry made some of his most celebrated speeches. So we are on historic ground.

But now the heavy boom of cannon in the distance, tells us that more eventful history is being made by our own comrades in arms. The battle of Fredericksburg is in progress, and we push forward again. We rest for a night near Stafford Court House, and then go on to Falmouth, on the north side of the river, and a mile above Fredericksburg.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

When we arrived, there was still desultory artillery firing across the Rappahannock, and Gen. Franklin, with his grand division, was yet on the other side of the

river. We expected, on our arrival to go at once into the fight, and, doubtless, it was at that time intended to give us a share of the work. We were, indeed, on the next evening ordered forward, and, starting at dusk, marched until one o'clock at night, accomplishing only one or two miles. Evidently the intention of renewing the battle was abandoned after we were ordered from our camp. About midnight, we were turned aside from the Fredericksburg road, and at one o'clock laid down to rest.

That night Gen. Franklin retired across the river, and the battle of Fredericksburg was ended. The poorly-executed attack, the terrible slaughter, and the disastrous repulse have passed into history. The loss of our army was very great; that of the enemy very slight; and yonder, on those heights, still flaunts the rebel flag and frown the rebel batteries before which so many of our noble boys went down. Deeper and deeper the gloom gathers over us; and the brave old Army of the Potomac seems doomed to failure.

ENCAMPMENT NEAR FALMOUTH.

It is the middle of December, and our division is ordered into camp on the extreme right of the army, a mile above Falmouth, while the rest of the corps go back to Stafford Court House and Brooks' station. Here we perform picket duty for a month. Our brigade picketed the bank of the river for the distance of a

mile, near Banks' ford. The rebel pickets are just on the opposite bank of the river, and they converse freely across the stream. Some, indeed, cross over and exchange courtesies, and they often meet on the rocks in the river, and exchange newspapers, tobacco, coffee, etc.

About the middle of January it was rumored that another attempt was to be made to dislodge the enemy from his stronghold on the Heights of Fredericksburg. Gen. Burnside seemed anxious to redeem the tremendous misfortunes of the first effort. Accordingly he issued his order, announcing to the army his determination, and caused it to be read to every regiment—urging, along with the announcement, that officers and men should make united exertion for the success of this second undertaking. On the same afternoon that the order was read we were hastily put in light marching order, and made ready for the movement. There was great anxiety throughout the army, but not much hope inspired concerning this enterprise.

It was the intention of Gen. Burnside to cross the river, on pontoons, above the city, at Banks' or United States ford, and fall upon the left and rear of the rebel position.

“BURNSIDE STUCK IN THE MUD.”

On the afternoon of January 20th, the main army, which had been encamped at Belle Plains, and on the plateau in front of Fridericksburg, moved around, out of rebel vjew, toward Banks' ford, while those forces

which had been guarding the river moved in an opposite direction. Steinwehr's division moved to a point about a mile below the city. Just as we started, it began to rain. The day was cold and chilly, and the rain, drizzling at first, but afterward pouring, made outdoor life unattractive. We reached our position after dark, and lay all night in a drenching rain. We had been notified that an attack was to be made by the batteries in front of the city at six in the morning, under cover of which the main army was to cross the river above; but six o'clock passed without firing a gun, and it was self-evident that this day was not a desirable time for crossing the swelling Rappahannock. The wagon and pontoon trains and artillery tried to move, but the roads were impracticable. All day it continued to rain. The ardor of the army became more and more dampened as the waters rose higher and the mud grew deeper; and, in the afternoon, the rebel pickets furnished the headlines for the Northern press, by posting up placards opposite our picket-posts, with "Burnside Stuck in the Mud!" in large capitals. They thus wrote the history of the expedition; for, after remaining out in the rain and mud two days, the army moved back into its old quarters, and the movement was abandoned.

Our division occupied its old camp, above Falmouth, and remained during January, still filling its place in the picket-line along the Rappahannock. During the last days of the month, our regiment built a new and beautiful camp, still further up the river. Hid away in a park of young evergreens, our village of cabins was a picture for an artist to admire. But it was entirely too

nice. Every soldier knows that when you get ready to stay in camp, you may expect marching orders at once. And so it was; we only got to rest two nights in our splendid winter-quarters.

MARCH TO STAFFORD COURT HOUSE.

We were to rejoin our corps at Stafford Court House. Gen. Burnside had been relieved, and Gen. Hooker assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the forces were to be equipped, and somewhat re-organized for the spring campaign. We were moved to a position half way between Stafford Court House and Brooks' station, and two miles from either. Here again we built us a comfortable camp, and went to work drilling and preparing a thorough outfit and equipment. Gen. Sigel, commanding our corps, asked to be relieved, and Gen. O. O. Howard was assigned to the place.

Ours was now the Eleventh corps of the Potomac army. Gen. Barlow was assigned to the command of our brigade; which order, of course, returned Col. Smith to his regiment again. Gen. Hooker gave his attention at once to a most thorough organization of his army—feeding, clothing, and equipping it also in an excellent manner. During February, March and April, the work of preparation went steadily on.

President Lincoln visited and reviewed the army in April, and evidently went back to Washington assured that the condition and *morale* of the army was never

better. These reviews were grand, indeed, and broke the monotony of our ordinary camp life with sufficient "pomp and circumstance" to make them memorable. On the first of these gala-days, Gen. Stoneman's cavalry (15,000 strong) and about ten batteries of flying artillery passed in review on the extensive plateau above Falmouth Station. On the second day, five corps of infantry, and all the artillery belonging to these corps, were reviewed. These corps combined were about 60,000 strong, and their review was a magnificent pageant. Line after line, and column after column stretched away over the plain; and in their truly martial bearing, gave one an idea of the majesty and power of a mighty army. On the third day, our own corps and the Twelfth, which was also encamped on the Stafford hills, were reviewed by the President and Gen. Hooker.

And now, as the spring and its campaign approached, the prospect looked greatly more hopeful. The Army of the Potomac was 100,000 strong, and thoroughly equipped. Only the shallow Rappahannock lay between it and the army of Lee, and any day might bring on a collision, and be rendered memorable as the battle-day of the two great armies.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The enemy seemed resting securely in his strong position at Fredericksburg Heights. He threw out a

strong picket, however, both up and down the river, apparently uncertain which route Gen. Hooker would take, in the event of his crossing.

On the 27th of April, our corps broke camp at Stafford, and moved, by way of Hartwood Church, to Kelley's ford—a point about twenty-five miles above Fredericksburg, and ten miles above the confluence of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. We found the Twelfth and Fifth corps moving for the same point, and at once understood that the grand campaign had begun. We reached Kelly's ford about noon of the 28th; and a little after dark, our corps commenced crossing the river. Gens. Slocum and Meade followed, and by nine o'clock of the 29th, our whole force was safely across the Rappahannock. The Fifth corps marched thence, by way of Ely's ford, on the Rapidan; while the Eleventh and Twelfth corps marched by way of Germanna mills.

Late in the afternoon, Gen. Stuart, with 2,000 cavalry, fell upon our flank, and captured a few prisoners. He threw some shells into our marching column. Our regiment formed line-of-battle, and guarded the rear of the column as it passed. Our corps rested near, and the Twelfth at, Germanna mills. We crossed the Rapidan next morning, and at noon advanced on the Fredericksburg plank road, and, passing through the Wilderness, arrived, after dark, within two miles of Chancellorsville, where we halted and encamped.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

In the afternoon, Gen. Hooker's order was read to the troops, congratulating our corps upon their successful flank movement, and saying that the enemy must now "ingloriously fly, or give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." We rested undisturbed that night, and until noon of the next day, when the brigade was called into line along the plank road. Skirmishing was brisk in our front, and especially heavy in our left front. We went to work, in the evening, making rifle-pits, parallel to and across the plank road. Gen. Sickles, with the Third corps, had crossed the river at United States ford, and the head of his column met and connected with ours at Chancellorsville.

On Saturday morning, May 2d, as we lay along the plank road, awaiting the events of the day, Gen. Hooker passed along the lines, and was hailed with such enthusiasm as we never witnessed before. All along the line flags waved, bands played, and tens of thousands of soldiers sent up their shouts of earnest greeting that made the very heavens ring. It was all *impromptu*—all spontaneous, all honest, hearty, hopeful cheer. "Fighting Joe Hooker" was the leader of as proud an hundred thousand men as ever stood to arms; and as he rode along the lines where their bayonets gleamed in the morning sunlight, with the full enthusiasm of their patriotic pride, those veteran thousands shouted their hearty Hail! and Huzzah!

We were advised that the enemy were passing along our front toward our right, and Gen. Howard was ordered by Gen. Hooker to mass his corps so as to protect the right flank; nevertheless, no dispositions whatever were made to meet an enemy coming from that direction. The pickets, the scouts and the officer of the day, all reported to Gen. Devens, commanding the division on the right of the corps, that the enemy was massing on that flank. But Gen. Devens was not in a condition to appreciate the situation. He, however, rebuked and insulted his informants for bringing such reports. Afterward these men were denounced as "cowards," while the newspapers said "the brave Devens was again wounded in the foot." The truth was that neither the commander of the corps nor of the respective divisions whose duty it was to guard the flank had made any preparation to meet the enemy in that direction; and the attack of his massed column of 20,000 was a surprise from which the men could not recover—a shock which they could not resist.

Just after noon, Gen. Birney, who commanded a division in the Third corps, pushed out in our left front—skirmished with and drove before him a force of the enemy. Following them up, he soon found himself in front of our corps. He now sent a request to Gen. Howard to send him a brigade as a support. Gen. Howard ordered Gen. Barlow to report with his brigade to Gen. Birney; and, about two o'clock, the brigade stacked knapsacks, and moved out to the front. Gen. Birney surrounded and captured an entire rebel regiment, and pushed on out some five miles to the front.

He encountered no considerable force, however; and late in the evening, the entire expedition started to return. We had heard considerable firing during the latter part of the afternoon; but not until we were half way back were we advised of the disaster which had fallen upon our corps. Then we learned that, about five o'clock, Stonewall Jackson, with a force of 20,000 men, that had been massed in the woods within a few hundred yards of the camps of Gens. Devens and Shurz, suddenly moved upon them in five massed columns, striking their right flank and right rear—surprising and driving them before him in panic and confusion; that the troops thus surprised, most of whom were Germans, broke and gave way, in many instances without attempting resistance to the rebel advance; and that the regiments and brigades that did try to stand, were driven back with terrible loss—McLean's and Bushbeck's brigades being literally cut to pieces. This disgraceful surprise of the Eleventh corps was all charged, by popular clamor, to the cowardice of the men; but it is evident that no corps in our army could have withstood such a shock if they had been allowed to be surprised and panic-stricken, as were these. And to the officers mainly, who failed to give attention to our flank, this disaster was justly chargeable.

Gen. Barlow, finding that the enemy had possession of the ground where the brigade had stacked knapsacks, turned to the right, and marched toward Chancellorsville, halting within a mile of that place, and resting on arms for the night.

The enemy (after possessing himself of all the ground

held by the Eleventh corps, and a part of that at one time held by the Twelfth) halted, and Gen. Jackson prepared for another onset. This brought them into the night, and, about nine o'clock, a rebel brigade advanced against our lines north of the plank road. But a well-directed fire from Sickles' line and a few volleys from our batteries on the hill sent them back again.

On the high, open ground in front of "Chancellor House" had been planted thirty-six guns, all looking down the plank road, in the direction of the enemy. To seize this important key, and, if possible, capture our cannon, seems to have been Jackson's ambition; and a little before midnight, his force was massed in the woods south of the plank road, and with a front of battle a third of a mile long, and his left touching the road, he advanced to the open ground commanded by our batteries.

As his line emerged from the woods, our skirmishers opened upon them, and, in a moment, as if by one command, Jackson's entire line was one mighty line of fire. Then our infantry on the hill-side poured in a telling response, and for a moment the roar of musketry was deafening and terrible, and then above it rose "clearer and deadlier" the thunder of our splendid batteries on the hill. A semi-circle of flame lit up the field. The air was thick with missiles of death, that went shrieking and screaming over the heads of our comrades and into the enemy's masses; and for half an hour the heavens fairly glowed with flaming cannon and bursting shell, and the flash of ten thousand muskets. Dark clouds of smoke gathered over the field, and, lit up

with the lurid flame of battle, made the scene terribly, awfully grand. We trembled for a moment to think of the possibility of success to the foe; but our hearts grew calm and confident again, when we saw them driven back in disorder by the terrible fire of our artillery and infantry.

In this midnight attack, the rebels lost their impetuous leader — Stonewall Jackson — who fell mortally wounded.

At daylight, on Sunday morning, May 3d, our brigade moved on to the Chancellor House, and beyond. Fresh troops were coming in to strengthen the lines south of the plank road, and skirmishing had already begun. Barlow's brigade was moved to a position about a mile from Chancellorsville, on the right-hand road to the United States Ford. During the night two lines had been formed from Chancellorsville to the ford, forming a kind of ellipse, and inclosing an area five miles long and one or two miles wide. Temporary works had been and were yet being constructed along these lines; and six corps were so disposed as to present a formidable front to the enemy, come from whatever direction he might.

We had but a small semi-circle left to us across the plank road, simply inclosing the open ground in front of the Chancellor House. This was held by the Twelfth corps, while the Third and Fifth held to the right of this in the direction of the Wilderness. The enemy commenced the attack at six o'clock in the morning. His attacks were directed against our lines across the plank road, and west to the Ely's Ford road, where his

forces were massed in the dense woods which extend for miles toward the Wilderness. Six hundred yards in rear of the Mansion House, our batteries were massed in a commanding position. And now began one of the most determined and hotly-contested engagements known during the war. For four long hours there was one incessant roar of cannon and small arms, along a semi-circular front of battle a mile and a half in extent. The conflict was desperate and deadly. The enemy fought mainly under cover of the woods, but could use no cannon with effect; while our forces were partly sheltered, and our cannon, advantageously posted, sent death into the enemy's ranks. On the right, the tide of battle swayed back and forward again and again; the ground, in some places, being fought over half a dozen times. But across the plank road the enemy pushed steadily and boldly forward, until, by eleven o'clock, the Twelfth corps had been compelled to yield all the ground beyond the Mansion House and the road. About eleven o'clock the firing slackened, and by noon had almost entirely ceased.

During the afternoon there was not much severe fighting. At times the fires would burst out with great energy, and we would think another general engagement was begun. Then it would subside into an irregular skirmish fire, or cease altogether. It was during one of these outbursts that our brigade was brought forward to be thrown into the fight. We were massed in rear of the batteries, and awaited for an hour the opportunity or the necessity to use our bayonets; but the enemy did not press our lines, and our bayonets

were not needed. Hence we were only engaged in skirmishing during the day, and even that was light.

On the next day there was occasional skirmishing along the lines; but the enemy did not again attack us. There lay six corps of our army behind eight or ten miles of breastworks, perfectly secure in their position; and, so far as we knew, not only amply able to hold it, but also able to abandon it, and, taking the offensive, move successfully on the enemy.

Tuesday was but a repetition of Monday; and Wednesday was a triplicate of the same. During all these days we lay behind our works or on our arms, ready for work at a moment's warning. Everybody wondered why we did not do something, and everybody wondered what was the best thing to do; and so, in suspense and anxiety, the days went by.

BACK TO THE HILLS OF STAFFORD.

On Wednesday night, we were ordered to be ready to move, and during that night and the next morning, the whole army retired across the Rappahannock. Why we were falling back, nobody knew. We had lost but a few thousand men; we had yet nearly a hundred thousand, intrenched in a strong position, with a base on the river, where two or three pontoons connected us with our supplies. Two-thirds of our army had not participated in the fight at all; and if it had been policy

to cross the Rappahannock in the first place, we could see no reason for going back.

Most of the army moved into their old encampments; and for a few weeks we seemed to wait for something to turn up. We had a month of very pleasant spring life in our camp among the pine hills of Stafford. Gen. Barlow was assigned to the command of the First division of our corps, and Col. Smith was again detailed to command our brigade. The One Hundred and Thirty-fourth New York volunteers was transferred from the brigade, and the Fifty-fifth Ohio was assigned to it. We were glad to welcome into our brigade this gallant regiment of Ohio men. We had been associated with them before in the old Ohio brigade, commanded by Gen. McLean. We knew their soldierly bearing and character, and that, in the hour of trial, there were none more brave and true.

Early in June, there were rumors of a movement of the rebel army across the Rappahannock. A force of cavalry and infantry was sent to watch their movements and unmask their designs. This reconnoissance resulted in an engagement at Beverly Ford, where our cavalry first began to give evidence of spirit and valor. Information was also gained that the enemy was moving in force toward the Shenandoah valley, with the probable intention of a campaign northward. It was thus made necessary for Gen. Hooker to put his army in motion.

THE MARCH INTO MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

On the 12th of June, we received orders to march, and, with light hearts, filed out of camp. Our corps marched by Hartwood Church to Catlet's Station. The army was now maintaining a defensive line from the Rappahannock Station to Centerville. On the 14th, we marched to Manassas, and the next day on to Centerville. Here we received fuller information of the rebel raid. Their cavalry had already reached Pennsylvania.

On the 17th, we moved by Gum Spring to Goose Creek, six miles from Leesburg. The whole army was coming forward. We stopped at Goose Creek for a week, waiting for the plans and purposes of Gen. Lee to develop. June 24th, our march was resumed, and that night we rested at Edward's Ferry, on the Potomac. Next morning we crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, and pushed rapidly forward. We passed Point of Rocks, crossed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Monocacy river, marching through rain and mud, and halting, just before midnight, near the village of Jefferson, only to lie down in the mud, and try to sleep in the drenching rain. On the following day, we moved on through Middleton. The early harvest was just ripening, and the country was beautiful as a garden. The South Mountains rose up grandly before us; and the splendid farming lands through which we passed seemed to us the finest we had ever seen. Many citizens of Maryland seemed sullen and indifferent; but some were

glad, and gave us earnest welcome. At Middleton, however, we were received with the heartiest demonstrations of joy. And when we compared the desolate fields of Virginia, from which we had just come, with this rich and teeming land, full of wealth, beauty and comfort, truly it seemed we had found "God's country" again.

Our corps went into camp between Middleton and South Mountain Pass. There were some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood of our camp whose sympathies ran like the Kittoctin—Southward. Our boys did not have any extra respect for these Maryland rebels, who treated the "Lincolmites" with sullen insolence, and charged a double price for every thing they sold to our men; and from this cause, doubtless, arose the rumor that their chickens rested poorly of nights and their early potatoes were not likely to take the second growth. After a day's rest, we climbed the mountain, and encamped at what was called the South Mountain Pass. From this mountain summit, we had a splendid view of the rich, low-lying country for forty miles to the westward. There ran the Antietam—now become historic; there lay Boonsboro', and Keedysville, and Sharpsburg: and the whole country from Harper's Ferry to Hagerstown spread like a map before us, beautifully colored with the green of the growing corn, and the gold of the ripening harvest.

The enemy was now passing through Hagerstown, toward Chambersburg, and evidently had Baltimore in view as an objective point.

On the evening of June 28th, our corps marched back

through Middleton to Frederick City, where we slept till daylight of the 29th, and again pushed forward, arriving at Emmitsburg at four o'clock in the afternoon, having marched thirty-eight miles in twenty-four hours, carrying knapsacks, blankets, sixty rounds of ammunition, and three days' rations. This march, which, for rapidity, has rarely been excelled during the war, led us through a very rich farming district. But the citizens seemed wonderfully indifferent to the danger threatened by an invading army. They only exhibited curiosity and wonder at seeing so many soldiers; and, from their remarks, evidently thought our force was abundantly able to annihilate the rest of the human family. We expected to see them rising as one man, and rushing to arms to defend their homes. We only saw them rush to the fields with scythe, and reaper, and leave the work of driving back the foe all undivided to ourselves.

We remained a day at Emmitsburg, and, on the morning of July 1st, moved toward Gettysburg. We had just crossed the line into Pennsylvania, when, about ten o'clock, we heard the firing of cannon ahead. Citizens told us the firing was a mile or two beyond the town. We were hurried forward almost on the double-quick. The men suffered terribly from thirst and heat; but still we were urged forward, and we knew there was imminency of disaster at the front. Just before noon, our division reached Cemetery Hill, and at a glance discovered the enemy advancing, two miles in our front, while our own troops were slowly falling back on the town of Gettysburg.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

It was just as we reached Cemetery Hill, and while the engagement was going on in our front, that we learned of the removal of Gen. Hooker, and the appointment of Gen. Meade to command the Army of the Potomac. Of course, it seemed to us unfortunate that a change so sudden and unexpected should have occurred at a time so critical. Still, it was impossible for us to know the motives that induced, or the circumstances that demanded such a change. We learned, also, that Gen. Reynolds, commanding the First corps, had been killed in the engagement of the morning; that, though he had gained temporary advantages early in the contest, he had ultimately been outnumbered, and his corps driven back with loss.

The First and Third divisions of our corps were hurried through the town, and at once thrown into the fight to check the rebel advance; and Gen. Howard assumed command of the field, Gen. Meade not having yet arrived. Steinwehr's division rested for a little while in the quiet cemetery on the hill, where the villagers of Gettysburg had buried their dead, and adorned their resting places with tasteful memorials. It was a solemn place to rest and reflect before going into battle. Soon, however, we were ordered into line on the right of the town, across and parallel with the Baltimore turnpike. We threw down the fences, and took position, our division being so disposed as to hold Cemetery Hill in case of any further reverses at the

front. Here we lay until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when our brigade was relieved by other troops; and again we were massed on the hill.

The contest was now raging anew in the front of the town; and our men were forced to retire from that position, which they did in tolerable order, but not until we had lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. By this time, other troops began to arrive on the field. It was a critical moment, however, and had the enemy made a bold dash, it had been difficult for us to hold the hill. The Seventy-third Ohio was massed for awhile in front of our batteries, on the left of the pike, and here received the first stray shots from the enemy, one or two of our men being wounded. The First corps, and the two divisions of our corps that had been in the fight, came pouring back through the town, and were rapidly disposed so as to hold the Cemetery Hill.

Other troops arriving, extended our lines right and left, while our corps circled around the point of the hill next to the town. Our lines of battle now ran along the Taneytown road, facing north, and along and in front of the Baltimore turnpike, facing east,—the two lines meeting at nearly a right-angle at the edge of the town, and inclosing the Cemetery Hill, on which our cannon was massed.

It seemed to us unfortunate that the town was given up to the enemy, for it was at once filled with rebel sharpshooters, and their work of death was begun.

When our forces had entirely withdrawn from the town, the Seventy-third Ohio, with a portion of the brigade, was again sent across the turnpike, and took

position forward in the angle of our lines, and but a few yards from that part of the village nearest the hill. A few shots were exchanged with the rebel sharpshooters, two men of our regiment being wounded. At ten o'clock at night, we were again relieved, and retired to the hill, where we lay down and slept heavily after the fatigue of the day. We lay on the grass, among the neatly-trimmed graves; and some, with no irreverence, rested their heads on the green hillocks for pillows, and slept without a superstitious dream, but with the assurance that to-morrow's sun would bring earnest and bloody work.

At three o'clock on the morning of July 2d, our regiment was wakened up, and at once moved into a position in an orchard that skirted the town, and fronting on the Taneytown road. After daylight, the battalion was deployed along this road, with only the Fifty-fifth Ohio between us and the village. Our skirmishers were thrown forward beyond the Emmitsburg road, and we understood that to our division was assigned the work of holding this central ground,—this vital point in our grand line of battle,—and guarding the batteries on the hill. How well we did it, let history tell.

During the night, the other corps of the army arrived and were disposed for battle in the following order: Slocum's Twelfth corps, on the right; Hancock's Second corps, on our left; with Sickles' Third corps still farther to the left; and extending our line of battle beyond the Roundtop Mountain, a mile and a half from the village. The remaining troops were held in reserve, or disposed as they were needed in the front

line of battle. There was an ominous silence during the forenoon, an occasional gun or a dash of skirmishers; but we all knew that the storm would come, and our generals prepared to meet it.

About the middle of the afternoon, the enemy's batteries opened on our position, and were immediately replied to by our own guns, commandingly planted on Cemetery Hill in the center, Slocum's Hill on the right, and Roundtop Mountain on the left. And now raged for two hours the most terrific cannonade to which we had ever listened. The fire of the rebel batteries converged on Cemetery Hill; they were arranged in a semi-circular line of battle, inclosing like a sack our own lines; their fire was not very accurate, but their shot and shell fell upon the hill like hail. The stone fence, behind which we had a partial shelter from their skirmish fire, was little protection now. Indeed, the cross-fire of the rebel batteries in front of the Twelfth corps became so heavy, and got range of us so well, as to induce a change of our battalion to the front side of the wall. Still, there were few of our men injured by this heavy cannonade, in which from one hundred to one hundred and sixty guns were used on each side.

Finally, the artillery chorus ceased on their part, and their infantry was sent forward. They had massed on our left, and the blow fell there first; but the brave boys of the Third corps stood like a wall of fire against their advance. There was fearful work on the left; the roll of musketry was almost deafening. Then the tide of battle surged toward the center, and fell upon

Hancock's corps; but there too the foe was met with veteran firmness. Still, the struggle all along our left and left center was desperate and deadly; on both sides there was advancing and retiring, charging and recharging; and the murderous fire of the rebel small arms, and of musketry with cannon on our side, covered the field with the wounded and slain. Finally, the impetuous charge of fresh troops broke the rebel lines, captured thousands of prisoners, and drove the remnant of their charging column back over the bloody field.

The fire now became heavier in our immediate front. Their skirmishers had been heavily reinforced. They had gained a fence on a low-lying ridge, from which they could not only annoy our skirmish and battle lines, but also our gunners on the hill. It became necessary to drive them back, in order to protect our batteries. Accordingly, our whole brigade line of skirmishers charged and drove them from the ridge; but, going too far, and the enemy being reinforced, they in turn, charged and drove back our line again, with heavy loss. From this time until the close of the battle, there was a most cruel fire of skirmishers and sharp-shooters all along the center. It sometimes amounted almost to the fire of a line of battle, and was especially deadly from its deliberateness of aim.

About sunset, a heavy infantry fire opened on the right, in front of Slocum's corps. The enemy had massed there too, and pushed forward now with desperate energy to overpower and turn our right. The deep and solemn roll of thirty thousand muskets, told how earnest and deadly was the strife. The enemy

pushed forward, slowly but steadily gaining ground. Back toward the turnpike were pressed the hard-fighting battalions of the Twelfth corps, still disputing every inch of ground with a courage and tenacity that told how well they knew its worth. Nor had the enemy abandoned his work upon our left. Far out upon that flank he was pushing his columns, and fighting to gain position.

Darkness closed in upon the armies, still struggling in the fierce and bloody grasp of battle. The enemy put forth almost superhuman exertions to drive back the right and left wings of our army, and meet in our rear. At one time, our right was driven back to, and partly across the turnpike. Their cannon-range already spanned the ground, and the shot and shell from their batteries in front of Slocum and Sickles met in rear of Cemetery Hill, overlapping more and more as our right was borne backward.

Sometime after dark, the fire on our left ceased; but still the dreadful carnage on our right went on. On into the night flashed those thirty thousand muskets, only lessening in number as brave men bit the dust. About nine o'clock, our right made a stand, from which it could not be driven. In turn the enemy was now driven back, and most of the ground we had lost was regained. Gradually the fire on both sides abated, and our hearts were lifted up with the hope of victory, as another day's battle closed, leaving us in possession of the field.

We began to wrap our blankets around us and think of snatching a little rest; still, however, in line of bat-

tle, and each man grasping his gun. Suddenly we heard firing close to the town, just at the point of the hill in front of our batteries, across the turnpike. A hurried movement of troops in that direction, and a lively fire of small arms, gave indication of serious work. A division of rebel infantry had been massed close up to our line, just at the edge of the town; and just as our men were preparing to rest on arms, and about eleven o'clock at night, this division charged the hill in massed column, and without waiting to contest the ground with our first line of battle, went through that line, charged right on, up to our batteries, and even got possession of one or two guns. The cannoniers defended their pieces bravely with pistols, sabers, stones, etc.; and one man at least killed his assailant with a sponge-staff. It was a short but daring hand-to-hand contest, and the enemy had well-nigh gotten a foothold on the hill, when reinforcements reached the ground, retook the guns, charged the rebels vigorously, driving them back in confusion, and capturing many prisoners. This bold charge on our right-center ended the conflict for the night, and both armies rested, to gather strength for the next day's battle.

During the night, we could hear the cries of hundreds of wounded and dying men on the field, in our left front, where Hancock repulsed the foe. It was the most distressful wail we ever listened to. Thousands of sufferers upon the field, and hundreds lying between the two skirmish lines, who could not be cared for, through the night were groaning and wailing or crying out in their depth of suffering and pain. They were

the mingled cries of friend and foe that were borne to us on the night-breeze, as a sad, wailing, painful cry for help.

At daylight, the battle was renewed, heavily on our right, and with desultory firing all along our lines. Slocum, reinforced and refreshed, pushed his lines forward, retaking all the ground he had lost, and punishing the enemy terribly.

An occasional gun from the hill, told that those "dogs of war" were not unwatchful of the contest, and every eye was strained to see where the cloud was gathering, and where the storm would fall to-day; for we knew the final struggle for the mastery of the field must soon come. The enemy kept up a heavy skirmish fire in our front, and hundreds of rebel sharp-shooters poured down our line an enfilading fire that was cruel and deadly; and as we had no defense or covert whatever, to screen us from this flank fire of the sharp-shooters, we suffered terribly. Again the enemy tried to establish himself on the ridge where he could annoy our artillerists; and again our line was compelled to charge and recharge his skirmishers, to hold them at bay. In one of these charges, our regiment captured about twenty prisoners.

