

MISSIONARY RIDGE

64TH OHIO INFANTRY



FIRST PERSON PACKET

Background information provided by the event organizers to enhance your knowledge of the men you are portraying and provide context for the scenario.

GENERAL SUMMARY

This Regiment was organized November 9, 1861, under Colonel J.W. Forsyth, who having declined, Colonel J. Ferguson took command. Lieutenant Colonels McIlvaine, Brown and Wolf were afterwards promoted - the former falling in battle at Rocky Face Ridge, May 9, 1864. The Regiment took the field in December, moving into Kentucky and then to Nashville. It participated in the second day's battle at Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth, and after the evacuation moved into Northern Alabama. In August it joined the race with Bragg to Louisville, and again returned to Nashville. The Regiment participated in the battles of Stone River and Chickamauga, sustaining a loss of nearly 200 men.

From Dyer's Compendium:

64th Regiment Infantry. Organized at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield, Ohio, and mustered in November 9, 1861. Moved to Louisville, Ky., December 14; thence to Bardstown, Ky., December 25. Attached to 20th Brigade, Army of the Ohio, to January, 1862. 20th Brigade, 6th Division, Army of the Ohio, to September, 1862. 20th Brigade, 6th Division, 2nd Corps, Army of the Ohio, to November, 1862. 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, Left Wing 14th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, to January, 1863. 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 21st Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, to October, 1863. 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 4th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, to June, 1865.

Service Up Through Missionary Ridge:

1861: Moved to Louisville, Ky., December 14; thence to Bardstown, Ky., December 25. Duty at Danville and Ball's Gap, Ky., January and February 1862.

1862: March to Munfordville, thence to Nashville, Tenn., February 7-March 13, and to Savannah, Tenn., March 29-April 6.

1862: Battle of Shiloh, Tenn., April 6-7.

1862: Advance on and siege of Corinth, Miss., April 29-May 30.

1862: Pursuit to Booneville June 1-12. Duty along Memphis & Charleston Railroad until August.

1862: March to Louisville, Ky., in pursuit of Bragg, August 21-September 26. Pursuit of Bragg into Kentucky October 1-15. Bardstown, Ky., October 3. Battle of Perryville October 8 (reserve).

1862: March to Nashville, Tenn., October 16-November 7, and duty there until December 26. Advance on Murfreesboro December 26-30. Nolensville December 27. Battle of Stones River December 30-31, 1862 and January 1-3, 1863.

1863: Duty at Murfreesboro until June. Reconnaissance to Nolensville and Versailles January 13-15. Tullahoma Campaign June 23-July 7. Occupation of middle Tennessee until August 16.

1863: Passage of the Cumberland Mountains and Tennessee River, and Chickamauga Campaign August 16-September 22. Reconnaissance toward Chattanooga September 7. Lookout Valley September 7-8. Occupation of Chattanooga September 9. Lee and Gordon's Mills September 11-13. Near Lafayette September 14. Battle of Chickamauga September 19-20. Siege of Chattanooga, September 24-November 23

INTRODUCTION

In 1965, as I cleaned out my grandmother's house in Erie, MI, I came across my grandfather's diary put away in an old dresser. It had remained there for one hundred years. Over the years, I gradually became more interested in the Civil War, and decided to transcribe the diary in its complete form in 1998. I never had the opportunity to know my grandfather personally, as he died in 1921, before my birth in 1922, but as we read his journal we became more acquainted with him and his personality and got to know him by reading his thoughts on this terrible war. Every period writing gives a different perspective on events and battles that took place. Union private vs. Confederate private, Confederate General vs. Union General, and a journalist all have different views. It is interesting to note that the pages were written during the heat of battle or during times of much hardship and suffering. We read of many experiences of joy, humor, fear, sadness, and dread of the future, but one thing always remained true: his determination to fight until the war was won.

Grandson of Silas Mallory,
William F. Mallory, Jr.
July 4th, 1998

Dedicated to the third generation descendants of
Silas S. Mallory, who enjoyed the "protection and
peace" which the efforts of their great-grandfather
helped to ensure for them as well as for all
Americans.

PARENTS AND FAMILY OF SILAS MALLORY

My father, William Mallory was born September 1st, 1807 near Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York. He died in Auburn, Indiana on August 31st, 1876 (Age 69 years, 2 months).

My mother, Lucretia Howey was born April 3rd, 1805, Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York, married William Mallory on January 27th, 1832 near Canandaigua, New York. They soon immigrated to the state of Ohio and settled near Bucyrus, the county seat of Crawford County. Their union was blessed with nine children, five boys and four girls. Lucretia died October 30th, 1870 (Age 65 years, 5 months).

1. Lucy, born November 15th, 1833, married E. B. Shaw, October 24th, 1852.
2. Thomas, born September 12th, 1835. Never married. Died, Berkley, California, December 30th, 1904.
3. Lodema H., born January 25th, 1837, married Thomas Gross, Auburn, Indiana.
4. Emma B., born January 15th, 1839, married Thomas C. Mays, Bucyrus, Ohio. Remarried E. B. Robinson, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Died May 24th, 1912.
5. Benjamin, born January 12th, 1841, married Lida Peterman, Bucyrus, Ohio, November 4th, 1869. Died May 1st, 1923. Had one son, Earl.
6. Harriet M., born March 1st, 1842, married H. B. Johnson, Bucyrus, Ohio, November 8th, 1859, Died March 4th, 1871 (Age 29 years, 3 days).
7. Silas S., born August 15th, 1844, married Ella Forman, Erie, Michigan, February 26th, 1873. Silas died, Erie, Michigan, November 13th, 1921. Ella died, Erie, Michigan, June 7th, 1932.
8. George, born November 29th, 1846, married Mary Bacon, Bucyrus, Ohio.
9. William Clark, born May 25th, 1849. Died May 1st, 1852 (Age 2 years, 11 months, the youngest).

William Mallory, grandfather on the male side, originally came from France and settled in Connecticut. There were four brothers who all settled in the same state or in Vermont.

EARLY LIFE

My father, William Mallory, was born September 1st, 1807, near Greenfield, Saratoga County, New York.

My mother, Lucretia Howey, was born April 3rd, 1805 in Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York.

They were married January 27th, 1832 near Canandaigua New York, and soon after this eventful period immigrated to the state of Ohio and settled near Bucyrus, the county seat of Crawford County.

Their union was blessed fruitfully, as nine sprung into existence and took the euphonious title of "Mallory," five boys and four girls.

At the time my parents emigrated here, this place was thinly settled. But a few settlers had gathered together and erected a courthouse.

The youngest of the family, little Willie, died May 1st, 1852 (Age 2 years, 11 months). We long mourned his loss.

Lucy, the oldest of the family, married Mr. E. B. Shaw, October 24th, 1852.

I was born August 15th, 1844, and had one brother younger, George. Of my youthful days, I cannot speak with any degree of self-complacency. I passed my early period in the country, and was called the Country Clown from the fact that I imitated one very much, and was always into devilment.

During my first recollections we lived between the Marion and Pike roads on a farm of our own of about 140 acres.

Father went into the "Patent Right" business and failed. The farm was then sold to pay his debts. He would not have lost everything, but those who were partners in the Patent Right failed to comply with their contract. From that time on, we went downhill rapidly.

For several years my father rented farms and farmed on a large scale. Having plenty of stock, horses, etc. he could do so and get along very well.

About the year 1853, we prepared to move west. Had horses, wagons, etc. prepared, but owing to the non-disposal of some property at Crestline, Ohio, father decided not to go.

In the year 1857, we moved to within a quarter of a mile of Bucyrus. I was then in my thirteenth year. In the fall, following the spring we moved near town, we moved into town. Settled down on Main Street near its southern terminus, always living in small tumble-down houses.

By this time we had nothing left but a wagon and a yoke of oxen. Doing some farming with these, we raised enough to make a living. We gained a subsistence by hard labor and honest toil.

My oldest brother Thomas was at this time in Oregon. He found that place more profitable, having gone there from Illinois some years previous.

My other older brother Benjamin was somewhere in the state learning the carpenter's trade.

While we lived in the country, I got but little schooling. That is, I learned but little because no pains were taken with the education of the smaller scholars. Consequently, they grew more in ignorance and wickedness than anything else.

When we moved into town, I knew but little. Could read tolerably well, could cipher some in simple numbers, but nothing more. Of grammar and geography, I knew nothing.

As soon as we moved into town, I commenced going to school. I was put into the Junior Grammar Department where I learned fast, studied hard, and got along very well. In the winter following I was promoted to Senior Grammar School.

I attended school only during the winter months. During the rest of the year I worked by the month on a farm and studied my books when I could. In this way, I got most of my education.

The second year I attended school, I was put into the High School on probation and succeeded there beyond my most sanguine expectations.

Early in the fall of 1861, I returned to school, intending to fit myself for college. I had been going perhaps two or three weeks when I got the war fever.

The call for "Volunteers" resounded throughout the land.

Two or three of my most intimate friends enlisted, and I must go, too. I was then only 17 years of age. Brother Benjamin was at this time in the Service—in the 25th Ohio, he having enlisted during the three-months call.

Camp Buckingham. Mansfield Ohio November 5th, 1861.

-- My First Enlistment --

At the age of 17, on the 17th day of October, in the year 1861, I enlisted for the wars, or for three years, unless sooner discharged, under recruiting officer Lt. E. B. Finley, an obscure officer of my native place.

What notion I had in view in enlisting I am unable to say, for I went against the wishes of my parents. At the time I enlisted, mother was visiting in Michigan. When she came home "after I had gone and done it," she was bound I should not go; I was bound to go. She took it very hard when she found I was determined to go.

I got ready the things I thought I needed and at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, November 5th, I bade goodbye to friends and got aboard the cars bound for our rendezvous.

We arrived at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield, Ohio at 8 or 9 o'clock that morning, reported at headquarters and had our positions assigned us. Unloaded ourselves and marched to the Eating Saloon where we were served with breakfast. After that delicious epoch, we were at liberty, and were exempt from duty for that day.

We were favored with our eating utensils, the distribution of which caused much merriment among us "green-uns."

We succeeded in getting our dinner with a great deal of mirth caused by our awkwardness. Did not finish dinner until 4 p.m., when it was too late for supper.

I passed a restless night from the fact that I "enjoyed" a violent headache.

Wednesday, November 6th, 1861.

Arose, shook my blankets, folded and placed them at the head of my bed (which, by the by, was but the ground), and prepared for breakfast. This being our first morning in camp, it went very awkwardly.

