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copyist and
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Stones

River National Battlefield
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Regimental File Donation Form

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Significant Person's Name: Samuel Houck Bolton
Unit: 99th OVI Union

List Contents of Donation Below:

Memoirs by S.H.B.

Diary of Shermans March to Sea as seen
through the eyes of my great grandfather
Cpl. Sam Houck

as I had a suit (and the very first one) that I had bought out of the store, and I felt deeply grieved to see it burn. I thought it very much uncalled for.

In a few days we were taken back to Covington, Ky. and there went into camp, digging breastworks, etc.

In about two weeks we were ordered on the boat and taken down to Louisville, Ky. and went into camp in a square or park in the city. Here a lot of new regiments were rushed to head off Bragg.

Well, in a week or so Buell's army began coming in. Well do I remember getting up one morn, and out across a pond were a lot of men camped. And oh how dirty and dusty they were! They came down to the pond to drink and make coffee, also to wash. We thought it could not be. During the day the army came marching through. I soon found out where the 49th. O.V.I. were camped and went over to see them and talk with brother John. While there they drew rations. Oh what fat meat and blue of old age! Well, they relished it. They laughed at me saying "you'll soon get used to it."

Here an incident occurred--- that of the shooting of Gen. Nelson by Gen. Jeff C. Davis.

We laid here for a couple of weeks and reorganized. One new Regiment was added to every brigade in the army.

I should have stated that while at Covington they made us draw blankets, overcoats, etc., etc. ---- a mule's load for sure. And now when the army again was ready, we started after Gen. Bragg. We started about 4 P.M. and they marched us about 12 miles. We then went into camp tired to pieces.

We now were in the 23rd. Army Corps under Gen. Crittenden. VanLeve our Division commander, and Col. Stanley Mathews our Brigade commander. Col. Runcle had an altercation with our Colonel at Covington, transferred charges against him and he was taken away from

regiment was now commanded by Lieutenant Col. Cummins, who knew all about what good whiskey was but knew nothing about military tactics or how to provide for and see after his men. We had not gone very far on this campaign before we discovered we were being stolen blind. We were not getting near our quota of anything. It is needless to say that we, from then on, tried to keep even.

As before stated, we started after Bragg and drove him back through Crabb Orchard on to what they called Wild Cat Mountain. Here Philip Roland and I staid in camp a few days. Both of us were on the sick list.

The army here marched to the right of Somerset, Ky. We went into camp there. I remember our Mess carried rails, got some fodder and made us quite a covering. In the morning, when we crawled out, there was about a foot of snow on the ground. You could see the lumps where the boys had lain down and went to sleep not realizing that they were covered with snow.

We laid here about two weeks. One day I went out foraging and got an old gander. Took him to camp and Roland and I dressed him. He was about as good eating as ever I ate.

From here we again started and did some extremely hard marching. Dusty, no water, and almost famished. About this time our brigade was sent to Lebanon, Tenn. to rout out Old John Morgan. We drove him from the place, took possession, got a lot of good things to eat, and about 4 P.M. started back. When we got into camp, which was called Silver Springs, we were all so tired we could scarcely move. Many of the boys fell out on the way back and were captured by John Morgan's ~~men~~ ^{back} men and taken to Lebanon. We staid in this camp about 3 weeks. One day they sent a lot of wagons out for corn and our ~~regiment~~ ^{regiment} went with ~~men~~ ^{men} as guards, also to help load. We pulled in at a large plantation soon had a lot of corn. There were six colonies of bees ~~was~~

shed in front of the house close to a lane and opposite a large corn-crib. There was a guard that paced back and forth around the house. I said to some of the boys, "I'll go and get one of those hives and take it to the fence if one of you will then take it across the lane to the other fence and then another take it back of the crib." All agreed. The first one I picked up seemed somewhat light so I set it down and tried another which was quite heavy. I soon had her at the fence. The second man took her across the lane. The third man did his part, but by this time the bees were out by the hatsfull. He threw her down behind the building and ran like a white-head, the rest of the boys yelling in high glee. I noticed that in throwing the hive down it broke and a large piece of white honey leaked down. The following day. What to do with our plunder we scarcely knew, but concluded to cook the fowls and, in the morning, certainly had a feast of honey and chickens. Well, I ate too-much and I got awful sick over it.