The sharp-shooters in the town became so annoying, that the general sent down a six-pound gun to the Taneytown road, and shelled the houses where they were hidden; but this only made them worse. Toward noon, the fire abated and finally ceased along the lines. There was a lull like that which precedes the storm; and then, about one o'clock, the batteries of

both armies opened fire again; and again the earth shook with the deafening thunder of nearly three hundred cannon, and that terrific hail of iron again fell thick and fast upon the hill. Gen. Lee had massed his artillery heaviest against our left, and tried hard to disable our batteries in that wing. Prisoners taken through the day had talked confidently of their success, and we had been advised to "wait till the five o'clock charge." But our generals had anticipated, and were prepared for it.

Suddenly, as on yesterday, the artillery duel ceased on their part, and their infantry advanced in three heavy lines of battle, and one of skirmishers. Here were the three chosen divisions of their army, marshaled by their best officers; and we shall see whether Northmen can stand before them.

Across the sloping ground in front of Hancock and Sickles, they came on with flying colors and well-dressed ranks. The scene is like a pageant rather than a battle. Our artillery opens upon them, and the shot and shell make occasional rents in their line; but they close their ranks splendidly, and move on like veterans, as they are. We have a single line of infantry in front of our guns,—which line now opens fire upon the foe. Still they come forward, cheering, and hopeful—aye, confident of victory. At the Emmittsburg road, where our line has the protection of a stone fence, there is a bloody contest. But the enemy's second line comes forward, and our infantry are driven back. Our cannoniers hold their fire; they must not sweep away their own men. On, on, come the exult-

ant foe; one of our advanced batteries is already in their hands. Our retreating infantry gain the crest of the hill, and our batteries open with canister. At every discharge, there were gaps in that line of gray. The ground was covered with their dead and wounded. Their line wavered, for a moment. Their third line did not come promptly to their support; then our men went in with the bayonet and a shout; and the enemy broke and went back in disorder. Hancock threw forward his right, on the double-quick, plied the bayonet, and captured several thousand prisoners; while the bleeding remnants of those proud divisions went flying back over the field—our artillery playing upon them all the time—till they reached the covert of the woods.

This was doubtless the severest struggle of the ever-memorable three days at Gettysburg; and over that field the dead and wounded were heaped and strewn by thousands.

Meanwhile, the battle was renewed upon our right, with a similar result; and in the center, too, the firing was continuous and heavy. The sharp-shooting from the town was terribly fatal.

At dark, the firing slackened, and soon entirely ceased. We were greatly worn and fatigued; and, that night, got a little uneasy sleep as we lay on our arms.

The next morning ushered in the anniversary of the Nation's birth-day. Who shall say that on this day the Nation was not born anew? For, by the morning-light we could see the enemy's trains winding away

through the mountain-pass toward Hagerstown; and we knew that the field of Gettysburg was ours. A division of our corps charged the town and took it, with one or two hundred prisoners. The enemy showed no disposition to renew the conflict, but still held his lines while his trains were moved to the rear. We seized the opportunity, as far as possible, of caring for our wounded and burying our dead. The loss on both sides had been very great; but that of the enemy much greater than our own. The loss in our own regiment had been severe indeed; we went into the fight with scarcely three hundred men, and lost, in killed and wounded, one hundred and forty-four. It was more than sad, to see so many of our noble comrades thus mangled. But we were proud to have seen them do their duty and bear themselves like men. Our little battalion had stood, for three days and nights, in the front line, among those faithful guardians of our batteries on the hill; and though we had lost half our number, still we had done our duty. Among our many brave men, Capt. J. G. Doherty had fallen, mortally wounded. He was a gallant and brave officer, and was greatly esteemed by his comrades.

The exact disposition or the purpose of the enemy, of course, was not known. Our generals waited during the day, however, satisfied to let the cavalry and skirmishers feel the enemy, and ascertain his position and movements. On the next morning at daylight, the enemy had withdrawn. Our cavalry pushed forward and skirmished with their rear guard, finding they were moving toward Hagerstown. We marched late in the after-

noon, when we took the road back toward Emmittsburg again. In the mean time, we had gathered our wounded together at the corps hospital, and made them as comfortable as possible.

To-day there were hundreds of well-dressed citizens coming in to *see* the battle-field. They were talking about what a noble battle "we" had fought, and what a splendid victory "we" had won; but they said not a word about helping to bind up the wounds of our suffering thousands—not a word about making a cup of coffee or a pallet of straw for a single bleeding patriot. They had come to *see* merely.

Leaving the battle-field about sunset, our division marched far into the night, on the road to Emmittsburg, and the next day moved on to that town. On the 7th, we pursued our march back toward Middleton; and, on the 8th, marched through Middleton again, and encamped at South Mountain Pass. The enemy had passed around on the other side of the mountain, and were now in the Antietam valley. There was heavy skirmishing near Boonsboro' and Funkstown. Our brigade now moved to the right, and halted near a village called Balpville, where we remained two days. Then we closed in on the turnpike between Hagarstown and the Antietam Creek. Here we skirmished with the enemy for two days. Their army was in position on a ridge running from Hagarstown to the Potomac, near Williamsport. It was supposed Gen. Lee had constructed here formidable defenses; but the sequel proved that he was only covering the transfer of his trains, plunder and artillery across the river.

On the morning of the 13th, it was reported that the rebel army had crossed the river, and our corps was hurried forward to Williamsport. But the foe had escaped, losing only a small party of his rear-guard.

RETURN TO VIRGINIA.

Moving back leisurely, we passed through Hagars-town again, where we had the pleasure of seeing, for the first time, a portion of the "Pennsylvania melish." It was absolutely refreshing to look upon their soldierly countenances, and realize what a treasure to the nation these heroic men had been. And as they presented arms to us, with gun-barrels to the front, at the same time nodding their heads, and saying, "How are ye?" we were gratified to be able to assure them that we were "tol'able like."

Our corps passed through Middleton and Jefferson again, and struck the Potomac at Berlin. Along the route we were met by many evidences of appreciation of our work at Gettysburg; but there were many citizens of Maryland whose long faces and sullen looks told too plainly where their sympathies lay. We enjoyed some days of much-needed rest at Berlin, and then crossed the river again. We now moved up through that beautiful valley which lies between the Kittoectin mountains and the Blue Ridge. This section had not yet been greatly desolated by the war. Many of the citizens turned out to give us welcome.

Nevertheless, most of the "first families" rejoiced in the belief that Lee had been victorious at Gettysburg; that the cowardly Yankees had been terribly whipped; that now, as ever, one Southerner could whip five Yankees, and that the South never could be conquered.

We marched along the mountain side, and then along the summit of the Kittocktin range, while on our right, the beautiful valley lay beneath us. It was but ten to fifteen miles across to the great rocky wall of the Blue Ridge, and we could see at a glance our whole army advancing up the valley, in three separate columns, with the long trains of white-topped wagons stretching far to the rear. We descended from our high road to the waters of Goose Creek, and encamped for three days. Mosby, with his guerrillas, was at work on our flanks and rear. His omnipresent bushwhackers were constantly capturing forage trains, sutlers, stragglers, mules, etc. Two evenings after arriving here, our regiment was sent to a ford, eight miles down the creek, while a force swept down on the other side, to drive the guerrillas across the ford. We watched and waited all night; but neither Mosby nor his freebooters appeared.

Next day we rejoined the corps, and on the following morning resumed our march. We passed through Middleburg, where we saw great broods of young negroes. The town seemed like a negro colony. Every street was lined with these ebony images in groups and crowds. We scarcely saw a white face in the town. The bands played "Glory, glory, Hallelujah! as we go marching on!" and young Africa grinned, laughed, danced and shouted in succession.

About noon our regiment was halted, and placed in ambuscade, in order, if possible, to entrap some of Mosby's band. We remained hidden far into the night; but Mosby's men kept aloof. At midnight we moved on, and rejoined the brigade at White Plains.

Next day our corps reached New Baltimore, and again halted for two nights. Then on again through the village of Greenwich—past Catlet's Station to Warrenton Junction—where we went into a regular encampment. After remaining here a week, our brigade was sent to Brentsville, the county seat of Prince Williams, and made the march in one of the most intensely hot days of the summer. On the 26th of July, Lieut.-Col. Long was detailed as corps provost marshal, and Major Hurst took command of the regiment. We had hopes of a pleasant encampment at Brentsville; but just as we got ready to stay, we were ordered to Catlet's Station. After remaining here three weeks, the Seventy-third Ohio was sent to Greenwich, while the rest of the brigade moved to Bristoe Station. While at Greenwich, a wagon and guard of five men, bringing rations from Bristoe, were captured by Mosby's men.

The regiment stopped at Greenwich but a week, and then rejoined the brigade at Bristoe, where we remained until the latter part of September. Our duty was light at all these places, and we were, indeed, having a long and grateful rest after the severe campaign of Gettysburg. September was a charming month for out-door life; and with fruits and vegetables, which we could purchase in the neighborhood, we were quite comfortable and contented.

FROM MANASAS JUNCTION TO BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA.

On the 24th of September, orders were received to prepare to march. It was intimated that we should move upon the cars; but, whether to join Gen. Gilmore, in Charleston harbor, or change our base to Aquia Creek, or the James River, or to join Gen. Rosecrans, after the bloody repulse at Chickamauga, we could not guess. Another order, the same evening, compelled us to strike tents, and march to Manassas that night. We reached the Junction at two o'clock in the morning, and rested till daylight. During the morning, we embarked on the cars, and reached Alexandria at noon. Our destination was now no longer a matter of conjecture. We were to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland. We were to bid farewell to the noble old Army of the Potomac—farewell to the desolate fields of old Virginia—farewell to her bloody battle-grounds, and the dust of our sleeping comrades! and go to join our own Western army on the banks of the Tennessee. The order included the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, which were to be transported rapidly to Bridgeport, Alabama; and all the railroads over which they were to pass were ordered to clear the way, and let the military trains pass without reference to their time-tables.

It was late in the afternoon of the 25th when our trains left Washington, and moved slowly out on the Baltimore and Ohio road. The morning of the 26th found us breakfasting at Martinsburg. At noon, on the 27th, we reached Benwood, on the Ohio River, and

greeted with hearty cheers the hills of our own native State. We crossed the river, took dinner at Bellair, and then taking trains on the Ohio Central, pushed forward again. We had coffee at Zanesville about midnight, breakfasted next morning at Columbus, and then pushed right on past our own homes and families, which most of us had not seen for nearly two years. Nor were our friends advised of our coming. The movement was to be kept as secret as possible; and in many places, they knew nothing of it until our first trains passed along: yet, wherever they knew of it, we were most cordially welcomed, especially in Ohio and Indiana, showing the earnest loyalty of those noble States. We passed through Dayton and Indianapolis, and reached Louisville at midnight of the 28th. The next night we changed cars at Nashville, and pushing right on, arrived at Bridgeport, Alabama, at noon of September 30th, and pitched our tents on the bank of the Tennessee.

Thus were two army corps, numbering 20,000 men, transferred from Manassas to Bridgeport (a distance of 1,200 miles) in five days. This was a triumph of railroad enterprise unexampled in the history of either war or peace.

THE SITUATION.

Wheeler's rebel cavalry had crossed the Tennessee River, and now, moving upon our line of communications, destroyed several railroad bridges between Ste-

venson and Nashville; and threatened so seriously to disturb our communications as to compel Gen. Rosecrans to fall back from Chattanooga. It was daring generalship that carried the Army of the Cumberland so far into the interior of the Confederacy. Gen. Rosecrans had ventured even beyond his strength, and had consequently suffered at Chickamauga. The spirit of his army was good, however; and in the strong position at Chattanooga, he would be able to maintain himself unless his communications were disturbed, and his supplies cut off.

The Eleventh and Twelfth corps were, for a time, assigned to the work of guarding these communications and the depots of supplies; while all the facilities for transportation were taxed to the utmost to bring supplies forward from Nashville. The railroad bridge at Bridgeport had been destroyed, and all supplies for the Cumberland army had to be carried in wagons from Bridgeport and Stevenson to Chattanooga, a distance of forty miles. The enemy occupied the country on the left bank of the river, and greatly annoyed our trains carrying supplies to Chattanooga. For several days after Wheeler struck the road, there were no trains from Nashville. The army at the front was on half rations, and our corps were now placed on short allowance also. There were only supplies on hand for a week or ten days. A few more dashes of Wheeler's cavalry, and our haversacks will be empty.

In the meantime our brigade was ordered back to Stevenson, ten miles from Bridgeport, and at the junction of the Memphis and Nashville roads, where we

remained in camp three weeks. There was great anxiety on the subject of rations, and the first trains from Nashville, after the road was repaired, were greeted with cheers through all the camps.

It will be safe to say, there was not much aristocracy in this section of Alabama. There was, however, abundant "white trash," which, though not the whitest, was yet the trashiest we had ever seen. They were such wretched, sallow, squalid, ragged and unclean starvelings as only a land of "chivalry" could produce.

While at Stevenson, news of the supersedure of Gen. Rosecrans reached us, and, though somewhat disappointed in not getting to follow "Old Rosey," we were yet glad to have Gen. Grant in command: for, though he had not risen to the hight of his fame, the army and the nation had great confidence in him. Gen. Hooker was placed in command of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, which, together, formed a kind of grand division.

UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

October 23, our brigade struck tents, and marched back to Bridgeport, stopping here, however, only one day, and then crossing the river and moving up the railroad six miles to Shellmound. Here we remained two days, having time to survey the great wonder of the section—Nickajack Cave; through which, for a mile, flows a very considerable stream, called Nickajack Creek. The Eleventh, and Geary's division of the

Twelfth corps, now came up from Bridgeport, and we joined their moving column, following the general course of the river. We reached Whiteside, and rested for a night. Here, as at Bridgeport, the rebels had burned an extensive railroad bridge. On the next day our column moved on until it reached the Trenton railroad, and then turned down to Wauhatchie. At this point, we could plainly see the rebel signal corps hard at work on the summit of Lookout Mountain. Here, also, we encountered the enemy's outpost, and a lively skirmish ensued. The Seventy-third Pennsylvania regiment, on the left of the road, and the Seventy-third Ohio on the right, moved forward in line of battle, driving the rebel skirmishers back about a mile, and across Lookout Creek. The enemy's artillery on Lookout Mountain opened on us, and their shell fell uncomfortably near. After driving the enemy's skirmishers across the creek, we drew off, and moved to the left, on the road to Brown's Ferry.

This road ran at the foot of a range of hills that extended three miles from the ferry toward Wauhatchie. For two miles from the ferry, these hills were occupied by troops from Gen. Thomas' army at Chattanooga. They had floated down the river in pontoon boats, surprised the rebel outposts, and carried these hills—only the night before. They had fortified the hills, and thrown a pontoon bridge across the river at the ferry. When we came in sight of these troops, the scene was most thrilling. This was the first we had seen of the Army of the Cumberland; and their welcome to "Hooker's men" was most hearty. As our column

advanced along the valley, greeted and greeting, the shout was passed from hill-top to hill-top—the bands played, the flags waved, and the very heavens rang with shouts such as are only heard in the army; and their shouts were answered back by our men, with real soldierly enthusiasm.

Our corps encamped nearly two miles from the ferry, while Geary's division stopped for the night at Wauhatchie, two miles further back. We lay down to rest, thinking pleasantly of the fact that we had at last formed a junction with the Army of the Cumberland, and that hereafter our fortune and destiny were to be linked with the great army of the West.

MIDNIGHT CHARGE AT LOOKOUT VALLEY.

About one o'clock, we were awakened by what we supposed to be picket firing in the direction of Wauhatchie; but the firing rapidly increased, until it was one continuous roll of musketry, with occasional discharges of cannon; and told us that a daring attack had been made upon Gen. Geary at Wauhatchie. We had orders to fall in with arms, followed by others to move on the double-quick to the support of Gen. Geary. Gen. Shurz' division was camped between ours and Wauhatchie, and had the same orders; but we passed their camps before they had started, and moved rapidly along the road on which we had come down in the afternoon, which road ran at the foot of the range

of hills referred to. The last two hills of this range nearest Wauhatchie had not been occupied by our troops, neither before nor after our arrival in the afternoon. There was thus left a space of a mile and a half between the pickets of our corps and those of Geary's division, with these unoccupied hills in the interval.

As we advanced rapidly along the road, our brigade leading the division and the Seventy-third Ohio leading the brigade, the enemy's pickets began to fire on us from the hill-side. Our regiment immediately formed line, with our right resting on the road and our left reaching part-way up the hill. Capt. Bookwalter went forward with company A deployed as skirmishers; and, with the Thirty-third Massachusetts supporting, we again moved on. When we came directly opposite the first of the two hills, which we supposed to be unoccupied, the enemy began to fire from the hill right down our line of battle, completely enfilading it. The Seventy-third Ohio and the Thirty-third Massachusetts were now ordered to wheel into a common line, and charge the hill. The line was formed and orders sent to Capt. Bookwalter to file his skirmishers to the left into the new front of battle; in executing which movement, that gallant officer fell, mortally wounded. We immediately began the ascent of the hill, which was indeed very difficult. The hill was some three hundred feet high, and it was about two hundred and fifty yards from its foot to its summit. The hill-side was covered with heavy timber and underbrush, and, in many places, we could only advance by holding on to or pulling ourselves up by the underbrush. Steadily, however, we

pushed on up, until we were half way to the summit, and then halted a moment to rest and correct our alignment. The enemy's fire had, thus far, gone almost entirely over us, as we were hidden from their sight by the thick underbrush. Again we rose up and went forward; nearer and nearer we came to the summit, and the rebel fire grew heavier and more effective. Finally, about forty paces from the hill-top, we came out into more open ground; and by the clear moonlight they could see our line advancing. Their skirmishers had fallen back, and their whole line now opened on us a most murderous fire. We replied to their volley, and charged forward, urging our way over tops of trees and other obstructions, on up until our left was within two rods of the enemy's works. Here now we received a terrible volley from the enemy's left which was thrown a little forward, their fire enfilading our line. Just then, too, came shouts from our left front, "Don't fire into your own men!" "Cease firing!" "You are killing your own friends!" etc. The Thirty-third Massachusetts had separated from our battalion while climbing the hill, and now supposing this confusion on the left might arise from some misunderstanding, and thinking it rash to advance farther without some connections or supports, we were ordered to retire a few rods and lie down. An officer was now dispatched to find the Thirty-third Massachusetts, which had borne away to the left in ascending the hill, having taken a slightly different direction from our own battalion. That regiment had also suffered severely from the bitter fire of the enemy, and had now fallen back nearly to the foot of

the hill; hearing that the Seventy-third Ohio was far up toward the summit, they rallied, and went up the hill again with a shout. Learning of their advance, the Seventy-third also went forward. But this time the enemy broke and fled, leaving their breastworks, and making good their retreat across Lookout Creek again. The moment our fire began here, that of the enemy against Gen. Geary ceased, and the division attacking him fell back rapidly, also, to keep from being cut off from the bridge.

It now became known that (finding Gen. Geary isolated from the rest of the army in his encampment for the night), the enemy had sent over two divisions, as soon as it was dark, had occupied these two hills with one division, to cut off help from Geary, and had fallen upon him with the other, a little after midnight.

The division on the hills had made a continuous line of works for nearly half a mile, which, with the advantage of position, should have enabled them to resist two or three times their number. And yet, a brigade of five regiments was driven from the hill (charged by the Seventy-third Ohio and Thirty-third Massachusetts) by two small regiments, numbering, together, less than five hundred men in ranks. But the victory was a costly one to us; our loss in killed and wounded being five officers and sixty men, out of less than two hundred in the regiment. The loss of the Thirty-third Massachusetts was equally great with our own. Among our fallen, the regiment was called to mourn that brave and accomplished officer, Capt. Luther M. Bookwalter, who fell leading his men in the fight, and lived but a

few hours after his wounding. He was an officer of great gallantry and worth, and a young man of highest promise, greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

This engagement, so sudden and unexpected to us, was one of the hottest and most bravely-contested of our battles; and, as an achievement, was perhaps the most daring of our regimental history. Gen. Grant, who was on the ground the next day, in his official report of the engagement, pronounced the charge of the Seventy-third Ohio and Thirty-third Massachusetts "one of the most daring feats of arms of the war."

The enemy again established his line along the right bank of Lookout Creek, but kept up a desultory artillery fire from Lookout Point, upon our position on these hills, upon our passing trains in Lookout Valley, and occasionally upon Chattanooga and the camps surrounding it.

In a few days, there was a truce established between the pickets of our corps and those of the enemy; and they conversed freely with each other, from opposite banks of the creek. This truce resulted in the desertion to us of large numbers of the enemy's pickets; until, finally, their officers forbade all communications, under heavy penalties.

We remained, for several days, on the hill which we had captured from the enemy; but considerably annoyed by his artillery on Lookout Mountain. Then we changed position to the hill-side, half a mile farther down toward Brown's Ferry, where we remained some time. The rebel Gen. Longstreet, in the meantime, moved upon Knoxville, with his corps of 25,000 men,

thus materially weakening Bragg's army in front of Chattanooga. It was the intention to fall upon Gen. Burnside at Knoxville, and crush his little army before help could reach him. Gen. Sherman, with the main body of the army of the Tennessee, was on the march from Memphis to join the army of the Cumberland; and Gen. Grant resolved to attack Bragg's army while Longstreet was absent. Gen. Bragg held Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga Valley, and Mission Ridge; thus half-encircling Chattanooga, and resting both his right and left upon the Tennessee river.

Our corps was ordered to move, Nov. 20th; and on Sunday, the 22d, we crossed the river at Brown's Ferry, and moved on through Chattanooga. We bivouacked near the camp of the Sixth Ohio, on the right of Fort Wood. Geary's division alone was left to hold our position at Lookout Valley; but Osterhaus coming down from Trenton found the pontoon broken, and was also compelled to remain on that side of the river and report to Gen. Hooker.

BATTLE OF MISSION RIDGE.

At noon of Monday, Nov. 23d, orders were quietly passed around, to stack knapsacks and prepare for work. Howard's corps was massed on the hill, on the right of Fort Wood; while the old Army of the Cumberland moved out in splendid array, formed rapidly in line-of-battle, and as rapidly engaged and drove in the enemy's pickets.

Our lines reached from the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, across the valley, to the woods that skirt the foot of Mission Ridge; and then up in range of Orchard Knob, to the left of the town.

So quietly and boldly did our army deploy into line, that, it is asserted, the enemy believed it was a review or field-day, until our skirmishers went to work. As soon as our troops on the right and center had got into position, Howard's corps was thrown forward on the left, reaching across the two railroads and resting our left upon the Tennessee river, a mile above town. The Seventy-third Ohio was in the second line of the brigade on this afternoon, and about three hundred yards from the river. A heavy skirmish fire was kept up in our front; and the bullets flew recklessly above and among us.

We lay here until noon of the following day. The enemy had a strong force of skirmishers in our front, across a ravine and creek, where they had the protection of excellent rifle-pits. Our First brigade was repulsed in an effort to dislodge them. Gen. Steinwehr was ordered to send a regiment across this creek at its mouth, to sweep up on the other side, and drive out of the woods in front of our division this rebel force. He selected the Seventy-third Ohio to perform this work.

We crossed the creek near the river, formed our lines and then charged through the woods. The right of the rebel skirmish line fired one volley and retreated. We swept on, up behind the railroad embankment, until we got in rear of the rifle-pits from which they had kept up such an annoying fire. Thus we cut off, and cap-

tured thirty-three prisoners, and then opened fire on their reserves which rapidly fell back toward the ridge. This opened the way up the river, and Gen. Howard at once moved with one brigade, and opened communications with Gen. Sherman who had crossed the river some four miles up, near the mouth of the Chickamauga.

The battle was now becoming general and warm. During the afternoon, we could plainly hear Sherman's cannon and musketry far out upon the left, and the sound of Hooker's daring battle on the right. The latter, contrary to the expectations of the commanding generals, pushed his fortunes up the rocky wall of Lookout Mountain; steadily and determinedly driving the enemy before him, and sweeping around the point as the day advanced. Here, indeed, was a most spirited engagement. As night closed in, we could see the two lines of fire, running from the base to the summit of the mountain, and on into the middle of the night. Hooker's men pressed resistlessly forward, the blaze of of their muskets marking their advance; before which the enemy stubbornly retired.

Our regiment remained on the railroad embankment all that night; and early the next morning, charged forward again amid a shower of balls from the rebel reserves. We drove their skirmishers back again, and established our line along the Chattanooga and Knoxville railroad, to which, now, the entire left of the line of our corps was thrown forward. At noon of this day the whole of our corps, except the brigade that had already gone, moved up the river about four miles, and

joined Gen. Sherman. Our brigade took position on the banks of the Chickamauga, on Sherman's extreme left, and we could see the rebel cavalry across the river, occupying the hills, and scouting the country. Gen. Sherman had, during the day, attacked the enemy on his (the enemy's) right, and had been repulsed. The First brigade of our division had been in the attacking party, and had lost three hundred men. The enemy evidently expected the main fight would come off in this locality; and all day we could see them moving to the right. Infantry and artillery seemed to be massing there to meet the anticipated attack of Sherman. Indeed, it was given out and generally believed in both armies that Sherman was to make the main attack on the enemy's right.

Things looked rather dark to us at the close of this day's fighting. The repulse of Sherman's troops augured badly. There had been considerable fighting down toward our center and right during the afternoon, but we did not know the result. But, while reflecting on our want of success, and thinking bitterly of the morrow, news came to us that Hooker, having taken Lookout Mountain, had moved rapidly up the Chattanooga valley, through the gap at Rossville, and had fallen on the enemy's left; while Gen. Thomas had massed his troops in the center, in front of Chattanooga—charged and broken the rebel center, and that the whole rebel army was in full retreat, after having lost fifty cannon, six thousand prisoners, and many thousand stand of small-arms. The news of the victory, so complete and overwhelming, was at once communicated

to the troops on the left, and was received with shouts of joy that wakened the grandest echoes among the hills of Old Chickamauga. Regiment after regiment, and brigade succeeding brigade, took up the shout, until it became one mighty chorus of victory of forty thousand voices.

That night we slept sweetly by our blazing piles of rails. Our hearts which had, but a few hours before, been sad with the thought of failure and defeat, now leaped with the joy and thrilled with the pride of victory. That night our hardtack and coffee were better than a prince's feast, and our earthy bed was a couch for kings.

Mingled with our joy over this great victory, was, to us, the grateful reflection, that, while the Seventy-third as a regiment had borne an honorable part in another great and successful battle, it had been almost entirely without loss or suffering to ourselves.

Next morning our corps moved early, down the Chickamauga to its mouth, where we crossed that stream on a pontoon, and, moving rapidly up the right bank, followed in pursuit of the enemy. There was some skirmishing at Chickamauga Station, and our forces were drawn up in order of battle, supposing the enemy would make a stand; but no engagement took place. At the station was a large amount of corn-meal, flour, etc., which the enemy had left. Much, however, had been destroyed or wasted. The Union forces pressed hard on the retreating column, and just after sunset, had a considerable skirmish with their rear-guard. Our brigade was hurried forward, expecting to

join in the fight; but it ended just before we reached the scene—the enemy retiring.

That night we feasted on corn cakes made of rebel meal, to which the men had helped themselves as they passed the station, and though we had never envied the rebel soldiers their rations of corn bread, the cakes were a real luxury to our cracker-worn palates.

Next morning the corps moved early forward to the village of Graysville, where it halted some hours. There was desultory skirmishing of artillery and small arms to our right and front. Gen. Grant was pushing forward his army in three columns, and the head of one of these columns was almost constantly engaged with the enemy. About noon, Gen. Howard's corps was ordered away to the left front to occupy Turner's Gap. But before reaching that position, we were convinced by the roar of cannon and musketry in our right front that a very spirited engagement was going on in that direction. It proved to be Gen. Hooker's column fighting at Ringgold, some five miles from us. Our corps rested in the vicinity of Turner's Gap, and we took dinner just across the line in the State of Georgia, adding another to the list of states whose sacred soil we had trodden. This neighborhood had not suffered much devastation, and it was really refreshing to get away from the desolate surroundings of Chattanooga, with its graveyards of dead mules and horses, out into the fresh, clean, healthful country, where there were fences and farms, and houses and people, just as though there had been no war. And, what was new and curious to us, was the existence of much loyalty in the

neighborhood into which we had come. Nearly all the men had gone into the army, either willingly or unwillingly, but many had gone into the Union army rather than serve in the ranks of treason. We had long heard of the loyalty of Northern Georgia and East Tennessee, and now right where the two met we could know for ourselves it was not a fable nor misrepresentation. There were unmistakable evidences of joy at our coming from many who had sons, brothers, or friends fighting under the flag and for the cause of the Union. One gray-haired woman came from the door of her humble cottage, as our column marched along, and asked our color-sergeant to unroll the "old flag," "for," said she, with tears of joy in her eyes, "I want to see the stars again."

Our brigade, and a brigade from Gen. Shurz' division, both under command of Col. Smith, were ordered forward about six miles to a station called Red-Clay, on the railroad from Dalton to Cleveland, to cut and destroy the railroad at this place. We arrived at Red-Clay just before dark, and went to work at once destroying the road, which was done most effectually for about a mile, after which we took coffee and returned to Turner's Gap, where we arrived at about one o'clock at night. Then we laid down in a drenching rain and slept.

