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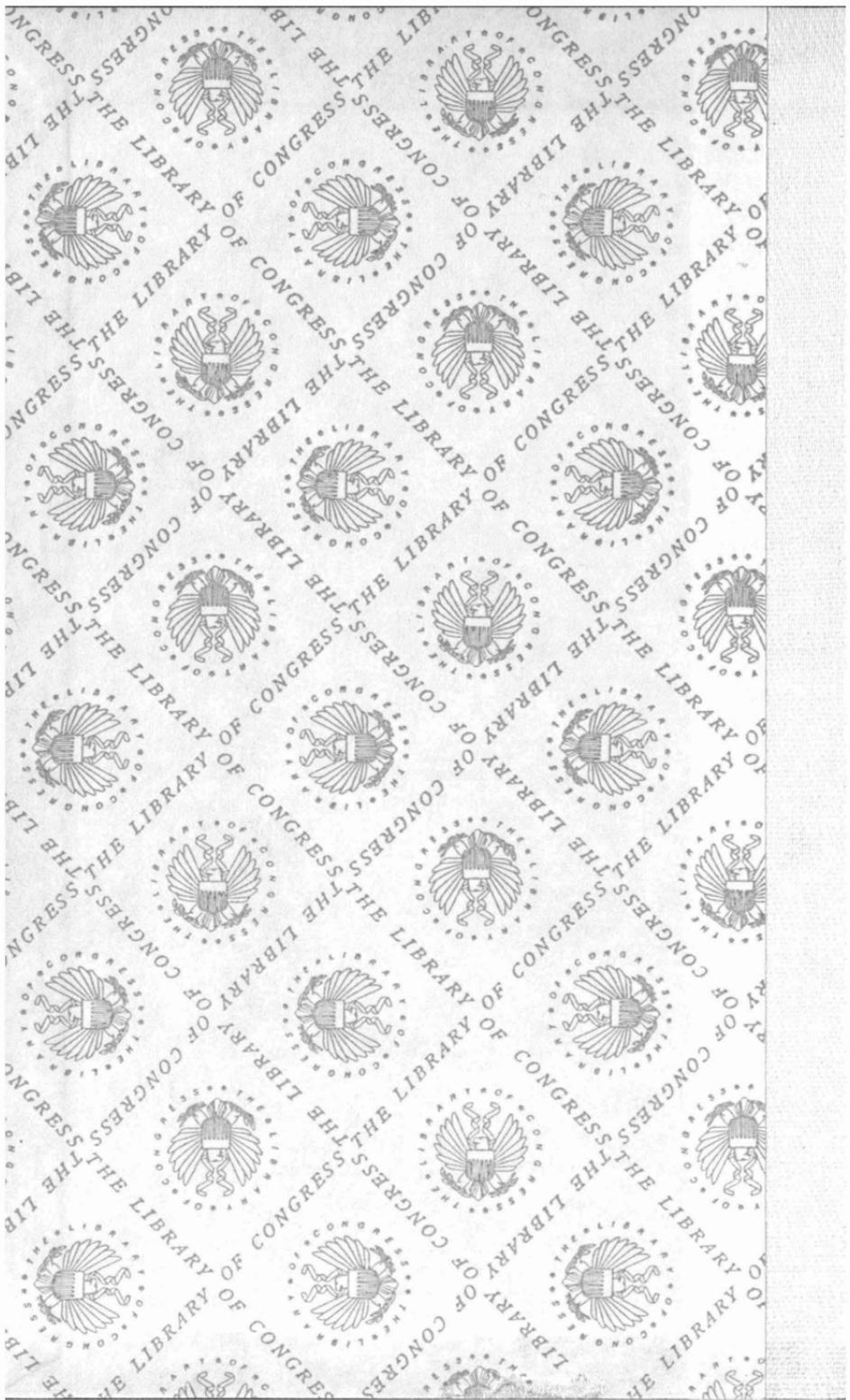
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... THE ...

Ninety-Third O. V. I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.

BY A. DEMORET,

Vernice O.

Private in Co. F.

PRICE, - - 25 CENTS.

GRAPHIC PRINT, ROSS. O.



A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

NINETY-THIRD REGIMENT

OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.

BY *Alfred* A. DEMORET,
PRIVATE IN CO. F.

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INTRODUCTORY.

A few words seem necessary to explain my purpose in writing what is hereinafter recorded. It was undertaken at the request of friends of the regiment, about six years ago in a series of articles in the *Venice Graphic*. These have been collected, revised and put in this form, with the belief that it might be cherished by the soldiers and friends of the 93rd as a truthful history of their struggles during the late rebellion. Although it may be brief, the reader must remember I have labored under great disadvantages; as what I have narrated happened a third of a century ago.

A further motive emboldened me to the task. As far as my knowledge extends, there never has been a history of the regiment written. Should this incite some comrade with more ability than I to write a history of the regiment, I shall feel amply repaid for my labor. And here I may be permitted to say that, although a participant in the events of this history, still I have endeavored to write in a spirit of candor and good faith, and I leave it to the honest judgment of the reader as to how far and how well I have succeeded. While it is special as a history of the 93rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, it is general as to the delineation of campaigns, movements of troops, plans of battles, and the changes in brigades, divisions and corps and their commanders.

It was never my ambition or expectation to write a book, but circumstances which I could not well resist forced me to the task. I may have erred in some particulars, but, comrades, be lenient in your criticisms, remembering I had but very little data at hand and memory, at best, is treacherous.

ALFRED DEMORET.

Ross, Ohio, March 1st, 1898.

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M. L. B. 5 Aug. '22

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CHAPTER I.

At eleven o'clock on the night of August 23, 1862, there was a regiment of soldiers ferried across the Ohio River at Cincinnati and landed on Kentucky soil.

Those were the dark days of the war. McClellan with the Army of the Potomac had fallen back from his siege of Richmond and was resting on the James River. Pope with the Army of Virginia was losing ground and falling back toward Washington. Butler was inactive at New Orleans. The rebel general, Bragg, was making his way northward into Kentucky, compelling Buell with the Union army to fall back on Louisville. Kirby Smith was advancing through Cumberland Gap on Richmond, Kentucky, which was held by a small Union force under Gen. Nelson. Such was the situation at this time, and the prospects for the Union cause looked gloomy indeed.

This regiment was the 93rd Ohio, 960 strong, with a full complement of officers, on its way to the front. The field officers were Col. Charles Anderson, Lieut.-Col. Hiram Strong and Major A. A. Phillips. Companies A, B, E, I and K were recruited in Montgomery County, companies G and H in Preble and companies C, D and F in Butler County, the writer being a member of the last named company. We had received one week's instruction in military tactics at Camp Dayton, O., and were now being hurried to the front, with other new regiments, to reinforce Gen. Nelson.

The morning of the 24th (Sunday) found us on the

cars and on our way to Lexington, Kentucky, which we reached about eleven o'clock that night. After drawing cartridges and waiting an hour or two for orders, we were marched out the pike, probably a mile, where we stacked arms and, after posting a picket line in front, we spread our blankets down and prepared to spend the remainder of the night. The writer had a pile of broken stone for a bed, and, after turning the soft sides up and shifting them to fit the ribs, we finally fell asleep. But our nap was of short duration. We were awakened by the pop, pop, bang, of the picket's guns, mingled with the commands of the officers to fall in, and, reader, we leave you to imagine the confusion. Col. Anderson mounted his horse and went down the road at full gallop to find out the cause of the alarm. Presently he came back and reported that some of our cavalry, coming in and failing to hear the command, "halt!" had been fired upon, but luckily no one was hurt, although a cavalry lieutenant got a ball through his coat collar.

The next morning we went into camp in the fair grounds, a beautiful site for a camp. In fact, take the country about Lexington, it might justly be termed the garden-spot of Kentucky. Fine turnpikes, tidy farm-houses and fertile fields greet the eye on every side.

On the evening of the 30th we received marching orders. After marching all night, sunrise found us at the Kentucky River, eleven miles from Richmond. Here we lay some three or four hours, when the order came to about face and march back, as Nelson was defeated and on the retreat to Lexington.

We reached Lexington about 8 o'clock in the evening, all drenched to the skin, as there had been a heavy thunder-shower during the day. After standing around on the streets some time, waiting for orders, we were finally marched back on the same road two miles, and went into camp on the Clay farm. The morning of September 1st dawned bright and fair with no sign of the

enemy. In the afternoon we were ordered to fall in with guns, cartridge-boxes and canteens, leaving everything else behind. Marching up the hill some 300 yards, we were drawn up in line of battle facing southward. Here the officers drilled us in the manual of arms, principally in guarding against cavalry, which movement is executed in the following manner: Bring the gun to an order arms; kneel down on the right knee, placing the breech of the gun against it, holding the gun firmly in both hands at an angle of forty-five degrees, the point of the bayonet being about the height of a horse's breast. The writer expected every moment to see the rebel cavalry charge up the hill, and wondered how many would be left to go on after the first line fell on our bayonets. We freely confess we were green, but we have the consolation of knowing that we had a whole regiment for company. While we were being put through the manual of arms, some lunatic of an officer (who evidently became panic-stricken at our apparent preparations to receive the enemy) ordered all our baggage burned, which we had left behind, and haversacks, blankets and knapsacks, with all extra clothing, went up in smoke. This began to look like a foot-race instead of a fight, and so it proved to be, for after dark we "skedaddled" for Louisville.

CHAPTER II.

After five days and nights retreating through dust three inches deep, the 93rd reached Louisville in a demoralized condition. Some had been overcome by the heat and fallen by the wayside. Others, footsore and weary, had been taken prisoner. Our worst suffering had been for the want of water, running streams and springs being scarce. Our main dependence was stock ponds, which were covered with green scum and were full of "wiggletails."