Another time while here I was on picket duty and when it was not my time to stand guard, I got permission to go out and see if I could not find something. I got a rooster and an old hen and cut the flaps and until midnight when we got to a river and went into camp. I think

in my Company, only 6 or 8 men were there to stack arms, but towards morning the most of the boys came up. About 9 A.M. we were marched about five miles and formed in line of battle. There we were in a corn-field all day. On the left of us the battle waged furiously, but our corps and, I think, Thomas' corps never got into it. Why it was, I never could understand. Had we swung in on their flank, we certainly could have made short work of it, and possibly taken a lot of prisoners. Gen. Buell of our army was severely censured and later relieved of the command of the army. Gen. Rosecrans took his place.

It was not long before we landed at Nashville, Tenn. Here we went into camp and a sorry looking set we certainly were. Here they sent us a colonel by the name of Swain to command our regiment. When he came he went through our camp and soon took in the situation. He immediately sent out 8 or 10 wagons for straw for us, and when it arrived there was a great rush for it. We soon had beds fit for a king. All of us seemed to have what they called yellow jaundice. Out of 1000 men we now had only 150 fit for duty. In a day or so our new Colonel got us out to drill. He soon found out that we didn't know 'beans' about drilling, but he had us out every day and we soon got pretty good. Then we had inspection one Sunday. In our Company he got as far down the line as to the man next to me, then turned on his heels, called for his horse, and from his perch on the horse made us a speech. "Now sir," he said, "there is no doubt ere long we will be getting into a battle, and there is not one gun out of ten that would go off when you attempted to fire it." And then he went for the officers and told them he would hold them responsible if their men did not come up on next Inspection with guns that when the ramrod was reversed and let go into the barrel that it would not ring like silver.

Well, he had the officers scared into a panic. Our captain (who was easily scared) was right after us. We went to scrubbing and clean-

ing until we thought we were all O.K., but the guns did not yet suit him. So at it we went again and soon found out how to keep them in shape. Then we were to police our camp. We made sweepers out of brush and bushes, which answered the purpose of brooms, and when we had finished we thought we had her in dandy shape, but it did not yet suit him, so we had to do it again until it did. Then we had to clean up ourselves, polish up our buttons and everything that had brass, etc. It was not long until he had us in tip-top condition, and we were no longer the laughing stock of the other older regiments. Indeed, in this respect, the Old 99th. surpassed all the regiments in our Brigade.

One day my brother Cyrus came over to see me. He showed me some ~~our camp was out from Nashville about four miles.~~ I quite frequently went over there to the 21st. & the 49th.O.V.I. to visit my brothers.

About the 20th. of December, 1862, Rosecrans moved on the rebel army lying in and about Murfreesborough, Tenn., about 30 miles to the south. Near a little town by the name of Lavern our regiment was sent out to the left and crossed quite a stream on a pole bridge to guard (I suppose) the crossing. A little way from the bridge was a large brick (I think) house on, presumably, a large plantation being worked by a lot of old sheep during this time and, I think, we threw all of it away, ex-

cept one quarter. We went into camp and got water out of a pool close by. Made a little coffee and lay down tired to pieces. Next morning we again went to the pool for water and found a dead horse and two or mules in it. Well, we got no more water there.

The skirmishing in front, by this time, was heard quite plain, also the booming of cannon now and then, which told us to beware.

The army now began to be placed ready for action in the expected encounter. Crittenden's Corps was on the ~~right~~ left, so we were placed down near the bend of the river. I remember they put me out on the picket line and my post was right on the bank of the river by a tree. It was a real cold night. The boys in camp had killed an old cow and we got quite a hunk of it in our mess. The part I had in my haversack did help out that night for sure.