On the next morning, November 28th, the brigade moved about two miles and rested for the day. In the afternoon, our supply trains arrived from Chattanooga, with abundance of coffee and hard-bread, and the army began a liberal system of foraging upon the country, taking, through the quartermaster's department, sheep,

hogs, corn, hay, cattle, flour, etc., and giving receipts to all loyal owners.

The corps was now ordered back to Chattanooga, and we were just congratulating ourselves that our work was ended for awhile, when orders came for Gen. Howard to join Gen. Sherman's column and march to the relief of Knoxville, which was now besieged by Longstreet.

CAMPAIGN OF EAST TENNESSEE.

November 29th, our column started, and the first day reached Cleveland, where the railroad from Dalton intersects the road from Chattanooga to Knoxville. We were poorly prepared for such a campaign as was now before us. All our tents and baggage had been left behind, and on going into the fight at Mission Ridge our brigade had stacked knapsacks near Fort Wood. Thus it occurred that nearly all the men were without blankets or other clothing than that which they had on.

The first night out, at Cleveland, was indeed bitter cold; but in the absence of blankets, the men built large fires, and made the best of the situation. The welcome of the Union army at Cleveland, and all along the route, was such as to assure every one that a large proportion of the people was genuinely loyal. It was a new phase of campaign life for us to find such a welcome in the very heart of the South, where rebel conscription had done its worst, hunting down those who

could bear arms, and forcing them into the army. Where, to the blandishments of political demagogues, had been added those other fashionable and powerful Confederate arguments—the bowie-knife and the bludgeon, blood-hounds and prison cells, starvation and the gallows.

November 30th, we moved on to Charleston, on the Hiawasse River, passing through a pleasant country, and meeting the same evidences of undoubted loyalty. It is often difficult to distinguish between counterfeit and genuine patriotism; but these people were so sincere, and their joy was so natural and honest, so hearty and out-gushing, and filled our own hearts with such gladness and pride, that we could not meet their welcome or listen to the story of their wrongs, and their patriotic devotion, otherwise than with gladness and pride. Many who had been hiding away in the pine woods and mountains, some for months and some for years, to escape the rebel conscription, now, under the protection of our passing army, came forth to greet their families; and there was joy at many a hearthstone that never can be told. One gray-haired man said, “I have spent a hundred nights, during the past year, carrying food to Union men hid away in the mountains.” We saw and conversed with some of these exiles, and were convinced that the story of their wrongs and sufferings had never half been told. Great numbers of old men, women and children, gathered from the adjacent country along our line of march, to see and welcome the Union army. Simple-hearted peasantry they were, from the valleys and the pine hills, rude, and clothed in homespun garments, but openly, unswervingly, defiantly

loyal; and the welcome they gave us, with words, and shouts, and tears, and laughter of joy, can never be forgotten.

Noticing the absence of young men in the groups that gathered along the roadside, an officer asked of a venerable citizen, "Where are all your *young* men, sir?" "Twenty thousand of them from East Tennessee are in your army, sir," responded the old man, as a thrill of patriotic pride seemed to light up his furrowed face and flashing eye.

The enemy had partially destroyed the railroad bridge across the Hiawassa River, and had a cavalry picket on the farther side. Our artillery sent over a few shells, and the rebels retired. Two regiments were sent across the river that night, and, at daylight next morning, the whole corps crossed over. Our forces captured here a train of cars, loaded, in great part, with meal, flour and salt; and the men were supplied with all they could carry of these articles.

December 1st, we passed through Athens—another pleasant village, with some rarely-beautiful suburban residences and a college. The corps marched through the town, with colors flying, and bands playing; the citizens here, as elsewhere, evincing their gladness at our coming.

The following day, we moved through Mouse-creek and Sweet-water valleys, to Philadelphia, where we encamped; and then on again, to Loudon on the Tennessee River, where our cavalry and flying artillery were skirmishing with the enemy, who had burned the railroad bridge and retired across the river; not, how-

ever, until they had destroyed all the rolling-stock of the road on our side of the stream, which they did by running it (some three engines and seventy cars) off the abutment of the bridge, where it fell forty feet into the Tennessee.

The army remained at Loudon until the morning of December 5th, when we again moved forward, bearing to the right and crossing the Little Tennessee River just above its junction with the Holston. We passed through Venicia, the most loyal town we had yet seen, as it contained not a single rebel. Indeed, we were assured that, out of three hundred voters, there was but one rebel in the township, so unanimous were the people in their sentiments of loyalty. It was hard to think that such a community as this should be at the mercy of rebel conscripting officers and tax-gatherers; and it stirred one's blood anew to hear the story of wrongs and outrages which this patriotic people had suffered,—unswerved, however, from their determination to maintain their integrity to the last.

Here, our army was regarded, with almost absolute unanimity, as an army of deliverance. "This," said a noble woman of Venicia (and she but expressed the almost unanimous sentiment of the people), "This is what we have been hoping and praying for, these two long, long years.—Thank God, you have come at last!"

Thus, our march was an almost unbroken ovation,—welcomed, as we were, by the fathers, mothers and sisters of hundreds and thousands of men, who, exiled from their homes for the crime of patriotism, had rallied to the old flag, had pledged their lives for the honor

of that flag, and the redemption of their homes from the rule of the usurper.

We were regarded at once as the comrades of their dearest friends, as the defenders of the right, and as the deliverers of their country from the conscienceless and godless rule of the official agents of the Southern Confederacy.

We were assured, that not more than one-fifth of the men conscripted in East Tennessee ever entered the rebel service,—the remaining four-fifths voluntarily exiling themselves, or entering the Union army, rather than serve a cause they loathed.

Wheeler's rebel cavalry retired before us, as we passed through the country between the Holston and the Little Tennessee—while the main army of Longstreet was beyond the Holston, immediately investing the defenses of Knoxville—we halted at the village of Louisville, only fourteen miles from the besieged city; and from this point, couriers were sent by Gen. Sherman to Gen. Burnside. They brought back the glad intelligence, that all the assaults of the enemy had been splendidly repulsed by the garrison at Knoxville; and that, hearing of Gen. Sherman's approach, Longstreet had retired, rapidly, in the direction of Greenville.

From the impossibility of subsisting his army in Northeastern Tennessee, even if he were allowed to remain there, it was evident that he must retire to Virginia by way of Lynchburg, or cross the mountains into North Carolina; in either of which events, the

services of Gen. Sherman's army would not be needed in the vicinity of Knoxville.

We remained at Louisville two days; meanwhile, our generals visited Knoxville and held a conference with Gen. Foster, who was now in command there.

It was determined to leave one corps with Gen. Foster, and the rest of Sherman's army was to return to Chattanooga. Accordingly, orders were issued to the effect that, having accomplished the object of the expedition, our corps would return to Chattanooga immediately; and, on the following morning, we started on our return.

We had been living splendidly on the commissaries which the country afforded, and rather regretted the return to the land of hardtack again. The army had not only been supplied with fresh meat, flour, meal, etc., but had also been able to procure many luxuries, which afforded a pleasant relief from the dry marching rations to which we had been so long confined. And, then, our welcome had been so hearty, the campaign so interesting, and our experiences generally so pleasant, that the dull routine of camp life at Chattanooga seemed uninviting.

On our return, our army was hailed, as before, with the earnest greeting of thousands of hearts, warm and true. The only anxiety of the people seemed to be, that our army would not leave the country and expose them to incursions from the enemy again. Only occupy the country, and keep the enemy away from their homes, and they were satisfied to share with us their last crust of bread. But they knew that if the Union

army gave up the territory, they would be more than ever at the mercy of a vindictive foe.

On the first day's march from Louisville, we re-crossed the Little Tennessee, and reached the village of Sweetwater. Then we moved on to Athens, where we remained three days, meeting with a kind reception from the citizens. Then on again, to Charleston, and to Cleveland; at which latter place, we remained also three days.

This march, made so leisurely, gave the men abundant time for rest, making the march of the campaign lighter, and affording us an opportunity to converse freely with citizens, and better understand the spirit which animated the people of East Tennessee, during the memorable reign of terror of the first two years of the war. It was such an anomaly to find almost in the heart of the Confederacy a people so true to the old Government.

Not in all the North was there a people more devotedly loyal than the East Tennesseans during the dark days of the rebellion. Tried as by fire in the furnace of vindictive and relentless persecution, they remained unswervingly true and devoted to the old flag and the old Union of States. They resisted alike the blandishments, menaces and cruelties of the agents of misrule, and by sacrifices and sufferings that never can be told, attested their devotion to the country.

Again we started for Chattanooga, now only thirty miles away. Thus far we had been favored with beautiful weather. Cold and frosty the nights had been, and trying to the men who were lightly clad or without

blankets ; but the days had been dry and clear, and the roads in excellent marching order. But now we had two days of rain and mud and cold. The last night was one of the most trying of our military experience. From dark till near midnight our brigade was engaged in getting through a dark, narrow pass. Then we camped in still-water and mud, mixed with wind and rain, and spent the remainder of the night in soft slumbers. Several men were known to have used profane language on the occasion—a thing that rarely occurred in the army.

Many of our men were suffering for shoes ; some had been barefoot for days. Three hundred men in our corps alone, were organized into a barefoot battalion ; and it made one think there was love of country still in American hearts, to see those faithful fellows plodding along. Many of them had marched more than a hundred miles, barefoot, in the middle of December, with feet sore and bleeding. They illustrated, not unworthily, the heroism and endurance of our revolutionary fathers.

We crossed the Chickamauga, passed through the railroad tunnel at Mission Ridge, turned the point of Lookout Mountain, and, at sunset, December 17th, were in our old camp in Lookout Valley. Really, it seemed like getting home again. Here were the huts of our old encampment ; here were the graves of our noble comrades who went to death in that terrible midnight charge ; and yonder loomed up to the very heavens, the brow of grand old Lookout, from which now no hostile cannon thundered to disturb our rest, but

over which floated the stars and stripes, telling the immortal story of "Hooker fighting above the clouds."

VETERAN RE-ENLISTMENTS.

On arriving at Lookout Valley, we found that a number of regiments in that vicinity had re-enlisted in the veteran service, and would start in a few days for home. Until now, we had not received all the War Department orders concerning re-enlistments. But now, the matter was freely canvassed in the regiment, and day by day the veteran fever rose. On the 30th of the month, the Seventy-third Ohio would complete her second year of service, and be eligible to re-enlist under the orders inviting veteran reorganizations. There was a unanimous desire that the regiment should not be divided, but should re-enlist as a regiment, with comparative unanimity, or not at all. There were now present with the regiment, or accessible to it, three hundred and fifteen men; eighty-five of these had been recruited in 1862, and were not eligible to re-enlistment; but Gen. Thomas' order allowed these also the benefit of the veteran furlough, upon pledging themselves to re-enlist when they became eligible. Only those were to be transferred from the regiment who were original members of it and did not choose to re-enlist.

On the 21st of December, the regiment moved to a new camp, about two miles across the valley, at the foot of Raccoon Ridge. Here we began the erection of

excellent cabins for our winter quarters; but the veteran spirit rose so high, that preparations for winter quarters became a thing impossible. Lieut. Col. Long, being relieved from staff duty, returned to the regiment and assumed command.

Before the 30th of December, enough men had signified their willingness to re-enlist, to allow the reorganization of the regiment; and the work of preparing the muster-out rolls of the old, and the muster-in rolls of the new, was at once begun. Out of two hundred and thirty original members of the regiment, two hundred and twenty-five took upon themselves, voluntarily, the obligations of two more years of hard service in the cause of the country. This action, of itself, was a proud record for the regiment, especially since the first two years had been years of hard and wearing service at the front.

On the 1st day of January, 1864, the regiment was re-mustered; and on the 3d, orders were received, sending it home on veteran furlough. This order, however, did not include the eighty-five men who could not re-enlist; but whose written pledge had, under Gen. Thomas' order, entitled them to the furlough. Application was at once made to have the order so amended as to include them also. The eighty-five non-veterans were transferred, by Gen. Howard's order, to the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York Regiment.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

On the morning of January 4th, the veterans and all the officers of the regiment started for Whiteside, where it was expected to take the cars for Bridgeport, Col. Smith being in command. No sadder group of men could be pictured than the eighty-five who were to be left behind; and no blither company could well be imagined, than the veterans, whose hearts had room for but one word, and that word, "Home." What if there were no cars at Whiteside?—They could walk to Bridgeport. What if it *did* rain that night, giving us a watery bed?—! et it rain! Soldiers "going home" care little for wind or tide.

The regiment arrived at Bridgeport, on the afternoon of the 5th, and were compelled to wait until the next day for a train. In the mean time, a telegram was received from Lookout Valley, to the effect that Gen. Thomas had amended our order, and the men of 1862 were on the way to join us. When they came, they were all transformed from the sadness in which we had been compelled to leave them. We were stopped several hours at Stevenson, where trains were made-up for Nashville. We reached Nashville on the 7th, and were quartered in the Female College. The weather was bitterly cold, and our discomfort very great. The snow had clogged the Northern trains, and the tide of veterans going home made it imperative that we should "learn to wait." The regiment reached Louisville, on the 11th, and Cincinnati on the 14th, and the next day

arrived at Chillicothe, where we were welcomed most kindly by the authorities and citizens.

The formal reception took place in front of the Court House, where the ladies greeted us with the touching strains of "Sweet Home;" and an eloquent welcoming address was delivered by Hon. C. A. Trimble,—responded to by Col. Smith. After which, the regiment sat down to a splendid banquet, at the Valley House. And the citizens vied with each other in doing honor to the veterans who had represented them in the Grand Army of the Union.

On the 16th, the men of the regiment were furloughed for thirty days, and the officers ordered on recruiting duty.

And now, for a month there was such a campaign,—such raids and expeditions,—such foraging upon the country,—such captures and imprisonments,—such engagements and victories, as are only known to the unwritten history of (very) civil wars. In this trying campaign, every man seemed to realize his responsibility, and evinced a determination that, at any cost, the country should be saved. And how pleasant, after two years of hardest service,—how more than pleasant, to be "at home!" How absence and danger and suffering had strengthened and crystallized our friendship! How hearty and earnest was our welcome! Warm hearts and generous hands gave us greeting everywhere. And the month of our furlough was an unbroken round of gladness.

BACK TO LOOKOUT VALLEY.

On the 15th of February, the regiment reassembled at Chillicothe; and there were added to our number about one hundred and twenty new recruits.

On the next day, the ladies of Chillicothe presented the regiment with a new and beautiful banner, with the names of the principal battles of the regiment inscribed on it.

On the 18th, we took the train for Cincinnati. Our return to the field was without incident worthy of notice. The weather was intensely cold, and we were greatly delayed for want of transportation.

It was not until the 2d day of March that we reached our old rendezvous at Lookout Valley.

Col. Smith had resigned while the regiment was at home, and Col. James Wood, of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York, being the senior officer in the brigade, took command of it. Lieut. Col. Long, now the ranking field officer of the regiment, was commissioned as Colonel; Maj. Hurst, as Lieut. Colonel; and Capt. Higgins, as Major. But since the regiment was reduced below the minimum number, none of these could be mustered-in to the rank of their commissions.

CAMP AT RACCOON RIDGE.

Upon our arrival, we began the construction of a new camp. It was near our old one, on a spur of Raccoon Ridge; and when completed, was second to none in

the army. We drew to it a living spring from the mountain-rock above us; and for the next two months we enjoyed the fullest comfort of camp life in our village of cabins on this beautiful mountain spur. Much time was devoted to drill, brigade and regimental; but there was ample opportunity for rest and recreation.

The Eleventh and Twelfth corps were now consolidated into one, under the command of Gen. Hooker; Gen. Howard being transferred to the command of the Fourth corps. Our new corps was called the Twentieth—a name that always commanded respect and confidence. Gen. Williams commanded the First division, Gen. Geary the Second, and Gen. Daniel Butterfield the Third, in which Wood's brigade was placed, being the Third brigade of that division. The Twenty-sixth Wisconsin volunteers, Col. Winkler commanding, was now added to our brigade. Gen. Butterfield, in the organization, drill and command of his division evinced the highest ability as a tactician and leader, and at once won the confidence of his command. Gen. Hooker had long commanded the admiration and confidence of his men. Hence, the new organizations were satisfactory to all.

Gen. Butterfield held a grand review and field-day about the 20th of April. Gens. Sherman and Thomas, and a large number of spectators, being present to witness the pageant. Thus the months of March and April passed away; and on the first day of May we received marching orders. Now we knew there was earnest work ahead, as we saw the army, with a spirit of heroic determination, once again strip for the fight.

THE ARMY MOVES.

On the morning of May 2d, the Seventy-third Ohio marched out of its pleasant camp with three hundred and eighteen guns. Lieut.-Col. Long having gone home on sick leave, Major Hurst was left in command. The men were in excellent condition and spirits, and went forth with a willingness and a confidence of success that was in itself a presage of victory. The division moved around the point of Lookout, and up the Chattanooga Valley to Rossville; then turning to the left, bore off toward the Chickamauga.

During the afternoon, we passed through a portion of the Chickamauga battle-ground, and from the evidences left gleaned some faint idea of the fierceness of the conflict. In one place, for half a mile the timber was literally shivered with shot, shell and small ammunition. The enemy had held here a fortified position, upon which our forces had vainly attempted to advance. The timber was completely killed, so withering and destructive had been the fire. The graves were everywhere to be seen in wood and field. Most of the dead had been buried where they fell, on top of the ground, with only a thin covering of earth. Alas, how many a hero, "nameless here forever more," poured out his life's blood here!

Our column halted the first night on the banks of West Chickamauga, at Lee & Gordon's mills. Gen. Davis' division of the Fourteenth corps was just moving from this point on to Ringgold. Our division

halted here for a day, then crossed the Chickamauga, and moved on to the vicinity of Ringgold, camping in the woods near Vine Run. Here again we halted for a day, and sent to the rear for storage most of the limited amount of baggage with which we had started: only one "tent-fly" being allowed to a regiment.

We are but a few miles now from the enemy, and there is already skirmishing between the outposts of the two armies. The "Army of the Cumberland" is all gathered in around Ringgold. Gen. Schofield is coming down from Knoxville with the "Army of the Ohio," and Gen. McPherson is coming from the West with the "Army of the Tennessee." Thus, the grand army of Sherman is gathering for the fight.

May 6th, we bivouac at Leet's farm; and on the 7th moved through a gap called Nickajack Trace—then up a valley six miles, where we crossed Taylor's Ridge, at Gordon's Gap. At the foot of the ridge, at the farther side, we passed a very romantic watering-place named Gordon's Springs. Taking the direction of Dalton, we camped for the night four miles from Buzzard's Roost.

ROCKY-FACED RIDGE.

Sunday morning, May 8th, Col. Wood was sent forward with his brigade on a reconnoissance. As we approached Buzzard's Roost, a very high hill, a mile in our left front, was discovered to be occupied by a considerable body of troops. Every eye was strained to

see the foe, and every heart beat quick as orders were given to prepare for work. Flankers were thrown out, and our skirmishers were pushed forward, and just as the brigade was going to advance to feel the enemy, it was found that the hill was held by men in blue blouses. It was the head of Gen. Palmer's column of the Fourteenth corps; and instead of going into battle, we shook hands with our old friends of the gallant Thirty-third Ohio.

The gap called Buzzard's Roost lay to our right front, a mile and a half distant. Here it was understood the enemy were in position. That position it was the business of our brigade to develop; and so it was at once formed in order of battle. The Seventy-third Ohio went forward in support of the skirmishers. When we reached a hill half a mile in advance, we were halted until the brigade came up. Skirmishing now began, and was kept up with spirit; and the enemy's line and position gradually became apparent.

Two mountains, lofty and rugged, seem to meet here, forming an obtuse angle toward the position we occupy. At their junction is a gap, half a mile wide. The gap is yet a hundred feet or more above the surrounding country, and the restands a hill of nearly the same height just in front of, and masking it. This hill was held by the rebel skirmishers; and we could see that the gap had a continuous and formidable line of works. This gap is "Buzzard's Roost;" and the mountain whose summit it divides is Rocky faced Ridge.

Two companies of the Seventy-third Ohio were in

the skirmish line of the brigade, and four more were now sent forward as a reserve. Brisk skirmishing was kept up during the middle of the day, and in the afternoon our skirmishers crossed a small creek, charged and took the hill in front of the gap, driving the rebel skirmishers back, with a loss of eight men in our brigade.

The enemy did not make a very spirited resistance, and at four o'clock, when the artillery of the Fourteenth corps opened on their works, their cannon did not reply. It was as if they would say, "We are not very strong; come along, and take us!" It was the old invitation of the spider to the fly.

Very few men could be seen about the gap, and it was evident the enemy's main force was not at Buzzard's Roost. Still, one division could have held the gap against a whole army. Late in the afternoon there was heavy fighting—infantry and artillery—a few miles to the right. It proved to be Gen. Geary, making a daring attack and receiving a bloody repulse at Dug Gap. At dark the Seventy-third was relieved, and moved back with the brigade some three miles to bivouac. Early on the following morning our brigade was ordered to the front again, and again our regiment was sent to the skirmish line. We built a bridge across the narrow creek, and the Seventy-third Ohio and Thirty-third Massachusetts crossed, and pushed their line up the side of the mountain on the right, and over the hill in front of the gap. The enemy kept up just enough fire to repeat their invitation of yesterday. At noon our brigade was relieved by Carlin's, of the Four-

teenth corps, and we withdrew, having but one man wounded in the Seventy-third.

Early on the morning of May 11th, the Twentieth corps moved in the direction of Snake Creek Gap. Gen. McPherson, with the Army of the Tennessee, had passed through the gap, and made a reconnoissance as far as Resacca; but, fearing for the safety of his communications, had retired again to the vicinity of the Gap. Our corps halted for the night in the gap, and next day worked on the roads, so that our trains could pass through. Then we moved on through the gap, and came up with Gen. McPherson's army, seven miles from Resacca. The enemy is concentrating there, while our main army is moving around through the gap. May 13th, we go forward again—the Twentieth corps on the left of Gen. McPherson. The enemy has left Buzzard's Roost and Dalton, and Gen. Howard pushes down the railroad after them. The Fourteenth corps comes in on our left; and our lines are pushed forward, driving the enemy into his fortified position at Resacca.

BATTLE OF RESACCA.

The rebel lines form an irregular semi-circle of several miles in length, with the right resting on the river above, and the left below Resacca. After resting on arms all night, we began skirmishing early on the morning of the 14th. The enemy had been busy all night fortifying. We could hear thousands of axes

going all the night long. This day there was considerable fighting on our left—parts of the Fourth, Fourteenth and Twentieth corps being engaged. Our division remained in line all day, and at night dug rifle-pits. We are quite close to the rebel works, and our skirmishers talk with theirs across a little valley of two hundred yards' width. One could hear from the hill-side conversation something like this. Yank says: "Johnny Reb! O John! got anything to eat over there?—got any corn bread?" Reb replies: "Yes; come over and get some. Say! are you Hooker's men?—where's Old Joe?" "O, he's 'raound; you've heard of old Joe, have ye?" And again: "Say, Yank! did you make anything on the left to-day?" "Yes; we made a h—l of a noise." "O, Reb! what's you-'uns goin' to do to-morrow?—goin' to fight we'uns?" "Say, Yank! got anything to trade?" And occasionally the characteristics of the chivalry came out in this style: "O, Yank! is your captain a white man or a nigger?" "Say! got any commissary over there?—pass over your canteen." And thus, for hours, there would be a skirmish of words, sometimes pungent, but often good-natured.

About midnight, and just as we were finishing our line of rifle-pits, we were ordered to move. The brigade withdrew half a mile to the rear and rested till daylight. Early on the morning of the 15th, our division moved to the left, passing in rear of our circling lines. At ten o'clock we had reached the extreme left of our army lines, and waited an hour or two while the artillery and ammunition were brought forward. Our divi-

sion was massed, and it was understood that Butterfield was to try his skill to-day. The programme was finally announced. Ward's First brigade was to attack. Wood's Third brigade to support, and Coburn's Second brigade to be held in reserve. When our brigade reached its position for deployment, we were ordered to form by battalion "*en echelon*," and being on the left of the brigade, the Seventy-third Ohio was thrown far out into the woods on the left. Our skirmishers soon reported the rebel skirmishers close at hand, and a considerable body of the enemy moving to the right over the open ground, half a mile in our front. Just as we were ready to advance, orders were given to change the formation of the brigade to two lines "*en echelon*;" in the execution of which there was some confusion, as the orders were not conveyed to all the regiments. When we went forward, it was but a short space to a wooded hill, held by the rebel skirmishers. The brigade charged this hill, driving the rebels back to their fortified line, some three hundred yards beyond; and now the fire came in so sharply, on our left flank, that the Seventy-third Ohio was ordered to change front to the left. The right of the brigade having a continuous covering of woods, pressed forward close up to the enemy's works; but there was open ground in front of the left and center, from the hill just taken, to the enemy's line of works. Two hundred yards from the left of our brigade, was another woods, from which the enemy's skirmishers now annoyed our flank. A heavy fire was kept up on both sides; in maintaining which, the Fifty-fifth Ohio had both its field officers

(Col. Gambee and Maj. Robbins) killed. Half way across the field, in front of the Fifty-fifth Ohio and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York, there was a deep hollow or ravine; and these regiments were ordered forward to that position. In reaching it, they received a most murderous fire, and lost heavily. The Seventy-third remained in position in its new front, until Gen. Knipe's brigade arrived on the ground, and was then ordered to join to the left of the brigade, prolonging its line up the ravine. In accomplishing this, we had to pass over a hundred paces of open ground, fully exposed to the rebel fire. We went forward in line, on the run, but lost, unavoidably, quite a number killed and wounded.

When the Seventy-third Ohio reached its position on the left of the Fifty-fifth, a New York regiment of Geary's division was occupying the ground, having passed up the ravine from the right. They were lying down, in line, at the foot of the hill, where they could not fire upon the enemy. Their colonel refused to advance to the brow of the hill, where an effective fire could be delivered; and our commander ordered the Seventy-third to advance through, or over their line. This touched the pride of the New York soldiers, and, without command, their whole line rose up and advanced with ours to the brow of the hill, where the two regiments together poured in a vigorous fire for an hour or two, when the New York battalion withdrew from the ravine.

In the mean time, the Twenty-third corps had come in on our left, had crossed the open ground and pushed

close up to the enemy's works. They had been warmly engaged, and had been compelled to retire. In following them when they withdrew from the woods on our left, the enemy came within a hundred paces of gaining our flank; so they could have completely enfiladed our line in the ravine.

Twice the foe came out of their works in our front, with the manifest intention of charging our line; once they got within a hundred paces, but our hail of bullets drove them back with loss. Gen. Knipe had formed his brigade on the wooded hill in our rear, and now opened fire over our heads. The enemy answered his fire, and the two storms of lead made the air musical above us. The rebel artillery from the fort, three hundred yards in our right front, poured over us their case shot and canister; and when the enemy on our left, following the Twenty-third corps, had gained our flank so as to almost completely enfilade our line, we were never more nearly surrounded by the elements of wrath.

It was a most trying moment; but the regiment, and indeed the whole brigade, stood to the work, and held the left firmly. Thus was the fight maintained till sunset, when we were relieved by Geary's men, and withdrew about a mile to the rear, where we rested for the night. The enemy evacuated their works during the night, and retreated across the river at Resacca.

Thus, the battle of Resacca was sanguinary, but indecisive; the enemy, having fought behind works escaped with no great loss, while the mere barren victory was to us dearly bought. Still, it was a victory, and we thanked God for that.

The Twentieth corps did most of the fighting in this engagement, and suffered more than all the others combined. The loss of our brigade was very heavy; our own regiment having ten men killed and forty-two wounded. Our wounded were cared-for attentively; and, early on the morning of the 16th, a detail was sent from the regiment, by which our dead were decently buried on the ground where they fell. And the division was soon pushing forward in pursuit of the foe.

Gen. Butterfield complimented our regiment highly, for its gallantry in the battle at Resacca, and the brigade commander reported, officially, that the Seventy-third Ohio and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York had, at a critical moment, saved the day from being a disaster to our arms.

ON TO CASSVILLE.

The Twentieth corps halted some hours, on the bank of the Connesauga River, just above Resacca. Later in the day, we crossed that river, and, moving in a southeasterly direction, at midnight reached the Coosawattee at a ferry; crossed on a flat-boat, and bivouacked on the farther bank of the stream.

This day, we were joined by Capt. Talbott, with sixty-two recruits just from Ohio. These men were the major part of one of the "thirty companies" which Governor Brough was authorized to raise during the spring of 1864. The company had been organized before leaving the State; but as we had ten other companies in

the regiment, and there had been no order for consolidation, it was determined to distribute these recruits among the old companies, and assign the officers to duty there also,—at the same time, maintaining the rank of the non-commissioned officers in the companies to which they were assigned.

The main force of the enemy had crossed the river at Resacca, burning the bridge after them. A pontoon was hastily thrown across the stream, and most of our army crossed there also.

On the next day, our corps marched about fifteen miles, and camped in the neighborhood of Adairsville. The whole army is pressing forward, in three or four columns, and the enemy is falling back.

The Twentieth corps pursued its march, without interruption, till the afternoon of the 18th, when our route led through an extensive woodland. Here the road ran upon a high ridge, and the enemy had thrown up temporary breastworks, from behind which they skirmished, evidently with the purpose of delaying our column. Our division skirmished with them until after night, and, early the next morning, moved forward in order of battle,—the enemy retiring before our line with but little resistance.