Those on the retreat from Lexington were the troops under Gen. Nelson and some seven or eight new regiments of infantry, also the 9th Kentucky Cavalry commanded by Col. Jacobs. We established camp about five miles from Louisville, where we remained some two weeks. While here we were furnished with Sibley tents which came very acceptable, as the nights were getting cool and we had no blankets, and no clothing except what was on our backs. About the middle of September we were moved up between Cave Hill cemetery and the city.

At this time we still had camp guard to keep the boys from straggling about. One night Miles McNeff, of Co. F, was on duty (everyone in the 93rd ought to remember Miles). When the relief guard got within ten paces of Miles he yelled out: "Halt! Who comes there?" The answer came: "Sergeant, with the relief guard." Miles hesitated a minute while trying to recollect the proper words, then yelled out: "Och, be ja-

bers! come on; Oi've fergot the rist av the trimmin's." Many more such incidents could be given to show that the boys did not, as yet, "know it all."

While here we dug a line of rifle pits through the cemetery, digging principally at night. This desecration of the city of the dead would have been looked upon with horror at any other time. The latter part of September Louisville presented a scene of unparalleled activity and it became apparent that a forward movement was contemplated. The army had been reorganized. Maj.-Gen. McCook was assigned to the command of the 1st Corps; Maj.-Gen. Crittenden, the 2nd Corps; Maj.-Gen. Gilbert, the 3rd Corps. The 93rd was in the 1st Corps, 2nd Division (commanded by Brig.-Gen. Sill) and on Sept. 29th was assigned to the Fifth Brigade. By Sept. 30th the army was consolidated, equipped and ready for the advance. October 1st the army moved out upon the Bardstown, the Lebanon and the Frankfort turnpikes, the 1st Corps taking the latter. Skirmishing commenced soon after leaving Louisville and continued all day, the rebels falling back. The night of the 2nd found us at the beautiful little town of Shelbyville. On the 3rd the march was resumed toward Frankfort.

When some two miles beyond Claysville, the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, which was in the advance, came upon the rebels and, assisted by the infantry and Edgerton's artillery, had quite a spirited little engagement. The rebel loss was a few killed and wounded and the 77th Pennsylvania took sixteen prisoners. Here was the first one the writer saw killed in battle, and we well remember how the cold chills would creep up our back as we looked at the ghastly sight, little dreaming that in a very short time we could spread our blanket down with the dead on every side and sleep as soundly as though upon a couch of down. But such is human nature.

On the 5th of October the 93rd was assigned to the 4th Brigade, in lieu of the 79th Illinois which was at-

tached to the 5th Brigade. Our Brigade at this time consisted of the following regiments: 5th Kentucky, 6th Indiana, 1st and 93rd Ohio. This organization was maintained on many a hotly-contested field; in fact, until the older regiments' term of service expired.

On the evening of the 6th of October we encamped on the west side of the Kentucky River, opposite Frankfort. The enemy fled at our approach, destroying the railroad bridge and removing the flooring from the turnpike bridge, necessitating the construction of a pontoon.

This was accomplished on the 7th, and we moved out on the Georgetown turnpike. But gaining information that Kirby Smith had crossed the river at Salvisa, we were marched back the same evening, recrossed the river and moved toward Lawrenceburg. On the morning of the 8th, soon after passing through Lawrenceburg, our cavalry came upon the enemy and had a little engagement in which Col. Jacobs was severely wounded. The enemy falling back as usual, the column moved on to Salt River and camped for the night near an insignificant town called Dog Walk. The road here follows a ridge for some distance, deep ravines running down on either side and all heavily timbered. The principal productions of this section are hooppoles, pawpaws and green snakes, and the latter were innumerable. In the morning we resumed our march toward Perryville, which place we reached on the 11th of October, three days after the battle which had occurred between the forces of Generals Bragg and Buell.

Here our division (about 6,000 strong) rejoined the rest of the army, it not having been able to participate in the battle on account of unavoidable delays.

Bragg had been defeated, and on the night of the 13th it was ascertained he was retreating southward. The Union army was ordered in pursuit, but after following as far as Crab Orchard we gave up the chase, as Bragg had made good his escape through Cumberland

Gap into Tennessee. Here we rested four days, but, as it was essential that our forces should reach Nashville in advance of Bragg, for the safety of the garrison there, we were again put in motion. Passing through Stanford, Danville and Lebanon on the 24th of October, we encamped near New Market. Here the wagon trains joined us for the first time after leaving Louisville, and we had our tents again. Never did they come more propitiously, for that night there was a heavy fall of snow and the weather was severely cold.



CHAPTER III.

On the 27th of October we struck tents and moved toward Bowling Green, which we reached on the 31st and here learned that on the preceding day Gen. Buell had been superseded by Gen. Rosecrans in command of the Army of the Cumberland.

Here is Lost River, this wonder of nature, of which we will give a brief description. It is in Warren county, Ky., and not over forty miles from the celebrated Mammoth Cave. The surface of the country is gently rolling in general, while now and then you find a stretch that is almost level. To get an idea of the river, imagine a trench 200 yards long and 40 or 50 feet deep, with a spring some three or four rods in diameter boiling up from the bottom at one end and flowing to the other end where it disappears in the bowels of the earth, the cavern it enters resembling in appearance a tunnel, and you have a picture of Lost River imprinted upon your imagination. The conclusion formed by the writer is that at one time it was a subterranean river, but it kept washing away from below until, finally, all this portion fell in and was washed away. At the entrance this cavern is about 40 feet wide and 15 feet in height. The interior as far as there was light to see is about the same dimensions. We went into the cave some distance by groping our way along the sides and wading, but having no light and not knowing what was in front of us, we retraced our steps. Some of the boys who were more venturesome procured a light and explored it farther, bringing out stalactites which they had broken off the rocks overhead. The ruins of an old mill, at one time run by the waters of Lost

River, stood at the mouth of the cavern. We have often thought since the war, if opportunity offered again, we would give this wonder a more thorough inspection, for in those stirring times, when there was something new happening every day, it was not natural to give it more than a passing notice.

After a couple of days rest here, we continued our march, crossing the state line into Tennessee at Mitchellville. On the 9th of November we reached Edgefield, on the north side of the Cumberland River opposite Nashville. This was a day of rejoicing for the garrison there, as they had been cut off from all communications for almost two months. We remained in camp at Edgefield until the 16th of November, when we moved out six miles on the Murfreesboro turnpike and established camp at the Insane Asylum. Here we lay about one week, when we moved to the right to cover the Nolensville and Franklin turnpikes. It was evident Gen. Rosecrans did not intend to advance immediately upon Murfreesboro. The railroad had been destroyed from Mitchellville to Nashville, a distance of forty miles, and supplies had to be hauled in wagons until it could be repaired. While here nothing but the usual routine of camp life occurred for some time. This consists in picketing, drilling, guard and fatigue duty, etc. Our place of picketing was about three miles in front in a wild and secluded place, abrupt and hilly, with here and there a small field grown up in briers, the whole interspersed with woods and thickets. The 93rd was on picket about every fourth day, twenty-four hours at a time. Through December there were several snowfalls and we suffered considerably from the cold.

On the 6th of December the 93rd was sent out to guard a forage train some five or six miles to the front. After the train had loaded and was on the return near Antioch Church, the enemy tried to capture part of it by cutting it off at a bend in the road. Col. Anderson, hear-

ing the shooting, double-quickened the regiment to the point of attack, which he reached in advance of the enemy. After a lively little skirmish the rebels retreated. Our loss was one killed and three wounded. What loss the enemy sustained we were unable to ascertain. This began to look still more like war, it being the first time the regiment had been directly under fire.

It became apparent before Christmas there would be a forward movement soon, so when the order to march came on the 26th of December it did not come unexpectedly. The army moved in three columns—Crittenden's corps on the Murfreesboro turnpike, Thomas' corps on the Franklin, and McCook's corps on the Nolensville. We wish to state here for the information of those not versed in military movements that, for two or three reasons, it is common to march an army on roads running parallel. One column protects the flank of the other and, in case of an engagement, a line of battle can be formed quicker, besides, they can move more expeditiously. In this case Murfreesboro was the objective point where all were to form a junction. At daylight on the 26th we were in motion on the Nolensville road. It rained almost incessantly all day, the rebels falling back after some skirmishing. Early on the morning of the 27th we resumed our march. It being very foggy, it was impossible to see any great distance in advance. The country here is a succession of ridge and bottom, the former mostly covered with cedar thickets. All the streams were swollen by the rains of the previous day, making the marching very tedious and disagreeable. We had not proceeded far until the rebel artillery and cavalry were encountered, drawn up in line to dispute our advance, but after a spirited contest they fell back. The skirmishing continued all day and at nightfall we bivouacked near the village of Triune. A cold, chilling wind set in from the north and, being thoroughly soaked, we had to make ourselves as comfortable as possible

by huddling up to our fires of logs.

On the 28th there was no movement. The morning of the 29th all except the Third Brigade and Simonson's battery moved toward Murfreesboro. We were left to protect the right flank until the rest of the army was in order of battle. On the 30th we rejoined the rest of the army near Stone River, where there had been some pretty sharp fighting through the day. Immediately upon our arrival we were ordered to report to Gen. Stanley who was commanding the cavalry. After marching out some two miles in front, supporting the cavalry, we came in sight of the rebel cavalry drawn up in line of battle, and a grand sight it was to behold. Advancing to a fence some distance in front, the 93rd fired one volley at the line. The distance being too great to be effective, we were ordered to fall back.