On Wednesday morning early we crossed the river and formed in line of battle to move on Bragg's right wing of the army. I was on the skirmish line which was ordered forward and, I think, did start, but, all at once, way off to our right, the firing of small arms began and the cannons roared. We were halted to await results. Wasn't long until we could plainly tell that our men were being driven back more and more. We were recalled back from across the river and most of our Corps were double-quickened to the right to help restore the line and check the rebels. This was finally done and all was over for that day. Next day some fighting but not general. We were again crossed over the river and lay there in line of battle all day.

On Friday, it soon became evident that the Rebs were going to charge us. This they did about 3 or 4 o'clock and drove us back across the river in good shape. I remember the river was about waist deep.

About 2½ years ago I was over the same field with Jacob Knepper of my company. I went in bathing at about this spot. Mr. Knepper

found a sycamore tree with wide spur roots where he had hid behind. This tree was about two rods lower down the river than where I crossed. He with others with him were taken prisoners but, a little later, got away from them.

When and where I crossed the river the bank was quite steep and rocky on the opposite side, and I had trouble getting up, but the spat of rebel bullets helped me along. I remember, as and after I got across, of seeing Orval and Milton Thrapp, Phil Roland, and, I think, Newton Wilson cross the river just below the bend. At that moment I saw troops from the right come pouring over to our rescue, and then Gen. Rosecrans & his staff coming up helping to restore order and check the rebels, for they had by this time got to, or close to, the river. In fact, it is said, the color-bearer of a Confederate regi- shot down and the flag captured. The troops, who so opportunely came to our relief, were the 79th. Pa. and the 21st. O.V.I.

After seeing Rosecrans and our men coming, I went back to and up the bend of the river. Here we had some fine shots just across the river. One Johnnie here, however, who was behind some rocks, had shot several of our boys, and he came very near getting me, but I watched him mighty close.

About that time our men were ordered to cross the river, which they did. Back of us on a raise of ground our batteries were being collected and were then began to shell and mass and annihilate the

around and saw some skirmishers in blue coming through the corn. I yelled to them to look out, and when they came up found they were the 45th.O.V.I. I said, "Where is the 49th. Ohio?" They motioned me to the left, and there, sure enough, was a regiment which had also just come through the corn-field. I soon went up there and found my brother John and most of the boys all O.K. Johnus Lenhart had been captured. I then crossed the river and when the fighting had practically ceased, I began to look around to see if I could find any of our boys killed or wounded. Later found most of our local boys in camp.

This last action virtually ended the battle known as Stone River (or Murfreesborough). The Rebel army retreated.

We lay on or close to the battlefield for several days, right by the river, in the mud and water, raining and snowing. It was a bitter dose for us, as many had lost their blankets, etc. Right near our camp a tree had fallen across the river forming a kind of a dam in the river, so we could easily cross over. One day I said to the boys, "You look after my knapsack in case the army moves suddenly, for I am going across the river to see what I can get." Well, I went. Got right over to where the Rebels had been when they charged us. Shot a pig weighing about 40lbs. and toted it into camp. My! but the mess was tickled to have some fresh meat.

A few days later we were marched up through Murfreesborough out on the left in position and went into camp.

Here we staid for quite awhile, doing guard duty, etc. At this camp many of the boys were on the sick list, quite a number dying. Here Isaac Hollenback died. I helped to dig his grave. Co. D took him out and burried him with the honors of war. He was the father of Horace Hollenback and came from our own neighborhood.

About this time, our Brigade was called out on a forced march to support our cavalry to Snow Hill. I wasn't well. Roland took me up to

the Surgeon to get me excused, but he refused to excuse any one. So I went to the tent, got my accouterment, fell in line, and we were soon on the march. It certainly was a hard swift march. Many of the boys fell out but I stuck to it. We got out to what they call Snow Hill. My regiment was taken right up on the hill where we had a good view of the field. We here had a pretty sharp engagement. Away over to the right we could see our cavalry advancing. 'Twas a grand sight! They soon had the Rebs on the run.