Coming to an open country, Gen. Ward's brigade bore to the left, while Col. Wood's went to the right and in the direction of Kingston, which was only a few miles away.

When we had gone a couple of miles, we discovered quite a body of troops a short mile in our left front. They were moving in the same direction as ourselves,

and it was at first supposed to be Gen. Ward's brigade. But, just as they rose upon a small hill beyond Nancy's Creek, another column, coming from the direction of Kingston, met the one we had first seen; and directly we knew there was some misapprehension. The troops we could see went up the hill on the double-quick, and the batteries went into position in quicker time than that, and directly the entire hill was bristling with bayonets. Still, we could scarcely believe these men were "Graybacks." Staff officers looked through their glasses, and decided that the uniforms of these strange forces looked "blue;" while others began to entertain a suspicion that the situation of our brigade was somewhat of the same color. The Seventy-third Ohio was in advance of the brigade, marching in line across a large wheatfield, scarcely half a mile from the hill on which these mysterious demonstrations were being made. Our skirmishers were two hundred yards in advance of the regiment, when a line of skirmishers was discovered advancing to meet us, and we knew certainly they were foes.

As soon as it was known that we were so close upon a large force of the enemy, it was considered prudent to retire with some rapidity; and, while falling back, three men of the regiment who were on the skirmish line were cut off and captured. Our brigade was completely isolated, and the rebels might have almost crushed it at a blow; but they seemed perfectly willing to "let us alone," if we would be equally generous.

The brigade retired to a commanding position, at a farm house about a mile from the hill held by the foe,

and hurriedly threw up temporary breastworks. Here we waited the coming forward of the other brigades of our division.

The enemy were now discovered to be moving in the direction of Cassville; and Gen. Butterfield, after sending his compliments in a few shells, pushed out after them. Half a mile out, our line became engaged in a warm skirmish with the enemy, and a number of men in the brigade were wounded. In an hour or so, however, the rebel skirmishers withdrew. Col. Wood's brigade was now formed into column by battalion in mass; and, with the Seventy-third Ohio deployed in advance, moved in the direction of Cassville. The other brigades and divisions of our corps were closing in, and there was promise of a fight or a race.

We moved through the burning woods which the retreating enemy had fired. We pushed forward, through fire and smoke almost suffocating, pressing our way through thick underbrush for a mile, when we came out of the woods; and just before us lay the village of Cassville.

Our skirmishers quickly engaged those of the enemy, who were secreted in the houses of the town; and our line pushed forward until we got possession of the Female Seminary, and commanded the village, through which the rear of the rebel column was just passing. Gen. Geary closed in on our left, and a lively skirmish was kept up from that direction. A section of artillery was brought forward to Seminary Hill, and the Seventy-third Ohio was ordered to its support. A spirited artillery duel now occurred, the rebel guns on the hill

beyond the town replying to the fire of our own, with wonderful accuracy. The enemy evidently did not wish to fight—only to cover their retreat. At dusk, they withdrew from the town, and it was occupied by the Second brigade of our division.

We now moved back, two miles from Cassville, and encamped on Nancy's Creek; and the whole army rested for the three succeeding days.

Kingston and Rome are in possession of the Union forces. The rebels have made good their retreat across the Etowa, or, as the natives call it, the "High Tower" River. They are making Allatoona Pass a stronghold. There Gen. Johnston will make another stand; and Sherman's brain and Sherman's army must work, before Allatoona is won.

The railroad bridge at Resacca has been rebuilt, and the train comes puffing and screaming into Kingston, before the place has been in our possession forty-eight hours.

FLANKING ALLATOONA.

On Monday morning, May 23d, the march was again resumed. The Twentieth corps had the advance; and, instead of following the railroad up and across the Etowa, we turned to the right, and our course was down the river ten miles, where a pontoon was thrown across the stream. We crossed the river that night, followed immediately by the Twenty-third corps, and soon by the main army; only a small force being left to confront the enemy at Allatoona Pass.

Here, along the Etowa, are some of the finest farming lands in Georgia. It is really a rich and beautiful section of country, and the farmers have in store great quantities of corn, cotton, wheat, bacon, melasses, etc.

May 24th, the army moved forward again, turning the Allatoona Mountains, and taking the road to Dallas, a town near the railroad, and far in the rear of Allatoona Pass. After leaving the valley of the Etowa, our route lay over a series of pine ridges, picturesque and grand beyond any we had yet seen. When we had moved some six or eight miles through this noble columnar forest, the cavalry in our advance began to skirmish with the enemy. Late in the afternoon, Butterfield's division was drawn off the main Dallas road to the left, at a commanding place called "Burnt Hickory." On the following morning, the march was resumed toward Dallas; but the main roads being occupied by other advancing columns, our division was halted and rested some hours, taking an early dinner; and then, moving to the left, we crossed Pumpkin-vine Creek, and came out on the main road, five miles from Dallas.

BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

Here we learned that the head of column of our corps had been stopped by the appearance of the enemy in our front in formidable numbers. The advance brigade of Geary's division had engaged the rebel cavalry about

eleven o'clock, and had driven them a mile or more, when they found themselves engaging a superior force of infantry, and in turn were driven back. The enemy did not pursue them, but remained on the defensive, and at once began to fortify their position across the main road, on which the Twentieth corps was advancing. Prisoners taken reported about one half of the rebel army in our immediate front, and the remainder coming from Allatoona to join them.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the Third division arrived upon the ground where the engagement had occurred in the morning, and where skirmishing was still going on; and from the manner in which the Twentieth corps was being hurried forward, there was strong indications that work was to be done. We were, it seemed, in the midst of an extensive forest, the ground, in every direction, being heavily timbered. Our division was massed on the right of the road, and awaited orders.

Gen. Williams arrived with his First division, and took the advance, and several pieces of artillery were sent to the front. There was some delay in making dispositions for battle, and we were massed, and deployed, and marched backward and forward, until about five o'clock, when, all things being ready, the Twentieth corps moved forward to the attack. The First division held the advance, the Second supported, and the Third was held in reserve. The rebel line being formed across the road, with the extreme right and left pushed a little forward, formed a kind of semi-circle, into which our attacking force advanced, and the

struggle that ensued was most fierce and deadly. The enemy had made good use of the hours since the morning skirmish, in building breastworks, and in planting and masking cannon ; so that he was enabled, without much loss to himself, to deliver a most effective and murderous fire, almost annihilating the battalions which thus advanced upon him in open, bold and shelterless attack. When the battle had raged at the front for some time, with a fierceness that told all too plainly how merciless and deadly was the strife, the Third division was ordered forward. It was a mile from where we had been massed in reserve to the front line of battle. Our brigade, which was the last of the division, crossed to the left of the road, and deployed. The Fifty-fifth Ohio and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York formed the first line ; the Seventy-third Ohio and Thirty-third Massachusetts, the second ; and the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, the third. The brigade thus formed, with the right touching the road, moved forward, and as we approached the scene of action, we were the more deeply impressed that an obstinate and bloody conflict was being maintained in our front. We were now within range of the bullets and shells of the enemy, and expecting, in a few minutes, to be engaged.

The Seventy-third Ohio was on the left of the second line of the brigade, and flankers had been thrown out. These flankers suddenly became engaged in a sharp skirmish, and the enemy's fire came sweeping down our line. A continuous rebel line of battle was now discovered on our immediate left, and as the road at this point bore away to the right, if we went forward this

rebel force would be in our rear. Thus, it became necessary for us to confront the force whose position we had developed, and whose fire now enfiladed our line. The Seventy-third was now ordered to change front, and a strong line of skirmishers was sent forward. The enemy was very near, and his main line was protected by incomplete breastworks. A brisk skirmish was kept up for some minutes, when the brigade commander sent orders for the regiment to advance, and attack the enemy in its front. True, it seemed like madness for a single regiment, without connections right or left, to move upon an extended line of the enemy, when that line was protected by temporary breastworks; but the order was peremptory, and must be obeyed.

Accordingly, the skirmishers were called in, and the battalion ordered forward. We had not advanced fifty paces when we were greeted by a volley from the enemy's line of battle. Under such a fire as now poured in upon us, it was simply impossible to advance; at best, we could only maintain our position, and return the enemy's fire. In a few minutes the Thirty-third Massachusetts changed front, and came in on our left, prolonging our line of battle, and adding their fire to our own. The Seventy-third was greatly exposed, and suffered severely from the bitter fire it was compelled to receive. Lieut.-Col. Hurst was wounded early in the fight, and the command of the regiment devolved on Major Higgins. Captain Hinson and Lieut. Davis were also wounded severely, and many in the ranks were falling, and being borne to the rear. It seemed a

worse than useless sacrifice of life to attempt thus to maintain an open fight against a fortified foe, when it was literally impossible for us to advance. But brigade orders were imperative that this unequal fight should be continued; and so the regiment stood to the work, though with rapidly thinning ranks. Just at dark, the Seventy-third Ohio was relieved by the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin; and the fire continued for a time, until, by common consent, the general engagement ended. Our forces were withdrawn a short distance, a continuous line of battle formed, and a line of works hastily constructed. During that night and the next day, the most of our army came forward; and the hosts of Sherman and Johnston again stood face to face.

In this engagement, called the battle of "New Hope Church," or by some "Burnt Hickory," or "Dallas," the Twentieth corps fought alone, sustaining a loss of two thousand five hundred men killed and wounded. Some of the advance regiments in the First division were almost annihilated by the enemy's canister. The Seventy-third Ohio had gone into the fight with two hundred and fifty men, and had suffered a loss of seventy-two men in killed and wounded. Most bitter to us was the belief that this great sacrifice had been unnecessarily made. Gen. Hooker had himself opposed making the attack, as he was convinced the enemy were present in greatly superior numbers, and had chosen and partially fortified their own ground. But he was overruled, and ordered to give battle against his judgment; and though the corps fought with a spirit and bravery unsurpassed, it availed nothing, only it devel-

oped the position and strength of the foe, which could have been accomplished by one brigade, and with little loss.

The two armies now confronted each other in defiant attitude. We were almost ten miles from the railroad, the nearest station being Ackworth. Our army base was at Kingston, twenty-four miles distant. Gen. McPherson came in on our right, and occupied Dallas; and now, for several days, the combatants, on either side, stood to their guns with constant watchfulness, and the expectation of the renewal of the fight. There were dashes and charges made to gain a position, or break a line; but as the assailed were always ready, no advantage was gained. Five days after the battle, our wounded were sent back to Kingston. Large trains of ammunition and supplies were brought forward, and our army began a general movement to the left, with the object of gaining the railroad. It was difficult to let go our hold upon the right, and arduous work to fortify a continuous line to the left. Yet slowly and steadily this movement went on. Thus lapping over and pressing forward our left, the enemy was compelled to conform to the movements of the Union army, and change the front of his army lines to the right. Both armies kept constantly and strongly fortified. The ax and spade were incessantly at work, and every movement was made with great caution.

On the 4th of June, our cavalry reached the railroad, and the enemy yielded Allatoona and Ackworth. The weather was now very unfavorable. Day and night the rain poured in torrents. The roads were

almost impassable, and artillery and wagons "swamped down" in the fields and woods. Burnside was never more completely "stuck in the mud."

The enemy had fallen back to the line of Lost Mountain and Pine Mountain. Our generals supposed, indeed, that he had retired beyond the Chattahoochee; and with that view Gen. Sherman issued his order making dispositions for future movements. But the rain still continued to pour in floods, and the order was necessarily countermanded. The railroad bridge across the Etowa was repaired, and the army received its supplies from Allatoona. Gen. Blair arrived at Ackworth with two divisions of the Seventeenth corps; and the Fifteenth and Sixteenth corps also swung around to the left.

June 15th, there was some fighting on our left, and the enemy yield Pine Mountain. In the afternoon, Butterfield's division moved to the right and forward, crossing the works of the Twenty-third corps on the Sandtown road, and encountering the enemy a mile in front of those works. The division was massed in a wheat field, and dispositions made for an attack.

ENGAGEMENT NEAR LOST MOUNTAIN.

The division moved forward, the Third brigade supporting the First in the attack. We were welcomed with a furious cannonade—the case-shot and shell crashing through the timber, and scattering the frag-

ments over us indiscriminately. The First brigade pushed forward close up to the rebel works. They had some sharp fighting, and lost seventy men; only two in our regiment were wounded. During the night we rested on our arms, while Col. Coburn, who had relieved Gen. Ward, kept up a continuous and heavy skirmish fire in our front. Early the next morning, Wood's brigade completed a line of works, and they were extended right and left—the Twenty-third corps joining us at the Sandtown road. Occasionally the rebel batteries, scarcely four hundred yards in our front, would open upon us spitefully, and the case and shell would come screaming through the woods, blazing and thundering over our heads in a way that was altogether ugly.

On the night of June 16th, our brigade moved to the left, and relieved Gen. Ward. Our line was very close to the enemy's, both being strongly fortified. At daylight the next morning, the rebel skirmish fire ceased, and directly the shout of our own men told that the foe was gone. At once everything was put in readiness to follow them. The skirmishers of our brigade crossed the abandoned works of the enemy, and pushed forward two miles, capturing a rebel battle-flag, and a few prisoners. Our column followed rapidly, and about two miles out, the enemy again disputed our advance.

The Twentieth corps now took position on a commanding ridge, only three miles from Kenesaw Mountain. From this splendid position, we could overlook the whole ground occupied by the contending armies.

The Fourth corps pushed up on our left, and had some warm work; while the skirmishers of the Twentieth kept up a lively chorus, and our cannon shelled the low-lying woods between Kenesaw and Lost Mountains. Here we went into bivouac, and rested two days—if it may be called resting, lying on the ground in a drenching rain, with our cannon shaking the earth beneath us.

BATTLE DAYS IN FRONT OF KENESAW.

Again the enemy fell back, giving up Lost Mountain, and throwing his left back toward the river. His lines now formed a semi-circle in front of Marietta, with the stronghold of Kenesaw Mountain in his right center.

Again our division went forward, and, crossing a swollen creek with difficulty, pushed out about a mile; and without supports or connections, charged the enemy in the woods, and, after a brisk fight, drove back their advanced line. In this bold adventure of Butterfield's division, the Seventy-third Ohio lost sixteen men killed and wounded. Captain J. C. McCommon was very severely wounded while leading his men on the skirmish line. On the following day, our division supported the First division in a movement on the right—made to gain a commanding position, and enable Gen. Schofield to cross the creek.

June 21st, our division supported Gen. Geary in an advance on the right; and the Fourth corps came up, and connected with our left again. On the 22d, there

was a general movement of the Twentieth corps. Gens. Geary and Williams gained a commanding ridge on our right; and Butterfield charged up to within four hundred yards of the enemy's main works—driving their skirmishers from a fortified position back upon their main line, and occupying and converting their defenses into a continuous line of loyal breastworks.

The charge of Wood's brigade was a most daring feat of arms. At the left of the brigade the works of the rebel skirmishers were taken and retaken several times, but finally held by our men. The brigade suffered considerable loss in this daring charge; the Seventy-third Ohio losing four men killed and fifteen wounded.

AT THE POWDER-SPRING ROAD.

In the afternoon, we were relieved by the Fourth corps, and moved hurriedly to the right, where the enemy had assumed the offensive, and the situation was reported critical. We arrived, just at dark, in rear of the First division, and learned that the rebels had made a bold assault upon our lines there before they were fortified, with the design of driving back our right, and retaining possession of the Powder-spring road, across which our lines were just forming. They attacked boldly, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

The following morning, our division moved still further to the right, and relieved a division of the Twenty-third corps at the Powder-spring road—pushed forward

half a mile, and built a double line of works. Gen. Schofield, with the Twenty-third corps, kept pushing out still further to the right.

On the 27th, occurred the memorable assault on the rebel works, in front and to the right of Kenesaw Mountain, which was repulsed with such heavy loss. No part of our corps participated in the assault. We simply kept up a heavy fire, to hold the enemy in our front while the assault was being made. This direct assault having failed, we were ordered to be ready to march, with eight days' rations. But the rations were not forthcoming, and we did not march.

A heavy flank movement on the right was being attempted, and the whole army of the Tennessee swung round from the left to the right.

July 1st, there was heavy firing, all along our lines, to hold the enemy in his intrenchments while the army moved to the right. On this day, Gen. Butterfield relinquished the command of our division. His departure was deeply regretted, by officers and men alike.

The rebel commander evidently understood the movement on his flank and threatening his communications; and, on the night of July 2d, he yielded his strong position and formidable works at Kenesaw Mountain, and fell back toward the Chattahoochee River.

Early on the morning of the 3d, the Twentieth corps moved forward to within a mile of Marietta, where the Third division had a sharp skirmish with the enemy's rear guard. Learning that Marietta was already occupied by the Fourth corps, our division turned to the right, and followed closely the retiring enemy. Gen.

Ward, who, as the ranking officer, had succeeded to the command of our division, pursued the enemy vigorously; and, about noon, came upon them in a chosen position. The rebel artillery opened upon our advance, and skirmishing became lively. We were at once deployed in order of battle, and were just ready to move upon the enemy, when Gen. Hooker arrived and severely rebuked his subordinate for his imprudence.

In the afternoon, we were relieved by the Fourteenth corps, and moved to the right and across Nickajack Creek.

July 4th, the Seventy-third Ohio and Twenty-sixth Wisconsin were ordered on a reconnoissance to the right, to open communication with the Twenty-third corps. We returned at noon, and the whole corps moved some three miles to the right, closing on the left of the Twenty-third. The skirmishers of the two corps held a line along Nickajack Creek.

Late in the afternoon, some officers discovered a force across the creek, moving, as they thought, toward the position we occupied; and at once orders were given to prepare for battle. The whole line threw up temporary breastworks, and Gen. Williams trained his cannon on the force across the creek. Suddenly it was discovered to be the Sixteenth corps, which had crossed the creek farther down.

That night, the Seventy-third Ohio held an impromptu celebration of the National Anniversary. A number of short speeches were made, and the band played national airs and home melodies, calling back into memory the pleasant associations of the peaceful

past, and awakening in our hearts new longings for home.

On the next day, our division moved down and across Nickajack Creek, to a position only four miles from the Chattahoochee.

July 6th, we move two miles, and camp on a wooded hill, where we have a splendid view of the valley of the Chattahoochee; and where, only ten miles distant across the valley, we can plainly see the spires and turrets of the coveted city of Atlanta.

ACROSS THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

The enemy retired across the river, holding, however, a position at the railroad bridge for several days. The army rested now for a short time. The Twentieth corps remained in camp here ten days. The army of the Tennessee swung round to the left again, and moved up the river to Rosswell. The Fourth and Twenty-third corps crossed the river near the railroad bridge, which the enemy had destroyed; and, on the 17th of July, our corps also crossed on a pontoon near Pace's Ferry.

The next day, we pushed on across Nancy's Creek, and connected with the Fourth corps at Buckhead. McPherson's army reached to Decatur. The army of the Ohio came in on his right; while the army of the Cumberland reached from Buckhead to the railroad. And now, forming a complete semi-circle north of the city, with its flanks resting across the railroad east and

west, and its communications established, our army closed in on the doomed city.

On the morning of the 20th, our division moved across Peach-tree Creek. Gen. Geary had already crossed, on our right; and Newton's division of the Fourth corps, on our left; and both had fortified. We were halted at the foot of the first range of hills, three hundred yards from the creek, about the same distance in rear of Geary and Newton, and masking the interval between them.

BATTLE OF PEACH-TREE CREEK.

It was understood that our entire corps would advance its lines, at two o'clock. About one o'clock, however, while the First division was moving into position on the right of the Second, and we were awaiting preparations for the advance, the skirmish fire suddenly grew warm in our front. The enemy were reported advancing, in two lines, to attack us, and our skirmishers were falling back.

Our battalions at once sprang to arms, and, as soon as orders could be obtained, the first line of our brigade went forward. It reached the top of the first range of hills, just as our skirmishers began to retire from the second, three hundred yards in front. The line pushed forward two hundred yards to a ravine, where, meeting the retreating skirmishers, the battalions were halted, and the men lay down.

On came the rebel lines, sweeping everything before

them, shouting and cheering in the fullness of their enthusiasm. On they came, over the second hill and down almost to the ravine,—when our men suddenly rose up, and poured into their ranks a most murderous volley. Many of them fell, some tried to hide in the ditches on the hillside, and others went back. Then our line charged up the crest of the hill, and continued to deliver a rapid and telling fire on the retreating foe.

The Seventy-third Ohio was in the second line of the brigade, which was soon ordered to relieve the first line. We went forward, amid a shower of balls from the enemy, and were welcomed with a shout by our comrades. We at once opened fire upon the enemy, who was now trying to take shelter in the woods to our right and left front; the ground in our immediate front being open for half a mile. We held this position during the afternoon, all the time delivering and receiving a heavy fire.

In the meantime, the battle raged all along the lines of our corps, and Newton's division of the Fourth corps. Charge after charge was made, to break our lines; but in vain. Newton was strongly fortified, and Geary partially so; but the divisions of Ward and Williams had met and repulsed the foe, in open ground. They, of course, lost heavily, as the battle was hotly contested.

Our victory was as complete as the battle had been earnest. The enemy's loss was very heavy, being estimated by themselves at six thousand men. In our division front, the ground was literally strewn with their dead and wounded; and of one regiment, the Thirty-third Mississippi, there were left upon the field

thirteen commissioned officers, and a proportional number of men killed and wounded.

In this engagement, the Seventy-third Ohio lost eighteen men killed and wounded. Our brigade lost one hundred and forty-three; our division, five hundred and twenty; and the corps, seventeen hundred. Our division captured seven battle-flags, and many prisoners,—most of the rebel wounded falling into our hands.

Here we learned, from prisoners and Atlanta papers, that Gen. Johnston had been superseded in the command of the rebel army, by Hood; and that he proposed to hold and defend Atlanta to the last. He had begun his administration by this day taking the offensive. Whether he will improve on Johnston's tactics, remains to be seen. Surely, this day's fight was a bad beginning.

July 21st, we rest and bury our dead, and the dead of the enemy within our lines. Their wounded are also sent to our hospitals.

During the last night, the enemy retired to his line of works, about a mile in our front, and about three miles from the city.

Gen. McPherson was now within a mile and a half of the city at the northeast side, and had thrown some shells inside the corporate limits.

At night, the enemy abandoned the works in our front; and early on the morning of the 22d, our line pressed forward,—each division striving to reach the city first; all, alike, believing that Atlanta had been evacuated. But, half way to the city, we again encountered the rebel skirmishers, and slowly pressed

them back on their last line of forts and breastworks around the city. Then a connected line was formed, and fortifications hastily thrown up. The enemy were in their "last ditch;" and already our Parrot shells were screaming through the Gate city.

SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

Toward noon, we heard heavy firing on the extreme left of our army lines; and, in the afternoon, there were rumors of hot and disastrous work in that direction. But, when the official news came the next day, we learned that a threatened defeat was turned into a signal victory,—resulting in terrible loss to the enemy. Hood had massed his forces on McPherson's left, and was rapidly gaining his rear; he was driving everything before him, and had captured a large portion of McPherson's artillery, when the tide of battle changed and the splendid valor of our troops snatched victory from defeat, and drove the enemy back again with great slaughter.

This triumphant issue of battle was deeply saddened, however, by the loss of many brave and true men,—chief among whom was the gallant McPherson himself.

On the following day, our brigade was moved to the extreme right of the corps, where it supported a battery near the railroad. This battery had some spirited duels with a fort, some four hundred yards in our front, and sent into the city the regards of a twenty-pound Parrot, every five minutes, day and night.

On the 24th, the brigade built a new line of works, yet closer to the enemy. We remained in this position until the 28th; meanwhile, the army of the Tennessee, with Gen. Howard in command, had moved from the left to the extreme right.

Having cut the Augusta railroad at Decatur, and our cavalry having destroyed it still farther east, Gen. Sherman now began a movement to the right, so as to cut the only other road leading into Atlanta.

While the army of the Tennessee was moving into position, however, on the 28th, the enemy attacked fiercely our extreme right and flank. The right was promptly refused, and the enemy welcomed with even a more decisive result than on the 22d, though the engagement was not so general. The enemy suffered greatly, and was most bitterly repulsed; while, owing to the advantage of ground, and covert of timber and temporary breastworks, our loss was comparatively slight. The news of this engagement was also, at first, unfavorable; and, supposing Gen. Howard hardly pressed, Ward's division of the Twentieth corps was ordered to move rapidly to his support. When we had marched a mile or two, however, we were met with the glad news of a victory, and returned to our old place again. On this day, Gen. Hooker took leave of the old Twentieth corps. He had been ignored and refused admittance to the confidence and counsels of Gen. Sherman, all through the campaign; and now, the placing of a junior officer over him in the assignment to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, had wounded him so deeply, that he felt he could no longer be dis-

honored. His parting interview with the general and field officers of the corps, will long be remembered. No general in Sherman's army was so endeared to his officers and men; no one approached him in popularity; that was perhaps the reason his rank and ability were not recognized. Gen. Williams assumed command of the corps.

On the next day, July 29th, the Third division moved about four miles to the right, and supported Gen. Jeff. C. Davis' division, in a reconnoissance on the flank, reaching the position desired with only skirmishing in front. It was a commanding position on the road from Atlanta to Sandtown, and to the right front of the Fifteenth corps. Here we built defenses, and bivouacked for the night. We had now an opportunity of seeing the battle-ground of yesterday; and hundreds of rebel dead, yet unburied, attested the terrible punishment inflicted on the foe. It was sad to look upon the windrows of dead, even though they were enemies; for we knew that many had persuaded themselves that they were dying in a noble cause; that the breaking-up of the "best Government the sun of heaven ever shone upon," and establishing, in its stead, an empire of slaves, was doing God and humanity service; and so, died with a heroism worthy of a better cause,—while hundreds of others, loathing the cause into which they had been conscripted, and longing to go back to their homes and enjoy the prosperity and happiness that rested on the land in the peaceful old days of the Union; still, driven on by reckless and conscienceless leaders, and by a kind of sense of personal honor which

prompts a man to die like a man, even in an ignoble cause, went to their death unswervingly.

Gen. Hood's third attack had thus been bitterly repulsed; and altogether, in ten days, he had lost scarcely less than 20,000 men—about one third of his entire army. His men said he had but one or two "killins" left. On the next day, our division moved out on the Sandtown road a mile or two, and went into camp. We remained here several days, guarding the right flank of the grand army.

August 1st, our brigade supported a reconnoissance to the front, made by Gen. Davis, while the Fifteenth corps advanced its lines, and built new works.

The Twenty-third corps now changed position to the extreme right, thus relieving our division, and we returned to the old position near the railroad. August 3d, Ward's division relieved a part of the Fourteenth corps, which also went to the right. We found two lines of works already built in the position assigned to Wood's brigade; and at once began building another. Taking advantage of darkness, we steadily pushed forward our lines, which had to be under constant cover of works, until we had constructed four new lines of works, and were within rifle range of the enemy's main line of battle. We were in a very exposed position. A constant fire of sharp-shooters and skirmishers was kept up for many days and nights; and in the daytime, the rebel forts thundered at us with shot and shell, and the hail of lead fell thick over all the ground occupied by our brigade. Almost every day our regiment furnished one or more victims for this useless and cruel

fire of skirmishers. Among them, Lieut. I. N. Hawkins was most dangerously and painfully wounded.

By the 10th of August, we had pushed our lines as close upon the enemy's works as it was possible to do; and our army had reached out to the right as far as it could go, and maintain its present lines of supply and communication; and now, for a fortnight, we held on to our grasp upon the foe, our cannon hurling tons of iron into the besieged city, and our infantry pressing the rebel lines at every point. Still, they held on to the "Gate," and hurled back their responses to our guns, sometimes throwing from their siege guns immense missiles, which the boys familiarly called "camp-kettles."

Thus we lay under this interminable fire of small-arms, accompanied, in the daytime, by artillery duels, that shook the very earth, keeping ourselves always ready for a charge. Thus, for more than a month, our army had partially encircled the doomed city; and pressed every point on their line to compel the evacuation of the place.

SHERMAN'S TACTICS.

Finally, Gen. Sherman determined on another grand flank movement; and on the night of August 25th, we quietly withdrew from our lines. The whole army, except the Twentieth corps, moved to the right, cutting loose from their base, crossing the West Point Railroad, and moving so as to strike the Macon road near Jones-

boro'. Our corps retired to the Chattahoochee, and established a defensive line, so as to protect the railroad and our depots of supplies at Marietta and at the Chattahoochee bridge. Our division was stationed at Turner's Ferry, and at once fortified the position strongly; and it was, indeed, a great relief to get away from the hail of lead and iron at Atlanta, and to lay down at night, as we had not done for a month, without the sound of small-arms or the booming of cannon to disturb our rest.

On the 27th, Gen. Slocum took command of the Twentieth corps. Our division lines were formed in a semi-circle around the ferry, and Gen. Slocum had just finished the circuit of them, when a body of rebels, that had been reported menacing our lines in the morning, opened fire, and drove in our pickets. They also brought a section of artillery to bear upon us, from a commanding hill, and shelled us quite briskly. Following our retiring pickets, they charged forward almost to our main line; but when they discovered that line, they went back as rapidly as they came, and their whole force retired again toward Atlanta.