Our brigade, after falling back of the line of battle, was held as a reserve near Gen. Johnson's head-quarters. (At this time the division was commanded by Gen. R. W. Johnson, Gen. Sill having been assigned to another command.) No fires were allowed; and there in the silence and darkness lay two mighty armies facing each other, awaiting the first streaks of dawn to commence the awful conflict. Our boys, wrapped in their blankets, were dreaming of home and friends far away; or perhaps some were wondering what would be their fate before the setting of another sun. Such was the situation on the night of December 30, 1862.

CHAPTER IV.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 31st all was quiet. Twenty minutes later a brisk firing was heard on the right. It was evident the enemy had massed their forces on our right wing, expecting to crush it and thereby gain an easy victory. (McCook's corps was on the extreme right of the union line.) Soon the fighting was terrific. As the sounds were borne to our ears of volley after volley poured in on either side, we, on the reserve, knew it meant death and destruction to those engaged. The rebels were in overwhelming force, and no body of troops could long withstand their furious onslaught. After holding them in check an hour or more, our troops were compelled to give way, and then it was that the Third Brigade was ordered to their support. The 93rd was formed in line in the edge of a wood facing a field, in the rear of the 5th Kentucky and 6th Indiana. The rebel torrent came on, sweeping everything before it. Those regiments gave way, falling in the rear of our line. Then the 93rd was left to stem the tide that was still sweeping on like waves of the ocean, massed five or six battallions deep. When they were within some 200 yards the command was given to fire, and at the same time a battery to our left was raining grape and canister into their ranks. With the leaden hail from our muskets and the battery together, we could see great gaps mowed through their ranks, but they closed up and moved on, unchecked by the fiery billow. Seeing it was useless to stand longer, we were ordered to fight in retreat. This woods extended back some 400 yards with a gradual descent to the edge of a cotton-field of about the same width, which ascended by about the same grade. By the time we reached the cotton-field the firing on our side had very nearly ceased, and it was best fellow fore-

most, while the shouts close in our rear of "halt!" "Bull Run!" etc., together with the zip of the minnie balls, were an incentive to greater speed. In crossing this field we were exposed to a murderous fire, and the soil drank the blood of many a union soldier. One or two ineffectual stands were made, but resistance in our scattered condition seemed useless.

After being pressed back almost to the Nashville turnpike, some two miles, re-inforcements arrived in the shape of Gen. VanCleve's division. On came the rebels in solid column as majestic as ever, but this time they met a banquet of death. When the order was given to charge they were hurled back and fled in despair over the same ground they had passed not an hour before flushed with victory. This closed the fighting on the right wing for the day; in fact, the right wing was not seriously engaged again while the battle lasted.

New Year's Day, 1863, was clear with a cool wind from the north, but it passed without any general engagement. January 2nd, Breckenridge tried to turn the left flank of our army, but was routed with heavy loss. Bragg, finding his plans frustrated, retreated on the night of the 3rd to Tullahoma. The loss of the 93rd was about 150 in killed, wounded and prisoners, Co. F losing eight in killed alone, as follows: Orderly Sergeant Alex. Johnson, Sergeant W. P. Lane, Corporal Swayne Corson, Privates Wm. Ogg, Richard Shaw, Geo. B. Kumler, Amos Flickinger and Emory Carle. On the morning of January 5th we moved on through Murfreesboro, which was filled with 2000 sick and wounded of the enemy. Some six miles beyond we established camp on the bank of Stone River, naming it Camp Sill in honor of Gen. Sill, who was killed in the battle.

When the five days rations we had started with were gone, we had to subsist for several days on parched corn, and had but a limited supply of that. Therefore, when the supply trains came up they were hailed with

delight. Here January passed away; February came and went and March still found us in the same place, relieving the monotony of camp life as best we could. Early in April we were moved up close to Murfreesboro, on an elevation overlooking and west of town. Here we established Camp Drake.

Before the war Murfreesboro had a population of about 5,000; is nicely situated, with as fine a court house as any one would wish to see. The productions of this section were almost universally cotton. While here the soldiers took turns in working on fortifications, and the town was made impregnable to any assault. In this way April and May passed without any movement. The boys began to get restless and uneasy, wishing for another campaign that would put an end to the "style," as they termed the various camp duties imposed upon them. The forepart of June we spent one week at Salem, ten miles west, as an outpost, returning again to the same old camp. At this time Lieut.-Col. Hiram Strong had command of the regiment, Col. Anderson having resigned on account of ill health. Major A. A. Phillips had resigned some time before and Capt. Martin of Co. A had been promoted Major. He was seriously wounded at Stone River, therefore we were left with but one field officer.

About this time the army was again reorganized, the 14th Corps being commanded by Gen. Thomas, the 20th Corps by Gen. McCook and the 21st Corps by Gen. Crittenden. The 93rd was still under McCook in the 20th Corps. Our brigade commanders had been Col. H. M. Buckley of the Louisville Legion (5th Ky.), Col. P. P. Baldwin of the 6th Indiana and Col. E. A. Parrott of the 1st Ohio, and again in April Col. Baldwin assumed command, which he retained until he met his untimely death. On the evening of June 23rd all was bustle and activity, for we had received orders to march at daylight on the morrow.

CHAPTER V.

Morning came and the army was on the move early, marching through rain which soon rendered the roads almost impassable for artillery and trains. After following the Shelbyville turnpike six miles, the division to which the 93rd belonged turned to the left along a dirt road leading to Liberty Gap. Toward evening, coming onto the enemy in considerable force, there was some spirited skirmishing through fields of golden grain, some in shock and some awaiting the sickle. The reader can imagine what a sight those fields presented with regiment after regiment passing over them, the mud almost knee deep at each step. The rebels kept falling back until after passing Liberty Church about a mile, when the 1st and 2nd Brigades bivouacked for the night. The 3rd Brigade (Baldwin's) moved still farther on and established a picket line for the night. All day it had rained incessantly and continued as unremittingly through the night. Early on the morning of the 25th we were relieved from picket by the 1st Brigade. A desultory fire soon opened between the two forces on the outposts, but not until near noon did the enemy advance in force; then the union troops, aided by Goodspeed's, Belding's and Grosskopff's batteries, soon routed them with heavy loss. The fight was now over and the enemy retreating toward Bellebuckle. We remained at the Gap until the eve of the 26th, when we retraced our steps, marching all night in mud and water in many places two feet deep. At daylight we took another road toward

Manchester, reaching there the 28th and camping near Duck River. Here we learned that Bragg was evacuating Tullahoma, and on the morning of July 1st we were put in motion for that place, arriving about midnight.

The soil near Tullahoma is a whitish clay, and in consequence of so much rain having fallen, together with the passage of wagon trains and artillery, it would be impossible to describe the condition of the roads. Any old comrade who sees these lines will readily recall vividly to mind that whole week's splashing through the mud. He will also remember the productions—mosquitoes and huckleberries; the former in endless numbers, of prodigious size and very energetic.

An experience that befell the 93rd will give some idea of the the condition of the roads. Soon after reaching Tullaboma word came to camp that a supply train was stuck in the mud a few miles out, and the 93rd was sent out to render them assistance. We found them in a wood where they had wound around among the trees, trying to pick the best road, until they could go no farther. They were citizen teamsters and green mules, and they presented a sorry spectacle. The earth all about them had been converted into a veritable batter, in many places from two to three feet deep. One of the wheel mules of the first team we came to was down and entirely under the mud, except its head. After getting it unhitched, the teamster tried pulling the wagon over it with the other five, but soon found this was no go. He then put a log-chain around the mule's neck, hitched the leaders on and dragged it out to the side of the road. Dead mule? Not much. When the chain was taken off it jumped up and commenced eating grass as if it was used to being taken to pasture in that way. We hitched up the others and, by a number pushing, got this wagon out, then we went to the next and so on until we got to the rear. By this time we had to go to the front and do the same thing over again. In this way we final-

ly got the train into camp, and it was a hard matter to tell which was in the worst plight; the teamsters, the mules or the soldiers, as we were all smeared with mud from head to foot.

The town and deserted rebel camps were filthy in the extreme; therefore the first duty was to police the camp and put everything in sanitary condition. About the 4th of July we were gratified to hear of the surrender of Vicksburg to Gen. Grant. Soon after, the rebel Gen. John Morgan started on his famous raid through Ohio. The rest of the union army were encamped at McMinnville, Cowan, Decherd and Winchester.

July passed away with the usual duties of camp life, nothing transpiring of an exciting character. The month of August was half gone and we were still at Tullahoma, but on the 16th we again turned our faces southward. The movement was as follows: Crittenden's corps moved over the Cumberland Mountains to Sequatchy Valley; Thomas' corps over the mountains by another road to Battle Creek and Crow Creek; McCook, on the right, moved through Winchester and Salem, thence through Paint Rock Valley and across the mountains to Bellefonte, Alabama, on the Memphis & Charleston R. R. We left Tullahoma late in the afternoon, crossing Elk River at midnight and passing on through the beautiful town of Winchester. Before the war Winchester had a population of about 1,000, is nicely situated and can boast of some very fine buildings, notably Mary Sharp College. After passing through Salem the country became rough and hilly until striking Larkin's Fork, which the road followed for a considerable distance, crossing it seventeen times in the distance of five-miles. We were now in the state of Alabama, and continuing down Larkin's Fork we struck the head of Paint Rock River. Here the road makes an abrupt turn up Hurricane Fork. After following this stream some distance we came to where the road ascends the mountains. Here we camped

for a few days in a peach orchard in which the trees were literally breaking down with the luscious fruit. Comrades, do you remember the peaches and honey; the corn and beans; the chicken and potatoes, with other extras thrown in, our regret when we left being that we could not take the thousands of bushels of peaches with us? On the 23rd of August we reached Bellefonte, on the Tennessee River. Here we lay in camp one week on the north side of the river making preparations to cross.



CHAPTER VI.