The day previous we had appointed our cooks. Reveille was beaten at daylight. Fatigue at 6- $\frac{1}{4}$; sick call at 6- $\frac{1}{2}$. Then came breakfast call at 7. Until then, no man was allowed to eat. After breakfast we had nothing to do.

The day contained much interest for me. I had often wished I could live this kind of life, but when it came to be realized, how little like the ideal! Drilled from 7- $\frac{1}{2}$ until 9- $\frac{1}{2}$, and from 10- $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11- $\frac{1}{2}$. At 12- $\frac{1}{2}$ p.m., dinner call.

At 2-½ until 3-½, had another drill, and after an hour's rest, another hour's drill. This continued day after day while in camp. After the last drill we went to supper.

Retreat was beaten at sunset, and tattoo at 9-½. After each we had rollcall, and taps at 9 o'clock when lights were to be blown out and we go to bed.

Thursday, November 7th, 1861.

After passing a sleepless and restless night with a headache which wracked my head with pain, I felt hardly able to go through the duties of the day. As I was a musician (fifer) it was not necessary for me to come out on drill. Therefore, I remained inside writing this forenoon. The first duty in the morning was to call roll and appoint assistant cooks to fetch water, to chop wood, etc., also to detail guards. This was the first day that we had to appoint guards. For coming on Tuesday, we were not prepared with the roll. So therefore we were not detailed for duty until Thursday. This day, we appointed for guard three out of our company, 2 for assistant cooks and one Police guard. This constituted all that were detailed on duty out of our company. In the afternoon, we were called out on dress parade. This was formed with a great deal of anxiety by some. By me, it was welcomed with joy, for it was a new chapter of my life. After Dress parade, we prepared again for the night.

Friday, November 8th, 1861.

Thursday night was the first night that I was well since I had been in camp. This day we went through the same routine of duty we did the preceding days, except the receiving of blankets. In the evening about 7 o'clock, we were told we could get our blankets. We were ordered out of our tents and were filed off into double file; then was marched to headquarters to receive them. But when we came to receive them, we found we were told, for when we came to find out – they had not been received. Therefore, we about faced and marched back to our tents. In a few minutes, the captain came running up to us, all out of breath, saying we could get them in another place. We filed off again, and marched towards the hill where the cavalry were stationed. We hoisted the boxes on our shoulders and marched back to headquarters where we got them invoiced, and then marched back to our tents where we had them distributed around. When duty was done for the day, I was this evening appointed an assistant cook and was to take my place as such the next morning.

Saturday, November 9th, 1861.

Early to bed, early to rise – Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. I was early this morning making the fire, chopping the wood for the cooks. I cleaned up the yard in front of my tent and fetched water about a mile. I was very busy this day. This evening, our tents came. We put them up, but did not get into them. Did not get them up until supper. After supper, it was too late to move into them, so we put it off until Monday.

Sunday, November 10th, 1861.

This morning was very cold. After breakfast, we came out on parade drill. I this day, with the orderlys, went up to town (Mansfield) to hunt for a deserter, who deserted us Saturday morning. He, with another boy, went after a bucket of water. The well being

outside of the grounds, he had a very good chance of leaving. If they went with a small bucket, two could not go out. But with a large bucket, two could go. They went outside and got their water and he left the other boy to carry it up alone, and he left. At 4 o'clock this afternoon, there was preaching. While at the meeting, I found some of the friends from Bucyrus. It made me feel good to see some of our friends from home. Sunday night, it rained very hard. About midnight Sunday, the rain poured down in torrents. I slept very sound that evening.

Monday, November 11th, 1861.

This morning we moved into our new tents. We had a great time in doing so. We got boards and made a floor, which made it a great deal warmer. I started with 4 other men this morning for the goods that had been sent from home for the soldiers' comfort. We welcomed the captain to our homes this morning with great joy. He went home two days before. We were very glad to see him come back. We welcomed him back with the shake of the hand. We had a great deal of trouble in knocking out our mess this morning, as they all wanted to be quartermaster's mess. We made out a subscription with which we got a tin stove, which made us much more comfortable. Four companies arrived in camp this morning, one for our regiment 64th and the others for the 65th Ohio. These were being raised in the same camp. Two regiments of infantry, one battery, 6 O.V.S. of artillery, and a cavalry squadron called McGlochlin's Squadron of Cavalry.

Tuesday, November 12th, 1861.

This morning the Orderly, with two other men, started out after one of our men who deserted. They went with muskets, and fixed bayonets with orders to take him dead or alive. This day was a pleasant day to every one.

Monday, November 18th, 1861.

My first trial at standing guard, at roll call, on Friday morning the 15th, my name, with four others was read off for Camp Guard. Though, it being not necessary for me to stand guard, for I was a musician. But, I thought I would rather go on guard than get the ill will of my messmates, for if I said anything against going on guard, they would say it was not fair. Therefore, I submitted with perfect nonchalance. At the first beat of the drum in the morning, we made ready in front of our tent to march down at the second beat of the drum. As soon as the drum commenced the second time to beat, we with long strides marched to the place of review. I got there in time to be first into the second relief. At 11 o'clock a.m., we were to take our posts during my first beat, which was 2 hours. It snowed, and rained together, which made it very uncomfortable, but I was well prepared for it. I remained two on, and four hours off. I went on at 11 a.m., was off 4 hours until 5 p.m. when I went on and received the password, stayed on till 7 p.m. I had a very pleasant time, except a pain in my right leg, which bothered me a great deal until my last beat, when I was relieved from that, but was bothered by something worse. I went on at 7 in the morning, but found it not quite so pleasant as the preceding trials, on account of the cold, which affected my hands a great deal, though I had on a pair of buckskin gloves. Yet they were not any better than nothing. But I was soon relieved, not to take my trial for at least a half a dozen days.

Wednesday, November 20th, 1861.

Nothing of much importance occurred until Wednesday the 20th, when the ladies from Bucyrus made us a picnic, where we had a very good time. Although it rained very hard the night before and made it very muddy, in the afternoon it dried off, and we had a pleasant time of it.

Thursday, November 21st, 1861.

George Howenstine and I made a visit to our homes. It lasted 2 days. On Saturday the 23rd when we left Bucyrus at night, it was snowing. But, when I arrived at camp, I was surprised to find that the ground was covered with snow, while in Bucyrus the snow hardly covered the ground. Today, we came out on a grand review, which was a very pleasant sight.

Thursday, November 28th, 1861.

The people of Richland County this day, made the whole Brigade a picnic. But, it did not equal the one the people of Bucyrus made for us.

Friday, November 29th, 1861.

We received our overcoats, which was a comfortable thing. At the present time, the mud is about shoe top. Around the eating table, the mud was so deep and thick that a person would almost mire. We have now nothing that is fit for a hog to eat. Our vittles consisted of rotten meat, sun burnt potatoes, and sour bread. The mixture of these ingredients does not make it a very pleasant meal, but yesterday we drew somewhat better rations.

Friday, December 6th, 1861.

We received our arms. They were the rifled musket of the latest style. We drew guns that would shoot 500 yards, and on Sunday, our Captain and the Captain of Company E to the right of us, drew lots for the bright sighted ones, which would shoot a hundred yards. Those that would shoot 500 yards were black sighted ones. We gained the bright sighted ones. Here, let me site a little incident which will serve to give some idea of our Captain. The arms had been dealt out Saturday, but both got the wrong arms. So the Captains drew straws for the bright sighted ones. Our Captain got it, so 20 of the men of Company E brought over 20 guns and took 20 in return. Some of them were dissatisfied because they were a little bruised. Our Captain said, "GOD DAM IT if you don't like them, you need not take them." He looked cool indeed. Some of the boys being dissatisfied with our present Captain called for an election, and so the Captain, to keep peace of the family, submitted to it. It was all the doings of the Crestline boys. They wanted to run a Lieutenant J. B. Sweet, whom they supposed was better qualified to lead us so therefore we nominated and elected him. They supposed he was better qualified because he was a regular officer who had served 18 years. But, they soon found out that he was not what he was cracked up to be. He one day said that if he was to command us, we should come under, for we were fighting for our country, and he was fighting for a living.

Saturday, December 14th, 1861.

We received orders to move. Where to, I do not know. The orders from headquarters were that we should reduce our baggage to the number of pounds required by military law, and that we should prepare rations for three days. For that purpose, about twenty men should be detailed from each Company. For that purpose we were kept busy all day.

Sunday, December 15th and Monday, December 16th, 1861.

We all were busy boxing up and preparing our cooking utensils and camp packages. I was in a fever of anxiety, for it was a new thing for me to be preparing for the march, a thing I hardly ever expected to do. At four o'clock Tuesday morning, the drums beat for the 64th Regt. to prepare to leave. Bear in mind the 64th Regt. was to leave a day or two later than the 65th. On Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock, we were ordered out of bed to prepare to leave that morning. The tents were torn down and were ready to start. We started by nine o'clock a.m. We marched down to the train with the beat of the drum. What a splendid sight it was to see a regiment of soldiers with their bayonets glistening by the reflection of the sun. We got on the cars at Mansfield, and by the way of Columbus at 8 o'clock the next morning, we arrived at Cincinnati and was put aboard the Steamer Wm. Strader. After getting aboard the boat, those who wanted to could go to sleep, and a great many did go to sleep. But, not so with me, for it being the first time I had ever seen a boat, I was too much taken up with interest to sleep any. In less time than it takes me to write it, I was acquainted with every part of the vessel. We started down the river by 8 o'clock. I placed myself on the most prominent part of the boat so I could see every thing that I passed down the river towards Louisville. We arrived at Louisville at six that evening, stayed on the boat all night, and the next morning early prepared to leave for a camp we were told was six miles from the wharf. Early in the morning, we donned our knapsacks and were soon ready to move. We got started by six o'clock in the morning. Marched through the town and into camp. Instead of having to march six miles, as we supposed we had to do, at the end of two miles we were in camp. We had not been in camp more than ten minutes when we were cautioned not to buy produce of the camp peddlers, because there had been 11 men died of poison within a fortnight.

Friday, December 20th, 1861.

We received orders to prepare 3 days rations to leave with next morning. Next morning early, all things were made ready to leave, but as we were going to leave, it set in to rain. The Colonel then took a notion to not go just then, so we had to stand in the rain all day. Then the orders came to pitch tents (Sibleys) again, which we had to do in the mud and water nearly a foot deep. We soon had a blazing fire and had the tents dried in less than no time.