Next day we started back. Went by the way of Lebanon (where we had been once before). We went into camp 2 or 3 miles north of Lebanon. I felt sick but still stuck to it. The next day we started back and when we got within our picket lines, I felt I could not go any further, so fell out of ranks, and laid myself down in a fence-corner. It was not long till some of our wagons came along and I asked one of the drivers if I could ride, as I was sick. "Yes", he said, "jump in." So I got back to camp nearly as soon as the rest of the boys. And oh! how glad I was!

Well, I took down immediately with pneumonia. They took me to the hospital. For eight days, they said, I knew nothing. If I had then died, I would just have been like thousands of others that did go that way. I staid in the regimental hospital, I think, for about 4 weeks. My brother, Cyrus, came to see me nearly every day. From here they took quite a few of us over to the field hospital, up on the river close where the first day of fighting was. Here many of the boys died. The tents were damp. The weather was damp and disagreeable.

While here I got a box from home with good things in it to eat. Among other things in it was some dried beef. One of the boys next to me by the name of Davis wanted some of the beef. I said I was afraid to give him any because it might not be good for him. I told the Ward Master and he said, "I believe it wouldn't hurt him. Let him have some."

So I gave him a little. Well, in the morning he was dead. I always rather thought I should not have given him the beef, as I believe it got away with him. He was carried out to the morgue, and that was the last of him.

C. S. came every few days to see me, as he could get away better than most anyone else because he had been transferred to the U.S. Signal Corps. He, also, now rode a horse making it easier to travel the distance.

When I got so I could get out a little, I found out that I had ~~--- my first command now at McCune, O.,~~ who had died in the hospital, and took him home. Minor wanted me to get a discharge and go with him back home, but I preferred to stay by it. But I, with all the rest of the boys, got deathly tired of the place.

I think there were about 125 or 150 in each ward. We had one water closet with places for only two to be in at a time. This was always full to capacity with, generally, 7 or 8 or 10 waiting. Many a time we couldn't wait. I think I never wanted anything so much as to get memory yet. She seemed so kind. She asked me if I had any money. I told her I had. When I returned to the Hospital I got quite a smack

of the candy, and began eating it. Inside of a week I could, to my astonishment, talk aloud.

One day I asked our physician (who, by the way, was from Indiana) whether I could not go to the Front. "My oh my! I guess not," was the reply. Told me I must not think of such a thing as that. He seemed very kind.

Later a large room across the street was fitted up for a hospital. They called it No. 25. I got the doctor to let me go over there as a nurse. He gave me instructions, and I found it so much better to have something to do.

But before I quit No. 19, I must tell you more. Our grub was miserably poor. They gave us as a steady diet vegetable soup which, I guess, was alright for us. We called it 'gutnegrowler'. Bull beef was served pretty regularly, and once in awhile a potato.

One day I went over to No. 14 to see Albert Shank of my company. He was in the kitchen and dinner was nearly to serve. And, do you know, they had on the table just lots of good things to eat! I remember that I asked him if that was for the officers. "Why, no, its for the men," he said. I could hardly believe my eyes! "Why," he said again, "haven't you got it about like this? If you haven't its because some one is selling it." He said each hospital was allowed so much (owing to the number of men) from the Sanitary Commission. Well, I went back and told what I had seen and heard, and it raised quite a talk.

As I said before, I went to No. 25. They soon promoted me to Hospital Steward. I had to dish out the medicine, wait on the sick, etc, etc. In so doing, I had many privileges I otherwise would not have had.

I remember a young man here, who had been Hospital Steward, took quite sick and soon after died. Another comrade and I carried him to the morgue. I wrote a letter to his folks and asked what to do with his belongings. His sister wrote me a very nice letter, thanking me for

letting them know, etc, etc. He belonged to some Maine regiment.