The crossing of the Tennessee was made at Shell Mound, Battle Creek, Bridgeport and Caperton Ferry opposite Stevenson. The 93rd crossed at the latter place on the first day of September and, pushing on over Sand Mountain, camped for a few days at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Sand Mountain was infested with rattlesnakes and lizzards, some of the former being of immense size. The lizzards were so numerous that it was no uncommon thing to shake them out of our blankets in the morning. On the 10th of September we crossed Lookout to Alpine, a distance of 25 miles which was accomplished in one day. The road was a narrow trail, shoe-mouth deep with sand, either side thickly studded with jack oak, except the ravines which were heavily fringed with laurel. Bragg having evacuated Chattanooga, it was occupied by Gen. Crittenden on the 10th. Our lines now extended from Chattanooga on the left to Alpine on the right, a distance of fully fifty miles. After laying one day in the valley near Alpine, we were counter-marched across the mountain to our place of starting.

On the 15th of September we again ascended the mountain by the same road, but, after gaining the summit, we moved to our left in the direction of Chattanooga, camping for the night on the mountain. September 17th we were near Catlett's Gap, pushing forward toward Chickamauga to join the rest of the army. Early on the morning of the 19th we heard heavy cannonading in front, and knew that a battle was in progress.

McCook's Corps arrived on the field about 9 o'clock. Davis' and Sheridan's divisions (the two other divisions of McCook's Corps) were immediately sent to the right, while Johnson's division (ours) was sent to the extreme left to extend our line and, if possible, prevent the enemy from flanking our position. Our line of battle was some six miles in length, and, after gaining our position on the left, the 93rd was soon heavily engaged; but after a contest of half an hour, the enemy, finding they could gain no advantage, fell back. The withdrawal was only momentary, however, when they renewed the attack with redoubled fury. The fight now raged in deadly earnest. The firing of musketry and artillery was one unceasing roll, while the canopy of smoke that hung like a pall overhead almost shut out the sunlight. About this time the rebels sought to plant a section of artillery within seventy-five yards of our lines. At this juncture the 6th Indiana arrived at the front and deployed in line of battle on the left of the 93rd. Col. Baldwin, commanding the brigade, siezed the colors of the 93rd and ordered it and the 6th Indiana to charge the enemy. They could not withstand the charge, but fled, leaving two pieces of artillery in our hands. It was now near night and the 93rd had been under fire almost constantly since ten o'clock in the morning. But the enemy were not yet satisfied and, being reinforced with fresh troops, advanced to the attack with seemingly resistless energy.

The conflict that now ensued was the most furious that the regiment had yet encountered; far surpassing, in intensity, that of Stone River. Here, in the darkening shades of night, rendered more dark by the canopy of smoke, the contest was waged with unsurpassed fury. After repeatedly trying to break our lines and finding their efforts futile, at nine o'clock the enemy fell back. This night-struggle was fearfully sublime—a scene never to be forgotten by those who participated in it. Although we had held our own, it was a sad day for the

93rd. We sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Numbered among the slain was our commander, the noble Col. Strong, who fell early in the day. The command of the regiment then devolved upon Major Birch who had been promoted from captain some time previously. Our brigade commander, the gallant Col. Baldwin, had fallen in the charge late in the evening, therefore the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Berry of the 5th Kentucky.

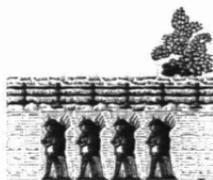
The forces on the right had been heavily engaged all day, and had fought against overpowering numbers, maintaining their position at heavy cost. The two armies lay near each other, terribly decimated, but waiting for sunrise to renew the awful conflict. The night wore slowly away, the moon shining faintly over the field of carnage. Sunday morning, the 20th, all was bustle and activity. The 93rd was at work early, felling trees and building a barricade for protection. About half past eight our skirmishers were driven in, and with a yell the enemy charged our works. Major Birch requested the boys to keep cool and wait for the command to fire. On came the rebels like an avalanche, and when within one hundred yards came the command: "Ready! aim! fire!" The storm of leaden hail that was poured into their ranks came near annihilating their first line, but the lines in the rear moved up to meet the same fate, and, after wavering a few minutes and notwithstanding the pleadings and commands of their officers, they fell back in confusion.

This was repeated time and again in front of the 93rd and the 6th Indiana (which lay immediately to the left) but all efforts of the enemy to dislodge them were futile. The dead and wounded were literally piled in heaps, and when the rebs would reach this point their courage appeared to forsake them. The fighting on other portions of the line had been equally severe, but our army held their own until near four o'clock in the after-

noon when the enemy, ever on the alert, broke the Union line and drove the right wing from the field. Then it was that Gen. Gordon Granger, with his reserve corps near Rossville, hastened to the support of those left upon the field. He confronted the enemy, when Gen. Steedman charged and routed them with fearful loss.

The left was ignorant of the disaster that had befallen the right, and expected to hold their breastworks in defiance of any force that could be hurled against them. Therefore, when the order came to retreat it was a surprise to the 93rd and the other regiments of the brigade, which were the last to leave the field. An open field in our rear was strewn with dead and wounded who had fallen that afternoon, unbeknownst to our brigade. The enemy had turned our flank and gained our rear, when they were met by the reserve and driven back with heavy loss. Under cover of darkness we retreated to Rossville (five miles), midway between Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

The loss of the 93rd in killed, wounded and missing was 130, and we do not hesitate to say, if it had not been for our log breastworks on the 20th the regiment would have been almost annihilated. The whole union loss was about 16,500, that of the rebels 19,500, while their force engaged, after being reinforced by Longstreet from Virginia and Johnston from Mississippi, was near 80,000. Our force was less than 40,000.



CHAPTER VII.

It was expected the battle would be renewed the next morning, but the enemy were too badly crippled to follow up their advantage. The night of September 21 we fell back upon Chattanooga.

Chattanooga had, before the war, a population of about 2,000. It nestles beside the beautiful Tennessee, among mountains famous for the grandeur of their scenery. The point of Lookout, to the southward, looks frowningly down upon the city. To the eastward is Mission Ridge, not so lofty, but no less charming in appearance. Across the river to the northward are the Cumberland Mountains, the whole constituting a frame-work to the picture.

On the 22nd of September, two days after the battle, Gen. Johnson issued the following address:

Soldiers of the Second Division:

I must congratulate you on your brilliant achievements on the 19th and 20th. Seven pieces of artillery, two battle flags and a large number of prisoners are among your trophies. Your Division Commander expected much of you and he is happy to say that his most sanguine expectation has been more than realized. Although you lost many of your comrades, yet you will remember Chickamauga with pleasure, as it was, so far as you were concerned, a glorious victory. You defeated the enemy on five different occasions. Soldiers, I thank and congratulate you.

R. W. JOHNSON, Commanding Division.

Gen. Rosecrans also issued the following address:

Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland:

You have made a grand and successful campaign. You have driven the rebels from Middle Tennessee. You have crossed a great mountain range; placed yourselves on the

banks of a broad river; crossed it in the face of a powerful opposing army, and crossed two other mountain ranges at the only practicable passes, some forty miles between extremes. You concentrated in the face of superior numbers; fought the army of Bragg, which, combined with that of Johnston from Mississippi and the tried veterans of Longstreet's Corps, you drove from Shelbyville and Tullahoma and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow with heavy interest. When the day closed you held the field, from which you withdrew, in the face of overpowering numbers, to occupy the point for which you set out—Chattanooga. You hold the key of East Tennessee, of Northern Georgia, and of the enemy's mines of coal and nitre. Let these achievements console you for the regret you experienced that arrivals of fresh hostile troops forbade your remaining on the field to renew the battle for the right of burying your gallant dead and caring for your brave companions who lay wounded on the field. The losses you have sustained, though heavy, are comparatively slight, considering the odds against you and the stake you have won. You hold in your hands the substantial fruits of a victory, and deserve and will receive the honor and plaudits of a grateful nation which asks nothing, even of those who have been fighting us, but obedience to the Constitution and Laws established for our common benefit.

The General Commanding earnestly begs every officer and soldier of this army to unite with him in thanking Almighty God for His favors to us. He presents his hearty thanks and congratulations to all the officers and soldiers of this command for their energy, patience and perseverance, and for the undaunted courage displayed by those who fought with such unflinching resolution. Neither the history of this war, nor probably the annals of any battle, furnish a loftier example of obstinate bravery and enduring resistance to superior numbers, when troops, having exhausted their ammunition, resorted to the bayonet so many times to hold their position against such odds as did our left and center, comprising troops from all the corps, on the afternoon of the 20th of September, at the battle of Chickamauga.

Maj.-Gen. W. S. ROSECRANS,

Commanding Army of the Cumberland.

The enemy moved up and besieged the town by establishing their lines on Lookout Mountain and Mis-

sion Ridge, following an intervening ridge running across Orchard Knob and thence to the river above Chattanooga. Our nearest railroad communication was Stevenson, Alabama, fifty miles distant, from which point all supplies had to be hauled in wagons, through Sequatchy valley and thence over the Cumberland Mountains. Chattanooga was soon encircled by a line of rifle pits and the construction of forts McCook, Negley and Wood made it impregnable to any assault.

The mules died from overwork and starvation in hauling supplies, and then could barely furnish us with quarter rations. The forepart of October, Forrest's cavalry crossed the Tennessee into Sequatchy valley and burned 400 wagons which were on their way to the front with supplies. About this time Gen. Grant telegraphed to Gen. Thomas to "hold Chattanooga at all hazards." His reply was, "I will hold the town until we starve!" Indeed, starvation was staring us in the face, and it looked as though evacuation or starvation were the only alternatives.