Thursday, December 26th, 1861.

We prepared and started for a camp 20 miles further south. We marched down Broadway. We marched through the finest country I had ever seen. It took us three days to go over the route. The first day, we had to march all day in the rain. When night came, a more doleful looking set I never saw. The next two days, we had a pleasant time of it. We encamped on a very nice place near a town called Bardstown, where we encamped until Sunday December 29th. Remained in camp, and after morning inspection attended divine services. Our camp was in the fairground.

Wednesday, January 1st, 1862.

Wednesday, January 8th, 1862.

We started for a camp 4 miles south of Bardstown. We arrived there and had our tents pitched by sundown. We encamped near a small stream called Beach Forks which empties into the Salt River, and the combination of both rivers empty into the Ohio. I had often wished that I could see something, but never expected my wishes would be realized until I came into this place, for I spent the last day of the year of '61 exploring the rocks around where we were encamped. I often would steal out by the guard and wander through the woods and along the creek, enjoying the stillness of nature, alone. I really enjoyed my lonely walks. Our camp here was situated in a low, wet place and it rained about all the time. Outside our tents we were miserable. Inside, a little better. We had filled our tent about three feet deep with cedar boughs, which kept us dry and warm. I got a slight touch of diarrhea, and got homesick on top of it. Josiah Galbraith, drummer of company "K" and an old Mexican soldier, talked to me about the results of homesickness. I got ashamed of my weakness and never afterwards was I a bit sick.

Thursday, January 9th, 1862.

Camp Morton – Bardstown, Kentucky.

As late in the season as the 8th, it had not yet snowed. A few days after our arrival at camp, it began to rain; and rained until the present time, without hardly a day's cessation. I left home to get rid of mud, but I find that I am tramping in mud deeper than ever. I was told before I left home that I would have to pass through the hardest of hardships, but I did not care, "SO I SAID." The harder the hardships, the more would I like it. After getting into this camp, I began to feel dissatisfied. I wanted to go home and go to school. But, I took the matter in hand and began to think about it. I thought that if I was to go home now and not go any further, I would never be thought anything of a soldier. So I came to the conclusion that I would remain contented. Let the hardships be what they would, I would stay. I thought I could be used no harder than I was, for our living was not fit for any hog to eat. It consisted of still slop, bad hog meat—hogs that had run in the back woods for a number of years—and was not fit to eat for any living human being. We drew corn meal and our cooks made, or tried to make, mush of it, but did not succeed very well. It was not cooked half, nor did we get half enough of such as it was. It gave us all diarrhea and physicked every man in the Company and nearly killed some. But, still I thought I could stand it if any one could. The mud was nearly a creek, but that did not help the case any, for we had to wade in the mud as much as there was no mud. The next day after we came to camp, I spent in wandering around and through the rocks that

surrounded the camp. I passed not a nook but that I examined; not a crevice did I pass but that I looked into. Also, on the first day of the year '62, I spent in the same employment. I never enjoyed myself better than then.

Monday, January 13th, 1862.

We left Camp Morton, Bardstown, Kentucky. The morning was cold & blustering, but I kept myself warm with walking and carrying the deadload, which I had to hang upon my back. We were then encamped 5 miles south of Bardstown on the western pike, so we had to march back to Bardstown to get on the right road. We were to go to Somerset. Therefore, we had to take the other pike, which ran parallel with the one on which we were encamped. After marching 6 miles south on the other pike, we halted about 3 o'clock in a very pretty valley (It put me somewhat in mind of home). It was bounded on all sides by high rolling ground. In the entry of our camp, there ran rippling, a small stream, the bed of which was of solid rock. The beds of all the streams are generally of solid rock in Kentucky. Just as we camped, it began snowing, and continued snowing until the ground was covered with about two inches of snow. So, you see, we had to pitch tents in the snow. We hardly knew what to do to be comfortable. We thought it would be kind of cold comfort sleeping on the snow. I began looking about me to see if a straw stack was to be seen. I espied not far off, a point for which a string of the boys were making for. I kind o' thought what was up, so I made haste to be amongst them. They were all trying to see which one could get there first. When I got there I found what was once a secesh straw being carried away. So I pitched in heart & hand and had the satisfaction of being the bearer of a large bundle of straw to camp. Of that straw, I made a bed and a very comfortable one it was. But I divided it around among the boys as far as it would reach. The Brigade in which I was, was formed of the 64th & 65th Ohio Regts. & 51st Indiana, and of the Blank Kentucky (not numbered) but the Blank Kentucky did not follow us. The Regts. took turns about leading off. The first day, it fell to the lot of the 64th (the one in which I was) took the lead (I, being a musician, took my place in the front of the Regt., the place for the musicians). The 2nd day, the 65th took the lead, which brought the 64th I. in the rear. The third day, the 51st Indiana took the lead, which brought us in the centre.

Tuesday, January 14th, 1862.

The 2nd days march was somewhat harder than the first days, for it rained some and a Regt., being in the front of us, made it somewhat muddy. After marching some 14 miles, we halted near the town of Springfield. We camped in a pasture field, but it had been made wet by the recent rain. I again called into mind the preceding evening. I saw, not more than a mile distant, a straw stack for which I made full till for. I was not alone in the operation, for I was soon reinforced by more of our boys. I would not wish a better bed than I had that night. I was sorry when the drum in the morning beat for Reveille. It seemed as though it was not near morning. But soon the approach of daylight told too plainly to be mistaken.

Wednesday, January 15th, 1862.

Soon after daylight, we pulled up stakes and started. But, before I go any farther, I must state a little incident that occurred that evening. A while after we had been comfortably seated around our campfire and were busily talking & jesting, one of the boys came in laughing and grinning. We noticed that on one side, under his coat, something was the matter. We asked him what was up, but he said nothing until when he reached his hand under his coat and pulled forth, flapping his wings to get free, a turkey that he had captured somewhere near camp. He said there were plenty more where that one came from. So by that, some more of the boys concluded they would try their hand at the operation. They started, and in a little, returned with another one of the same species. We thought when there was plenty in the country to eat; we were determined to have it. One of the boys of the other mess, hearing of our success, thought he would try and see what he could make by the operation. He started off, and in a little while returning and coming upon the guard, remarked that if he had known that these potatoes had been so heavy, he'd be damned if he would have bought them.

The third day, we came between the other two regiments. After marching 9 miles through the mud and water that at every step it ran into my shoes, we encamped near, and in sight of, the town of Lebanon, Kentucky. That night when we stopped, a harder looking lot of men I never saw. They were mud from head to foot. It was very cold when we stopped and being in the rain nearly all day, you may think we were uncomfortable. In fact, were uncomfortable. Then, having to stand in the rain waiting for the ground to be staked off, had a tendency to increase our discomfort. While some of the boys were putting up the tents, I thought I would see if I could find somebody's straw stack. For that purpose, I started out. Soon I came in sight of a hay stack, which I charged upon. I was soon reinforced by more of our boys. After getting back to camp and unloaded of my hay, I heard of a straw away down the road, for which I made for.

Sunday, January 19th, 1862.

At 10 a.m., inspection marching orders were read off that on Monday we should start for Danville, a distance of 28 miles, and that the baggage of the officers should be reduced to the required amount allowed. Our 1st Lieutenant had a stove he could not well take along. He told one of the boys that if he took it up town and sell it, he could have $\frac{1}{2}$ the effects. He could not take it alone, so another mate, and myself, volunteered to help him. We got in the road and got it on top of a fence rail, and on top of their shoulders and I to balance it, and in this manner we toted to town. We sold it for two dollars.

Tuesday, January 21st, 1862.

We pulled up stakes and started at an early hour. After marching about $\frac{1}{2}$ the distance, halted near a farmhouse. In the afternoon, passed through the town of Waynesville. That night after dark, one of the farmers, to show his love for the defenders of his country, with his oxen and wagon, hauled load of hay in and gave it to the soldiers for to sleep upon.

Wednesday, January 22nd, 1862.

The next day, late in the afternoon, we arrived at our destination, which was Danville. We camped close to town on the property of a secesh General. I wished much to stay there, and supposed that we would, but next morning found us disappointed in our suppositions. While we lost our Colonel, one of the best of Colonels, when he first came among us, we hated him, but we got so we liked him. The 65th lost their Colonel, also. These two men were reared together from childhood. They entered the Military College at West Point together. They also left it together. Together, they were commissioned Captains in the Regular Army of the U. States, and together, they were appointed Colonels in the Volunteer Army of the U. States in the year '61, and would have got their commissions if it had not been for a very foolish trick of one of the Captains of this Regt. It is as follows: This said Captain, wrote to Washington City to this effect, not to give Colonel Forsythe (Colonel of 64th), his commission for reason unknown to me. We were then placed under the command of Colonel Furgeson.

Thursday, January 23rd, 1862.

Took up the line of march. After crossing several streams, we halted 3 miles from the town of Stanford.

Friday, January 24th, 1862.

The next day marched three miles and halted on what is called Hall's Gap, named thus in honor of the first settler in that section of the country. While coming up the mountain, I started in advance of the Regt. I arrived at the camping grounds first. I started off into the woods to explore, as is always my fashion. After a couple of hours exploring the woods & hills around the camp, I returned to camp. We encamped in a place where trees & underbrush would have to be cleared away before we could strike tents. After a couple of hours of hard work, we had the camping ground cleared up sufficiently. After resting a few days, we began to work at the roads.

Sunday, January 25th, 1862.

As it was a pleasant day, I thought I would explore the camp 'round about. At a distance of a half a mile from where we were encamped, were very high hills, which ran sloping down to the road. I thought I should like to see and explore them. So, off I started. I armed myself with a hatchet for the purpose of cracking stones. After busying myself with cracking stones, I thought I would take a view of the country. For that purpose, I got on top of the highest peak. A more beautiful view I never saw. It would have made a beautiful painting for an artist's pen. Oh, how I wished I was an artist that I could talk with the beauties of nature. It is beyond the power of my pen to copy the beauties of that scenery. After enjoying myself with a good (havanah), and contemplating the beauties of nature, struck out for camp, where I arrived after a tedious walk over rocks & hills near sundown.

Sunday the 25th was a beautiful, sunshiny day.

Monday, January 26th, 1862.

Was wet & snowing cold.

Tuesday, January 27th, 1862.