Shortly after this one of the many sad occurrences that took place in the hospital, I thought I was strong enough to return to my regiment, but the Doctor would not give me a permit. Knowing that the army had moved farther south, I decided to get away and join them if at all possible. The Doctor still refused to give me a permit for my knapsack, I wrote one out myself, got my knapsack, and with about a half a dozen got away.

We went up to what was known as the Zolacoffer House, a large hotel for leaving the Hospital so soon.

From here I took the train for McKinville where my regiment lay. On the way we stopped at Manchester just a little while. Here C.S. (Brother Cyrus) came down to the train and was determined that I should stop off, but I thought different and went on. Got to the camp of the old 99th towards evening. I ha a paper with me containing the news of Lee being whipped by the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg, and that Pemberton ~~is~~ his army. Let that be as it may, we could certainly make quite a show-

ing on the drill grounds. We put some of the old regiments to shame.

Here we had lots of blackberries. Had a nice big swimming hole where we certainly used to have a time.

While here some regiment or troops had quite a revival meeting on the Hill. Quite a few were converted. One day they marched down to the river and baptized some 50 or 60 converts. One of the Chaplains of an Illinois regiment went to the Colonel of his regiment and told him about the wonderful meetings over there in the Ohio regiments, and of there being so many immersed, etc., and he thought it a good thing for them to do the same. Whereupon, it is said, that the Colonel called his orderly, had him to go and see the Adjutant and tell him to report to him immediately. The Adjutant reported and the Colonel told him about the meeting and about so many being baptized from certain Ohio regiments. "Now, I want you to go down, detail 75 men, and have them taken down to the river and have them baptized. I don't propose that any Ohio regiment be going around crowing about how they beat out my regiment." It was said, at the time, this was a true story.

Well, I soon got so that I could go it with any of them. Some time the last of July the army got marching orders. We started across the Cumberland mountains. We were all day getting up, as the wagon-teams and artillery had to be helped practically all the way to the top. There usually was one company assigned to a wagon, and when that wagon was up, the company returned for another. So it went most of the day. Finally, all were at the top, and then they marched us, possibly, five miles ere we went into camp.

Just as we were stacking arms, we scared a big rattle snake which was quickly dispatched. This was the first rattler I ever had seen.

The following day we went on and landed in the Sequatchie valley. Quite a narrow valley dividing two ranges of the Cumberland Mts., a

very fertile country. Ate more roasting ears of corn here than I ever did before or since.

While here we had pretty good times. Once, a detail of about one-half of our regiment was made to guard a supply train back to McMinnville. We recrossed the mountains but this time rode in the wagons. Got loaded in a day or two, and then commenced crossing the mountains again. We had then a hen of a time getting all those wagons up on top of the mountain. Finally did and then started across, but made little headway. We camped up there on the mountain and the next morning resumed the march. When we got back to the valley, the loaded wagons, we had to march, hence it was hard on the boys. We landed at the foot of the range about four miles above Chattanooga.

The supplies were for the Cavalry, and here we found Wilder's brigade, who took the wagon-train and we were relieved from further duty. We started down the valley on the north side of the Tennessee and then crawled a steep road. When we got to the top of the mountain, we could see right over into Chattanooga, which, at that time, was but a small place.

We there argued the case whether we should stay there until we could cross the river into the town or recross the mountain and go around

nearly out of his wits. He prayed all the way down.

When we got down we went into camp, and in the morning started down the valley. Came out at Shellmound, on the Tennessee river. Here our troops had crossed on a pontoon bridge. They had not taken it up yet, so we crossed over it and then started for Chattanooga, which was about 30 miles up the river. On the way, I remember quite well, we crossed Lookout Mountain for the first time. The road was very crude, and it took us some time to get even our one wagon across. When we got to Chattanooga, our troops had gone farther south, so we kept right on.