Now we will have to turn our attention again to the 93rd. When the army fell back the 93rd camped just south of town, where Fort McCook was afterward constructed. Our place of picketing was on Chattanooga Creek near the foot of Lookout. Almost every day the rebels, by way of diversion, threw a few shells from the point of Lookout at our lines, but they did no execution. October 9th Co. F, together with one company from the 6th Indiana and one from the 5th Kentucky, were detailed to guard a supply train of about fifty wagons to Stevenson, Ala. The start was made early in the morning, crossing the river on a pontoon bridge, then skirting Walden's Ridge the road followed the river for some distance until, finally, we began to ascend the mountain, reaching the summit about dusk. It was now Indian summer, the air was mild and balmy, and the trees were showing the first tints of autumn. After being shut up

so long, this change had an exhilarating effect upon the boys that was noticeable, as they moved along with elastic step and bouyant spirits. There being no place to camp on the mountain, we were loaded into the wagons and the descent began. We reached the foot about nine o'clock and, reader, if you have ever read of stage driving out west, you can form some idea of that wild ride down the mountain after night. The next day we reached Jasper on the Sequatchy River. The following day half of Co. F, with fifteen wagons, went up the valley to get forage for the mules. The woods were full of muscadine grapes and wild plums grew in profusion. They proved very palatable after our fasting in Chatanooga. By the time the wagons were loaded it was night, the wagons were parked and we camped, after which we did a little foraging on our own account, and it is remarkable what a relish a person has for fresh pork and mutton after being on quarter rations three or four weeks. The next day we rejoined the rest of the train and moved on to Battle Creek, and continuing the next day (Oct. 13) we reached Bolivar, two miles from Stevenson, where we camped to await our turn in loading.

Here we will relate a little incident that happened the second day after our arrival. What fresh meat we confiscated in the Sequatchy valley only whetted our appetites for more, so Robt. Mitchell, Philip Leveline, Mike Reddin, Billy Denning and the writer concluded to make another raid. About two miles from camp we found a nice bunch of hogs and soon had four of them stretched upon the ground. While we were cutting them up, two citizens on horseback approached and, after talking on different topics for awhile, one asked if we knew whose hogs we had killed. The answer was, "No, nor we don't care." "They belong to me," he said, "and I am a good Union man, having vouchers to show it, and I am going to camp with you and see if I can't get pay for my hogs." He was told that his claim might all be true, but good

union men in those parts were a great deal scarcer than hogs, and he was perfectly welcome to go to camp with us if he saw fit. We knew Lieut. I. R. Anderson (who was in command of Co. F at this time) would only laugh at him. When we started for camp the other citizen rode off toward Stevenson, and we had lots of fun tantalizing the owner of the hogs as we went along. Upon arriving there we found Lieut. Anderson had gone to Stevenson to see when the train could load. Our friend stayed around till we had supper ready. Just then some one sang out, "You boys that have been killing hogs better skip out; here come the provost guards from Stevenson." Sure enough, there they were—five men and a corporal—and the other citizen with them. Then it dawned on our minds how they had played it, but it was too late to think of getting away. The hog man pointed us out and a guard took charge of each one (except Billy Denning who slipped in his tent and was missed). In return for the guying he had received, our friend remarked: "Boys, you have had your fun, now I will have mine." The guards gave us permission to eat supper before being taken away; in fact, they didn't decline the invitation to eat with us, remarking that fresh pork was a treat, as it had been lacking in their diet of late. On our way to Stevenson we met Lieut. Anderson returning. He was surprised, as well as angry, to see us under arrest, and, after learning what the offense was, told the corporal he had no right to arrest us. The corporal maintained he had his orders from the Provost Marshal and had to do his duty. The Lieutenant then said: "Go ahead, boys. I will be down in the morning and see what I can do for you." When we reached Stevenson, we were taken immediately before the Provost Marshal, where we had a hearing. Among other things he said the owner was a good union man and wanted to know what excuse we could offer for killing the hogs. The answer was that, having been on quarter rations for almost a month, we

were hungry and thought if this citizen was such a good union man he could afford to donate his hogs in a good cause. If, on the contrary, he was a rebel sympathizer, we had done no more than right in taking them. The Provost Marshal couldn't see it in this light and said: "I sentence you to pay four dollars apiece for the hogs, or work it out in the guard-house." The answer as to pay was: "We will rot in the guard-house first"—and there we landed without much ceremony. The prison was an old brick house, already tenanted by rebel prisoners, deserters and graybacks. Here we spent the night as best we could, without any blankets except one rubber. The next morning we were taken out and put in an old stockade where we spent that day and night, in a cold north wind. Lieut. Anderson was down but failed to get us out. On the following day he succeeded in having us released; but how, he would never tell. We were very thankful to get out and would have liked to meet the old citizen who played the trick on us, or the feather-bed soldiers by whom we were arrested. The latter belonged to the 13th Iowa and looked more like dudes than soldiers. The foregoing is given as a sample of the many pleasures that may be derived from soldier life, by slight infractions of the rules.

After about a week's delay, our train was loaded and we started on our return to Chattanooga, with two men as guards to each wagon. About the fourth day we reached the foot of the mountain, where we were to cross by another road that strikes the Tennessee above Chattanooga. Here again we had to await our turn, which consumed several days, there being other trains waiting in advance of us. The roads up a mountain side always run zigzag, therefore it was necessary to have, at every turn, a detail of soldiers to push, when, by doubling the teams, plenty of whipping and a little cussing thrown in, they were able to make the turn. The ascent occupied two days, after which there was nothing worthy of note

until we reached the other side. Here, just before beginning to descend, a sight was opened out to our view that was well worth seeing. As far as the eye could reach east and west was the broad and beautiful Tennessee, glittering in the sunlight as it wound its way through the valley like a monster serpent, while just beyond was the beleagured city, dotted by the white tents of the union army and encircled by a cordon of rifle pits. In the background were Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, crowned by the enemy's works; the whole a grand panorama spread before our eyes.



CHAPTER VIII.

We reached Chattanooga after an absence of three weeks, to find that some important changes had occurred during this time. Generals Hooker and Carl Schurz had arrived with two corps from Virginia, and Gen. Sherman with the Army of the Tennessee, making the Army of the Cumberland very formidable. There had also been a consolidation of the army and the 93rd was in the 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, 4th Corps. The Brigade consisted of ten regiments as follows: The 5th, 6th, 17th and 23rd Kentucky, 1st, 6th, 41st, 93rd and 124th Ohio and the 6th Indiana. Our brigade commander was Gen. W. B. Hazen; of the division, Gen. Thos. J. Wood, and of the corps, Gen. Gordon Granger. Upon Gen. Hooker's arrival he had driven the rebels out of Wauhatchie Valley, between Lookout and the river, thereby opening transportation by river to Kelly's Landing, seven miles below Chattanooga.

General Johnson, on taking leave, issued the following farewell address:

Soldiers of the late Second Division:

The undersigned returns from leave of absence to find his old command numbered "among the things that were." As soldiers, we have no right to criticise the actions of our superiors, but should bow in humble submission to their mandates, notwithstanding old associations are broken up and new ones formed in which we have had nothing to say. For more than two years I have been with you as brigade and division commander. I have shared your hardships and privations. This association has ripened into the most friendly relations, and I leave you not only as soldiers but as warm personal friends. The tongues of the envious, jealous and deceit-

ful have tried to tarnish your bright reputation; but those tongues are now silenced by your recent brilliant and glorious achievements. Since we are compelled to separate, I thank God that I leave you in the enjoyment of an enviable reputation—a reputation of which you may be justly proud. We may never be associated together again, but I can not cease to watch you, rejoicing in your success and sympathizing with you in your hardships and privations. Remember, you are battling for the permanent good of your country; the restoration of its unity and the perpetuation of its national power and glory. I hope peace will soon crown your efforts, and that ere long you can return to your homes and friends and that in after-life you may experience a pleasure in remembering that you once belonged to the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps. God bless you all. Farewell.

R. W. JOHNSON,

Brig.-Gen. Volunteers.

Supplies now began to come by river to Kelly's Landing. This was a great improvement over hauling them over the mountain from Stevenson. Company F, having performed their duty so well in guarding the train to Stevenson, were again detailed to guard a train to Kelly's Landing. The road lay across the river by way of the same pontoon bridge, thence a corduroy road had been constructed across a neck of land, striking the river again where another pontoon bridge led into Wauhatchie valley. After our return to Chattanooga, nothing out of the usual routine of camp life occurred. The army was still on quarter rations. Although the facilities for transportation of supplies were much better, the strength of the army had increased in proportion. Siege guns—thirty-two pounders—were being hurried to the front and mounted in the forts. Gen. Grant had arrived and assumed command.

It was past noon November 23, 1863, when the bugle sounded general call in the 1st Brigade (Gen. Willich's) to the left of our position. There had been rumors of advancing the picket line, and the writer, thinking that was the object, hastened out on the hill facing

Orchard Knob expecting to see the fun. But what was our surprise at this moment to hear the bugle sound the general call in our brigade, and we were compelled to hurry back with all possible dispatch. The order was to fall in with everything but tents, which were to be left standing. (At this time we were using the shelter tent which we carried on our backs; the Sibley tent proving too cumbersome had been discarded some time before.) The bugle sounded assembly and we fell in ranks, when we were issued 100 rounds of cartridges to the man, then marching out on the hill we formed in line of battle, joining the 1st Brigade while other troops were forming to our right.