Tuesday the 27th was a wet, cold, dreary, and rainy day. So you see, there were three great changes in the space of three short days. So the changes continued to be for a great many day. The inhabitants said that this was the most dreary & wet winter that they ever saw in that section of the country. While at Camp Morton, Bardstown, Kentucky, a young man, or simpleton rather, while standing guard, shot his finger off. It is supposed he did it on purpose. All along he had been teasing to get a discharge, but could not without some plausible excuse. So, he shot his finger off for an excuse. Our 1st Lieutenant also met with an accident. While out shooting at a mark, he always cocked the pistol and held it down by his side. It happened to go off while in this position, the ball entering just above the calf and coming out below on the other side of his leg, but made only a flesh wound.

Wednesday, January 28th, 1862.

We commenced working upon the roads. We were told that the roads were impassible, but did not believe it until we got a sight of it. It was a road, just as it had been cut out, and so many teams going on it had made it muddy. It was used a great deal during the late rains. We were instructed to Corduroy, the road all the way to Somerset.

Details were out each day from the brigade making roads. They built six or eight miles, but the road was not bettered for the logs sank into the mud and it was impossible for teams to pass over.

While here the Battle of Somerset was fought, in which General Zollicoffer was killed. His body, with the provisions wagons, artillery, etc. captured at the battle, passed through here. Some of the men obtained locks of his hair or strips of his clothing as a relic of the fallen Confederate.

March from Hall's Gap

Friday, February 7th, 1862.

We left Hall's Gap for our old Camping ground at Lebanon. After a march of 4 days, we arrived at Lebanon. The first day, made a march of 8 miles. 2nd day, marched 12 miles and encamped 2 miles from Danville. 3rd day, marched 14 miles. 4th day, marched 10 miles and encamped within ½ mile of Lebanon. After staying there one day, we received orders to leave for Green River.

Wednesday, February 12th, 1862.

Early on the morning of the 12th, left Lebanon. After arriving at the Depot (we were going in the cars), we had to stand around until about 5 o'clock (p.m.) before we could board the freight and hog cars. Three o'clock in the morning, we arrived at our present camping ground, which is a distance of 75 miles from Lebanon. The train that contained the wagon & our tents were behind and did not get into camp until daylight. We therefore had to do the best we could until morning about sleeping. Two other fellows and myself laid together. We had but two blankets between us. We spread one blanket upon the ground and the other one over us, and our knapsacks for a pillow. My knapsack, not being very high enough, I placed my canteen under my head. I wish not for a sounder sleep than I had. That morning when I awoke, the sun was shining brightly, for it was in a southern clime. After putting up our tents and getting things straightened up a little, my friend George Howenstine & myself made a visit to some of the Regts. that around us were encamped. We had friends in the 49th, which was encamped about a mile from where we lay. After hunting out and finding them, we were kindly welcomed by Captain & Lieutenant Kellers. Having had nothing to eat for some time and feeling quite hungry, we gladly accepted the proposal of eating something of which they had the kindness to set before us. We also made a visit to the celebrated bridge across Green River near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, half of which was blown up by the rebels, but is now fixed up. The bridge is over 1200 feet long & nearly 200 feet high and is made of iron.

Friday, February 14th, 1862.

On the 14th, George & myself made an excursion across the river where the last Battle of Green River was fought. It being the first battle ground I had ever seen, I took quite an interest in it.

Sunday, February 23rd, 1862.

I made a visit to a cave situated some couple of miles from camp. While I was there examining it, the long roll was beaten for us to tear down tents and leave for Bowling Green, Kentucky, and before I could get back to camp, tents were torn down and all things in readiness for the march. About 9 o'clock that night, we got started, and by 12 we got across the river where we stayed until morning without tents, as the wagons could not cross until morning.

Monday, February 24th, 1862.

Got started and marched about three miles when we left the pike, because the pike from here for about 12 or 15 miles was not completed. After marching some three or 4 miles further, we halted, stacked arms, and each company repaired back to help the wagons out of the mud. Having to make a new road through the woods & fields, and so many teams going over it cut it up very much so the wagons stuck. They did not get the wagons up to where we halted until night.

Tuesday, February 25th, 1862.

2nd day, marched about 3 miles, when each company went again to help the wagons out of the mud.

Wednesday, February 26th, 1862.

3rd day marched 9 miles. After the teams had caught up with the regiment., we made about three miles further when we encamped for the night. That night we reached the pike, we had been marching for three days through the woods without hardly seeing an open spot. It seemed like a perfect wilderness. We passed over Mammoth. We called it the "Backbone of Kentucky." You may believe we were glad when we again saw the pike.

Thursday, February 27th, 1862.

The 4th day we marched 17 miles and encamped within 5 miles of Bowling Green. After remaining there some 8 or 10 days and being nearly starved out all the time, we made a start for Nashville.

Wednesday, March 4th, 1862.

We started. The rebels had torn down the bridge here, so we had to make a bridge of a couple of steamboats. Three steamboats were laid side by side and planks were laid across their bows, made somewhat like a pontoon bridge. On this we crossed about noon. That night encamped one mile from town. 1st day, marched 6 miles.

Thursday, March 5th, 1862.

Started about three o'clock p.m.

Friday, March 6th, 1862.

Made 17 miles and encamped 1 mile from the town of Franklin, where the Pike Road ended in about seven miles.

Saturday, March 7th, 1862.

This morning the order was for each team to take part of the load and go beyond the unfinished pike and unload and return and bring up the other part. Also, part of the company was to go with each load. I, not being very well, waited for the last load. The second load started about noon. I took my time to it and arrived at the place where they unloaded about 4 o'clock. And what was my surprise when arriving there to find no one in sight. Upon inquiry, found that the Regt. were to go about 5 miles further. I, as sick as a dog, hardly able to lift one leg after the other, trudged along. Darkness soon enveloped me in its folds. About 9 o'clock, I came upon the camp. Not a more welcome sight could have at that moment gladdened my eyes. I was soon comfortably seated around the campfire. Here I crossed the Kentucky and Tennessee line. Reached camp about nine o'clock. Marched 15 miles.

Sunday, March 8th, 1862.

Marched 22 miles and camped within 9 miles of Nashville.

Friday, March 13th, 1862.

We crossed the Cumberland River and camped about 5 miles from town, after passing through Nashville, Tennessee.

Saturday, March 14th, 1862.

We were greeted by the appearance of the paymaster. You may believe it created a general stir amongst the boys, for we had often heard of that worthy's coming, but had never made his appearance until then. We were paid off in U.S. SCRIP.

Monday, March 23rd, 1862.

For the first time we had a sermon from our Reverend, Chaplain Brown, since leaving Ohio. We enjoyed ourselves very much here, making the woods ring with our shouts. But we were not allowed much liberty, and were closely guarded. We were joined here by other troops, and our brigade (the 20th) was put into a division (the 6th). Our brigade was commanded by Brigadier General Wood, a regular officer.

Saturday, March 28th, 1862.

Orders received the night previous were to get three days cooker rations in our haversacks and get ready otherwise for a long march.

Sunday, March 29th, 1862.

We pulled up stakes and left for Columbia, Tennessee, a distance of 45 miles. Up to this time we had marched only by brigade, but from here the whole Division were together. We made Columbia in three days. And such three days of marching, never before experienced. The sun poured down rays of heat and the dust rose up in clouds, which made it almost impossible to breathe. We could hardly recognize one another. After arriving at Columbia without any rest, we were ordered on to Savannah, a distance of 95 miles. After a march of 7 days and one night, we made Savannah.

Sunday, April 5th, 1862.

In the morning, we heard the distant booming of the cannons. We marched all day with great anxiety to know what it meant. In the evening, just as we were getting ready to camp, we received orders to prepare three days un-cooked rations and make all haste for Savannah. We were to leave our knapsacks and wagons behind. In half-hour we were ready waiting the order to start. At last, the welcome order came about midnight. It began to rain. We stopped and built large fires. After it had slackened up, we marched on and such marching. By five o'clock in the morning, we stopped to rest within 4 miles of Savannah. After resting couple of hours, we started and arrived at Savannah about 11 o'clock, and was immediately put aboard the boat and sent up the Tennessee River to the place of destination.

BATTLE OF SHILOH

Monday, April 6th, 1862.

Here we formed into line and marched to the field of strife. The bloody 64th took the lead (my regiment). But, just as we got in sight, the rebel scoundrels were making good use of their legs, retreating as fast as possible. We kept on after them until night, but did not get near enough to get a shot at them, for which we were very sorry. It rained in the evening and made this road almost impassable for artillery. At nearly every step, we would stumble against a piece of artillery, a wagon, or horses. It being so dark we could not see, we struggled every man for himself.

ONE WEEK SINCE THE BATTLE OF SHILOH OR PITTSBURG LANDING.

Monday, April 13th, 1862.

After the battle, having nothing particular to do, I took a survey of the battlefield. I will not attempt to give a description of it, for fear of doing it injustice. Suffice it to say, that I saw sights that a recital of would make you shudder. The ground was literally covered with the dead, the dying, and the wounded. It was horrible indeed, to behold some lying on the ground with a grape shot through the head, their brain oozing out and they still alive, and others, some with their arms and some with their legs shot off. I saw one sight that perhaps I may never forget. It was the effects of a shot from one of the gunboats (Tyler). The shot killed 5 men. The first one the shot struck, struck him (amid-ship) in the stomach. The 2nd struck just above the stomach. The third struck in the breast. The 4th man was struck in the neck, which took his head off, and the 5th had one half of his face cut off. Their heads were all turned one way. And all were lying upon their backs in a straight row (THEY WERE REBELS).

At the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the rebels had all their best and nearly their entire forces. Some of their best Generals were killed. I saw the famous General Bragg of the artillery in the Mexican war. He was dead. I also saw General Sidney Johnson. It proved later that it was not General Bragg. The rebels took about 1,000 of our men prisoners. The wounded and killed on this side I would estimate at about 8,000 troops, and the rebels the same.

Friday, May 15th, 1862.

The rebels retreated toward Corinth, Mississippi, where they are supposed to be congregating in great numbers. At the time of this battle, we had about 80,000 troops. The rebels were to have had at least 90,000 or 100,000. The Confederate General Beauregard made his brags that he would water his horse in the Tennessee River, or in hell. I guess he will get his water in hell. Up to this time, we kept advancing steadily towards Corinth and this date finds us encamped in order of battle two miles from Corinth. We are confronting the enemy's skirmishers one mile away. Every day the pickets would quarrel, keeping up a desultory firing all the time. Occasionally, the artillery would open out as an interlude to the picket firing.