The enemy appear to have been completely misled by Gen. Sherman's movements, and for a while, were quite sure he had retired from Atlanta, and abandoned the siege altogether. The Atlanta papers were jubilant over this view of the situation. During the night of September 1st, there were sounds as of artillery in the distance; and in the morning, Col. Coburn, of the Second brigade was sent with a detail from the division, of eight hundred men, on a reconnoissance toward the city.

ATLANTA OURS.

Finding no enemy, save some cavalry scouts and skirmishers, Col. Coburn pushed on into the city, the cavalry retiring before his skirmish line. And so, at last, Atlanta is ours. The rebel infantry had evacuated the place the night before; the sounds we heard as of cannon, being the explosion of great stores of artillery ammunition, which they themselves destroyed. Three trains—eighty-four cars in all—loaded with artillery ammunition, ordinance and other war material were destroyed by them, together with four engines, and an extensive foundry, where vast amounts of ammunition for cannon had been manufactured.

Meanwhile, Gen. Sherman had thrown his main army on the railroad near Jonesboro', twenty-five miles from Atlanta—had fought an important battle—had driven the enemy, and destroyed the road; thus necessitating the evacuation of Atlanta by Gen. Hood. On the 2d, Gen. Sherman, believing that Hood's main army was in the vicinity of Jonesboro', sent orders to Gen. Slocum to "feel the enemy at Atlanta." The courier found Gen. Slocum comfortably quartered in the city, and returned to Jonesboro' with the news, which caused great joy throughout the army.

September 4th, our brigade was moved to the defenses of Atlanta, and assigned a position in the line on a wooded hill, south-east of the city.

Two companies of the Seventy-third Ohio, in the detachment of Col. Coburn, to whom the city was sur-

rendered, were, under the command of Capt. Downing, deployed as skirmishers, and were the first Union soldiers to enter the city. We found the defenses of the place very formidable, indeed. In many places they seemed absolutely to defy all human skill and courage. An assault could only have proven an immense slaughter.

CAMPING AT ATLANTA.

Gen. Sherman having accomplished the object of his unprecedented campaign, now ordered the army back from Jonesboro'. The Army of the Ohio went to Decatur; the Army of the Tennessee, to East Point; and the Army of the Cumberland grouped in and around Atlanta: and, by the 9th of September, the whole army was resting from its labors.

It was exactly four months from the day we left Lookout Valley till our forces entered Atlanta in triumph; and during these four months, there was one unbroken strain of every power, mental and physical. The two armies had grappled each other in an unrelenting struggle for the mastery, doing everything which generalship could devise, or heroism and endurance execute. From Rocky-faced Ridge to Jonesboro' was one vast battle-field—a hundred and twenty miles long. Almost every farm was ribbed with rifle-pits, and every field and wood made historic with the graves of heroes. But over this vast field, and through, or over, or around its apparently impregnable natural barriers, and chains of most formidable works, the

clear brain, and indomitable will of Sherman, with the splendid valor and patient endurance of his resistless army had steadily borne back the foe, until the goal was won. And the rebel army, all shattered and saddened by disaster and defeat, saw all their sacrifices rendered vain, as the grand army of Sherman marched in triumph into Atlanta, or gathered in groups around it, to rest on the laurels of their victorious campaign.

In this wonderful campaign, our corps, division, brigade and regiment had borne a full share of the arduous work, and suffered most severely. The Seventy-third Ohio lost, in killed and wounded, two hundred and ten men and eight officers. The regiment had made an honorable record on every field where it had been called upon to battle, and fully sustained the character of a veteran battalion.

We built us a splendid camp on the wooded hill to which we had been assigned as a link in the chain of Atlanta defenses. And now, for two months, we rest from the labors and struggles of the field. Army orders are issued for the hurrying forward of supplies, and preparations are begun for a "fine winter campaign." Forrest and Wheeler, with their cavalry commands, began attracting attention to Tennessee, threatening seriously our lines of communication. Several divisions of infantry were sent from Atlanta, and disposed so as protect the road, and, if possible, entrap one of these raiders.

About the first of October, Gen. Hood cut loose from his base at Macon, crossed the Chattahoochee, moved around Marietta, and struck the railroad near Ack-

worth. He had with him only about 30,000 troops, but they were stripped of all incumbrances, and prepared for rapid movements.

Sherman watched his movements closely, and immediately set in motion all his army, saving the Twentieth corps, which was left to garrison Atlanta. He rested his head of column at Kenesaw Mountain, and strongly guarded the Chattahoochee bridge. Hood moved against Allatoona, and was welcomed by Gen. Corse, in command at the Pass. Hood assaulted the place with three divisions; but was repulsed with a loss of a thousand men. He now moved around to the left of the Allatoona Mountains, and marched on Rome. Gen. Sherman pushed on to Kingston and Rome; while Hood swung around them, and again struck the railroad, tearing up twenty-five miles of the track, and capturing the small garrisons at Dalton and Tilton.

By this time, Gen. Scofield had fifteen thousand men at Chattanooga, and Sherman was pressing hard on Hood's rear. He therefore moved off to the southwest; and when he had reached northern Alabama, Gen. Sherman left Gen. Thomas to look after him, and returned to Atlanta.

The Twentieth corps had set to work, making a most formidable line of works around Atlanta. It was estimated that when finished, six thousand men could hold the place against the whole rebel army. The works had advanced toward completion, when suddenly their construction was stopped. Atlanta was evidently to be abandoned, and some bold movement attempted by Sherman's army.

During the time, the railroad was broken in our rear ; of course, no supplies could be brought forward ; and having no forage, our animals were threatened with starvation. Under these circumstances, Gen. Slocum sent large foraging expeditions into the country eastward, to Stone Mountain and Yellow River ; and over two thousand wagon-loads of corn were brought in. Our regiment and brigade were in one of these expeditions, which consisted of three brigades and two sections of artillery. We were gone four days, and brought in nine hundred wagon-loads of corn ; besides, the men got enough sweet-potatoes and fresh meat to make them happy for a fortnight.

For nearly a month, we are in constant expectation of a movement, and are preparing for a long campaign.

November 3d, the Twentieth corps filed out of camp, and halted three miles out, on the Covington road. We supposed the great campaign had begun ; but, the next morning, we were ordered back again into our own old camps.

Then came the organization of the Army of Georgia. Right wing, Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps ; Left wing, Fourteenth and Twentieth. Howard commanding the right ; Slocum, the left ; and Sherman, the whole army.

The surplus stores were sent back on the railroad ; and the road was then abandoned, as far back as Dalton.

On the 9th of November, at daylight, a force of the enemy made an attack on the works, at the west side of Atlanta ; at the same time, making a feint of attack on the east side. It was a division from Jonesboro, come to see whether we still held Atlanta in force.

They hurled their shells, and pushed forward their skirmishers rather boldly ; but retired again, as vigorously as they advanced.

November 13th, the railroad through Atlanta is being burned, and the public buildings are ready for the torch. The Army of Georgia is marshaled for the great campaign,—ready for whatever fate or fortune may betide.

SHERMAN'S GRAND MARCH TO THE SEA.

On the 15th of November, our corps started from Atlanta, and on the 16th, the whole army was in motion. The order of march was in four columns on parallel roads. It was understood, that the right wing would menace Macon, while the left would, for a distance, sweep down the Augusta railroad ; and the two wings would come together somewhere near Millen, as the circumstances of the march might dictate to the commanding general. There was much speculation and some anxiety, to know where we should strike the coast ; but that, too, was doubtless left for the circumstances of the march and the movements of the enemy to dictate. There was but one contingency that gave us any anxiety, in entering upon a campaign without a base, and making a march of three hundred miles through the heart of an enemy's country,—and that was, the possibility of the evacuation of Richmond by Gen. Lee, and the concentration of the whole rebel army on our front, before we reached the coast.

Our generals, and, in fact, our whole army, felt confident that no Confederate power, outside of Lee's army, could keep us from reaching a base on the coast.

We were ordered to collect commissaries and forage, and live upon the country,—taking from the rich as far as possible, and sparing the poor.

The Twentieth corps, Gen. Williams commanding, formed the left column of the army, and marched by way of Decatur and Stone Mountain.

We left Atlanta in flames. It was the avowed purpose to burn all those buildings that could render the place valuable in a military point of view, should the enemy reoccupy it. In doing this, many other buildings were burned, and more than half of the city was left in ruins.

Nearly a whole day was occupied in moving the corps, with its trains, out upon the road; and the first night out, our division marched all night. The night was bitterly cold, and was a severe introduction to the campaign. The next day we moved on past Stone Mountain, crossed Indian and Snap-finger Creeks, and the Yellow River, stopping for the night at Roxbridge. Thence our course lay down the Yellow River. On the 17th, we reached the village of Sheffield. On the 18th, our column passed through Social Circle, where the Third division halted, and went to work destroying the railroad. A rebel train was just leaving the town as our advance entered it. The corps destroyed the road as far as Rutledge, and camped for the night at Stalling's Station.

Early the next morning, our brigade was ordered

out on a reconnoissance to Madison, only five miles distant. We moved before daylight; but Geary, with his usual get-a-head-ativeness, occupied the town before we arrived. We stopped in Madison, and awaited the arrival of the other brigades of our division, which came forward in the afternoon.

This was the most beautiful village we had seen in in the South. Here the wealthy planters of this fine agricultural district had built their homes; and there were such evidences of taste and wealth and culture, such beauty of landscape gardening, such charming parks and hedges of evergreen, and wealth of clustering flowers, as we had seen no where else.

Our division destroyed the railroad at this place, as also the depot and cotton warehouses, and the calaboose, with its whipping stocks, where the erring slaves of the town were publicly whipped every morning at nine o'clock. Gen. Geary, with his division, moved on down the railroad to Greensboro', while the First and Third divisions turned to the right and moved on Milledgeville.

The negroes are very numerous in this section of the State. They were overjoyed at the coming of our army, and hundreds from this one neighborhood seized the opportunity to escape to freedom. After leaving Madison we passed through a fine agricultural district, where there was abundance of cotton stored, which our army destroyed, and where we witnessed the workings of the *plantation system of negro slavery*, without being charmed with either the humanity or chivalric element of Southern civilization. We were compelled to allow

that all the taste and culture and wealth that beautified the homes and enriched the lives of the masters was most dearly bought at the price here paid for it, for we observed that where one was made better and happier by this system of civilization, so called, there were a score debased and degraded almost to the level of the brute. We could not resist the conviction that a civilization in which a score of lives are impoverished and embittered, are blasted and debased and damned, in order that one life may be made sweeter, is a system of wrong that no language can properly condemn.

We encamped the first night only four miles from Madison, and the next day reached the vicinity of Eatonton. This is the terminus of an arm of railroad running from Gordon Junction, on the Georgia Central road, through Milledgeville. At Eatonton the calaboose and whipping stocks were burned, and the negroes fairly danced to see them in flames. Great numbers of negroes followed us as we marched along. They were generally under the impression that the year of jubilee had come. Many were ignorant and degraded as brutes almost; but some were intelligent, and seemed to understand the "situation" as well as we did. The country abounded in all kinds of forage (we call every thing forage now), and large numbers of mules and horses are being collected in this fine agricultural section, to replace the poor and worn-out animals in our trains. The foragers are also allowed to procure animals to ride, and thousands are captured for that purpose. Cattle, sheep, hogs, turkeys and chickens are abundant. Sweet potatoes, yams, corn-meal,

flour, rice, sugar, melasses, bacon and honey are plentiful, and we are utterly indifferent concerning hard-tack.

November 21st we camped on Little River, only ten miles from Milledgeville. The next day we crossed the river on a pontoon, and moved on the capital, which we entered with "music and banners," and without opposition. As we closed in on the city we could see a long dark column of smoke on our right, and we knew it was the Fourteenth corps coming in from Covington, darkening the heavens with the smoke of burning cotton as they came, while on our left was yet another column of pitchy smoke, and we said, "It is Geary coming in from Greensboro'." Our division passed through the city and went into camp. After dark the Seventy-third Ohio was sent to a position south of the city, to guard a bridge across the Oconee River. This brought us into a pleasant neighborhood, near the Oglethorpe University, where there were many fine suburban residences, and landscape and garden beauty almost equal to Madison. There being no other troops in this neighborhood, the Seventy-third fared sumptuously, being treated very kindly by the citizens. No damage was done to Milledgeville, save the burning of the penitentiary, the depot and the arsenal. In the latter there were considerable stores, and among them thousands of short swords, or cutlasses, and pikes—the latter somewhat after the John Brown pattern. These we understood were kept to put down insurrections of slaves. The convicts in the penitentiary (one hundred and fifty in number) had been turned loose,

upon the simple promise that they would join the rebel army, and the legislature and governor had double-quickened for home two days before we reached the place. We rested at Milledgeville nearly the whole of two days. The Fourteenth corps passed through the capital and crossed our path, thus becoming the left column of the army. The right wing, after menacing Macon, had moved on down the Georgia Central road. Gen. Howard was here, however, to consult with Gen. Sherman.

On the afternoon of November 24th, the Twentieth corps left Milledgeville, and that night our division again marched all night, our path lighted with burning fences, cotton gins, etc. The next day we marched through a fine cotton and grain country, and our column was stopped by the burning of a long bridge across Buffalo Creek, which was done by Wheeler to impede our march.

November 26th our corps reached Sandersville, where we met the Fourteenth corps again. Our First and Second divisions pushed on to Power's Station, on the Georgia Central road, where they destroyed the track. Wheeler was now in our front with his cavalry, doing all he could to impede our march. He had just left Sandersville when our head of column reached the town. Our division moved on the next day with the trains of the whole corps, while the other divisions swept down the railroad to Davisboro', at which place we arrived at midnight.

November 28th we reached the Ogechee River, opposite Louisville, where we found the bridge destroyed, and halted to await its repair. On the following day

we crossed the Ogeechee and Comfort Creek, passed through Louisville, and camped a few miles beyond. Here we rested for a day, while the First and Third divisions, which had gone down the railroad from Davisboro, to the Ogeechee River, finding the bridge destroyed, and being unable to cross, came up the river, crossed, and rejoined us near Louisville. Kilpatrick and Wheeler have a passage at arms some distance in our front.

We are daily in receipt of newspapers of Augusta and Savannah, and of the rural districts, which our foragers bring in; and we laugh ourselves to tears sometimes at their "Last ditch" literature. Half-scared to death, and yet boastful and defiant, they exhibit a rich combination of the coward and the braggart. Now they are having the people rise as one man; they are burning bridges, cutting timber across the roads, rendering swamps and streams impassable; every tree shields a Confederate bushwhacker; all the forage and subsistence is to be destroyed in Sherman's pathway, so that his hireling legions may starve; and, according to the reports of these newspapers, defeat and disaster in a hundred forms stare us inevitably in the face. Still our column move on, with scarcely an interruption.

Our march was like a grand pic-nic excursion, feasting upon the fat of the land by day, and sleeping sweetly and soundly at night, without fear of molestation.

At noon, December 3d, our division halted for dinner, near Camp Lawton, the rebel stockade prison, four miles from Millen. We had an opportunity of visiting

this prison camp, and examining its "Gopher holes," and dirt houses, its "dead line," its "stocks" for the punishment of prisoners, etc., etc. The stockade was made of pine logs, twenty-two feet long and fifteen inches in diameter,—the logs being set six feet in the ground. This stockade-wall inclosed an area of forty acres. Some five or six thousand prisoners had been confined here until within the last ten days; when, hearing of Sherman's advance, they were removed farther south.

We found two Union soldiers inside the stockade, lying on the bare ground, without bed or covering, and almost without clothing—dead. And nine hundred graves near the prison, told how our men had suffered during the few weeks they had been confined here. Yet, this is the land of the boasting chivalry; and these are the deeds of the proud sons of Huguenots.

Here, near Millen, we crossed the Augusta and Savannah railroad. One of our brigades went to work, destroying the road, while the others moved on with the trains. Two divisions of the Fourteenth corps cut the road farther up, near Waynesboro'.

We are now fifty miles from Augusta, and seventy from Savannah by rail; and have thoroughly destroyed the road between the two cities. The left wing—Army of Georgia—now pushed straight on toward the Charleston and Savannah railroad and the Savannah River; while the right wing, turning to the right, marched down the Ogeechee River. December 5th, the march of our column was interrupted by a running skirmish, between our advance and the rebel cavalry.

We have now left the cotton and corn districts of Georgia, and entered the "Piney Woods." There is little tilled or tillable land, and consequently but little forage. For sixty miles, we have an almost unbroken pine forest, a low, flat, sandy country, with here and there the hut and sweet-potato-patch of a pinelander. Every day we could hear the sound of cannon at the head of the right-wing columns, as they swept down the Ogeechee. Our corps passed Sylvania and Springfield, while the Fourteenth pushed forward on our left, and struck the Savannah River near where it is crossed by the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. Here they skirmished heavily with the enemy, and the cannon thundered on our left as well as on our right, as the four columns of the grand army closed-in on the city of Savannah.

IN FRONT OF SAVANNAH.

December 9th, our First division leading the corps encountered three hundred rebels in a fort, thirteen miles from Savannah, and commanding the road on which our column was advancing. After a sharp skirmish, the fort was captured, the enemy retiring toward the city.

Early on the morning of the 10th, our corps pushed forward, leaving the trains behind, we struck the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, at Monteith, only ten miles from the city. Then turning south, we moved on Savannah, tearing up the railroad as we went. Heavily and rapidly thundered the cannon in our right

front, as the Seventeenth corps closed-in on the defenses of the city; and sharper grew the skirmish of small arms, which now came nearer and nearer until our own skirmishers engaged those of the enemy in a warm interchange of compliments, and the shot and shell began to thunder and scream, and ricochette along our own front. The rebel skirmishers were steadily borne back, until they finally retired behind their last and only line of works in front of Savannah. This line was three miles from the city; and between it and our corps-lines, there ran, or rather stagnated, a body of water, from one to three hundred yards wide,—half swamp and half canal,—which was fed from the Ogeechee Canal, above the city; and was, at one time, intended for flooding the country for rice. The water was now from three to six feet deep; and in case of rain, would so overspread the country, as to render it, for some distance, untenable for an army.

December 11th, the Seventeenth corps moved to the right, and the Fourteenth came in on our right, occupying from the Charleston Railroad to the Ogeechee canal; while the Twentieth reached from the railroad to the Savannah River. Our line is formed, breast-works built, and our skirmishers pushed forward to within rifle-range of the enemy's main line; then our troops go into camp, in rear of their works, and await events.

On the 13th, Fort McCallister, commanding the Ogeechee River, was taken by Hazen's division of the Fifteenth corps. Communications are now opened between Gens. Sherman and Foster, and we have a base

for our "cracker line" again. This was most timely good fortune; for we had already exhausted what supplies we had brought from Atlanta or gathered in Central Georgia; and, since the piney woods and cypress swamps of this section of the state afforded no forage, in a few days our army would have been suffering for food. As it was, our men were reduced to a gill of rice per day, with a very little Georgia beef which was of such bad quality that many would not eat it.

Our first rations were received *via* the Ogeechee River, on the 19th, and found our men growing very weak, as they had lived, for six days, on their gill of rice per day, and having nothing but swamp-water to drink, the change to coffee and crackers was most welcome indeed.

On the 17th, twenty tons of mail were distributed to Sherman's army. How glad we were to get letters from home! and newspapers also, telling us that Abraham Lincoln is re-elected President. So the people—the loyal millions—stand by the President, and the army, and the country. To them the war is not "a failure," and this is their verdict: that the nation shall be saved.

On the 17th, Gen. Sherman sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the city. Gen. Hardee, on the 18th, returned a reply, refusing to surrender, and Gen. Sherman at once determined to assault. Commanders of brigades and regiments were ordered to reconnoitre the ground in their respective fronts, and then to cut roads through the underbrush, so that the whole line could move forward simultaneously.

Preparations were made to assault on the morning of the 21st, at daylight. The enemy had three batteries in front of our corps, and their line of works ran at water's edge on the farther side of the canal. Under the circumstances it seemed a desperate undertaking to assault, for we knew that in front of our division no man could cross the canal with dry cartridges, and with a reliable line of battle behind the rebel works, no man of a single line could cross the canal alive. It was with no little foreboding we lay down to rest on the night of the 20th, and our worst anticipations of costly work seemed about to be realized when we were awakened in the morning with the order to "Fall in, and be prepared to move on the enemy's works immediately." In a few minutes we were in line, ready for the last charge for Savannah. Solemn and silent were our battalions while they awaited the order to advance, and while thus waiting, a staff officer announced that the enemy had evacuated the city.

SAVANNAH SURRENDERED.

We had heard their cannon at midnight, and did not dream of their evacuation of the place, but at daylight Geary was in the city, and Savannah had surrendered. By this surrender one hundred and fifty cannon and large quantities of cotton and other contraband stores fell into loyal hands, and a base was gained upon the coast that must prove invaluable in the farther progress

of the war. And now the army grouped in and around Savannah for another rest. Our brigade encamped a mile above the city, near the river bank, and by Christmas day we are very comfortable in our new home. Thus ended successfully one of the most daring and masterly military campaigns in all history. An army of seventy thousand men had destroyed its own communications for a hundred miles to its rear—had marched out of its fortified position, and away through the very heart of the enemy's country, three hundred miles, to its farther border—marching leisurely, as if they had been on a pleasure trip, and had there established a new base, compelling the surrender of one of the principal commercial cities of the country; and all this had been accomplished with scarcely a skirmish or an interruption. Well was it proven that the Confederacy was "a shell"—that, though strong in agricultural resources and the labor of its slaves, its men were exhausted. And now the Confederacy had been virtually severed by the war-path of the victorious Sherman, whose sweeping columns had destroyed two hundred miles of railroad, burned many millions worth of cotton, and made four black belts across the State of Georgia.

December 27th, Ward's division was ordered across the Savannah River to gain a foothold on South Carolina soil. The movement was delayed, however, and three days later the old Twentieth corps passed in review before the great raider in the streets of Savannah.

On the 31st we crossed the river to Hutchinson's Island, but failing to get across the farther stream to the main land, marched back again to our old camp,

which we now found occupied by other troops. By permission our regiment occupied a camp built by the Thirteenth New Jersey, and here spent our New Year's holiday. And, looking back over the closing year, what an eventful drama was presented in the campaign of Atlanta, and Sherman's grand march to the sea! The mighty sweep of Sherman's columns had crowned the triumphs of the year, while Sheridan and Thomas had also been signally successful. Hood was now flying with the remnants of his shattered army before the victorious legions of the Cumberland. Our hearts were filled with joy and pride by the victories of our old comrades, as across the Confederacy we seemed to hear the boom of their conquering cannon and the shout of their victorious charge. Breekinridge had been driven back toward Lynchburg by Stoneman, and Sheridan had fairly driven Early from the valley of Virginia, while Grant—still fighting on "that line"—grappled and held his able antagonist at Richmond with a purpose and tenacity scarcely less significant than accomplished victory. Surely the beginning of the end is at hand. The sands of the "C. S. A." are well nigh run. Victory, complete and overwhelming, shall yet and soon be ours! Thank God our labors and sacrifices shall not be vain!

The third year of our regimental history was now completed, and those men of the original regiment who had not re-enlisted as veterans, and those officers who had not been remustered since the reorganization of the regiment, were now mustered out of the service. This muster-out included four officers and eighty-five men—

forty-two of the number being present with the regiment. These were nearly all men who had been absent, sick or wounded, at the time of the veteran re-enlistment. This reduction of our numbers left us fewer men than we had ever before had upon our rolls.

IN THE PALMETTO STATE.

On the 2d day of January, 1865, Ward's division again moved across the river to Hutchinson's Island, but the pontoon bridge being incomplected, we could not reach the South Carolina main land; so we returned to the wharf at Savannah, and taking a steamer, soon doubled the point of the island and landed in the rice fields on the Carolina shore. Here we remained two days, and then moved out six miles from the river, to a position where there was an abandoned fort, built in the earliest days of the war, and called Fort Hardee. Here again the division went into camp. Preparations were now hurried forward for a new campaign through the Carolinas. Gen. Howard, with the Seventeenth corps, steamed around to Beaufort, and the whole of Sherman's army was made ready for a movement northward.

January 16th, Brevet Brig. Gen. Coggs well, Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Volunteers, was assigned to the command of our brigade.

On the 17th of January, Ward's division broke camp and marched to Hardeeville, a village on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. The whole army was to be put in motion at once, but heavy rains set in, and the low, sandy country was soon rendered impassable for artillery and trains: hence the movement was delayed.

January 29th. The rains have abated somewhat, and the army is in motion. The First and Third divisions of our corps move to Robertsville. Geary's division and the Fourteenth corps come up the right bank of the Savannah River, cross at Sister's Ferry, and join our column.

February 2d, we reach Lawtonville, and skirmish heavily with the enemy's cavalry.

February 4th, we are at Allendale, and open communication with the right wing, coming up from Pocatigo. Our head of column skirmished with the enemy at the crossings of the Big and Little Salkehatchie Rivers, and on the 7th we reached the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, which we immediately commenced destroying.

Like as in Georgia, we were ordered to "live upon the country," and forage of all kinds was gathered in, though not so plentifully as in Georgia. The citizens were in great consternation. They had come to believe that Sherman could go any where he wished, or do any thing he undertook, and considering themselves at his mercy, they flung their white flags to the breeze at almost every house. It was amusing to observe

these bold, defiant, last-ditch, fire-eating South Carolinians, as our army marched through and left its foot-prints in the sands of their proud Palmetto State. They were as harmless as babes. Indeed, we saw more white flags in South Carolina in a single day, than we had seen in Virginia in a whole year. The left wing of the army tore up and destroyed about thirty miles of the C. & A. R. R., burning the ties and twisting the rails into what the boys called "Lincoln gimlets." Then our column resumed its march on Columbia.

February 11th, Kilpatrick has a slight engagement with Cheatem's division of rebel infantry, some fifteen miles out upon our left. We cross the Edisto and North Edisto Rivers, and close in upon the capital of the State. The rebel cavalry are in our front, and almost constant skirmishing is going on.

February 16th, our whole army appeared in front of Columbia. A few shells were thrown into the city, but elicited no reply. The place had been evacuated the day before. The city in which the rebellion was born—the proud capital of the proud State of South Carolina—surrendered to the hated "Yankee" without firing a gun. "Let it be recorded." The right wing now laid their pontoons and crossed the river to the city, while the left moved a few miles up, above the junction of the Saluda and Broad Rivers—crossed those streams, and taking a northeasterly direction, arrived at Winnsboro' on the 20th, and two days later crossed the Catawba. We had now several days of rain, and the trains were scarcely able to move. Many miles of corduroy were built, and finally we had to halt for the

trains and the Fourteenth corps to come forward. We encamped on the old battle-ground at Hanging Rock, on Little Lynch Creek, and remained here till the 27th, when the column again moved on. The enemy have evacuated Charleston, and Gen. Hardee is concentrating all his forces in our front. At Cheraw we crossed the Great Pedee River into North Carolina. We had now marched through the entire State of South Carolina, from the point of her peninsula near Savannah, to the northeastern corner at Cheraw, and yet the chivalrous sons of the proud Palmetto State had not once offered us battle. Our route now lay through a heavily timbered country—an almost unbroken pine forest—where turpentine and rosin are the principal productions. Burning pitch and rosin blackened the heavens with their smoke as our column moved along. Orders were issued that the greatest possible lenity should be shown to the citizens of North Carolina, because of their long continued devotion to the old government at the commencement of the war, and also on account of their oft-repeated and now earnest demand that the war should cease.

On the 11th of March our columns reached Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear River—next after Wilmington, the most important town in the State. Wilmington had surrendered to Gen. Terry, and a steamer arrived from that city. This was our first communication with the outside world since cutting loose from our base at Savannah. Our corps crossed the Cape Fear on the 12th, and on the following day, while the army was resting, our brigade made a reconnoissance to Black

River, the crossing of which we found held by a considerable force of rebel cavalry. After a lively skirmish the brigade retired, and that night rejoined the corps.

The enemy is now in our front in force, and though retiring slowly, is yet doggedly disputing our advance. Gen. Sherman now ordered the right wing and one division of the left to move, with all the heavy trains, east of Black River, and in the direction of Goldsboro', while two divisions of the Fourteenth and two of the Twentieth corps, with light trains, move up the Cape Fear and bear off toward Raleigh. This was, doubtless, to divert the enemy toward the State capital, while our trains and main army moved on safely to Goldsboro', where a junction was to be made with the forces of Gen. Terry coming from Wilmington, and Schofield from Newbern. Our column of four divisions started on the 15th, Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry accompanying and covering the advance.

BATTLE OF AVERYSBORO'.

Early on the morning of March 16th, Kilpatrick, supported by a brigade of infantry, skirmished heavily with the enemy, and it was soon known that Gen. Hardee was in our front, determined to dispute our advance, or at least to retard it so as to cover the retreat of his trains and artillery, which were compelled to move slowly on account of the condition of the roads.

The Third division of the Twentieth corps arrived on the field about nine o'clock, and found a portion of the First division and Kilpatrick's cavalry warmly engaging the foe. Our division was at once moved to the front. The skirmish line was made almost as strong as a line of battle. Soon our brigade was deployed near the center of the line and pushed close upon the enemy. The firing both of small arms and artillery grew heavier as the day advanced, and our line pressed forward. About noon we charged and drove them from their first line of works, where they left quite a number of their dead and wounded. Back through the woods they were steadily driven, but they disputed every inch of ground with a costly heroism.