The 93rd and 41st Ohio were consolidated, both commanded by Col. Wiley of the 41st. After the line was formed the order was given to load, then the command forward was given. The line of battle moved steadily down the hill until within 200 yards of our picket line when the pickets advanced as skirmishers. Some of the rebel pickets surrendered and the balance fell back to their line of rifle-pits on Orchard Knob. We moved on until within some 500 yards of the enemy's lines when we were ordered to halt and lie down. Although in the woods, we were in plain sight of the enemy and there had been several killed and wounded out of the regiment already. The next command was "Fix bayonets!" and then "Forward, double-quick!" This was obeyed with alacrity, and with a deafening yell the charge was made. Within twenty minutes the rebel works were in our possession and a regiment which had held the works in our immediate front (the 36th Alabama) were all prisoners. This was not accomplished, however, without a terrible sacrifice. The 93rd lost in killed and wounded about sixty: Among the killed was Major Birch who fell with the colors in his hand, he being the fifth one to fall with them in about as many minutes, Sergeant James Mitchell of Co. F, who was wounded, being the first. The death

of Major Birch was a great loss to the regiment, for he was a true soldier and a noble officer.

Immediately after taking the works, Companies F and C were sent out in front as skirmishers, when all the artillery on Mission Ridge opened on Orchard Knob, making everything lively for a time, but aside from showering dirt over us doing no damage. Toward night when the enemy's artillery ceased firing, we were relieved from the front line and rejoined the rest of the regiment where they were occupying, for protection, the reverse side of the works we had captured. Here we will mention a little incident that came under our personal observation. The night was cold and frosty, and just a few feet from where the writer lay was a dead rebel with a blanket spread over him. Sometime during the night, hearing a noise in that direction, we peered out from under our blanket and saw a comrade stealthily pull the blanket from the lifeless form, walk away a few steps and roll up in it, probably thinking it would do him more good than it was doing the dead reb.

November 24th there was no movement on our part of the line, but Hooker's men scaled Lookout and drove the enemy off, we, from our position, having a good view of the battle above the clouds. On the 25th we were drawn up in two lines of battle facing Mission Ridge, which was about a mile distant with a line of rebel rifle-pits at the foot and another at the top. When the advance began, the rebel artillery the whole length of the ridge opened on our lines, but the execution was small, the shells all bursting overhead. Owing to the height of the ridge, the enemy could not depress their artillery sufficiently to reach the ground without danger of dismounting their guns. Soon our gait was increased to the double-quick which finally ended in a run, all reaching the foot of the ridge perfectly exhausted. At our approach the rebels had fled from their lower rifle-pits to the top of the ridge, and we screened ourselves as

best we could behind their abandoned works. After resting a few minutes the boys, in their enthusiasm, began to leap over the breastworks and ascend the ridge. Gen. Hazen at this moment jumped on the works and waving his sword over his head gave the command, "Forward!" Now the struggle began. The ridge being very steep and rough, it was impossible to keep in line and our progress was very slow. Our line continued to advance, however, and when within a short distance of the enemy's works they fled in dismay. When we reached the summit they were in full retreat, completely panic-stricken, and the artillerists frantically endeavoring to save their artillery. The principal part of the shooting was now at the horses belonging to their batteries, for whenever a horse fell the piece had to be abandoned. Our brigade captured eighteen pieces of artillery, several battle flags and a number of prisoners. The loss of the 93rd was small—only about twenty—owing to the steepness of the ridge the majority of the shots going overhead. Col. Wiley was hit by a grape-shot about the time we reached the foot of the ridge, his leg having to be amputated. It now being dark we spent the night on Mission Ridge. Bragg and his army were utterly routed and our whole army was jubilant.



CHAPTER IX.

On the 26th we returned to Chattanooga and occupied our old quarters for the night. The 93rd was now reduced in numbers to 142 men with guns and four commissioned officers, Capt. Smith of Company K having command of the regiment. The other officers were Lieutenants Anderson, Gallup and Kelly. The reader will naturally ask: Where was the balance of the one thousand? Take the killed, those discharged on account of wounds and disease, those in rebel prisons, the sick and wounded in every hospital from Chattanooga to Cincinnati and it is easy to account for the discrepancy.

The morning of the 27th our division started for Knoxville, 110 miles distant, to relieve Gen. Burnside with the 9th Corps, who was besieged by the enemy under Longstreet. Just prior to the battle of Mission Ridge, Gen. Longstreet had withdrawn from our front and moved into East Tennessee for the purpose of capturing Knoxville. Now we had cut off from all communication and it was necessary to subsist off the country, therefore there was no restriction on our foraging. As there had been no army of any size through this section forage was plenty, and the way the chickens, turkeys and shoats had to suffer was a caution. For flour and meal we depended on the little overshot mills in which this country abounded. Keeping on the south side of the Tennessee River, we crossed the Hiawassee, the Little Tennessee and several other streams by bridging, and arrived at the Holston River, opposite Knoxville, on the 3rd of December. Gen. Longstreet, hearing of our ap-

proach, had charged upon Ft. Sanders and, having been repulsed with great loss, had retreated farther up into East Tennessee with head-quarters at Morristown.

After a few days rest, the 93rd crossed the Holston River at Knoxville and proceeded to Strawberry Plains, sixteen miles farther up, thence to Clinch mountain where camp was established. While here the weather turned severely cold and, having left our tents standing at Chattanooga, we were compelled to build huts out of logs and roof them as best we could. New Years Day, 1864, was intensely cold (often referred to since as the cold New Year). The 93rd was on picket and by having a detail to carry rails and keep up fires on each post, we managed to keep from freezing. While here Capt. Bowman, of Co. D, was promoted to Lieut.-Col. of the 93rd, and Capt. Joyce, of Co. F, promoted Major. The regiment had increased by those sent to the front from hospitals until we could muster over 200 men.

On the 8th of January we broke camp and moved to Strawberry Plains; crossed the Holston River and marched to Dandridge. The afternoon of the 9th, the 93rd, being on picket, was attacked by the enemy's cavalry. After a spirited contest, lasting until night, we were relieved. The following day the division retreated, crossing the Holston River again at Strawberry Plains. In the engagement the 93rd lost twelve in killed and wounded, Lieut. Anderson, of Co. F, being one of the latter. We were first driven back, but rallied and in turn drove the rebels, when Ben Nose of Co. F took prisoner a rebel who had jumped into a sink-hole for protection. Some time after this several of the boys were discussing the war, wondering how long it might continue and altogether taking a rather gloomy view of the situation, when Nose, overhearing their conversation, said: "I can tell you how to end it." "Well, how?" some one said. "All of you go and catch one apiece, like I did," was the response. It is needless to

say that ended the grumbling for the time. This reminds us of another little incident that happened some time prior to the battle of Stone River. Several of the boys were expressing their views on the results of the war, when Orderly Sergeant Alex. Johnson remarked, "What a fool I was to enlist the way I did!" Some one naturally asked why. Alex. answered in his dry way, without cracking a smile, "Here I am getting my board and clothes and thirteen dollars a month, and nothing to do, and I only hired for three years when I could have hired for five just as well." When the shout of laughter which this brought forth had subsided, it was found that all symptoms of pessimism had vanished.

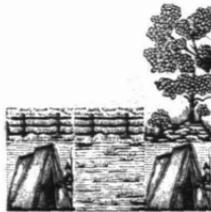
After the affair at Dandridge, we moved toward Knoxville and, passing through the town, camped at Lenoir Station, 23 miles below. Here we built winter quarters, expecting to stay until spring, but, after occupying them three weeks, the officers, fearing we would get rusty, again put us on the move. Now it was about the middle of February; we had been on the move the greater part of the winter and had started again over the same ground, but, after crossing the Holston again at Strawberry Plains, we moved this time to Newmarket. After a stay of a few days here, we moved to Morristown, but finding that Longstreet had gone into Virginia, we again about-faced and marched back. This time, after crossing the Holston, we proceeded up the north side as far as Rutledge. To detail all the movements of the division would weary the patience of the reader, as it was one continual move from one point to another and very often over the same ground.

The latter part of April orders came to join the rest of the Corps, which we did at Cleveland, 28 miles from Chattanooga.

East Tennessee, generally, is very poor and unproductive, the soil a yellow clay. The principal staple at that time appeared to be sorghum, which was raised in

great quantities, although corn and wheat were raised to some extent on the fertile spots.

After joining the rest of the Corps, we could see that active preparations were going on for the summer campaign. General O. O. Howard had superseded General Granger in command of the Fourth Corps, and General W. T. Sherman (Uncle Billy as he was familiarly called) had command of the whole army. This was the situation on the 2nd of May, 1864.



CHAPTER X.

The rebel army was now commanded by Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, he having superseded Bragg.

The union forces under Gen. Sherman were sub-commanded as follows: Army of the Cumberland, Maj.-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas; Army of the Ohio, Maj.-Gen. Jno. M. Schofield; Army of the Tennessee, Maj.-Gen. J. B. McPherson. Our Division (the 3rd) was still commanded by Gen. T. J. Wood, and the Brigade (the 2nd) by Gen. W. B. Hazen. Capt. Henry Richards (who went out with Co. F as 1st Lieutenant) was again in command of the company, after being absent for some time; part of the time in command of Co. H and part on detached service. The combined union forces now numbered 95,000.

On the 3rd of May, 1864, the advance began, moving by way of Ringgold, Ga., to Rocky Face Ridge, where the enemy was first encountered. Through this are a couple of passes, known as Buzzard's Roost Gap and Snake Creek Gap, which the enemy held in force, but after a spirited contest they fell back on Resaca.

Here on the 14th and 15th of May two sharp engagements ensued, when Johnston, fearing Sherman would flank him, on the night of the 15th abandoned his works and retreated across the Oostenaula River. Sherman was soon in hot pursuit, harassing his rear and picking up stragglers. The pursuit continued through

Calhoun, Ackworth, Allatoona and Burnt Hickory, and by the 19th of May we had reached Cassville.

By continual maneuvering and skirmishing, on the 26th of May the union army were near Dallas. On the 27th our division (Gen. Woods') cut loose from the rest of the army and moved to the left for the purpose of striking the enemy on the flank. They were on the alert, however, and waiting to receive us, and when the charge was made it was a veritable slaughter-pen.