Tuesday, May 19th, 1862.

We were ordered out to build breastworks. Long in the evening about 2 o'clock the Regt. was ordered out on the advance pickets. The rebels began shelling a house, where a lot of our pickets were stationed, from two guns they had planted 1 mile from the house. In the rear of another building was full of rebels. As soon as the rebels began to shell us, we began playing on them with a couple batteries. The first shell went thrashing through the house, which made a scatterment. Amongst them every shot the rebels fired, fell wide of the mark. Not one struck the house.

Friday, May 29th, 1862.

The rebels evacuated, taking with them all their property. Didn't leave a present for us. Nearly every day, a squad of deserters came in and gave themselves up. And they reported that they were very short of provisions and water, living on 1 cracker per day. The water had to be fetched by railroad.

Saturday, May 30th, 1862.

We thought we heard the rumbling of musketry, but when we came to ascertain what it was, we found that on the 29th, the rebels had evacuated and the rumblings was the blowing up of their magazines.

Tuesday, June 2nd, 1862.

We received orders to leave for Great Bear Creek, a distance of about 40 miles, which we made in three days. We passed through some very beautiful tracts of land, principally pine. Fruit in abundance: apples, peaches, but very few cherries. Large quantities of wild fruit, blackberries, huckleberries, mountain plum, which grew upon very short, stunted trees or bushes. About as good as the tame trees in Ohio, if not better. Had the best of water. After staying at Bear Creek a week, we left for Tuscumbia.

Wednesday, June 12th, 1862.

Were 3 days on the march. On the second day, passed through what is called Buzzard's Roost consisting of several large plantations. It was a splendid range of open country. As far in every direction as the eye could reach, high rolling ground. On the first day, crossed the Mississippi and Alabama line. As we left Mississippi and the farther we receded into Alabama, the country began to take a different appearance, from bad to good.

Friday, June 14th, 1862.

Camped in the town of Tuscumbia. At the first approach of our men, the inhabitants ran away off to the mountains. A large stream of water ran along by the foot of the hill on which we were encamped. Here are two of the largest and coldest springs of water I have ever seen. It was about 40 feet wide and about 4 feet deep and ran so swift that a person could not stand on his feet.

Monday, June 17th, 1862.

We left Tuscumbia, a place on the Decatur road, to join the 13th Michigan Regt. who had preceded us. After marching 10 miles, we camped in the small village of Decatur. The next morning, took up the line of march. After marching about 6 miles, camped beside a stream (Town Creek), where we thought of staying awhile. While here, received orders to turn over all the tents, save three to a company. The officers to have only one per company.

Thursday, June 26th, 1862.

Left Town Creek for Decatur, a distance of 30 miles about 8 o'clock a.m. We crossed what was called Big Nance Creek. Within $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the town of Cortland, which we passed through, is a beautiful little place. There seems to be a great number of Union people here. Some of the most beautiful females I had seen since crossing the Ohio River. Marched 16 miles.

Friday, June 27th, 1862.

Marched 13 miles and camped within 1 mile of Decatur.

Saturday, June 28th, 1862.

Crossed the Tennessee River on a one-horse gunboat, which was made by Mitchell. The bridge across the river here was burned. The river here is nearly half mile wide. This was one of the longest bridges that I ever saw. It rested on piers and 2 abutments. This was the Memphis and Charleston RR bridge. We had followed this railroad up all the way from Corinth, camping on it about every night.

Tuesday, July 1st, 1862.

We took up the line of march. For a distance of 5 miles down the railroad, the Regt. went, and the teams went around the road about 12 miles. About noon camped on one of the prettiest camping grounds that the 64th ever had the privilege of camping on. It was a kind of a humane camping ground. I was told that we came down here to be put aboard the Caro for Huntsville, a distance of 25 miles from Decatur.

Friday, July 4th, 1862.

We celebrated this day as best we could. At sunrise 13 guns were fired off, and 34 at noon. We had several speeches made. One of the first upon the stand was the Colonel of the 40th Indiana who made a very short speech. The Declaration of Independence was read and welcomed with cheers. Our Brigadier General Garfield, arose and made the most splendid speech I ever listened to. I could have stood and listened all day. When our turn came, our Colonel made a short, but effective speech. We passed the day very pleasantly.

Friday, July 18th, 1862.

We pulled up stakes to go to Battle Creek, a distance of 100 miles from Decatur. We pulled up stakes at 2 o'clock in the morning. Started for the station about 6 o'clock, which was 2 miles distant. We had to stay at the station until 2 o'clock the next morning, before the train came in to bear us away for Stevenson, which was 85 miles from the station from where we started. We loaded up and got started about 5 o'clock. We arrived at Huntsville about 9 a.m. Huntsville is a very pretty place, situated at the foot of the range of Cumberland Mountains. In time of peace, it is quite a celebrated place. Some very large springs situated near the town. Stopped here about 30 minutes. Arrived at our destination, Stevenson, about 4 p.m. and camped near the town, and within 11 miles of Battle Creek. Our brigade was the only troops here at this time. We built one large fort near town on a hill overlooking the surrounding country. Had fine times here. Could go into the country and gather fruit. Peaches were the principal fruit. Some apples, but of poor quality.

Thursday, August 21st, 1862.

We left Stevenson for the purpose of whipping the rebels at Chattanooga. First day made about 12 miles, starting about 2 p.m. and stopping within 100 yards of Battle Creek.

Friday, August 22nd, 1862.

In the morning, crossed Battle Creek where it empties into the Tennessee River, in sight of the enemy's pickets on the opposite side, and after marching about 9 miles, we received orders to turn back. We halted where we received the orders. About 2 hrs, General McCook & Crittenden, who were about 5 miles in advance of us also turned back. They brought curious reports with them about the rebels' having blockaded the passes over the mountains so that we could not get through. There being only one brigade of Wood's Division there, we joined Crittenden's Division. After turning back, we marched about 10 miles further until midnight, making for the day about 19 miles.

Saturday, August 23rd, 1862.

Made 4 miles and camped by one of the largest of springs I ever saw.

Sunday, August 24th, 1862.

Commenced to cross the Cumberland Mountains. From where we were encamped, it was about 5 miles from the foot of the mountains and 3 miles to the top. It took us until 4 o'clock (p.m.) to reach the top. After reaching the top, we marched some 7 miles further, making in all about 15 miles. Camped at 11 (p.m.).

Monday, August 25th, 1862.

We went down the other side of the mountain. Camped one mile from the foot of the mountains. It was about 17 miles across the top. Coming down the mountain, we found the road was much worse than the one going up the mountain. It happened while crossing the Cumberland Mountains that we were the rear brigade of the whole (Choir) (McCooks), therefore they were somewhat in advance of us. When we left Pine Creek, Friday the 18th of July, the 20th brigade went to Stevenson Alabama and the 15th & 21st went to McMinnville. And when we crossed the Cumberland Mountains, we (the 20th brigade) joined in with Crittenden's Division.

Friday, August 29th, 1862.

We moved our camp so as to be nearer water. We had hardly got comfortably settled in our new quarters before we received marching orders. About 12 o'clock a.m., we were on the road. Marched about 12 miles, encamped at 7 p.m.

Saturday, August 30th, 1862.

Marched 4 miles and camped one mile north of Hillsborough, Tennessee.

Sunday, August 31st, 1862.

Marched 8 miles and camped near Manchester, Tennessee.

Monday, September 1st, 1862.

We were ordered to make Hoover's Gap, some 17 miles from Manchester, by 5 o'clock in the morning. We were on the road by 2 o'clock, just our brigade. The rest of the army or (Choir) was to follow. The reason for us starting so early & alone, was that the Rebs were supposed to be advancing to reach the gap before we got there. Well, we got to the gap at the time appointed. The 51st Indiana and two pieces of the 6th O. Battery belonging to the brigade, was left to guard the gap while the rest of the brigade moved on 6 miles further on account of water. We encamped beside a creek that the water was almost entirely dried up, but a few stale pools of water where the geese & ducks of the citizens were in the habit of wallowing, of this we had to use, for there was none other for miles around. Making in all a march of 23 miles.

Tuesday, September, 2nd, 1862.

Marched about 5 miles, started at 4 p.m.

Wednesday, September, 3rd, 1862.

Marched 5 miles & camped 2 miles north of Murfreesboro, through which General Lowry passed. The same evening, we received orders to march. Marched 5 miles, camped 7 miles from Murfreesboro. Here we bade goodbye to our brass band, as it was mustered out in accordance with general orders from the War Department. George Lauche and George Kirkland, schoolmates and friends, both were members of it. Remained here for 2 days.

Saturday, September 6th, 1862.

We started for Nashville, Tennessee. About 2 o'clock in the morning we started, and after a march of 25 miles, camped about 5 o'clock within 5 miles of Nashville.

Sunday, September 7th, 1862.

Marched through Nashville & camped 9 miles north, making a march of 16 miles. That same evening, we started for Gallatin, Tennessee. Started about 7 o'clock and marched 5 miles, making in all a march of 21 miles.

Monday, September 8th, 1862.

Marched 7 miles and camped 4 miles of Gallatin.

Tuesday, September 9th, 1862.

On the 9th, we started at sunup and marched 18 miles by sundown.

Wednesday, September 10th, 1862.

Marched 32 miles passing through Franklin, Kentucky, camped at 3 (a.m.) the next morning, 3 miles from Bowling Green.

Thursday, September 11th, 1862.

Marched through Bowling Green and camped 2 miles north of town.

Tuesday, September 16th, 1862.

Took up the line of march about 3 o'clock (p.m.). About 9 o'clock, we forded Big Barren River and about 2 o'clock in the morning, camped after a march of 8 miles.

Wednesday, September 17th, 1862.

Marched 15 miles.

Thursday, September 18th, 1862.

Marched 8 miles by noon. About 4 o'clock in the evening, we started again and marched 2 miles, making in all a march of 10 miles. We lay at Cave City until the morning of the 21st, making preparations for a great battle at Green River.

Sunday, September 21st, 1862.

On the morning of the 21st of September, we started. We marched in line of Battle until 8 o'clock, when we heard the rebels had evacuated that place. Therefore, we marched in as usual. And about 4 in the evening came upon their rear guard, who was left there to cover their retreat. After some skirmishing and the throwing of a few shells, we routed them.

Monday, September 22nd, 1862.