During the afternoon the First brigade of our division charged and captured a section of artillery on our left, while on the right, the First division charged them front and flank, driving them back on their third and main line of works. Our line pressed forward, keeping up a heavy fire. We waded a swamp, knee-deep with water and a hundred yards wide, and pushed right up to within a hundred and fifty paces of the rebel works. Finding how costly it would be to go farther, or even to remain here, the line was withdrawn a short distance and temporary works built. Here we rested for the night. A lively fire was maintained on the skirmish lines until about midnight, when the enemy retired. They retreated through Averysboro', in the direction of Smithfield. The loss of our brigade in this engagement was one hundred and eighteen men. The two divisions of the Twentieth corps lost six hun-

dred, killed and wounded. In the Seventy-third Ohio there were fifteen men wounded. Here we had fought Hardee's corps of fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men. The rebel Gen. Johnston had been assigned to command all the forces in our front, and was concentrating them so as to give us battle.

Two divisions of our column now moved on to Averysboro'; while the other two, with the trains, turned to the right and crossed Black River, some miles south of Averysboro'.

We remained at Averysboro' for a night, and then moved down to the Black River bridge, and followed the advance divisions. The roads were almost impassable. Our brigade marched all night, as a guard to the trains, and accomplished only two miles in eight hours.

BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

On Sunday, March 19th, the two divisions of the Fourteenth corps held the advance, while the Twentieth corps divisions guarded the trains and covered the rear. Our column had changed direction, and was now moving toward Goldsboro'. About noon, orders were received to hurry forward the infantry, without regard to the trains; and soon the sound of cannon, a few miles in our front, told of the enemy's presence and purpose. It was two o'clock when we reached the high open grounds overlooking the field where the battle was going on. The whole of the other three divisions were

engaged, and ours was brought forward as a reserve. The troops of the Fourteenth corps had skirmished with the enemy at the skirt of a woods, and had driven them a mile or more, when suddenly they came upon Johnston's whole army, formed for battle across our line of march. The enemy had welcomed them cordially, and, with large forces, had promptly turned both their flanks. When, finding themselves almost surrounded, they retreated rapidly and in some confusion, but only thus saving themselves from being surrounded and overwhelmed. They retreated to the skirt of the wood, where they first met the foe, and being joined by the First division of the Twentieth, had here made a successful stand.

The high ground in rear of the line now formed, was a fine position for artillery ; and by the time the enemy advanced his main force against ours, temporary breast-works of logs and rails had been constructed.

The generals seemed very uneasy when we arrived. The enemy had been checked, but the situation was yet very critical.

Our division was massed, and awaited the events of the struggle. The battle raged along the line, with great earnestness ; charge after charge was made against our line, and repelled ; and the hope grew stronger that our forces would be able to stand against the enemy's greatly superior numbers.

Our four divisions numbered not more than fifteen thousand men, while Johnston had thirty-five or forty thousand in our front. Still, many of his men had not seen service, while ours were nearly all veterans.

Morgan's division of the Fourteenth corps had taken position well out upon the right, and with his right thrown well forward. An interval of a fourth of a mile occurred between his left and the right of Jackson's division of the Twentieth. Late in the afternoon, Cogswell's brigade was ordered to occupy this interval, and at once moved to the right, and forward.

The brigade was formed in two lines; three regiments in the first, two in the second. We passed through the interval between the two divisions, and pushed on out into the woods. Suddenly we came upon a rebel brigade marching in column of battalions in line, evidently moving into this interval, to charge the flank of Morgan's division. In passing around a swamp, the leading rebel battalion had gained considerable distance, and obliquely right into the interval thus formed; the right of our brigade found itself marching. It was in a woods thick with underbrush, and the situation was at first scarcely apparent. And so astounded were the two forces and their commanders, that not a shot was fired.

Nearly the whole of the advance rebel regiment was cut off, and surrendered as prisoners; while, without firing a shot, the rest of the brigade rapidly retreated.

Our brigade was halted, and withdrawn a hundred paces, until communication could be opened with Gen. Morgan, on our right and right rear. An understanding was now had with that commander, that our brigade would charge the enemy in its front, while his division would charge them on the flank at the same time. Accordingly, after waiting for the completion of all ar-

rangements, the brigade was ordered forward. We had not gone more than two hundred yards, when the enemy's skirmishers opened fire, which was rapidly followed by murderous volleys from their entire line of battle. We answered their fire, and laid down, sheltering ourselves as well as possible. The thick underbrush prevented the combattants from seeing each other, though the lines were very close.

Fortunately, their position was a little above our own, and their fire mainly went over us. Thus lying upon the ground, our front line, with the Seventy-third Ohio in the center, continued to deliver and receive a constant and telling fire, until our sixty rounds of ammunition were exhausted, and more was brought from the rear.

Just at sunset, the enemy was reinforced with a fresh line of battle; and from their double line now came such a storm of bullets as we had never before witnessed. So terrible and withering was this fire of small arms, that, had our battalions stood up, they must have been utterly annihilated. And thus on until darkness set in, the air was thick with hissing bullets.

Gen. Morgan did not charge, nor even engage the rebel flank. After dark, the firing ceased on both sides. Our brigade was withdrawn a little, and at once constructed a line of works.

The fighting along the center was also quite earnest during the afternoon. But the combined fire of our artillery and infantry drove back the assailants, and our position was maintained.

During the night, the enemy fell back on his main

line of works, leaving many of his dead upon the field. The loss of the Seventy-third Ohio, in this engagement, was five men killed, and four officers and twenty-one men wounded.

On the next morning, our brigade was relieved, and at once rejoined the division. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps are coming in; and thus strengthened, we are in no danger of disaster.

During the afternoon, Ward's division moved to the left, and built defenses.

There has been only slight skirmishing to-day. The enemy, however, are reaching out to their right, and it is evident the battle is ended, unless Sherman assumes the offensive, which he will not do so far from any base.

On the 21st, our corps marched to the right several miles, and took another road toward Goldsboro'. The next day we marched to Cox's bridge, on the Neuse River. The head of Gen. Terry's column has already reached the bridge, and the road to Goldsboro' is open before us.

March 23d, we moved on to Goldsboro', which place had been occupied several days by Gen. Schofield's troops.

AT GOLDSBORO'.

Sherman's army now grouped around the town of Goldsboro', with the promise of a few weeks of rest, after the long and arduous campaign of the Carolinas; and orders were issued to hurry forward supplies, so

that our army would be ready for another, and we hoped, a final campaign. Our camp was about a mile from the town; and, in the charming weather of early spring, we were soon quite happy in our new Carolina homes.

With the force of Terry and Schofield added to his army proper, there was little doubt of Gen. Sherman's ability to move from Goldsboro' successfully against the foe; and, in concert with the army before Petersburg and Richmond, to strike a blow that should end the war. We were all looking forward to such an united campaign, when the glad news of the defeat of Lee's army and the capture of Richmond came to us.

As the news of this great victory went through the camps of our army, a hundred thousand hearts leaped with gladness, and a hundred thousand voices shouted for joy. And when, with the official news, came the order from Grant to Sherman—"Push Johnston, and let us finish the work at once,"—the army was ready and eager to obey the command.

ADVANCE ON RALEIGH.

Johnston was between Goldsboro' and Raleigh, guarding the Capital, with about thirty-five thousand men.

On the 10th of April, Sherman's columns moved from Goldsboro' in the direction of the enemy; and, at a swamp about ten miles out, the head of our left wing column was confronted by Wade Hampton's cavalry, and was delayed some hours.

The next day, we moved on to Smithfield. The enemy had retired, upon hearing of our advance.

The next morning, while moving through the town, the news came to us of the surrender of Lee's army. Then we knew that the war was virtually ended, and that our campaign must be short. We crossed the Neuse River at Smithfield, and pushed on toward Raleigh.

On the morning of the 13th, our forces entered the city, without opposition,—the enemy having fallen back toward Greensboro'.

April 18th, Johnston has proposed to surrender his army, and the agreement has been sent to Washington for ratification. Then comes to us the sad news of President Lincoln's assassination, and the whole army is moved with a deep feeling of sadness and indignation.

On the 22d, the Twentieth corps was reviewed by Gen. Sherman in the streets of Raleigh. Gen. Grant arrived with the President's rejection of the Sherman-Johnston treaty, and on the 25th our army again moved against the enemy. Our corps marched ten miles on the road to Holly Springs, and halted, while Grant and Sherman held a conference with the rebel commander, which resulted in the surrender of Johnston's entire army.

On the 28th, we marched back to Raleigh and occupied our old camps. The war was over—our work was done. The rebellion was crushed. The nation was saved. No words could tell our gladness at the final accomplishment of this great work, nor our deep sense

of relief when we fully realized that we had fought our last battle, and that soon we should return to the enjoyment of quiet life and peaceful days at home.

THE MARCH TO WASHINGTON.

On the 30th of April, the army started on the long but peaceful march to Washington. Every step was light, and every heart beat quick at the thought of going home. It was such a march as we had never before performed. No picket duty—no danger. Pleasant marches by day and undisturbed rest by night. Constant change of scenery and free converse with citizens and returned rebel soldiers, made the march interesting as well as novel.

May 8th, we reached the vicinity of Richmond, where we rested three days. Gen. Meade's army had nearly all preceded our own in the northward march, and it was understood that the two great armies of Meade and Sherman were to be reviewed at Washington and then disbanded.

On the 11th we resumed our march, passing through the late rebel capital. Libby Prison and Castle Thunder had lost all their terrors, and Richmond itself seemed an unimportant place. As we moved northward the ground was all historic. Every stream had its story of battle. At Spottsylvania the shallow graves and bleaching bones of our heroic dead, and the wrecks of battle every where to be seen, told how terrible had been the strife. At Chancellorsville we en-

tered upon our old war-paths again, and henceforward every spot was familiar to the Seventy-third Ohio.

May 19th, we reached the vicinity of Alexandria and went into camp.

THE GREAT REVIEW.

Orders were now issued for the review of the two great armies. One hundred and fifty thousand returning veterans were to pass in review before the President and Gen. Grant—were to be welcomed by the President and the people in the capital of the nation they had helped to save.

On the 23d of May, occurred the review of Sheridan's cavalry and of the Potomac army, and on the following day Sherman's grand army passed in review through the capital. This was, doubtless, the most magnificent pageant ever witnessed in America. Visitors were gathered here by tens of thousands, from the East and the West. Pennsylvania Avenue, for the space of nearly three miles, was one vast mass of people. Not less than a hundred and fifty thousand citizens were gathered here to welcome the armies to the capital. And with flags and mottoes, and wreaths and flowers, and the glad shouts of thousands all along the line of march, the returning veterans were welcomed back from the wars.

After the review our brigade encamped three miles from the city, on the Baltimore Turnpike. The work of disbanding the organizations and mustering out the troops of these armies was at once begun. This mus-

tering out, however, had to be done by classes, and the first orders did not include our own regiment.

TRANSFER TO LOUISVILLE, KY.

All the veteran regiments in the Twentieth corps were now formed into a Provisional Division, under Gen. Williams, and assigned to the command of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, of the Fourteenth corps, and ordered to Louisville, Ky. The Seventy-third, Sixty-sixth, Fifty-fifth and Eighty-second Ohio regiments were brigaded together, under command of Gen. Robinson, of Ohio. Our division arrived at Louisville on the 15th of June, and had a pleasant encampment four miles out on the Bardstown Turnpike.

We
 were
 re
 ce
 MUSTERED OUT.

Finally came our orders for our muster out of service—orders most gladly received by officers and men alike.

On the 20th^{to} July, our rolls were completed, and we were formally mustered out of the service of the United States. The regiment started at once for Camp Dennison, Ohio, where, on the 24th of July, it was paid off and finally discharged.

Thus, with only a private journal and an inaccurate personal memory from which to glean the material for a connected history of the regiment, we have followed it through all its campaigns and battles, and endeavored

to present an honest and plain recital of the facts as they transpired in our regimental history. It is a story of labors and sufferings endured through a period of service of nearly four years, illustrating most worthily the patriotic virtues of the citizen soldier. It is a record of heroic deeds—deeds of which every member and friend of the regiment will be ever justly proud. No regiment in the public service did more arduous or honorable work, and few, if any, suffered more severely. During its period of service the regiment marched several thousand miles. It participated in twenty formidable engagements, several of which were among the most sanguinary battles of the war. It sustained a loss of one hundred and fifty-six men killed and died of wounds, five hundred and sixty-eight wounded in battle, and one hundred and twenty-nine men who died of disease. In every position where it was called to do or suffer, it made an honorable record. In its brigade, division and corps, it always sustained a high reputation for the gallantry of its officers and the heroism of its men. And now that the great struggle is ended triumphantly to the Union arms—now that peace and prosperity again rest upon the land—now that the nation is redeemed from the rule of wrong principles and conscienceless men, the returned volunteer will be proud and grateful that he was permitted to bear a part in the great work of saving the Republic; and while our country rises to a new and higher life, may the grass grow green on the graves of our heroic dead, and the virtues of a patriotic and Christian manhood be cherished by the living!

ROSTER AND MILITARY HISTORIES
OF THE
FIELD, STAFF AND LINE OFFICERS
IN THE
ORIGINAL AND VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS
OF THE
SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Brevet Brig. Gen. SAMUEL H. HURST.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "A," Nov. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Major, June 21st, 1862. Promoted to Lieut. Col., June 27th, 1864. Commissioned Colonel, July 10th, 1864—not mustered. Appointed Colonel by Brevet, March 13th, 1865. Appointed Brig. Gen. by Brevet, with rank dating March 13th, 1865. Commanded the regiment one year and ten months. Served full term.

Colonel ORLAND SMITH.

Appointed Colonel, Oct. 4th, 1861. Mustered as Lieut. Col., Nov. 26th, 1861. Organized the regi-

ment. Mustered as Colonel, Dec. 30th, 1861. Commanded the regiment one year. Subsequently commanded Second Brigade, Second Division, Eleventh Army Corps. Resigned Feb. 17th, 1864.

Lieutenant Colonel JACOB HYER.

Appointed Lieut. Col., Oct. 4th, 1861. Mustered Dec. 30th, 1861. Resigned June 21st, 1862.

Lieutenant Colonel RICHARD LONG.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 4th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant and appointed Adjutant, Nov. 26th, 1861. Promoted to Major, Dec. 20th, 1861. Promoted to Lieut. Col., June 21st, 1862. Commissioned as Colonel, Feb. 17th, 1864—not mustered. Detached on Staff of Maj. Gen. Howard. Commanded the regiment ten months. Resigned June 27th, 1864.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel THOMAS W. HIGGINS.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 13th, 1861. Promoted to Captain of Co. "B," Nov. 20th, 1861. Promoted to Major, June 27th, 1864. Commissioned Lieut. Col., July 10th, 1864—not mustered. Appointed Lieut. Col. by Brevet, with rank dating March 13th, 1865. Served full term.

Surgeon JONAS P. SAFFORD.

Appointed Surgeon, Oct. 24th, 1861. Dismissed by sentence of General Court-martial, Dec. 29th, 1862.

Surgeon ISAAC N. HIMES.

Appointed Assistant Surgeon, Oct. 26th, 1861.
Promoted to Surgeon, March 1st, 1863. Mustered
out at expiration of original term of the regi-
ment, Dec. 29th, 1864.

Surgeon JOHN C. PRESTON.

Appointed and mustered Assistant Surgeon, April
8th, 1863. Promoted to Surgeon, April 9th, 1865.
Mustered out with the regiment, July 20th, 1865.

Chaplain JOSEPH J. HILL.

Appointed Chaplain, May, 1862. Resigned Dec.
1862.

Adjutant FREDERICK C. SMITH.

Commissioned as First Lieutenant and appointed
Adjutant, Dec. 26th, 1861. Died of fever, at
Weston, West Va., April 15th, 1862.

Adjutant JOHN SPENCE.

Enlisted Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieu-
tenant, Nov. 16th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieu-
tenant and appointed Adjutant, March 1st, 1863.
Resigned March 16th, 1864.

Adjutant JOHN B. SMITH.

Enlisted Aug. 12th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieu-
tenant and appointed Adjutant, June 1st, 1865.
Mustered out with the regiment, July 20th,
1865.

Quartermaster WILLIAM D. WESSON.

Commissioned as First Lieutenant and appointed Quartermaster, Oct. 22d, 1861. Appointed Commissary of Subsistence, with the rank of Captain, July 17th, 1862.

Quartermaster ROBERT M. RODGERS.

Promoted, by request of Gen. Sigel, from the ranks of a Virginia regiment and commissioned by Gov. Tod, Nov. 20th, 1862. Detached on Gen. Sigel's Staff. Resigned Nov. 5th, 1863.

Quartermaster WILLIAM H. ECKMAN.

Enlisted Dec. 23d, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant April 25th, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 30th, 1864. Appointed Quartermaster, May 11th, 1864. Resigned, March 30th, 1865.

Quartermaster JAMES EARL.

Enlisted Oct. 16th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant and appointed Quartermaster, March 27th, 1865. Served full term.

Assistant Surgeon JAMES SIGAFOOS.

Appointed Sept., 1862. Resigned Nov., 1862.

Assistant Surgeon WILLIAM RICHESON.

Appointed March, 1863. Resigned June 27th, 1864.

Assistant Surgeon SMITH D. STEER.

Appointed Feb. 1st, 1865. Mustered out with the Regiment, July 20th, 1865.

LINE OFFICERS.

Captain THOMAS LUCAS.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "F," Nov. 20th, 1861. Commissioned as Major, July 10th, 1864. Not mustered. Resigned, Sept. 11th, 1864.

Captain SILAS IRION.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 29th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "G," Dec. 17th, 1861. Resigned, July 18th, 1863.

Captain EDWARD H. ALLEN.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "C," Dec. 30th, 1861. Resigned, March 1st, 1863.

Captain LEWIS H. BURKETT.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "I," Dec. 30th, 1861. Died at Alexandria, Va., Sept. 12th, 1862, of wounds received in second Bull Run battle, Aug. 30th, 1862.

Captain THOMAS BEACH.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 4th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "D," Dec. 30th, 1861. Discharged by reason of physical disability, Dec. 24th, 1862.

Captain JOHN V. PATTON.

Appointed First Lieutenant, Dec. 20th, 1861. Promoted to Captain Co. "K," Dec. 30th, 1861. Resigned, March 9th, 1864.

Captain JUSTUS G. MCSCHOOLER.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, October, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Dec. 30th, 1861. Discharged by reason of physical disability, Dec. 24th, 1862.

Captain JOHN EARHART.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, October, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Dec. 30th, 1861. Resigned, April 17th, 1862.

Captain LUTHER M. BOOKWALTER.

Enlisted, Oct. 12th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Nov. 9th, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Aug. 5th, 1862. Died, Oct. 29th, 1863, of wounds received in the midnight charge at Lookout Valley, Tennessee.

Captain JOHN D. MADEIRA.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Aug. 6th, 1862. Mustered out, Dec. 29th, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Captain JAMES Q. BARNES.

Enlisted, November, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Sept. 22d, 1862. Mustered out, Dec. 29th, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Captain GEORGE M. DOHERTY.

Appointed First Lieutenant, Nov. 20th, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Jan. 1st, 1863. Died, July 13th, 1863, of wounds received in battle at Gettysburg.

Captain ARCHIBALD LYL RAND.

Appointed First Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Promoted to Captain, Feb. 8th, 1863. Resigned, Oct. 8th, 1864.

Captain BENJAMIN F. STONE.

Appointed First Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Appointed Adjutant, June 20th, 1862. Promoted to Captain, March 1st, 1863. Mustered out, Dec. 29th, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Captain HENRY HINSON.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Nov. 20th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, May 22d, 1862. Promoted to Captain, March 1st, 1864. Resigned, October 20th, 1864.

Captain JAMES S. McCOMMON.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 20th, 1862. Promoted to Captain, March 28th, 1864. Discharged on account of wounds received in battle, at Kennesaw Mountain.

Captain ABISHA DOWNING.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Sept. 22d, 1862. Promoted to Captain, March 29th, 1864. Commissioned as Major, July 18th, 1865. Not mustered. Served full term.

Captain PRESLEY T. TALBOTT.

Enlisted, Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed Captain, April 18th, 1864. Resigned, June 25th, 1865.

Captain JAMES C. McKELL.

Enlisted, October, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, April 15th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 4th, 1862. Promoted to Captain, April 18th, 1864. Resigned, Jan. 1st, 1865.

Captain DAVID P. RENNIE.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 24th, 1862. Promoted to Captain, Sept. 20th, 1864. Served full term.

Captain SAMUEL R. PETERS.

Enlisted, Oct. 19th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, March 1st, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, and appointed Adjutant, March 28th, 1864. Promoted to Captain, Jan. 1st, 1865. Resigned, May 28th, 1865.

Captain WILLIAM A. PONTIUS.

Enlisted, Oct. 26th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, April 18th, 1864. Promoted to First Lieutenant, June 18th, 1864. Promoted to Captain, March 26th, 1865. Discharged, May 19th, 1865, on account of wounds received in battle at Bentonville, North Carolina.

Captain SAMUEL AMBROSE.

Enlisted, Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Sept. 23d, 1864. Promoted to Captain, March 28th, 1865. Served full term.

Captain DAVID A. LAMB.

Enlisted, Oct. 12th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Sept. 24th, 1864. Promoted to Captain, March 28th, 1865. Resigned, June 30th, 1865.

Captain WILLIAM B. DAVIS.

Enlisted, Nov. 12th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Oct. 28th, 1864. Promoted to Captain, March 28th, 1865. Served full term.

Captain JOHN W. ADAMS.

Enlisted, Oct. 19th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Nov. 16th, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, April 14th, 1864. Promoted to Captain, April 9th, 1865. Resigned, May 30th, 1865.

Captain MARTIN L. BUCHWALTER.

Enlisted, Oct. 12th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Jan. 1st, 1865. Promoted to Captain, May 22d, 1865. Served full term.

Captain ALBERT H. SANDERS.

Enlisted, Nov. 5th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, April 9th, 1865. Promoted to Captain, June 1st, 1865. Served full term.

Captain JOHN H. MARTIN.

Enlisted, Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, May 20th, 1864. Promoted to Captain, June 22d, 1865. Served full term.

Captain ASA F. COUCH.

Enlisted, Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, Jan. 4th, 1865. Promoted to Captain, June 25th, 1865. Served full term.

First Lieutenant JOHN I. THROCKMORTON.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Nov. 9th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Aug. 5th, 1862. Resigned, Nov. 23d, 1862.

First Lieutenant GEORGE LAUMAN.

Appointed First Lieutenant, Nov. 20th, 1861. Resigned, May 22d, 1862.

First Lieutenant JAMES H. DWYER.

Appointed First Lieutenant, Dec. 18th, 1861. Resigned, March 8th, 1862.

First Lieutenant THOMAS M. GRAY.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 9th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 23d, 1861. Resigned, March 19th, 1862.

First Lieutenant JOHN F. MARTIN.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 23d, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 18th, 1862. Resigned, Dec. 24th, 1862.

First Lieutenant J. W. I. STEVENSON.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 3d, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Aug. 6th, 1862. Resigned, Sept. 23d, 1862.

First Lieutenant JOHN KINNEY.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 14th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861. Resigned, March 24th, 1864.

First Lieutenant SAMUEL FELLERS.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Dec. 13th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 8th, 1862. Resigned Aug. 17th, 1863.

First Lieutenant DAVID L. GREINER.

Enlisted Nov. 11th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, March 8th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Feb. 28th, 1863. Resigned June 22d, 1863.

First Lieutenant JOSHUA A. DAVIS.

Enlisted Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, May 12th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 1st, 1864. Discharged on account of wounds received in battle at New Hope Church, Ga.

First Lieutenant RUFUS HOSLER.

Enlisted Oct. 26th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 25th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 23d, 1862. Discharged Nov., 1864, on account of wounds received in battle at Peach Tree Creek, Ga.

First Lieutenant HORACE S. CLARK.

Enlisted Nov. 19th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant Aug. 30th, 1862. Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 24th, 1862. Discharged Oct. 23d, 1863, on account of wounds received in battle at Gettysburg.

First Lieutenant JOSEPH P. TALBOTT.

Enlisted Oct. 15th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Jan. 1st, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 30th, 1864. Resigned June 18th, 1864.

First Lieutenant ISAAC N. HAWKINS.

Enlisted Oct. 22d, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Oct. 7th, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 30th, 1864. Discharged May 15th, 1865, on account of wounds received in battle at Atlanta, Ga.

First Lieutenant CHARLES W. STONE.

Enlisted Nov. 4th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, March 1st, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 1st, 1863. Resigned July 5th, 1864.

First Lieutenant JOHNSON E. F. JACKSON.

Enlisted, November, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, March 1st, 1863. Promoted to First Lieutenant, March 29th, 1864. Resigned, Jan. 2d, 1865.

First Lieutenant SAMUEL C. GLOVER.

Appointed First Lieutenant, April 18th, 1864. Promoted by the President, to be Commissary of Subsistence, with the rank of Captain, July, 1864.

First Lieutenant JOHN BURKE.

Enlisted, Oct. 11th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, March 28th, 1865. Served full term.

First Lieutenant THOMAS F. HAMILTON.

Enlisted, Oct. 14th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, March 28th, 1865. Served full term.

First Lieutenant JOHN HILDENBRAND.

Enlisted, Dec. 11th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, March 28th, 1865. Served full term,

First Lieutenant JAMES FERGUSON.

Enlisted, Dec. 16th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, April 1st, 1865. Served full term.

First Lieutenant JAMES ROSS.

Enlisted, Oct. 26th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, May 1st, 1865. Served full term.

First Lieutenant MICHAEL S. MACKERLY.

Enlisted, Nov. 20th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, June 25th, 1865. Served full term.

First Lieutenant JOHN C. ALTON.

Enlisted, Dec. 9th, 1861. Appointed First Lieutenant, June 25th, 1865. Served full term.

Second Lieutenant CHARLES W. TRIMBLE.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Dec. 30th, 1861.

Killed in battle, at second Bull Run, Aug. 30th, 1862.

Second Lieutenant DAYTON MORGAN.

Enlisted, Nov. 9th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Aug. 5th, 1862. Resigned, Oct. 25th, 1862.

Second Lieutenant JOHN MITCHELL.

Appointed Second Lieutenant, Nov. 20th, 1861. Resigned, Dec. 23d, 1862.

Second Lieutenant EDWARD H. MILLER.

Enlisted, Nov. 11th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, March 19th, 1862. Resigned, Feb. 1st 1863.

Second Lieutenant IGDAHIAH B. DRESBACH.

Enlisted, Oct. 26th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, March 1st, 1863. Resigned, Aug 12th, 1863.

Second Lieutenant ROBERT E. BEECHER.

Enlisted, September, 1862. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Dec. 5th, 1862. Appointed by the President "A. A. G." with the rank of Captain, July, 1864.

Second Lieutenant JOHN B. IRA.

Enlisted Dec. 16th, 1861. Appointed Second Lieutenant, April 8th, 1863. Discharged, Oct. 23d, 1863, on account of wounds received in battle, at Gettysburg.

ROLL OF NAMES
AND
BRIEF MILITARY HISTORIES
OF THE
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES
IN THE
ORIGINAL AND VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS
OF THE
SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF OFFICERS.

Sergeant Major NATHAN C. LITTLER.

Appointed Sergeant Major, March 1st, 1865. Served full term.

Quartermaster Sergeant JAMES TEMPLIN.

Appointed Quartermaster Sergeant, May 14th, 1863.
Discharged, on account of physical disability, Dec. 31st, 1863.

Quartermaster Sergeant MAHLON BENNETT.

Appointed Quartermaster Sergeant, March 27th, 1865. Served full term.

Commissary Sergeant ERSKINE CARSON.

Appointed Commissary Sergeant, Aug. 5th, 1862.

Discharged, Oct. 29th, 1862, on account of wounds received in second Bull Run battle.

Commissary Sergeant GEORGE LEMON.

Appointed Commissary Sergeant, Feb. 16th, 1864.

Served full term.

Hospital Steward WILLIAM H. HUGHES.

Appointed Hospital Steward, April 26th, 1865.

Served full term.

Chief Musician THADDEUS M. PACKARD.

Detached from Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteers. Appointed Chief Musician, March 1st, 1864.

Mustered out, June, 1865.

Chief Musician JOHN D. STUCKEY.

Appointed Chief Musician, July 1st, 1865. Served full term.

Chief Musician CYRUS F. WILSON.

Appointed Chief Musician, July 1st, 1865. Served full term.

COMPANY "A," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant David M. Lyons. Served full term.

First Sergeant George W. Rudel. Served full term.

Sergeant John P. Jones. Died of wounds at Chattanooga, 1864.

Sergeant John H. Kreoll. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 1863.

Sergeant Charles E. Long. Killed in battle, at Bentonville, N. C., 1865.

Sergeant Calvin Rambo. Killed in battle, at Kennesaw Mountain, 1864.

Sergeant Francis M. Davis. Served full term.

Sergeant John Minser. Served full term.

Sergeant William J. Wilson. Served full term.

Corporal S. Webster Templin. Died at New Creek, Va., 1862.

Corporal William B. Rennard. Discharged for physical disability, 1862.

Corporal Levi J. Buchwalter. Served original term.

Corporal Adelbert D. Zehrung. Discharged on account of wounds, 1862.

Corporal Socrates S. Bitzer. Died of wounds at Gettysburg, 1863.

Corporal John H. Eckle. Died of wounds received at Resacca, Ga., 1864.

Corporal William C. Templin. Died of wounds at Gettysburg, 1863.

Corporal Allen Yapple. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg, 1863.

Corporal Robert S. McCartney. Served full term.