The division was compelled to fall back, sustaining a loss of 1700 men, the 93rd losing heavily. This was called the battle of Pickett's Mills. Company F lost killed Nelson Parker, Benj. McCormick and Nicholas Goshorn, besides a number of wounded. Sherman, not in the least daunted by these reverses, built a strong line of works, then, by extending his lines and overlapping the flank of the enemy, they were forced to evacuate their position.

On the night of June 4, Johnston retreated toward Kenesaw Mountain. By still constantly maneuvering, skirmishing and flanking, on the 19th of June Sherman's army was in front of Kenesaw. Here the rebels were strongly fortified, but Sherman was not the general to wait for something to turn up. We soon had a strong line of rifle-pits close to those of the enemy, while our "gopher holes" were but a few yards apart.

It soon grew tiresome and monotonous, lying in the gopher holes in the heat of the sun from morning till night, shooting at every glimpse of the enemy. Then it was agreed to meet between the lines and have a social chat, the usual salutation being, "Hello! Yank, meet me half way and trade coffee for tobac';" or, "Hello! Johnny," and vice versa. The agreement was, if either side was ordered to advance they were to fire the first shots overhead as a warning, and this agreement was strictly adhered to. In this way picketing was a pleasant task, and this was kept up some time.

On the 23rd of June the 93rd and the 5th Kentucky made an assault on the rebel works, suffering a severe loss. The different engagements since the campaign began had decimated the ranks of the 93rd until at this time Company F could muster but sixteen men fit for duty. Company I, if memory serves aright, had but two men.

For some time previous to the first of July, Sherman had been moving troops to the right, principally after night. On the night of the 2nd our Division was moved to the left, relieving the 1st Division which was sent to the right, the object being for one division to hold the works formerly occupied by two, thereby lengthening our lines for the purpose of flanking the enemy. The works we now occupied had been charged by the rebels about a week before, they being repulsed. The opposing lines were not over 100 yards apart, therefore it was impossible for either side to bury the dead and the stench was unbearable. The morning of July 3rd all was quiet and, after an investigation, we discovered the enemy had evacuated their works and retreated, Sherman's "flanking machine" having got the best of them.

A terrible sight met our gaze between the two lines. The rebel dead, having lain a week in a summer sun, some even on the edge of our works, were a sight more horrible than pen could portray. The rebel works here were the strongest we had seen, with a strong line of abattis outside while poles seven or eight inches in diameter, placed on top of the works, were used as a protection for the head. The reader can judge of the healthiness of this locality when we state that those poles were literally shot into splinters and had been replaced by new ones.

Our army was immediately put in pursuit and it was not long till skirmishing commenced with their rear guard. On the 4th of July the 93rd were on the

skirmish line, skirmishing over hills and hollows, through swamps, brier patches, and forests with undergrowth so dense that it was impossible to see a "Johnny" at twenty paces. They kept falling back, however, and our casualties were small, the only discomfort being the heat and fatigue, for which we were repaid in luscious, ripe blackberries, to be had for the picking.

The enemy kept falling back without offering much resistance, till they crossed the Chattahoochee River, burned the railroad bridge and cutting their pontoon bridge loose, let it swing around against the opposite shore. This caused some delay, but on the 11th of July we crossed the Chattahoochee some distance above, the enemy offering but little resistance.

We were now within ten miles of Atlanta, the backbone of all the Confederate resources, with its machine shops, foundries, car works and depot of supplies. After pushing the rebels back from Peach Tree Creek, on the 19th of July the Union army confronted the enemy's works in front of Atlanta, it having been two months and a half since starting on this campaign. The distance from Chattanooga to Atlanta by rail is 138 miles, and it had been one continual skirmish almost the whole distance, often lasting well into the night.

It looks as though Woods' Division should have been favored, after the hardships they had to undergo all through the winter, but the old boys well know the 93rd never had that luck, for the moss was never allowed to grow on their heels.

CHAPTER XI.

General Johnston, about this time, was superseded by General J. B. Hood in command of the Confederate army. The rebel Gen. Hardee, by a night march, on the morning of July 22nd fell heavily on the left flank and rear of the Army of the Tennessee at Decatur, but after a heavy day's fighting he was compelled to fall back within the rebel lines. Gen McPherson was killed, which was a sad loss to the Union cause. Gen. Howard was appointed to succeed McPherson in command of the Army of the Tennessee, Gen. Stanley succeeding Howard in command of the Fourth Corps.

The Union army soon built a strong line of works, with a line of palisades some forty yards in front, while still in front of this was a line of abattis, making very formidable works. Each regiment took its turn in constructing the works and picketing, which was every sixth day. Our "gopher holes" and those of the enemy were about 400 yards apart and every man on our side was to fire 100 rounds within the twenty-four hours.

The result was a "Johnny" hardly dared show his head to fire, for it was sure to provoke a hundred shots in reply. In this way five weeks passed without any general engagement on our part of the line. Although the firing of our artillery was incessant, day and night, it only occasionally provoked a reply; then a sixty-four pounder (camp kettles, the boys called them) would drop in our lines, but rarely doing any harm. On the night of August 25th the siege was raised and we moved by the right around Atlanta, tearing up the railroads as we went.

At this time a great many of the older regiments' term of service had expired, and our brigade was composed of the following regiments: The 41st, 71st, 93rd, and 124th Ohio regiments, and the 59th Illinois. The brigade was commanded by Col. Post of the last-named regiment.

September 1st we had gained the railroad running to Macon, thereby cutting off communication southward. At the same time Gen. Howard defeated part of the rebel army under Hardee at Jonesboro, the rebels retreating southward.

On the night of September 1st, Hood, with the rest of the rebel army, blew up his magazines, destroyed the foundries and workshops and evacuated Atlanta, joining Hardee. We were moved on a few miles farther to Lovejoy's Station, where, coming upon the enemy in force, a line of works was constructed. Here Hood pulled off in the night and started northward into Tennessee. We were about-faced and marched to Atlanta where we went into camp, evidently waiting to see what were Hood's intentions.

October 3rd we were started in pursuit. Crossing the Chattahoochee, we camped the second night on Kennesaw, near our position when the rebels evacuated their works. The skeletons were still lying there, bleaching in the sun. On the 10th we were at Big Shanty, mov-

ing northward. Reaching Kingston on the 11th, we were delighted to get mail, the first in six weeks, Hood having had all communication cut off.

We proceeded to Rome when Sherman became convinced Hood's game was to lure him away from his intended prize. Consequently Sherman determined to return to Atlanta, from where he started on his famous "march to the sea." Gen Thomas was left in command of enough troops to cope with Hood, the Fourth Corps being among the number. Hereafter we will deal only with this part of the army.

We were kept moving northward, on the line of the railroad and over the same ground we had skirmished and fought over on our southward march, until after crossing the Oostenaula River. Here we left the main road and commenced climbing Rocky Face Ridge. Owing to the steepness of the Ridge and the darkness (it being after night), with no road to follow, it was a terrible task. After crawling through bushes and falling over rocks and logs for a couple of hours, we reached the summit which was nothing but a sharp back-bone in many places but a few feet wide.

The next thing was to make the descent, which we did after experiencing the same difficulties. We were now in Snake Creek Gap, which we followed for some distance when we again turned to the left, crossed the line into Alabama and moved to Gaylesville. Here we lay a few days, when we started for Chattanooga, sixty-five miles distant, which we reached in three days, arriving October 30th.

Here we were put aboard the cars and started for the purpose of heading off Hood. The railroad, after crossing the Tennessee at Bridgeport, keeps on the north side through Huntsville and Athens. At the latter place we found the road torn up and were compelled to "hoof it" again, camping nine miles out from Athens on the night of the 31st. On the morning of November 1st

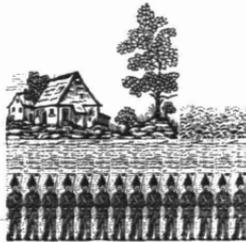
we were on the move early. There was quite a frost and the air was chilly. After marching a few miles we came to Elk River. There was no bridge and the only chance of getting across was by wading. It was rather a cool dip, but was accomplished without any serious results. We reached Pulaski, Tennessee, twenty-four miles from our starting point, at four o'clock in the evening.

November 23 we were again started northward. Hood having crossed the Tennessee was playing the same tactics as before, but we reached Columbia in advance of him. The second day after reaching here the 93rd were on picket. The rebels moved up and quite an animated skirmish ensued, lasting almost all day. The casualties were small, however; none killed and but few wounded. Col. McConnell of the 71st Ohio had command of the brigade at this time, and had been in command from about the 1st of September.

Learning, after a few days here, that Hood had crossed Duck River and was about to get in our rear, we were again put in motion. Our brigade, having been on a scout, brought up the rear. Night coming on before reaching Spring Hill, the enemy's camp-fires were plainly visible, with the "Johnnies" moving about them as thick as bees in a hive. There had been an engagement in the afternoon between the advance of our army and the enemy, but they (the rebs), failing to gain possession of the road, had withdrawn and encamped for the night. By four o'clock the next morning we were on the move for Franklin, the enemy following as rapidly as possible. Reaching Franklin November 30, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the 93rd was marched across the Harpeth River, the balance of the army occupying the rifle-pits.

The enemy massed and charged our works time and again, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter. Some even scaled the works and were taken prisoner. While the battle was raging the 93rd was started for Nash-

ville, eighteen miles distant, as a guard to the train, expecting it to be attacked at Brentwood Pass by the enemy's cavalry. We were not attacked, however, and the latter part of the night reached Nashville. By the night of December 2nd the union army were all encamped about Nashville. The enemy, after the drubbing they had received at Franklin, were not so eager in their pursuit.