We forded the river (for the Rebs burned the bridge) and marched 13 miles. Picked up a great many stragglers. From this point until we arrived at Louisville, we experienced our first real hardship. Short allowances of food, water, and clothes. We drew three pints of flour for three days' rations from here on, seldom having time to even bake our dough

and no way to bake it except on a lean-to before the fire. One evening I will remember. Coming into camp footsore and hungry, in sitting down I laid my hand on a frog and instinctively clenched it. Tore it in two, reserving the hindquarters for a meal of meat, and after dark went into a cornfield where I found two ears of corn. These I grated up (by punching holes in my tin plate with a nail) and made into mush, which I ate with my "frog legs."

Tuesday, September 23rd, 1862.

Marched 26 miles, camped about 12 p.m. Passed Elizabethtown about sundown. Camped 13 miles north of Elizabethtown.

Wednesday, September 24th, 1862.

Marched 14 miles and camped at West Point, on the Ohio River at the mouth of Salt Creek. In the evening marched 4 miles more, making in all 18 miles.

Thursday, September 25th, 1862.

We marched about 20 miles and camped at Louisville, Kentucky. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of September, being just 9 months, from the time we left until we got back again, to the very day. Making in all the march from the time we left Louisville (the 1st time), until we got back again, was 1132 miles, all done in 9 months. 1132 miles from Louisville to Louisville.

			miles
From Louisville	to	Camp Morton Bardstown	45
Bardstown	to	Lebanon	34
Lebanon	to	Hall's Gap	44½
Hall's Gap	to	Lebanon	44½
Lebanon	to	Green River	75
Green River	to	Bowling Green	40
Bowling Green	to	Nashville	67
From Camp near Nashville to Camp beyond Nashville			14
Nashville	to	Columbia	50
Columbia	to	Savannah	95
Savannah	to	Pittsburg Landing	8
Pittsburg Landing	to	Corinth	30
Corinth	to	Iuka	26
Iuka	to	Bear Creek	14
Bear Creek	to	Tuscumbia	40
Tuscumbia	to	Town Creek	16
Town Creek	to	Decatur	30
Decatur	to	Pine Creek	5
Pine Creek	to	Battle Creek	95
Battle Creek	to	Over the Mountains	51
	to	Hillsborough	16
Hillsborough	to	Manchester	8
Manchester	to	Murfreesboro	33
Murfreesboro	to	Stones Rivers Mills	5
Stones Rivers Mills	to	Nashville	30
Nashville	to	Gallatin	25
Gallatin	to	Bowling Green	51
Bowling Green	to	Cave City	33
Cave City	to	Munfordville	15
Munfordville	to	West Point	53
West Point	to	Louisville	27
The distance from Louisville to Louisville			1137

March from Louisville, Kentucky

Thursday, October 2nd, 1862.

After resting our fatigued and sore limbs some five days from the effects of the long and tedious march from Alabama to Louisville, after the renowned skedaddlers under General Bragg, we again prepared to take up the line of march still for them after the renowned chieftain. On the morning of October 1st, quite early we were awakened from a sound & refreshing slumber by the rattling of drums & shrill notes of the bugle to take up again the line of march. Did not get started from the city of Louisville until noon. That afternoon marched 10 miles and in the evening encamped within ½ mile from our old camping ground, we had used the year before on the 26th of December, 1861. Then, we were fresh troops unused to the vicissitudes of warfare & hard, long marches, with almost nothing to eat. Before we left Louisville the 2nd time, we were joined by another regiment of raw recruits, the 73rd Indiana. So had nearly every old veteran brigade been spliced by one or more new Regts. of recruits. Long in the evening of the 1st, there was some skirmishing between our advance & the rebel rear guard. I do not know how it resulted, but I guess favorably to us, for the next day we went on.

Thursday, October 2nd, 1862.

Started early in the morning, camped in the afternoon quite early after a march of 8 miles. Some skirmishing and cannonading.

Friday, October 3rd, 1862.

Started quite early & in fine spirits, anticipating a fight before night. Marched 15 miles, camped again near our camping ground the year before, ½ mile from Salt Creek. The bridge that spans it was burned some time before by General Nelson on his return from Bardstown.

Saturday, October 4th, 1862.

Started early in the morning. After marching about two miles, we left the main road & took the pike leading to Fairfield. After marching a ways, or after reaching Fairfield, we took again the main road for Bardstown. When we got within 3 miles of Bardstown, our advance (which was cavalry) came in contact with quite a large body of rebel cavalry, with considerable loss on both sides. At night, after a fatiguing march of about 12 miles we encamped within the town of Bardstown.

Sunday, October 5th, 1862.

Were on the tracks by the break of day, got started by noon. Camped at 12 o'clock at night after marching 12 miles. Camped on the Black-Fork River some 7 miles from Boonsboro, Kentucky.

Monday, October 6th, 1862.

Started early as usual. Marched 12 miles, camped in the fairgrounds at Springfield, Kentucky.

Tuesday, October 7th, 1862.

Lay in camp & enjoyed a good rest until noon, when we started for Danville. Marched all afternoon & all night until about half an hour before sunup on the morning of the 8th. That afternoon and night marched 25 miles.

Wednesday, October 8th, 1862.

At 11 o'clock (a.m.) on the morning of Wednesday the 8th, started again on the march. Marched some 2 miles, where we halted for about 3 hours. We were expecting to have quite a battle at Perryville, for the rebels were there in force. Marched about 4 miles, left the road to our right. Halted, when the men were thrown into line of Battle, skirmishers were thrown out & began to advance. When we got within 4 or 5 miles of Perryville, we could hear the boomin' of cannon & musketry, which began to make our blood boil. For all we were tired, we were not hindered any by being so. When we got to the Battlefield, we found that Generals McCook, Nelson, & Smith were hotly engaged on the left, and Generals Thomas & Crittenden on the right end. General Wood's Division held the center. The right & center did not get engaged that evening. The Battle raged quite fiercely on our left long after dark. It was a night long to be remembered. We lay on our arms & in line of battle all night. It was a grand sight to see the shells bursting high up in the air. On the 8th, marched about 8 miles (From the first of October to the 8th of October, we marched 102 miles).

Thursday, October 9th, 1862.

Lay in line of battle for some hours, when we heard the rebels had evacuated Perryville. We were then ordered to advance into & occupy the town, which is a very neat little village consisting of about 600 inhabitants. Our loss in the fight the day before & in the evening was estimated from 600 to 800 killed and wounded.

Friday, October 10th, 1862.

Marched 8 miles, camped 4 miles from Danville. The report was circulated through camp that the Rebs were in force at Harrodsburg, where we anticipated having another fight with them. (From October 1st, 1862 to October 10th, 1862, marched 110 miles.)

Saturday, October 11th, 1862.

Early in the morning the rebel cavalry made a dash into our picket line within 6 miles of Harrodsburg. All the troops consisting of Wood's, Crittenden's, & several other divisions formed in line of battle, but the Rebs were already driven off by our pickets. The 20th brigade was ordered out on a reconnaissance towards Harrodsburg. We scoured fields, woods, & hills thoroughly. The 64th O.V.I. (my regiment), which was in advance, took about 25 prisoners. Passed through the village of Harrodsburg & camped just outside of the town, where some of General Bragg's men had been camped. Sometime after dark, we moved our camp about one mile to right & in front of town & when we left the camp, we built large fires to give it the appearance of being occupied, if we were attacked.

Sunday, October 12th, 1862.

Pushed on towards the enemy. During the day we took a great many prisoners. We marched on until nearly night when we were ordered back to join the rest of the division, which had been following some distance in the rear. (From October 11th up to October 30th marched about 100 miles.)

Monday, October 13th, 1862.

We crossed over to the Danville Pike & camped near the town of Danville.

Tuesday, October 14th, 1862.

We marched to Stanford. Shelled the Rebs out of the place & camped a little east of the town.

Wednesday, October 15th, 1862.

Marched on to Crab Orchard, camping 6 miles south.

Thursday, October 16th, 1862.

Started on, but for some reason unknown to me, we came back.

Friday, October 17th, 1862.

Started on towards Cumberland Gap. Found the roads so blockaded by fallen timbers that the march was slow & tedious. This was the cause of the delay previous. Marched about 10 miles & camped.

Wednesday, October 22nd, 1862.

Marched back 3 miles north of Crab Orchard making a march of 22 miles.

Thursday, October 23rd, 1862.

Marched a distance of 23 miles. Camped on a small stream of water 25 miles west of Hustonville.

Friday, October 24th, 1862.

Marched 20 miles & camped eleven miles from Liberty on Green River.

Saturday, October 25th, 1862.

Marched 18 miles & camped on the Barren River one mile from Columbia. It was a very wet, cold, & disagreeable day. (From the time we left Harrodsburg up to the 25th, marched about 100 miles.)

Thursday, October 30th, 1862.

Left camp at Columbia for Glasgow. Marched about 22 miles & camped near the town of Edmonton.

Friday, October 31st, 1862.

Marched about 15 miles & camped within 5 miles of Glasgow.

Saturday, November 1st, 1862.

Passed through the town & camped one mile from it, making on the first of the month a march of 6 miles.

Tuesday, November 4th, 1862.

About 4 (p.m.) received marching orders. Started at 5 (p.m.) & camped at 7 o'clock after a march of 6 miles.

Wednesday, November 5th, 1862.

Marched 19 miles, camped 1 mile (SW) of the town of Scottsville.

Friday, November 7th, 1862.

Left Scottsville for Gallatin, a distance of 35 miles (7th marched 20 miles). Rained & snowed all day & was almighty cold.

Saturday, November 8th, 1862.

Reveille at 12 o'clock in the morning & got started at half-past one. It was supposed that Morgan & men were in the town, and so it proved to be. For when we hove in sight of the town, we could plainly see the Rebs making as much haste as possible to get out of the town. They were leaving the town by the road leading to Lebanon, Tennessee. We got into the town by daylight. 3 regiments of the brigade were ordered out as skirmishers, while the other two regiments (the 51st Indiana & 18th Michiganders) kept on the road into town. The Rebs had but one cannon with them and it seems that it was covering their retreat, for it was the last to leave the town. It was thought that we could probably cut it off. So one company of the 51st Indiana was ordered across the field to try & head it off, which they succeeded in doing. The men, in whose charge the piece was, saw that they were cut off in that direction, wheeled around, gave a parting salute with a load of canister, turned tail to the front, and shied off on another road (Nashville Pike). A party of cavalry was sent in pursuit but none captured. We camped 5 miles south of the town, making in all a march of about 20 miles.