Corporal Rufus D. Pierce. Died at Nashville, Tenn., 1864.

Corporal Hiram A. Gilbreath. Served full term.

Corporal Henry C. Sleigh. Discharged on account of wounds, May, 1865.

Corporal William Dorman. Served full term.

Corporal Levi Peddycourt. Served full term.

Corporal Henry Seymore. Served full term.

Corporal Moses Hixenbaugh. Served full term.

Corporal Joseph Shoemaker. Served from 1862.

William Ankrom. Discharged for disability.

Franklin Brokau. Served full term.

William J. Brokau. Served original term.

Solomon Ballinger. Killed in battle, at Bentonville, 1865.

Andrew Birch. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

John G. Butler. Discharged for physical disability.

Philip T. Baum. Served original term.

John Barton. Discharged for physical disability.

Thomas Coey. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Birten Crider. Died of wounds at second Bull Run.

David Consolver. Discharged for physical disability.

George Chamberlain. Died at Alexandria, Va., 1862.

Charles Clinger. Served full term.

Lewis Crites. Discharged for physical disability.

Simon Chester. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

William T. Clark. Served original term.

Theodore Clark. Discharged on account of wounds.

James H. Cox. Served full term.

Thomas Dawson. Discharged for disability.

William Dorris. Discharged for disability.

James Donnely. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

James Dehaven. Mustered out at Hospital, 1865.

Jefferson Francisco. Discharged for disability.

Nathan Ferris. Killed in battle at Kenesaw Mountain.

William Faumliner. Discharged for physical disability.

Alexander Gorman. Discharged for disability.

James Gregg. Discharged for disability.

Peter Goodman. Served full term.

Isaiah Hanmore. Served full term.

William J. Hoy. Discharged for disability.

George Ingmire. Mustered out at Hospital, May, 1865.

Snoden Ingmire. Discharged for disability, 1864.

Thomas Ingmire. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.

Austin P. Jones. Served full term.

David Justice. Discharged for disability.

Joseph Johnson. Discharged for disability.

Henry Kerns. Served full term.

James Lindsey. Discharged for disability.

Solomon Lindsey. Died of wounds received at Bentonville.

Milton Lister. Served full term.

William N. Lowe. Discharged for disability.

Joseph E. Moss. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

William McGee. Died at Winchester, Va., July, 1862.

William Morgan. Discharged for disability.

William H. Morgan. Discharged for disability.

- Martin V. Morrison. Served full term.
Robert S. McKitrick. Served original term.
Washington Pence. Discharged for disability.
William C. Pierce. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
Alfred Peecher. Discharged for disability.
David Poling. Served full term.
William Reid. Discharged for disability.
Allen Reid. Supposed to have died at Libby prison.
Jacob Reid. Served original term.
Thomas Reedy. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.
Joseph W. Randall. Served full term.
John W. Smith. Served original term.
William H. Sain. Discharged for disability.
George W. Sweet. Served original term.
Edward H. Sweet. Supposed to have died at Washington.
Asa Sullivan. Killed in battle at Lookout Valley.
Solomon Seymore. Discharged for disability.
Edward Thomas. Died at Winchester, Va., 1862.
Isaac Tatman. Died of wounds received at Resacca, Ga.
William Thomas. Served full term.
Washington J. Watson. Served full term.
Robert Wilson. Discharged on account of wounds.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

- Harvey Black. Served from date of enlistment.
Lafayette Buchwalter. Served from date of enlistment.
George Creashbaum. Died at Washington City.
William F. Childers. Served from date of enlistment.

Thomas Goodman. Mustered out at Hospital, May, 1865.

Silas D. Jones. Discharged for disability.

George Sidenbender. Discharged at Camp Dennison, 1864.

John W. Thomas. Served from date of enlistment.

Peter B. Zehrung. Mustered out at Hospital, May, 1865.

Jacob T. Zehrung. Mustered out at hospital.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

Samuel Bell. Served from enlistment.

Josephus Cooper. Served from enlistment.

William M. Childs. Died in Andersonville prison.

Joseph Collins. Served from enlistment.

Wesley Carrick. Served from enlistment.

Thornton Congrove. Served from enlistment.

George W. Haws. Served from enlistment.

William Miller. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

Henry Poling. Served from enlistment.

Daniel J. Routt. Died at Madison, Ind.

Timothy A. Routt. Served from enlistment.

Jacob Raub. Served from enlistment.

Washington Hanmore. Killed in battle at Bentonville.

Charles B. Wilkins. Served from enlistment.

Joseph D. Shirkey. Served from enlistment.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO VOL- UNTEERS.

Eleazar Gorman. Mustered out with the regiment.

Jeremiah Danight. Mustered out with the regiment.

Robert Goodman. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "B," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Charles Shepherd. Killed in battle at second Bull Run.

First Sergeant Joseph W. Reid. Served from 1862.

Sergeant Milton Chandler. Dropped from the rolls.

Sergeant Winfield Underwood. Discharged to accept promotion.

Sergeant Benjamin F. Morrison. Killed in battle at second Bull Run.

Sergeant George Wisensa. Served original term.

Sergeant Johnson Pryor. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Sergeant Thomas F. Rice. Died of wounds at Gettysburg.

Sergeant Lafayette Abbott. Discharged on account of wounds.

Sergeant Richard Enderlin. Discharged on account of wounds.

Sergeant Wilson Riley. Served full term.

Sergeant Henry Lorback. Served from March, 1864.

Sergeant John B. Holbrook. Transferred from Seventy-ninth Ohio.

Corporal George W. Bennett. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Isaiah McJunkins. Served full term.

Corporal Jacob Swable. Discharged for disability.

Corporal John Warren. Discharged for disability.

Corporal William E. Haines. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Corporal Jacob Miller. Discharged on account of wounds, 1865.

Corporal Samuel Ward. Served original term.

Corporal James H. Smith. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Corporal James S. Lawson. Discharged on account of wounds.

Corporal Samuel Turner. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Corporal Henry Lawson. Served original term.

Corporal William Colgrove. Served from 1864.

Corporal Samuel M. Hatfield. Served full term.

Corporal Casper Montgomery. Served from 1862.

Corporal William H. Shade. Served from Feb., 1864.

Corporal William H. Rowe. Served from Feb., 1864.

Corporal James H. Harvey. Transferred from Seventy-ninth Ohio.

John Adams. Served full term.

Samuel Allison. Served original term.

James Awmach. Detached in Rigby's Battery.

John Burch. Served original term.

John B. Butler. Dropped from the rolls.

Dandridge Busch. Detached in DeBeck's Battery.

Lewis Blake. Discharged for disability.

Elias Cunningham. Dropped from the rolls.

William R. Call. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.

William Cline. Served original term.

John Couch. Died at Aquia Creek, Jan., 1863.

Washington Detty. Dropped from the rolls.

John H. Double. Died at Clarksburg, Va., March, 1862.

- Zachariah Double. Furnished substitute, 1862.
Richard Ellington. Discharged for disability.
George England. Served full term.
John C. Fisher. Dropped from the rolls.
Charles Fulcher. Discharged on account of wounds.
John Fairbanks. Served original term.
George Gildow. Served original term.
George Haynes. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
James Hölbrook. Discharged for disability.
Permanio Harry. Dropped from the rolls.
William H. Jackman. Discharged for disability.
Michael Kennedy. Served original term.
Daniel Kirkendall. Died of wounds at Chattanooga.
David R. Lee. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
Thomas Lightle. Discharged for disability.
August Loumanhouser. Served full term.
Joshua Lee. Dropped from the rolls.
William Labar. Killed in battle, at Cross Keys, Va.
Joseph Litterst. Discharged for disability, 1865.
Levi Miller. Discharged on account of wounds.
George Miller. Served full term.
George W. McGehee. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
David D. Mitten. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
John McGehee. Discharged for disability, 1862.
James F. May. Discharged for disability, 1862.
William May. Killed in battle, at Peach-tree Creek.
Warren Miller. Discharged on account of wounds.
Isaiah McCandless. Died at Weston, Va., 1862.
George Nixon. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.

- Elias S. Ostrander. Served original term.
Jeremiah Price. Died at home, 1865.
Cyrus Parker. Dropped from the rolls.
William Price. Discharged for disability.
George Pontius. Dropped from the rolls.
William Rose. Dropped from the rolls.
Jesse Rickey. Discharged on account of wounds.
Levi Russell. Discharged on account of wounds.
Joseph T. Shade. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
Albert Steineger. Dropped from the rolls.
Gotleib Sheeler. Served full term.
John W. Selders. Dropped from the rolls.
David Schoonover. Served full term.
Daniel C. Smith. Dropped from the rolls.
Samuel A. Shattuck. Served original term.
Benjamin Shattuck. Served original term.
Nathan Thompson. Served original term.
Joseph Terry. Discharged by order of War Department.
John Terry. Discharged on account of wounds.
Albert Underwood. Discharged for disability.
Lewis Weiss. Served full term.
Samuel A. Williams. Discharged for disability.
Charles Wooster. Dropped from the rolls.
Adam Wilkie. Deserted.
John M. Wilson. Dropped from the rolls.
William W. Williams. Discharged for disability, 1863.
Cyrus B. Williams. Discharged for disability.
Robert Ward. Served full term.
Lewis Zook. Served original term.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

Theobald Deihl. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

Frederick Heckler. Discharged for disability.

Absalom Hissey. Killed in battle, at Kenesaw Mountain.

Martin Knece. Served from enlistment.

Samuel Knece. Served from enlistment.

William Linton. Died at Washington, 1863.

Samuel Mellon. Served from enlistment.

Lewis Montgomery. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Henry Miller. Dropped from the rolls.

Amos Nungester. Served from enlistment.

Joseph Nelson. Served from enlistment.

Amos T. Reid. Served from enlistment.

William McLuens. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Alexander Cavit. Discharged for disability, 1863.

Philip Houk. Served from enlistment.

Edwin Matthews. Served from enlistment.

John W. Arledge. Served from enlistment.

John Jenkins. Dropped from the rolls.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

John W. Price. Served from enlistment.

Valentine Bowman. Served from enlistment.

Benjamin Esker. Served from enlistment.

William S. Ditler. Discharged on account of wounds.

Franklin Brown. Served from enlistment.

Henry C. Pitman. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

William Clark. Discharged for disability.
Daniel May. Died at Chattanooga, 1864.
James H. McCoy. Died at Chattanooga, 1864.
David McJunkins. Died at Nashville, 1864.
John Flesch. Discharged on account of wounds.
Valentine Baker. Discharged on account of wounds.
Martin V. B. Clifford. Served from enlistment.
Hiram Cochran. Dropped from the rolls.
Thomas Elsey. Served from enlistment.
Joshua Ellington. Served from enlistment.
William D. Matthews. Served from enlistment.
William W. Berry. Dropped from the rolls.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO VOL-
UNTEERS.

Benjamin N. Anson. Mustered out with regiment.
Abel T. Newberry. Mustered out with Regiment.

COMPANY "C," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Joseph L. Devese. Killed in battle at
Lookout Valley.
First Sergeant Jerome Holloway. Served original
term.
First Sergeant John W. Wilson. Served full term.
Sergeant Allison W. Brown. Discharged to accept
promotion, 1862.

Sergeant Isaac C. Nelson. Discharged to accept promotion, 1862.

Sergeant Hiram Lewis. Served full term.

Sergeant Robert E. Cox. Killed in battle of New Hope Church, Ga.

Sergeant Joseph B. Brooks. Served from 1862.

Sergeant Chester M. Engle. Served from 1862.

Sergeant Charles Glenn. Served from 1862.

Corporal John Robinson. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Howard A. Turner, Sr. Discharged for disability.

Corporal David F. Nixon. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Corporal Joshua C. Ross. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1863.

Corporal Ira W. Booton. Served original term.

Corporal Charles Carroll. Discharged on account of wounds.

Corporal Renslaer Clements. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Walter H. Howson. Served full term.

Corporal Edward H. Wilson. Served from 1862.

Corporal Patrick Trainer. Served full term.

Corporal A. Scott Watkins. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Daniel G. Bowsher. Served from 1862.

Corporal John S. Neff. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Corporal John M. Wright. Served from 1862.

Corporal William Satchel. Served from February, 1864.

Corporal Nathan Lewis. Served from February, 1864.

Corporal Henry E. Foos. Transferred from Seventy-ninth Ohio.

Isaac Ater. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Abraham Anderson. Discharged on account of wounds.

William F. Adams. Discharged on account of wounds.

Riley Bowers. Discharged by order of Gen. Rosecrans.

William T. Brown. Died of wounds received at New Hope Church.

Peter Brown. Discharged on account of wounds.

Benjamin Brown. Discharged for disability.

James A. Brown. Discharged for disability.

Robert Carroll. Discharged for disability.

John Clark. Discharged on account of wounds.

James V. Clark. Served original term.

Samuel Colston. Served original term.

Isaac Crago. Discharged for disability.

William W. Crow. Died of wounds received at second Bull Run.

William A. Clifton. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

James A. Depoy. Served full term.

Frank Esker. Discharged on account of wounds.

Sampson Evans. Served full term.

William Farlow. Discharged on account of wounds.

Isaac Fowler. Discharged on account of wounds.

George W. Fenimore. Served original term.

John W. Godden. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

James W. Henry. Died at Winchester, Va., 1862.

Asa Harper. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Patrick Henry. Died near Loudon, Tenn.

John W. Hitch. Discharged for disability.

Joseph Heitzman. Died in Hospital, 1862.

Clement Hutton. Served full term.

David R. Hurst. Died at Sperryville, Va., 1862.

David Harvey. Died near Franklin, Va., 1862.

Thomas K. Harper. Died at Winchester, Va., 1862.

Michael Kavanah. Discharged for disability, 1863.

William W. Lewis. Died at Petersburg, W. Va., 1862.

Noble Lewis. Died of wounds received at Peach Tree Creek.

Harvey W. Lewis. Died at Franklin, Va., 1862.

Jesse Lewis. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Michael Lynch. Served original term.

Ira W. McDaniel. Died at home, 1862.

Allen McDaniel. Served original term.

Henry Neiffer. Discharged for disability.

Lewis Nail. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

David Paine. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

William Paine. Deserted.

Jesse Pence. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Edmund Porter. Died of wounds received at Resacca.

John Ray. Discharged for disability.

Franklin Redd. Died of wounds received at New Hope Church.

John Sosman. Died at Sperryville, Va., 1862.

Lewis A. Sanford. Died of wounds at Gettysburg.

Benjamin Shockley. Discharged for disability.

John Soider. Served full term.

John J. Seymore. Dropped from the rolls.

Paul Sowers. Served original term.

George Selby. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Joseph E. Timmons. Died of wounds at Gettysburg.

Edwin D. Throne. Discharged for disability.

Nelson Tull. Discharged for disability.
Howard A. Turner. Served original term.
Frederick Vincent. Discharged for disability.
Miley B. Wesson. Served full term.
Samuel M. Wiley. Discharged for disability.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

William Billings. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
William Glenn. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Ezra Hardesty. Discharged on account of wounds.
William Hagley. Supposed to have died at Nashville.
Benjamin O. Heap. Died of wounds received at Resacca.
Purnell Justus. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
William Neff. Discharged for disability.
Austin Sealy. Died at Philadelphia, 1863.
John S. Wilson. Served from enlistment.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

John Wright. Served from enlistment.
Hugh McDowell. Served from enlistment.
Milburn Dennis. Killed in battle, at Resacca.
Nation Gooley. Died of wounds received at New Hope Church.
Wesley Gooley. Discharged from Hospital, 1865.
Henry Garriss. Discharged as paroled prisoner, 1865.
Benjamin W. Lewis. Killed in battle, at Resacca. Ga.
Thomas Lewis. Served from enlistment.
Charles J. Porter. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.

Rowland Pettyjohn. Discharged from Hospital, 1865.

Taylor Clifton. Killed in battle, at Resacca.

James Justus. Served from enlistment.

Wilson Warner. Discharged for disability.

Thomas Watson. Died of wounds received at Kennesaw Mountain.

Frank Bloomer. Served from enlistment.

John P. Downy. Dropped from the rolls.

Lafayette Flannigan. Served from enlistment.

Casper N. Griffith. Served from enlistment.

James F. Hunter. Died near Atlanta, 1864.

Jacob T. Murlett. Died, May, 1864.

Frank M. Madden. Served from enlistment.

George W. Rager. Deserted.

Joseph May. Mustered out, by War Department Order.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

John E. Andrews. Mustered out with the regiment.

Thomas Bloom. Mustered out with the regiment.

William L. Bradley. Mustered out with the regiment.

William R. Bradley. Mustered out with the regiment.

Mathias Branderburg. Mustered out with the regiment.

Alexander Compton. Mustered out with the regiment.

Aaron Carnahan. Mustered out with the regiment.

William W. Donelly. Mustered out with the regiment.

John W. Darbyshire. Mustered out with the regiment.

John W. Elder. Mustered out with the regiment.

Alfred N. Follin. Mustered out with the regiment.

Adam C. Gorrell. Mustered out with the regiment.

Francis Hollingshead. Mustered out with the regiment.

Michael Mitchell. Mustered out with the regiment.

John Willis. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "D," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Henry Robertson. Discharged for disability.

First Sergeant Oliver P. Downing. Served from March, 1864.

Sergeant John T. Bratton. Discharged for disability.

Sergeant James J. Handshaw. Served full term.

Sergeant Alexander L. Carnes. Served full term.

Sergeant George Hughes. Served full term.

Sergeant Thomas McWhorter. Served full term.

Corporal Jesse Lee. Discharged for disability, 1863.

Corporal Thomas W. Barnes. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Corporal Benjamin E. Hanson. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Corporal John Durham. Died of wounds received at second Bull Run.

Corporal Frank H. Watkins. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

Corporal William B. Lee. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

Corporal Frank Watson. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Corporal Joel F. Nichols. Dropped from the rolls.

Corporal Conrad Rull. Served from 1862.

Corporal John Swan. Missing, on scouting duty.

Corporal Abner Taylor. Killed in battle, at Resecca.

Corporal John E. Ebenhack. Served full term.

Corporal Nicholas Hedrick. Served full term.

Corporal Thomas Halvey. Served from February, 1864.

Corporal William Delong. Served from Feb., 1864.

Corporal Charles Halvey. Served from Feb., 1864.

Corporal Thomas Sherwood. Transferred from Seventy-ninth Ohio.

William Ackerman. Killed accidentally, at Gettysburg.

Henry H. Argubright. Discharged on account of wounds.

George Armstrong. Discharged, July 28th, 1862.

William Bennett. Served full term.

John Butt. Served full term.

George Bailey. Dropped from the rolls.

William Cochenour. Died at Petersburg, Va., 1862.

Isaac Cochenour. Served original term.

George Cassett. Dropped from the rolls.

Joseph Chessser. Died at Falmouth Va., 1863.

John W. Cottrell. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

Francis W. Crabtree. Drowned while sailing near Cape Hatteras.

James Chessser. Dropped from the rolls.

John G. Day. Dropped from the rolls.

Christopher Delong. Discharged, Sept. 5th, 1862.

John Gilbreath. Served full term.

John Gartner. Discharged on account of wounds.

William W. Hughes. Discharged, Nov. 8th, 1862.

William F. Hughey. Discharged on account of wounds.

John W. Horsey. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Noah Hollis. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Moses Honnell. Dropped from the rolls.

Amos Haldron. Served full term.

Ezra H. Hansberry. Dropped from the rolls.

Morgan Jennings. Discharged for disability.

Francis Justus. Served original term.

Frederick Kunthe. Kill in battle, at Resacca.

Enos Kirk. Discharged, October, 1862.

James McKee. Discharged for disability.

John McKee. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Isaac McKee. Discharged on account of wounds.

Nathan McCarty. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Theodore Mangold. Served original term.

Robert T. McDaniel. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Henry J. Martin. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

William Miller. Dropped from the rolls.

Albert Moots. Died at Lookout Valley, Tenn.

Samuel McDaniel. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Isaac Martin. Died at Falmouth, Va., 1863.

Allen C. Newland. Discharged for disability.

Albert Parker. Dropped from the rolls.

George D. Robinson. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Edward E. Rice. Served full term.

Ezariah Rinehart. Dropped from the rolls.

William L. Southers. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

John Swift. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Washington Swift. Dropped from the rolls.
George W. Stanley. Discharged for disability,
Thomas Swift. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
Andrew Sabold. Discharged for disability.
Alexander Smith. Served full term.
Edward Thompson. Served full term.
John W. Williams. Discharged for disability.
Henry C. Wilson. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
John Wine. Discharged for disability.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

John Drake. Discharged on account of wounds.
Dennis Drake. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley.
William McGee. Served from enlistment.
Isaac Miller. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley.
Simon Mayers. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
James H. Russell. Died of wounds received at Kennesaw Mountain.
Thomas H. Snyder. Discharged on account of wounds.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

George Bresler. Served from enlistment.
Samuel R. Bishop. Died at home, 1864.
Alvero Childs. Served from enlistment.
Nicholas Conley. Served from enlistment.
Walter Finney. Served from enlistment.
John Delong. Served from enlistment.
Robert H. Grubb. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.

Philip Gobbleman. Served from enlistment.
Thomas Gooden. Served from enlistment.
Jacob Houser. Served from enlistment.
Charles Healy. Deserted.
John Hedrick. Served from enlistment.
Charles Litterst. Served from enlistment.
William Nichols. Died of wounds, July, 1864.
Henry S. Noble. Served from enlistment.
Joseph R. Rittenour. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.
James R. Rinehart. Died at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Perry W. Stevens. Discharged on account of wounds.
William Lesser. Dropped from the rolls.
Samuel Nelson. Mustered out by War Department Order.
Hallem Sisna. Mustered out at Hospital.
James D. Toops. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Henry Taylor. Mustered out at Hospital, 1865.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

Ezekiel Cruel. Mustered out with the regiment.
Benjamin F. Dowell. Mustered out with the regiment.
Stanley H. Day. Mustered out with the regiment.
Richard Green. Mustered out with the regiment.
Wilson Greathouse. Mustered out with the regiment.
Edward S. Hunt. Mustered out with the regiment.,
Joshua Simmons. Mustered out with the regiment.
David M. Stewart. Mustered out with the regiment.
Thomas Sawyer. Mustered out with the regiment.
Timothy Titus. Mustered out with the regiment.

David Welch. Mustered out with the regiment.

Amos Ward. Mustered out with the regiment.

David Wrightsman. Mustered out with the regiment.

Joseph M. Ward. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "E," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Michael Harkins. Served full term.

Sergeant Henry W. Meeker. Discharged to accept promotion.

Sergeant John Alexander. Discharged for disability.

Sergeant T. F. Vanmeter. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley.

Sergeant George W. Gephart. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Sergeant Job P. Duvall. Served full term.

Sergeant John McCollister. Discharged on account of wounds.

Sergeant David Thompson. Served original term.

Sergeant Wesley H. Hays. Served full term.

Sergeant John Henson. Served full term.

Sergeant Henry Furnis. Served full term.

Corporal Frank N. Snider. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Charles Davidson. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley.

Corporal John Heary. Served from 1864.

Corporal Joseph Birt. Discharged on account of wounds.

Corporal Francis Hoffman. Served from enlistment.

Corporal Matthew J. Grimshaw. Served from enlistment.

Corporal Joseph Hoffman. Served from enlistment.

Corporal Isaac P. Duvall. Served full term.

Corporal Frank Fairchild. Transferred from Seventy-ninth Ohio.

James Ashmore. Discharged for disability.

Thomas W. Biggerstaff. Killed in battle of second Bull Run.

Oliver H. P. Bennet. Discharged for disability.

Lewis Barnhart. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

James T. Brown. Dropped from the rolls.

Thomas Buttermann. Dropped from the rolls.

Simeon P. Byers. Died at Hospital.

Andrew Clendenin. Discharged for disability.

James Cullen. Killed in battle, at Resacca.

Andrew Corcoran. Died at Clarksburg Va.

Ebenezer Clark. Served original term.

John Dinley. Died of wounds, December, 1863.

Samuel Davis. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Joseph Dolan. Discharged, August, 1862.

Frank M. Ferguson. Discharged, Nov. 24th, 1862.

John Funk. Served full term.

John Fleming. Died at Weston, Va., 1862.

James Greer. Died at New Creek, Va., 1862.

Thomas Godfrey. Detached in Twelfth Ohio Battery.

Thomas Greer. Died at Nashville, 1864.

Peter Gallagher. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

Patrick Heary. Died at Grafton, Va., 1862.

William Hege. Served full term.

Henry Henson. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Edward Helwagon. Discharged on account of wounds.

Samuel F. Jones. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

William Jackson. Died at Circleville, Ohio.

John W. Kelts. Served original term.

David W. Long. Killed in battle of Resacca.

John May. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

John C. McFadden. Served full term.

William D. McBride. Served full term.

Joshua Morris. Served full term.

John McManus. Served full term.

Daniel Martburger. Discharged, December, 1862.

David O'Donnell. Served full term.

Peter Rape. Discharged for disability.

Philip A. Reid. Died, July 15th, 1862.

William Ross. Died at Lookout Valley, Tenn.

Cyrus Rush. Served full term.

William E. Rowe. Served full term.

John Reynolds. Died, October, 1862.

Patrick Rogan. Missing in action at second Bull Run.

John Shaffer. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 1864.

Peter Shreck. Served original term.

David Stonerock. Served original term.

James J. Smith. Died, April 13th, 1864.

William W. Townsend. Detached in Twelfth Ohio Battery.

George W. Turflinger. Discharged by order of Secretary of War.

George Turflinger. Served full term.

Joseph H. Turflinger. Died at Wind Mill Point, Md.

Benjamin Thorp. Discharged on account of wounds.

George Westerville. Discharged for disability, 1863.

James Welch. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

James Whalon. Discharged, December, 1862.

Marcus Walston. Killed in battle of second Bull Run.

John White. Died in rebel prison at Andersonville.

John H. Watkins. Discharged, December, 1862.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

Benjamin Brady. Discharged on account of wounds.

Thomas McDunn. Died at Stafford C. H., Va., 1863.

William Gibbons. Discharged for disability, 1863.

James M. Jinks. Discharged for disability, 1863.

Barnet McVey. Died near Fairfax C. H., Va., 1862.

Ellis Powell. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Abraham Rice. Served from enlistment.

Lewis Selby. Discharged for disability, 1863.

Lewis Smith. Died, April, 1863.

Martin Bugle. Discharged for disability, 1865.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

Thomas McCallister. Died at Lookout Valley, Tenn.

Christopher Ross. Served from enlistment.

George Stonerock. Died at Nashville, May, 1864.

Elisha F. Steele. Discharged for disability, 1864.

Joshua Thomas. Killed in battle, at Resacca.

James Wells. Served from enlistment.

Christian D. Lint. Served from enlistment.

Wesley O. Donelson. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.
Joseph S. Hedrick. Served from enlistment.
John J. Edwards. Served from enlistment.
Joseph F. Fry. Taken prisoner. Supposed dead.
Oscar Cook. Served from enlistment.
Peter Woodring. Served from enlistment.
John Kyner. Served from enlistment.
James Shoff. Served from enlistment.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

John R. Bailey. Mustered out with the regiment.
James W. Bailey. Mustered out with the regiment.
William A. Collins. Mustered out with the regiment.
Benijah Cadwallader. Mustered out with the regiment.
Thomas J. Drake. Mustered out with the regiment.
George Hurtt. Mustered out with the regiment.
Owen Higgins. Mustered out with the regiment.
Frank Harner. Mustered out with the regiment.
Michael Lynch. Mustered out with the regiment.
David M. Matthews. Mustered out with the regiment.
Horace J. Newport. Mustered out with the regiment.
Richard Whittaker. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "F," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Andrew Holden. Served full term.
Sergeant Patrick E. Meer. Disch'd for disability, 1863.

Sergeant William Barnes. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Sergeant Columbus B. Kirkpatrick. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Sergeant Alexander A. Campbell. Served original term.

Sergeant Caleb Dewese. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Sergeant Ezra H. O'Neil. Discharged for disability, 1864.

Sergeant Michael Norton. Served full term.

Sergeant John W. Clark. Served full term.

Sergeant Guy Beebe. Served full term.

Sergeant George W. Burge. Served full term.

Corporal Neil McLaughlin. Dropped from the rolls.

Corporal Patrick Murphy. Died at Strasburg, Va., 1862.

Corporal John McLaughlin. Dropped from the rolls.

Corporal Henry Kirkpatrick. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Corporal Theodore Beebe. Served full term.

Corporal Samuel M. Barkley. Died of wounds received at Resacca.

Corporal Isaac P. Clark. Served full term.

Corporal David Dillon. Died of wounds at Bentonville, N. C.

Corporal James Louthan. Served full term.

Corporal John C. Morris. Served full term.

Corporal Samuel Burke. Served full term.

Corporal John Blake. Served full term.

Corporal Francis M. Roberts. Served full term.

Marcellus Brooker. Served full term.

Thomas Brady. Died May 26, 1862.

George W. Bageley. Dropped from the rolls.

Wallace W. Bodkin. Discharged on account of wounds.

William C. Branderberry. Discharged as paroled prisoner, 1865.

Plene Bordeaux. Discharged for disability, 1864.

Joseph Calhoun. Served full term.

James Crowne. Discharged on account of wounds.

Thomas Cook. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Jacob Clark. Died of wounds received at Cross Keys.

Peter Clark. Died at Nashville, 1864.

James Callahan. Served full term.

Earl Crippen. Discharged January, 1865.