CHAPTER XII.

Hood moved up and began the siege by blockading the Cumberland. The Union army was reinforced by two divisions from Missouri, under Gen. A. J. Smith and active preparations were going on to strike a blow at the wily Hood. The position of the 93rd was on the Granny White turnpike, and our place of picketing was at a stone fence on the right of the pike and running at right angles with it.

On the morning of December 15 we were sent on picket. At the same time the Union army moved to the right down the Cumberland, striking the enemy's left flank, hurling them back and utterly routing them. Hood retreated some five miles and took up a strong position, his works crossing Overton's Hill. December 16th the 93rd joined the rest of the army in front. Soon after there was a detail from the regiment sent to support the cavalry on the left, leaving but 88 men behind. Immediately thereafter the brigade was massed six lines deep to charge Overton's Hill, the remnant of the 93rd being placed in the front line. The charge was made

with determination, but the enemy met it with such a hailstorm of grape and canister that, after getting within a few rods of their works, retreat was the only alternative. The retreat was made in confusion, but after getting out of range the lines were reformed for another charge.

The 93rd now had but 62 men, 26 having fallen in this charge. While our lines were being reformed, the first division, on our right, charged and broke the rebel line, then, when we were ordered to advance, it was to find the rebel works deserted and the enemy in full retreat. We were immediately put in pursuit, driving the enemy through Franklin which was filled with 3,000 rebel wounded. On through Columbia and Pulaski, despite the intense cold, the pursuit was kept up until the enemy were either killed, captured or so completely dispersed that all trace of Hood's army as an organization disappeared.

From here the Fourth Corps was sent to Huntsville, Alabama, the rest of the Union army going to Eastport, Mississippi.

On New Years day, 1865, there was an inch of snow on the ground. On the 3rd we reached Huntsville where we built winter quarters. The forepart of February our Division was put aboard the cars and taken to Nashville. After laying a few days here, we were again put aboard the cars and returned to Huntsville, to find almost every vestige of our winter quarters appropriated by the 1st Division; but, thank fortune, they had left the chimneys and in a few days we were as comfortable as ever. The morning of March 7 we were packed up ready to move before daylight. The orders were to leave our quarters standing, but the boys, remembering the way they had been served before, declared the 1st Division should never have those quarters. Some one applied the torch and the whole camp was soon in flames.

We again left Huntsville by rail, this time passing through Chattanooga. We were taken into East Tennessee. Disembarking from the cars at Knoxville, we started to march to our old stamping-ground, through Strawberry Plains, Newmarket and Morristown, but kept on through Bull's Gap to Greenville. After laying here until the forepart of April, we moved into North Carolina to the Warm Springs.

These Springs are situated among the Smoky Mountains, on the French Broad River, the water boiling up within a few rods of the bank of the river into which it flows. It had been a great resort for invalids before the war, but at this time was in a dilapidated condition; nevertheless we all took a bath in the springs. In a few days we returned to Greenville, and here it was we heard, with joy, of Lee's surrender; but a few days thereafter a gloom was cast over the army when the telegraph ticked the news that Lincoln had been assassinated.

Orders now came from the War Department for all troops that were enlisted prior to September 1, 1862, to be discharged. This included the 93rd. Although it was joyful news, it was tinged with sorrow when we realized that past associations were soon to be broken up. For three years, almost, officers and men had mingled in social intercourse, and the most enduring friendships had been formed. Together we had marched upon the battle-fields; together we had fought for the national unity, and together we had endured the privations and hardships incident to the camp and march. The attachments which a devoted interest in a common cause had created, strengthened by the memory of many hard-fought fields, and cemented by the life-blood of hundreds of comrades in arms, spilled in defense of a just cause, were about to be sundered. Therefore the approaching separation was contemplated with feelings of sadness.

We left the historical town of Greenville, the home of Andrew Johnson and the place where John Morgan met his death, and marched to Bull's Gap. Here we embarked on the cars for Nashville, it now being the last of April. We established camp some five miles from Nashville to await our muster-out, the war being virtually ended. We spent the time in idleness, almost the first rest in three years. The month of May slipped around; June came and still we were here, but on the 8th of June we were mustered out.

On the 10th of June we embarked for home with happy hearts, rejoicing at the thought of soon meeting relatives and friends amid peace and plenty, far removed from scenes of strife. Reaching Louisville on the 11th, we were put aboard a packet called the Wren and arrived at Camp Dennison to be paid off and discharged. Having received our pay and discharges, we left Camp Dennison on the 15th of June, arriving at home on the following day.

Company F went into the field with 93 enlisted men. Of this number twenty-five were killed, or died of wounds or disease. Those wounded and discharged it would be impossible to enumerate. We have not the statistics of the loss sustained by the whole regiment.

The following order was issued just prior to our muster-out:

To the Officers and Soldiers of the 93rd and 124th Ohio, the 79th and 86th Indiana and 89th Illinois:

The order from the War Department directing the muster-out of the troops whose terms of service expire before a certain date, will soon terminate the official relation which has so long existed between us. I contemplate the approaching separation with feelings of sadness, and I can not allow it to take place without expressing my warmest thanks and sincere gratitude for the noble conduct which you have ever displayed while under my command, participating in common dangers, and in privations and hardships. I will ever cherish as among the brightest pages of my life the memory of our

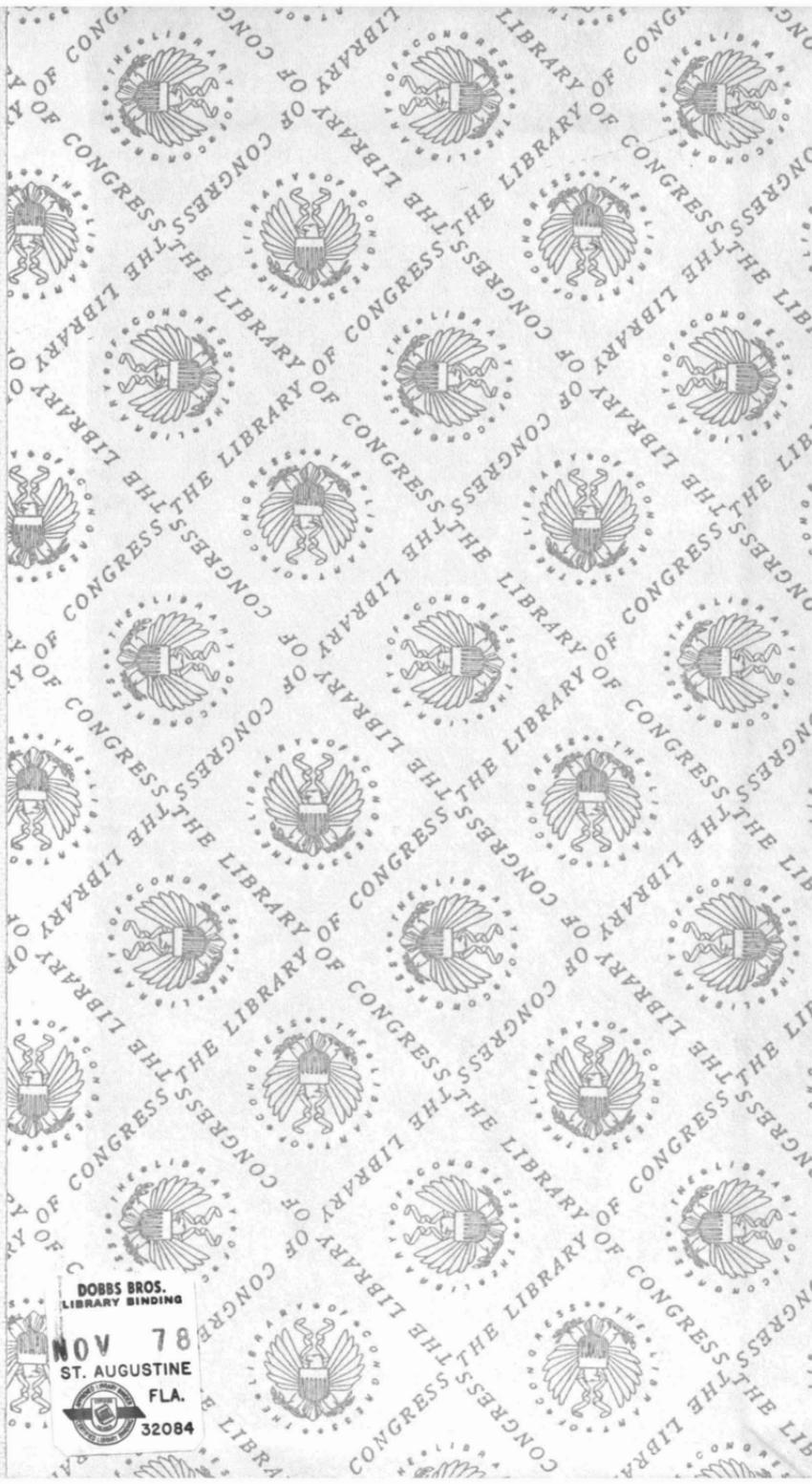
past association. You have done your duty as good soldiers and patriots, engaged from the highest motives in the holiest of causes. You can now return to your homes with the happy reflection that the mission which called you into the field, namely, the suppression of the armed resistance, of treason and rebellion to the government, has been fully, nobly, honorably accomplished. Noble soldiers, your work is finished. Now rest from your labors. Each one of you will carry home with you my highest esteem and kindest wishes for your future welfare. May happiness, prosperity, health and success wait on you throughout the remainder of your lives! To each one of you individually and to all collectively, I bid a kind, a friendly good-bye. God bless you.

T. J. Wood,

Maj.-Gen. Vols.



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