Monday, November 10th, 1862.

Crossed the Cumberland River at 10 (a.m.), struck the Nashville Pike at 8 p.m. & by sundown camped at Silver Springs, making a march of 10 miles.

Sunday, November 16th, 1862.

The division was ordered to take one day's rations & a blanket to go out on a reconnaissance towards Lebanon, Tennessee eleven miles east of Silver Springs. We were on the road by 10 a.m. Arrived in the vicinity of Lebanon by 4 p.m. When the 15th & 21st brigades got within a few miles of the town, they started off on another road to try & get in the rear of the town, which they partly did & completely surprised a very large force of rebel cavalry, about 500 of Morgan's men. Some firing took place, but whether anyone was hurt I did not learn. We immediately about faced & reached camp about 10 o'clock in the evening, making a march of 22 miles in about 9 hours.

Wednesday, November 19th, 1862.

Left Silver Springs, marched 10 miles & camped within 2 miles of Stones River.

Thursday, November 20th, 1862.

Forded the river and camped 2 miles on the other side. Marched 4 miles.

Wednesday, November 26th, 1862.

We marched about 10 miles, camped within 3 miles of Nashville. (From October 20th up to November 26th, marched 164 miles.)

Friday, December 26th, 1862.

Left Nashville for Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Marched 11 miles, driving the rebel pickets and skirmishers back as far as the town of LaVergne, where we camped.

Saturday, December 27th, 1862.

Rushed on, driving the rebel skirmishers before us back as far as Stewart's Creek, making a march of about eight miles.

Sunday, December 28th, 1862.

Remained at Stewart's Creek. Once in a while a shot was fired. On the 28th, there was supposed to be quite a heavy fight on the right. Supposed that McCook had some trouble in advancing.

Monday, December 29th, 1862.

Marched about six miles. Drove the rebels before us as we did the preceding days, and at dark reached Stones River, which we forded in the face of a very heavy fire from the enemy pickets. The 20th brigade were the only troops that crossed the river. We drove the pickets back pell mell, and scared the rebels so badly that if we had pushed right on we could have entered Murfreesboro without a doubt or any trouble. For a couple of hours we occupied the position we took after crossing the river, and then we were ordered back across the river again. No more firing occurred until morning; then nothing more than picket firing. Lost one man, killed out of Company A, 64th Regiment, O.V.I., and several others wounded. Didn't learn from what regiments they were.

Tuesday, December 30th, 1862.

Were occupied in greeting our lines of battle in position, strengthening them, and waiting for McCook, who was to take up a position on the right, which he did by evening.

Wednesday, December 31st, 1862.

On the morning of the 31st, the great battle was waged between the two great Western armies, Federal and Confederate. It commenced by the rebels' attacking the right wing, which was thrown into disorder by the suddenness of the attack. They were taken so completely by surprise that the division of Johnston's lost nearly all their artillery on account of having all their horses off to water. The right was completely routed and was retreating in great disorder, and would have proved victorious to the Confederates if it had not been for the quickness of comprehension that ever characterizes all the

movements of General Rosecrans. By his shrewdness and tact and great military genius, the battle in the end resulted favorably to the Union cause. When he saw the right was fast losing ground and becoming entangled, he sent word to General Wood for reinforcement of one brigade. The 20th brigade of Wood's division, being on the extreme left and next to the river, were ordered over to the right. This order was instantly obeyed and obeyed with alacrity, for on the left there was nothing going on. The brigade got to the right just in time to save the army from irretrievable ruin and annihilation. But when the brigade got over to the right and took a fighting position, we found there was more to do than was supposed. For we were confronted by one whole division and were at least half a mile from support of any kind. But we did not falter. We moved resistlessly until compelled by vastly superior numbers to fall back, which we did in very good style. But would every little bit, rally and give it to 'em; then we would fall back a ways. At one time we were so hard pressed that we were entirely surrounded before we knew it. But a small opening remained at the right of our rear, which place we took for as fast as our feet could carry us. At one time during the fight, the battery belonging to the brigade was in such a hot place that they were compelled to desert two of their guns. They had got entirely out of ammunition when the rebels, seeing that the battery was doing nothing, supposed they could take it themselves. Therefore, the whole brigade of rebel infantry came charging down upon the battery and were coming upon it like an avalanche. When the rebel brigade came within short musket range of the battery, the 64th O.V.I. was ordered to fire, and indeed they did. They poured in a most deadly fire and then came at them with bayonets. This so scared the rebels that they turned tails to the front and fled for life. We succeeded in bringing the battery off with the exception of the two guns, which could not be fetched off on account of there being no horses left for them. We subsequently got them again.

Thursday, January 1st, 1863.

All was very quiet along the line, with an occasional shot from both sides.

Friday, January 2nd 1863.

About four o'clock p.m. on the evening of the 2nd, the rebels made a concerted attack upon the left wing. Sometime early in the morning our lines had been extended across the river by Negley's division, where they had thrown up some temporary earthworks of large brush, rails and some dirt thrown over it, behind which the reserve lay. About 200 or 300 yards in front lay the advance. About four p.m. the enemy came upon the little brigade that was the advance like an avalanche. They came swooping down six columns deep, like an eagle, and unresistingly drove the advance back upon the reserve. But not until some lives were lost in the assailing party.

The men tried to rally three or four times, which they did partially succeed in doing. But were so closely pressed they were forced by superior numbers to fall back upon the reserve. Here the enemy were met with quite a hearty welcome and were held in check for a while, but the rebels succeeded in getting several batteries placed in a position where they could rake our men lying behind the breastworks with a crossfire. They were not fooling their time away in doing it either, for our men soon were obliged to fall back from the works. The defenders were just about being driven across the river when

reinforcements arrived and crossed to the help of General Negley on the double quick. General Wood's Division was among the reinforcements.

General Rosecrans positioned nearly ten batteries on the side of the river opposite from where the battle was going on, and continued to pour in such a raking crossfire upon the rebels that they were soon obliged to cry "quits."

When they saw the reinforcements coming, they turned tails to the front and put. They fairly made their coat tails crack, running so hard. We drove them about three quarters of a mile. This battle was more destructive to the rebels than the one previous, and more lives were lost. But the fight did not last nearly as long as the other one. It lasted about one hour and raged fiercely. Captured a great many pieces of artillery.

Sunday, January 3rd, 1863.

The rebels evacuated Murfreesboro. On the night before, the cars kept running all the time. We supposed something was going on. We surmised they were leaving, and so they were, for when daylight came, no "Rebs" were to be seen in our front. Some of our forces moved into the town immediately and pursued them for seven or eight miles the other side of town. We lay on the battlefield some four days, when we moved into the town.

Thursday, January 7th, 1863.

Moved our camp one and one-half miles north of Murfreesboro and camped on a piece of ground so low and flat that when it rained, we were completely swamped. The tents stood in about a foot and a half of water. There wasn't a dry place in the tent. We were obliged to move our camp again, and moved it about a quarter of a mile in front.

February 18th, 1863.

We moved back to Stones River to work on fortifications. Worked on the fortifications until June 9th, when we quit work and joined the division on the front. Spent four months hard work on the fortifications.

Wednesday, June 24th, 1863.

The Army of the Cumberland began to advance toward the rebel stronghold at Tullahoma. Our brigade led the advance. The 21st Army Corps. took a road to the left of the direct route from Murfreesboro to Manchester. General Thomas took the direct route and the center. General McCook the right. After a march of 12 miles we camped about eight p.m. three miles from the town of Bradyville. Met with no adventures during the day. Not a gun was fired nor was a rebel seen. But Generals Thomas and McCook had to fight their way along. General Thomas fought for nearly two days before he could get through Hoover's Gap. Lost a great many men.

Thursday, June 25th, 1863.

Marched four miles; had to guard the train (the 64th). Started about eleven o'clock and camped at seven o'clock one mile south of Bradyville. Met with nothing of interest except that the advances were fired upon by a small party of rebel cavalry. One killed and one wounded. General Thomas met with quite tough resistance at Hoover's Gap.

But, by the evening of the 25th, he succeeded in forcing the rebels back as far as the south end of Hoover's Gap.

Friday, June 26th, 1863.

We remained in camp one mile from Bradyville. We could not advance because Thomas could not. He was fighting near the gap almost all day.

Sunday, June 28th, 1863.

Started on the march about six o'clock a.m. Camped within nine miles of Manchester, Tennessee after a march of ten miles.

Monday, June 29th, 1863.

Lay in camp.

Tuesday, June 30th, 1863.

Started about four a.m. and reached Manchester at one p.m. Marched nine miles. From the time we left Murfreesboro until we got to Manchester we did not have one clear day. Marched for seven days in succession with hardly an intermission. Our forces entered Manchester without firing half a dozen guns. Such another road from Murfreesboro to Manchester I never saw. I never want to march it again. Up to our knees in the mud all the time, uphill and down. From Murfreesboro to Manchester, 30 miles.

Wednesday, July 1st, 1863.

Left Manchester at five o'clock p.m. Marched seven miles and camped at nine o'clock within one mile of Hillsboro. (*Silas was unaware that the Battle of Gettysburg was being fought*)

Thursday, July 2nd, 1863.

Marched about nine miles. Started at five in the morning and camped at 2 p.m. Stopped near Pelham. After staying a couple of hours, received orders to march back to Hillsboro. Started back for Hillsboro about 6 p.m. Marched six miles and camped for the night, making in all a march of 15 miles.

Friday, July 3rd, 1863.

Started on the march at five a.m. Marched three miles when we received orders to march back to Pelham. Rested until eleven o'clock and again started. Marched to within one mile of Pelham and camped, making a march in all of ten miles.

Saturday, July 4th, 1863.

Remained in camp. While we lay in Pelham we were on one-third allowance of rations. If we had depended for sustenance on the Government, we surely would have starved. Sent out a couple of companies every other day to forage for rations. We lay at Pelham until the 8th of July, when we were ordered back to Hillsboro. The first brigade was left at Pelham. In all, a march of 40 miles from the time we left Manchester up to the 8th of July. At Hillsboro we lay beside the Big Mullen Springs, near where we camped the year before.

MARCH FROM HILLSBORO TO CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Sunday, August 16th, 1863.

We left the town of Hillsboro at ten a.m. We marched 15 miles and camped one mile from the town of Pelham about four p.m. It commenced to rain soon after we left Hillsboro. Rained about all-day and made the roads very difficult for traveling. The brigade was train guard during the day. The other two brigades were ahead and already crossing the mountains.