James Dorgan. Discharged May, 1865, at Nashville.

Thomas Dorgan. Died at Chillicothe, O., Jan., 1862.

Luke Daisy. Served original term.

Peter Danihy. Dropped from the rolls.

Patrick Delaney. Served original term.

Alexander Ellis. Discharged at Columbus, O., 1862.

David Fish. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

Samuel H. Fish. Served full term.

Garrett Fitzgerald. Discharged for disability, 1863.

George Farley. Served full term.

John W. France. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.

John Flannigan. Dropped from the rolls.

Augustus Glenn. Killed in battle, at Atlanta, Ga.

Patrick Highland. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Patrick Highland, No. 2. Served original term.

Nathan Heald. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

- Caleb Heald. Transferred to Twelfth Ohio Battery.
William Heald. Discharged for disability, 1862.
Edmund Heald. Served full term.
Lewis Harris. Dropped from the rolls.
Joseph Harris. Died at Nashville.
Charles H. Hunter. Died May 19, 1862.
Henry Harry. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
Austin Hines. Died at Franklin, Va., 1862.
Thomas F. Hicks. Discharged for disability.
George Hatch. Died at Gettysburg, 1863.
Joseph W. Johnson. Served full term.
William H. Johnson. Served original term.
Mortimer Kirkpatrick. Died of wounds received at
second Bull Run.
Abel D. King. Discharged by civil authority, 1862.
Michael Kennedy. Transferred to Veteran Reserve
Corps, 1863.
John Kennedy. Discharged January, 1864.
George W. Lyle. Dropped from the rolls.
Anthony Moran. Served full term.
William Marshall. Served full term.
Michael Monahan. Discharged for disability.
Nathan Morris. Discharged for disability, 1863.
Elwood Morris. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps,
1863.
Patrick Maley. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps,
1864.
John Newman. Discharged on account of wounds.
Sylvester Noland. Discharged on account of wounds.
Lorny Noland. Discharged for disability.
William Norris. Dropped from the rolls, 1862.

Stephen O'Leary. Dropped from the rolls.
John O'Donnell. Served original term.
Joseph Roberts. Discharged for disability.
George W. Royer. Served full term.
William Shrader. Discharged for disability, 1862.
George E. Steigerwald. Discharged for disability, 1863.
John A. Shipe. Dropped from the rolls.
Patrick Sullivan. Detached with Twelfth Ohio Battery.
Isaac N. Shipe. Served full term.
George G. Stone. Died at Washington, July, 1863.
Samuel Spear. Died at Chattanooga, 1864.
John Starr. Served original term.
Edward Tuite. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
David Taylor. Discharged for disability, 1863.
Edward Welch. Died at Tunnel Station, O., 1864.
Patrick Welch. Died at Chillicothe, O., 1862.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

Charles E. Dustin. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.
James Johnson. Served from enlistment.
Valentine E. Johnson. Discharged for disability, 1863.
David Meeks. Discharged for disability.
Joel Martin. Dropped from the rolls.
Benjamin F. Bellows. Mustered out at Hospital, 1865.
Amster Moore. Dropped from the rolls.
James Hamilton. Served from enlistment.
Cyrus Parsons. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.
John W. Parsons. Dropped from the rolls.
George F. Smith. Discharged for disability.

John Snyder. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 1864.

Alexander Wayson. Dropped from the rolls.

James Ward. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

Faustus Beebe. Served from enlistment.

William Farley. Died at Kingston, Ga., 1864.

Charles N. Haines. Died at Chattanooga, 1864.

George W. Holmes. Discharged, May 9th, 1865.

John Highland. Mustered out at Hospital, 1865.

Josiah E. Haines. Served from enlistment.

George F. Lukens. Discharged on account of wounds.

Michael McGinty. Died at Columbus, O., March, 1864.

Reuben Mohny. Killed in battle, at Resacca.

Neil McGinty. Served from enlistment.

William McNamarra. Discharged on account of wounds.

Oliver Miller. Served from enlistment.

James L. Petty. Served from enlistment.

James Reid. Discharged May, 1865.

Charles H. Terry. Discharged for disability.

James Roland. Served from enlistment.

Joseph Storts. Served from enlistment.

Benjamin F. Shue. Discharged for disability.

Smith Stanton. Dropped from the rolls.

Elias Walburn. Served from enlistment.

Charles W. Deeble. Served from enlistment.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

John W. Barnes. Mustered out with the regiment.
Allen J. Blake. Mustered out with the regiment.
Joshua Cooper. Mustered out with the regiment.
James B. Carr. Mustered out with the regiment.
Pearson H. Davis. Mustered out with the regiment.
George W. Hailey. Mustered out with the regiment.
John J. Middleton. Mustered out with the regiment.
Jonathan McPherson. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "G," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Edward M. Terry. Died of wounds received at second Bull Run.
First Sergeant Jasper C. Briggs. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
First Sergeant Hinson C. Irion. Served original term.
First Sergeant William Limes. Served full term.
Sergeant William A. Burns. Killed in battle, at Kenesaw Mountain.
Sergeant William H. McCraw. Dropped from the rolls.
Sergeant Isaac Willis. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
Sergeant William A. Detty. Served original term.
Sergeant William B. Greiner. Died at Falmouth, Va., 1862.

- Sergeant Henry Daniels. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.
- Sergeant John Barnett. Served full term.
- Sergeant Harvey Limes. Served full term.
- Sergeant Robert L. Eyre. Served full term.
- Sergeant Moses T. Rowe. Served full term.
- Corporal William Peck. Served original term.
- Corporal George B. Greiner. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.
- Corporal Andrew J. Dowell. Discharged on account of wounds.
- Corporal Benjamin Fitzgerald. Discharged on account of wounds.
- Corporal Winfield Knighton. Discharged for disability.
- Corporal Elmore W. Welshamer. Discharged on account of wounds.
- Corporal Elisha Forsyth. Killed in battle, at Kennesaw Mountain.
- Corporal Jasper Carpenter. Served from 1864.
- Corporal Rinehart Lemley. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.
- Corporal James Zimmerman. Served from February, 1864.
- Corporal Jacob Linder. Mustered out with the regiment.
- Corporal Simon Ratcliff. Served from August, 1862.
- Corporal William Hudnell. Served full term.
- Corporal Isaac Delong. Served from February, 1864.
- Corporal John Dozer. Served original term.
- George Borden. Served full term.
- Andrew J. Borden. Served full term.

- Mason Brown. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.
Willis Brewer. Discharged, October, 1862.
Joseph Baker. Discharged, March, 1863.
William Campbell. Served full term.
James H. Downing. Discharged, December, 1862.
Enoch M. Detty. Died of wounds, at Gettysburg.
David Dozer. Discharged at Philadelphia, 1863.
Jacob Dixon. Served original term.
Abner De France. Discharged, April, 1863.
John M. Elliott. Served full term.
Vinton Irwin. Served original term.
Cyrus Ellis. Discharged for disability.
James D. Freeman. Served original term.
Frederick Fouty. Dropped from the rolls.
Christopher H. Green. No record.
James Graves. Dropped from the rolls.
Eli Graves. Discharged, June 16th, 1863.
James Irwin. Discharged October, 1862.
Joshua Hartman. Detached in Twelfth Ohio Battery.
Joseph Horseman. Discharged for disability, 1862.
Franklin B. Knighton. Died at Marietta, Ga., September, 1864.
James S. Knighton. Discharged, October, 1864.
Eugene P. Kiger. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 1864.
Benjamin W. Kiger. Dropped from the rolls.
Elisha Leake. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
Joshua Linton. Discharged for disability, 1862.
Reason B. Maple. Discharged on account of wounds.
Henry M. Marks. No record.
William Miller. Died while on veteran furlough.

Alfred McKee. Discharged January, 1863.

James Marshall. Detached in First Ohio Battery.

John H. Mackinson. Discharged, September, 1862.

Matthew W. Maddux. No record.

Thomas Nichols. Discharged on account of wounds.

William H. Orr. Discharged, October, 1862.

Henry M. Ogborn. Served original term.

Lewis Painter. Discharged on account of wounds.

Strawther Priddy. Discharged, May, 1862.

James Ray. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Samuel Ray. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Thomas J. Robinson. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

William Ratcliff. Died, June, 1863.

Alexander Speakman. Died at Fairfax Sem. Hospital,
1862.

Isaiah Smith. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps,
1863.

John W. Swain. Discharged by War Department
Order, 1865.

Wilson Smallwood. Died, Feb. 15th, 1863, at home.

James Shepherd. Served original term.

Solomon Shiflett. Dropped from the rolls.

William Sigler. Served original term.

Isaac J Sperry. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

William J. Shepherd. Served original term.

Jacob Swackhammer. Died of wounds received at Get-
tysburg.

Robert C. Siens. Served original term.

William Sickles. Discharged on account of wounds.

Wm. W. Stephens. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.

Jacob Sigler. Died in Field Hospital, near Atlanta.

James E. Todhunter. Discharged for disability, 1863.

David Thacker. Discharged for disability.

Henry H. Thacker. Discharged on account of wounds.

Alexander Vanderford. Discharged, February, 1864.

John Weakline. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps,
1862.

George M. Waller. Served original term.

James P. Welman. Died of wounds, November, 1862.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

Adam Bates. Discharged on account of wounds.

Anthony W. Ross. Served three years.

Charles E. Aber. Deserted to the enemy.

William E. Borden. Discharged by War Department
Order, 1865.

William Haines. Dropped from the rolls.

Al Maddux. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Joseph Barnett. Died of wounds received at Gettys-
burg.

Valentine Barnett. Discharged for disability, 1863.

Richard Lewis. Dropped from the rolls.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

Garrett M. McLain. Died, Nov. 19th, 1864.

David M. Matthews. Died at Chattanooga, 1864.

Isaac Gray. Died at Chattanooga, March, 1864.

John A. Donley. Served from enlistment.

James Wilson. Died of wounds received at Resacca.

Philip Campbell. Served from enlistment.

George Hudmell. Served from enlistment.

Edwin R. Pearson. Mustered out, by War Department Order.

Jacob Munnell. Served from enlistment.

Andrew Martin. Died of wounds received at Bentonville, N. C.

Erastus S. Smith. Discharged on account of wounds.

William J. Jackson. Deserted, August, 1864.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

John H. Adams. Mustered out with the regiment.

John F. Adams. Mustered out with the regiment.

Marvin E. Greathouse. Mustered out with the regiment.

Alfred H. Graham. Mustered out with the regiment.

Ferdinand Harsh. Mustered out with the regiment.

Martin S. Hinkle. Mustered out with the regiment.

Benjamin Huskey. Mustered out with the regiment.

William H. Parshall. Mustered out with the regiment.

John H. Roof. Mustered out with the regiment.

William J. Sears. Mustered out with the regiment.

Robert H. Wilson. Mustered out with the regiment.

Thomas J. Babbitt. Mustered out with the regiment.

Jacob H. Winner. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "H," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant George L. White. Discharged for disability, 1864.

First Sergeant Hiram Haning. Served three years.

First Sergeant James Sanderson. Served full term.

Sergeant Henry L. Robinson. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Sergeant Josephus Cunningham. Discharged to accept promotion.

Sergeant Hiram Clay. Served three years.

Sergeant William Clark. Served original term.

Sergeant James M. McGee. Served full term.

Sergeant George W. Allen. Served full term.

Corporal James H. Lee. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Corporal Hugh Reeves. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Corporal Charles Cunningham. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Corporal Madison Page. Discharged on account of wounds.

Corporal Samuel Sanderson. Died at Lookout Valley.

Corporal Thomas C. Wallace. Discharged on account of wounds.

Corporal William Tewksbury. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

Corporal Henry A. Dixon. Discharged for disability, December, 1864.

Corporal Richard Terry. Discharged on account of wounds, 1865.

Corporal Edward Branham. Served from Feb., 1864.

Corporal Charles W. Bolby. Served from Feb., 1864.

Corporal John W. Wilson. Died of wounds received at New Hope Church.

Corporal John J. Snider. Served from Aug., 1862.

Corporal Francis W. Sweesey. Served from Nov., 1862.

Corporal Littleton C. Dakin. Mustered out with the regiment.

George W. Arrick. Discharged for disability.

John S. Lee. Discharged for disability.

Lewis Baker. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Ephraim Baker. Discharged for disability.

John Brown. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Daniel Buckley. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.

Enoch Bolen. Detached in Twelfth Ohio Battery.

John Bolen. Served original term.

Joseph Bolen. Dropped from the rolls.

John E. Bolen. Discharged for disability.

James F. Bowers. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

George W. Buckston. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Jesse K. Bennett. Died of wounds, September, 1862.

Thomas R. Cook. Detached in Twelfth Ohio Battery.

John Carny. Discharged on account of wounds.

Benj. F. Caruthers. Discharged on account of wounds.

James E. Calvin. Died near Stafford C. H. Va., 1863.

Henry Cramer. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

John Clark. Discharged for disability, 1863.

John W. Coffee. Discharged, 1865.

Marion Cline. Discharged for disability, 1862.

- Joseph Cline. Discharged for disability, 1862.
William P. Cottrill. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.
William K. Dunlap. Served full term.
Gibson Dougherty. Discharged for disability, 1862.
William D. Dixon. Dropped from the rolls.
Wellington Doddridge. Mustered out, Dec. 29th, 1864.
John Elder. Served full term.
John Estell. Discharged for disability.
Martin W. Elliott. Discharged for disability.
Garrett Ford. Discharged for disability.
William F. Fetherling. Died at Clarksburg, Va.
Jacob Fetherling. Served full term.
George Goodycounts. No record.
David Gough. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
John Higgins. Served full term.
William Jack. Discharged for disability, 1862.
James C. Kelso. Served full term.
William Kelly. Discharged on account of wounds.
Joshua King. No record.
Henry Lyester. Discharged on account of wounds.
James McKinney. Served original term.
Cornelius McCarty. Discharged for disability, 1862.
Thomas J. Martin. Discharged for disability.
James W. Martin. Served original term.
Jesse McHenry. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.
William Morris. Dropped from the rolls.
Wm. D. McVey. Died of wounds rec'd at Gettysburg.
Joseph Merkle. Served original term.
Amen Robinett. Dropped from the rolls.
Davis L. Rickéy. Died at Clarksburg, 1862.
William Robinson. Killed in battle at second Bull Run.

Joseph Smith. Died at Georgetown, D. C., Dec., 1862.

John S. Soule. Discharged for disability.

Henry Snider. Discharged on account of wounds.

Abraham M. Simmons. Deserted.

Milton D. Smith. Discharged for disability.

William Shrock. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.

James W. Sperry. Discharged on account of wounds.

James Scroggs. Dropped from the rolls.

Andrew A. Smith. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Isaac Stanley. Served original term.

Jackson Stanley. Detached with Twelfth Ohio Battery.

Archless A. Stanley. Discharged for disability, 1864.

Adam Slaughter. Discharged on account of wounds.

David Templeton. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Columbus B. Thompson. Dropped from the rolls.

David Tewksbury. Died of wounds, May, 1864.

Frank Thomen. Discharged on account of wounds.

Nicholas Warner. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Jeremiah C. Woodyard. Served original term.

Paul Wood. Discharged for disability.

Alfred Woodruff. Served original term.

John Welch. Discharged on account of wounds.

John Woods. Discharged, January, 1863.

Anton Zimmerman. Discharged for disability, 1862.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

James Buchanan. Discharged for disability, 1864.

Owen Grimes. Discharged for disability, 1863.

Jacob Knece. Served from enlistment.

Josiah M. Lyons. Discharged for disability, 1863.
John H. Shaw. Served from enlistment.
David Spung. Served from enlistment.
Asad B. Vauter. Dropped from the rolls.
David Whitby. Dropped from the rolls.
William Whitby. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
John S. Black. Discharged for disability, 1863.
Lemuel McVey. Mustered out at Hospital, 1865.
Abraham McVey. Discharged for disability, 1865.
Solomon Daily. Served full term.
Park Reed. Discharged for disability, 1865.
William Woodruff. Discharged on account of wounds.
William A. Cooper. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.
Daniel B. Ankrom. Died, January 31st, 1865.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

Stephen B. Davis. Discharged for disability.
Andrew Dunlap. Served from enlistment.
Peter Fricce. Served from enlistment.
William Hemmings. Served from enlistment.
Jacob Huffman. No record.
Jeremiah Ingram. Discharged for disability, 1864.
James Lloyd. Discharged on account of wounds.
Andrew McCabe. Served from enlistment.
Jacob Myers. Mustered out July, 1865.
Henry Miller. Served from enlistment.
Francis M. Raburn. Discharged from Hospital, 1865.
William Shockley. Discharged for disability, 1865.
John W. Tull. Killed in battle, at Kenesaw Mountain.

Lewis M. Wilkins. Served from enlistment.
Samuel C. Sharp. Discharged for disability.
John T. Sharp. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Jonathan Huffman. Died at Chattanooga, 1864.
Harvey Morgan. Served from enlistment.
Elriah Payton. Discharged for disability, 1865.
Joseph Spetnagle. No record.
Joseph Tillon. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.
Pitts Meddow. No record.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

John W. Mower. Mustered out with the regiment.
James Q. Rochhold. Mustered out with the regiment.
Silas Spencer. Mustered out with regiment.
John Weigand. Mustered out with Regiment.

COMPANY "I," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant John B. Eckman. Discharged for disability, 1862.
First Sergeant Albert R. Hull. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.
First Sergeant Warren Hull. Discharged for disability, 1865.
First Sergeant Josiah Bryan. Served full term.
Sergeant Joseph S. McKee. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Sergeant Arthur T. McLean. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Sergeant Benjamin Love. Died, March 16, 1862.

Sergeant Mordecai Hunnicutt. Discharged by order of Secretary of War.

Sergeant Robert H. Scott. Discharged on account of wounds.

Sergeant Nelson Terry. Died of wounds received at New Hope Church.

Sergeant James Withgott. Served full term.

Sergeant Charles W. McKee. Served full term.

Sergeant James H. Blain. Served full term.

Sergeant William Quinn. Served full term.

Corporal James R. Blackburn. Died, March 13, 1862.

Corporal John L. Gray. Served original term.

Corporal Robert R. Wallace. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Theodore Jackman. Died of wounds received at second Bull Run.

Corporal Edward D. Osborn. Discharged, Oct., 1862.

Corporal Thornton F. Ruley. Discharged for disability.

Corporal John A. Perry. Served original term.

Corporal Ephraim Johnson. Served full term.

Corporal John W. Bell. Died of wounds received in battle, at Bentonville, N. C.

Corporal Jacob Eckle. Served full term.

Corporal Gaylord Hartman. Served full term.

Corporal Simeon Mick. Served full term.

John W. Adams. Discharged for disability.

Washington Amon. Discharged for disability.

Jacob Beam. Killed in battle, at Bentonville, N. C.

Joseph R. Blake. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.

- William T. Buckner. Discharged for disability.
Jackson Bly. Discharged for disability.
John Barnes. Dropped from the rolls.
William W. Baker. Discharged for disability.
Henry Baker. No record.
David W. Bonner. Died of wounds received at second
Bull Run.
John Board. Dropped from the rolls.
Isaac Clifton. Died at Strasburg, Va., 1862.
Joseph C. Clark. Served full term.
William W. Dostor. Discharged for disability.
Spencer Davis. Discharged for disability.
Clement J. Davis. Served full term.
William P. Dodd. Dropped from the rolls.
John Dixon. Discharged, November, 1862.
Sterling East. Died, September, 1862.
John Edmonds. Dropped from the rolls.
Thomas J. Edmonds. Served full term.
Daniel T. Evans. Discharged for disability.
George Flint. Killed in battle, at Bentonville, N. C.
James W. Ford. Discharged for disability.
William Harper. Deserted.
John Halterman. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.
Norman Hyer. Died at Strasburg, 1862.
John B. Haines. Died of wounds received at New
Hope Church.
Simeon Johnson. Served full term.
George Keezer. Killed in battle, at Kenesaw Mount.
Isaac N. Lucas. Died, September, 1862.
Benjamin Lucas. Died, July, 1863.
Charles Lee. Killed in battle, at New Hope Church.

James Lytle. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Andrew Miller. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
Samuel E. Mackey. Transferred to Seventh Ohio Cav.
Joseph C. McLaen. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
Henry Mader. Served full term.
William Overholt. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
Marshall Phillips. Served full term.
William Parker. Dropped from the rolls.
John H. Rutherford. Discharged for disability.
Amos Ross. Served full term.
Christopher Shultz. Taken prisoner, 1862. Never heard from.
Robert W. Scott. Discharged for disability.
Oliver T. Scott. Mustered out at Hospital, 1865.
William Stoops. Dropped from the rolls.
Sylvester Sampson. Served full term.
Lawrence Scully. Discharged for disability.
Jacob Van Gundy. Discharged on account of wounds.
Joseph F. Vanpelt. Served full term.
Simon Vanpelt. Served full term.
William Williams. Killed in battle, at Gettysburg.
George A. Wilson. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.
Nelson Withgott. Died of wounds at Lookout Valley.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

John Borer. Discharged for disability.
John Harper. Discharged on account of wounds.
John M. Lockwood. Died from wounds received at Dallas, Ga.
Thomas J. McClellan. Served from enlistment.
Thomas J. Strupper. Served from enlistment.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

Stewart B. Depoy. Mustered out, July, 1865.

George W. Baughman. Died of wounds received at Bentonville.

Samuel J. Delong. Dropped from the rolls.

Thomas J. Follis. Served from enlistment.

Martin Flowers. Served from enlistment.

Owen Hines. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

John W. Harvey. Died, June, 1864.

John H. Krœtzer. Discharged on account of wounds.

William Nutt. Dropped from the rolls.

Duncan Ross. Dropped from the rolls.

William Rinehart. Died of wounds received at Dallas.

Jacob Shoemaker. No record.

Julius Sheeler. Died, June 21st, 1864.

Alexander S. Stiers. Dropped from the rolls.

Robert E. Toole. Discharged on account of wounds.

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

Thomas A. Cook. Mustered out with the regiment.

John Beck. Mustered out with the regiment.

Henry C. Campbell. Mustered out with the regiment.

Oliver S. Garrison. Mustered out with the regiment.

Thomas Harrison. Mustered out with the regiment.

Thomas Lamb. Mustered out with the regiment.

George Mc. Taylor. Mustered out with the regiment.

Franklin McGrath. Mustered out with the regiment.

William Swirkin. Mustered out with the regiment.

John W. Fadden. Mustered out with the regiment.

Isaac Wiley. Mustered out with the regiment.

Reuben Wood. Mustered out with the regiment.

John W. Wilson. Mustered out with the regiment.

COMPANY "K," SEVENTY-THIRD OHIO.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

First Sergeant Theodore E. Lockwood. Served full term.

Sergeant Richard J. Watts. Discharged for disability.

Sergeant John D. Miles. Discharged for disability.

Sergeant William H. Myers, sen. Served full term.

Sergeant William H. Myers, jun. Served from February, 1864.

Sergeant James J. Lawhead. Deserted, 1863.

Sergeant Alexander Creighton. Served full term.

Sergeant Philip Miller. Discharged as parolled prisoner, 1865.

Corporal David Armstrong. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Dennis Timmone. Discharged, Jan., 1863.

Corporal Jacob Hawk. Died, Sept., 1862.

Corporal Benjamin Cooley. Died of wounds received at second Bull Run.

Corporal Theodore T. Watts. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Abraham Van Buskirk. Discharged for disability.

Corporal Austin T. Bobo. Killed in Battle at Lookout Valley.

Corporal Stephen T. Hull. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Corporal Gaines Wiltshire. Killed in battle, at Kenesaw Mountain.

Corporal Charles H. Chalker. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Corporal Lemuel H. Ferris. Discharged for disability.

Corporal John W. Hutchinson. Discharged on account of wounds.

Corporal Lybrand Chestnut. Served full term.

Corporal Jerome Lysinger. Discharged for disability, 1865.

Corporal Robert McMasters. Served full term.

Corporal Simeon Witham. Served full term.

Corporal John Wilson. Mustered out with regiment.

Corporal Francis Ward. Mustered out with regiment.

Corporal Simon L. Yost. Served full term.

Jonas E. Andrews. Killed in battle, at Atlanta.

Richard Bobo. Served original term.

John Bloom. Served full term.

Edward Barlow. Died at Franklin, Va., 1862.

William T. Butts. Discharged on account of wounds.

William Burley. Died of wounds received at Lookout Valley.

Richard Bond. Dropped from the rolls.

Prince B. Bobo. Discharged for disability.

Jewett Barnes. Discharged for disability.

Samuel Calhoun. Discharged for disability, 1865.

John W. Curtis. Served full term.

Daniel Chestnut. Transferred to Twenty-sixth Ohio.

Joseph Carpenter. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.

June Carsey. Killed in battle, at Cross Keys.

Elephas Carpenter. Died, September, 1862.

John Colbert. Dropped from the rolls.

William Collins. Discharged for disability.

Rensalaer Carpenter. Served full term.

Reuben R. Cooley. Discharged for disability.

Hiram Daily. Discharged on account of wounds.

John W. Dye. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Benjamin Ellis. Died, July, 1863.

Herman Frost. Served original term.

Joseph Fulton. Discharged for disability.

Lewis Horton. Discharged for disability.

William Hutchinson. Dropped from the rolls.

Moses E. Hamilton. Died at Wilmington, N. C.

Charles Kimball. Discharged on account of wounds
1865.

James Konkoskia. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

Jacob Konkoskia. Discharged for disability.

William King. Killed in battle, at Atlanta.

Peter Laur. Served full term.

Alexander McDowell. Dropped from the rolls.

Thomas McKinley. Discharged on account of wounds.

William McKinley. Killed in battle, at second Bull
Run.

Clarence Miles. Died, December 1, 1863.

David S. McCoy. Died in rebel prison.

Harrison Morrison. Killed in battle, at Port Republic.

Enoch Mansfield. Died at Clarksburg, Va., 1862.

John McDonald. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley.

Washington Moore. Discharged on account of wounds.

Rice Morrison. Served original term.

Anthony Palmer. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.

John Paulus. Discharged for disability, 1865.

Lorain Parsons. Served full term.

Sardine X. Paulk. Mustered out, July, 1865.

Charles E. Price. Killed in battle, at Lookout Valley.

Thomas Reid. Died of wounds received at Lookout Valley.

Joseph Runnels. Killed in battle, at Resacca, Ga.

Joseph Reid. Served full term.

Uriah Six. Dropped from the rolls.

Michael Thom. Detached with the Twelfth Ohio Battery.

Henry Wiltshire. Served full term.

Henry Wetherby. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Fordice Wilford. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

Andrew J. Williams. Died, Feb. 26th, 1862.

John R. Wetherby. Discharged from Hospital, 1865.

John E. Woodyard. Detached with Twelfth Ohio Battery.

James Watts. Killed in battle, at second Bull Run.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1862.

Benjamin Ellis. Died, July, 1863.

Charles A. Kilvert. Discharged by order Sec. of War.

Joseph Bishop. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Alden Buck. Died of wounds received at Gettysburg.

Rensalaer Graham. Discharged for disability.

Benjamin Hart. Died, March 14th, 1862.

Isaac M. Wetherby. Died, October, 1864.

David Wilford. Died of wounds received at second Rull Run.

Wellington Wetherby. Discharged for disability, 1862.

Samuel W. Hull. Discharged for disability.

John W. Hunkerford. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Francis Munns. Died of accidental wounds, 1863.

Alpheus McGrath. Discharged for disability, 1863.

William Munns. Discharged for disability.

William W. Persons. Died at Falmouth, Va., 1863.

John H. Sinclair. Discharged at Hospital, 1865.

James Walker. Died, March 18th, 1864.

Syrel Lake. Died at Nashville, January, 1864.

John M. Martin. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.

Isaac Williams. Died, July 12th, 1862.

Robert S. Burnham. Died, Nov. 18th, 1864.

MEN JOINED FOR DUTY IN 1864.

John M. Harris. Served from enlistment.

John O'Conner. Dropped from the rolls.

Nathan L. Paulk. Died at Lookout Valley.

Curtis A. Rodgers. Served from enlistment.

Willis Shattuck. Served from enlistment.

Allen J. Sutton. Served from enlistment.

John T. Young. Discharged from Hospital, 1865.

John A. Baston. Discharged, 1865.

Joseph Johnson. Transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.

William Moore. Served from enlistment.

David H. Smith. Served from enlistment.

William A. Smith. Discharged, July, 1864.

Emanuel Shaffer. Served from enlistment.

William H. Weaver. Dropped from the rolls

MEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE SEVENTY-NINTH OHIO.

Henry Jones. Mustered out with the regiment.

James Pickett. Mustered out with the regiment.

Elias Reader. Mustered out with the regiment.

Martin Reader. Mustered out with the regiment.

Henry Seal. Mustered out with the regiment.

Robert Siens. Mustered out with the regiment.

Henry Snider. Mustered out with the regiment.

George West. Mustered out with the regiment.

S U M M A R Y.

Field Officers.....	5
Staff Officers.....	14
Line Officers.....	61
Non-commissioned Staff	9
First Sergeants.....	23
Sergeants	82
Corporals	151
Privates.....	1,045
Commissioned Officers	80
Enlisted Men	1,310
Members of the Regiment	<u>1,390</u>

C A S U A L T I E S.

Killed in Battle.....	95
Died of Wounds.....	61
Died of Disease, etc.	<u>129</u>
Dead of the Regiment.....	285
Wounded—not fatally.....	568

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