Monday, August 17th, 1863.

Commenced the ascent of the Cumberland Mountains. Marched three miles. By evening the teams had nearly all gotten up. Each team was unloaded of half of its load and, after hauling up the one half were to return and get the other half. The whole brigade was divided up conveniently from the bottom to the top, so they could assist the teams along. Each squad of men would take hold of a wagon with ropes or anything they could pull with. They would take the wagon up to the next squad, who would take it up to the next, and so on. Finally it would suddenly land on Terra Firma. Rested and fed, we got started by one p.m. again all right.

Tuesday, August 18th, 1863.

Marched eight miles. Camped one mile from Tracy City on the mountain and at the end of a railroad used for the purpose of coal mining. A very large coal bank owned by a company from New York is about one mile from Tracy City. When the war broke out, they had to leave the county. The railroad empties into the coal bank. I mean, one end of it. The other intersects the Chattanooga and Nashville railroad at Dechard Station. The road was in running order, for when we reached Tracy City that night and engine came tooting in.

Wednesday, August 19th, 1863.

Started at four a.m. and marched 28 miles. Camped at sundown in the Sequatchie Valley. Took quite a race with the 3rd Kentucky Regiment coming down the mountain. It was just three miles from the top to the bottom, and we came down in just 38 minutes. From one side of the mountain where we ascended to where we descended was 42 miles, which we made in three days, up an ascent and down a descent of 12,000 feet.

The name of the place we camped in was Sherman Sequatchie Valley, East Tennessee. It was a very picturesque place surrounded on all sides by high bluffs. In our rear, the Cumberland range reared its head, and in the distance and to our front loomed the Waldrons Range. The valley was rich, fertile and well watered. A few rods from the camp was about as delightful a spring of water as was ever my good fortune to behold, from which we used freely. It gushed out from under the mountains like a thing of life.

Tuesday, September 1st, 1863.

Again took up the line of march up the Sequatchie Valley. After a march of 23 miles, we camped near the town of Jasper, Tennessee at five p.m. The sun was as hot as the ace of spades is black, and the dust flying in perfect clouds nearly blinded us.

Wednesday, September 2nd, 1863.

Lay in camp three miles from Jasper and were mustered for two more months pay.

Thursday, September 3rd, 1863.

Left Jasper and marched eight miles. Crossed the Tennessee River at Shell Mound Station near Nickajack Cave, Marion County, Tennessee and camped on bank of river. The whole division crossed on small flat boats. In this Nickajack Cave were some very extensive saltpeter works used for rebellious purposes. Realized quite handsomely from saltpeter. The mouth of this cave was 160 yards wide and about 70 feet high. A very large stream of water ran through the cave. I explored the cave for about a mile up the river and also about half a mile in another branch of the cave. The cave has been explored some eight or nine miles.

Saturday, September 5th, 1863.

Started about three thirty o'clock p.m., and after a march of eight miles we camped at seven o'clock in the evening. About one mile back of where we camped, a bridge had been burned by the rebels a few days before we came along. The bridge was 555 feet long, about 80 feet high and cost \$300,000.

Sunday, September 6th, 1863.

Marched eight miles and camped at Mount Lookout Station, Dade County, Georgia. About ten o'clock in the evening we were ordered back about two miles and were to be as silent as silent could be, for it was reported that the rebels had massed a force double ours on each side of us and were going to give us a taste of their fighting qualities. But old Wood was too sharp for 'em. Lay in the line of battle all night. Marched eight miles on September 6. From the 16th of August up to the 6th of September, marched 101 miles.

THE OCCUPATION OF CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE BY THE FEDERALS

Monday, September 7th, 1863.

About noon our brigade was ordered on a reconnaissance up toward Point Lookout. When we got within two miles of the place, we halted and threw out our lines of skirmishers and pickets on each side of the road, to be in readiness for an ambush or surprise. We met nothing of an exciting nature until we got within about a mile of the mountain, where we were unceremoniously halted by the rebels throwing a few shells at us. We had a couple of twelve pounders along with us, but did not care to return the compliment for fear of bringing on a partial engagement, which was not at all the idea. But, we drove the rebel pickets in quite a distance and they finally retired under cover of their guns. We returned the fire pretty hotly with our muskets for a couple of miles. I afterward learned that upwards of 13 were wounded on the rebel side, while on our side was only one man killed out of the 65th O.V.I. by the explosion of a shell. The shell burst quite near him, a piece of it striking him on the head and tearing half his head off. Killed him instantly. After staying a reasonable length of time, we turned around and marched back to camp, which we reached about dark, after a march of nine miles.

Wednesday, September 9th, 1863.

We were ordered with five days rations to immediately prepare for the battle that was expected to go off. The 1st Brigade took the advance with the 3rd Brigade following. We pulled up and got started about seven a.m. We marched on, expecting every minute to hear the roar of artillery. But, we kept on marching until we found ourselves in Chattanooga, the place that newspapers harped upon so much as being one of the strongest fortified places in the South, another Gibraltar of the Southern Confederacy. It is to be admitted that Chattanooga is by nature strongly fortified. But, as for artificial fortifications, it seemed to me, like all the other fortified towns, not much "goot" as the Dutchman says. About ten o'clock a.m. we occupied Chattanooga. We were about 22 minutes too late to have the distinction of occupying the place first, for Wilder and Wagner got into it a little before we did. I suppose the rebels thought "Old Rosa" was going to make another Vicksburg of it, so their best policy was to save themselves and lose the town. We could never have got Chattanooga by any other mode than the one that was adopted. For if we had tried to force our way into Chattanooga through Lookout Gap, we undoubtedly would have come up missing. One brigade and one battery could have held at bay an entire corps of the best fighting men. After a march on the 9th of nine miles, we lay our weary limbs upon the ground to rest at that place that was so much feared, but at last easily conquered, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Thursday, September 10th, 1863.

About nine a.m. we left Chattanooga to establish ourselves further from town, nearer the enemy, and in a better place. Marched about 16 miles and camped not far from the Chickamauga Creek, after crossing it. The day was the hottest and most sultry I ever knew for this season of the year. The heat combined with dust tended to make it very disagreeable indeed.

Friday, September 11th, 1863.

Early in the morning, the third brigade was ordered to the rear, a distance of eight miles or so, to take a branch of the road that was supposed to be infested by some rebel cavalry, with orders to rout them and only do so as cautiously and rapidly as possible. As quick as we left the main road, the brigade was halted and the line formed. 3 regiments were ordered forward as advance in line with 2 pieces of artillery while the remaining part of the brigade was held in reserve, but follow in supporting distance. Had not proceeded more than a quarter mile after the advance skirmishers were fired upon. Advanced until nearly right where we wanted, at Lee & Gordon's Mill with orders that we hold the place until the next morning, and if reinforcements did not arrive by that time, to abandon it. During the advance, but one man of this brigade was slightly wounded. One man was killed on the rebel side. A little after dark, the rest of the division came up. That day marched 16 miles.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

From September 11th until the battle took place, we of the Army were busy consolidating at Lee & Gordon's Mill on the Chickamauga Creek. Up to the 19th we were busy throwing up fortifications along the banks of the creek.

Some artillery duels and skirmishes took place nearly all the time, but no serious damage was done. On the 18th, the regiment was ordered out on the skirmish lines and accidentally ran into a masked battery, which opened a rather murderous fire upon them. Fortunately, no one was killed; some men were wounded. On the afternoon of the 18th of September, the great battle commenced in earnest by the rebels attacking General Wilder's Brigade of mounted infantry. But, I guess the rebels got more than they bargained for. Still, Wilder was very badly used up on account of superior numbers. Some cannonading took place all along the line. Each division moved into its respective place in the line of battle, awaiting any demonstration the rebels might, in their ignorance of civil warfare, make. But, no demonstrations of hostility were made that day, other than what has been stated above.

Saturday, September 19th, 1863.

At an early hour (about 8 o'clock), the Ball opened with real earnest, and such another infernal racket I never heard. It sounded as though all the minions of hell were let loose, excepting that I know nothing about such things, for I have never seen them. The rattle of muskets, the bellowing of the brazen-throated, death-dealing weapons, the hissing and shrieking of shells, the crashing of timber, the braying of mules and horses were all combined. Made a person think at least, something was going on about him of not a very peaceable description. For eight long and dreary consecutive hours, an incessant firing was kept up. Through all that terrible noise and smoke, troops were to be seen hurrying here and there to strengthen places that have been broken by the fall of comrades, or marching to the support of a faltering but heroic band. After fighting for eight long, weary hours it seemed as though each army by mutual consent stopped hostilities for a short time. After resting a short while, the belligerents got at it again, just like a parcel of schoolboys. Again, with redoubled fury, the deafening roar and thunderous report of artillery and the rattle of musketry were heard. This lasted far into the dead hours of the night, the men resting on their arms in the line of battle.

Sunday, September 20th, 1863.

At a still earlier hour, the combat was renewed. The musketry was not as incessant as the day before, but the artillery was quite as heavy.

The greatest forces of the rebels were massed on the right against the Crittenden Corps, which they tried to flank and succeeded in partly doing so. This day, the Army was so consolidated, it was not longer than a mile. About two p.m., the right began to fall back, and fell back some three or four miles.

Monday, September 21st, 1863.

The Army fell back to within one or two miles of Chattanooga. No fighting occurred except some cannonading up to September 23rd. As quick as the Army got back to town, we commenced throwing up fortifications. After we fell back, the rebels occupied as their line of works Mission Ridge, Lookout Point and part of Chattanooga Valley, their line forming a crescent. We could see them very plain, but kept on throwing up our fortifications and mounting the forts with siege guns. They sometimes fired a few cannon shots at us, but without effect. More to deter us from work a little while. At last we were ready for them. The Army was at this time consolidated and General Wood's Division was put into the 2nd Division commanded by Sheridan. Wood got another division to command. We also lost the 6th O.V. Battery. We were very sorry for that. We would rather have parted with almost anything else but it. I never learned the casualties of the battle. But, for a long while after, were very hard up for the necessities of life. At one time, I went for three days without seeing a bite of bread or anything but fresh beef and parched corn.

Saturday, November 21st, 1863.

About 4 p.m. received marching orders. Orders were to be ready with 2 days rations by 6 o'clock p.m. 6 o'clock came & with orders countermanding the march, a great many conjectures were made as to the probable destination. But, none came near the truth of it.