I remember passing General Rosecrans' Headquarters. I stopped to see C.S., but he wasn't there just then, so I started on not wishing to get too far behind my Company, and directly, I met him coming riding alone. He asked me if I had not got word to report to Headquarters for an examination to get in the Signal Corps. I said, "No." "Well", he said, "that's curious. I made application for you and you should have had the notice. I know they want more men in the Signal service." While we were going along, a Capt. Kelley of Co. E, I think, heard us talking. He asked my brother, C.S., if he didn't have a brother in the 99th. O.V.I. C.S. said "yes." Then he told about a notice that had come for Private S.H. Bolton, and that since Bolton had been promoted to Corporal, Captain Bope had gone up to the Colonel and told him there was no such a man in his company as Private S.H. Bolton, so that ended the matter.

This news told us the secret of it all. "Well", C.S. said, "I'll explain it to Capt. Case of the Signal Corps, and he, no doubt, will send your name in again as Corporal Samuel H. Bolton." This he soon did, about which I will speak later.

Our detail kept on until, I think, we got to, or in the neighborhood of, Ringold, Ga. which is out from Chattanooga about twelve miles,

where we found and joined the regiment. We were a mighty glad set to get back with the boys again, for all felt that there was something ahead of us.

I think that about the next day we were taken to the right about four miles, just south of Crawfish Springs.

I remember, they put me on a picket post on a road leading east, out about a mile. I had charge of the squad. I think there were sixteen of us. All day long we could see the dust fly of a marching column and we knew, quite well, it wasn't our men. How I did ache to go and see what it was! But being in charge of the Post, I didn't dare leave.

~~... At night went out to the spot indicated, but could not see or find anything, so we went back, and I on to the Post. I had hardly got back until I heard him as before, "Halt! halt!" I went out again, and he said, after I left, whoever it was went back the same way he came in. I told him to station himself behind a large log a little to the rear and watch for him, but that was the last of it.~~

About 2 P.M. we were relieved. Scarcely had gotten back to camp before the Rebs began to shell us. Of course every man... in an instant left of Lee & Gordon's Mill, because I remember, we were double-

quicked over to the right to help the Cavalry out, where the Rebs were trying to force a crossing. Our men were ordered to hold it at all hazards.

So that it may be understood why all this determined activity: the whole, or at least the greatest part, of Bragg's army was in our immediate front. Crittenden's Corps were the only troops here, so it was Bragg's opportune time to come on to us.

Gen. Thomas' Corps (the 14th.) was 20 miles down Lookout mountain. He, of course, was hurrying to come up. McCook's Corps (the 20th.) was still farther down the mountain. However, he had not crossed but had reached the top. He retraced his line of march and then came up on the west side of the ridge. I tell you, we were a glad set when they came to our support. Of course, after those two Corps came to our aid, we held them back. In fact, the Brigade that the 49th. O.V.I. belonged to ~~---This repulse occurred on Friday evening---~~ drove their right flank back about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, but later were themselves driven back.

This repulse of Bragg's army occurred Friday evening. On Saturday 'the ball opened' all along the line. Charge after charge! Cheers after cheers! Neither line gaining much. We were taken down on the Lafayette Road, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Lee & Gordon's Mill, at about 3 P.M. we were here ordered stripped for the fight. Here, I well remember, Col. Swaim made us a speech. Told us he didnot want to see any of his regiment (now that the opportunity presented itself) to show the white feather and ~~and~~ bring disgrace on his folks at home, etc., etc.

I never have forgotten the view of the fighting going on further to the left, and of the smoke moving over us, possibly, 30 feet high.

Well, in we went. Soon ran right into Mr. Johnny Reb. We commenced on them. Our officers, at first, yelling at us that we were firing on our own men. I remember they were going to our right at trail arms. We

began to shoot in earnest, and then they commenced on us. We were ordered to fall back, but I did not hear it. Some twenty of us got into a dry creek, and from there kept on shooting until we were ordered back to the Lafayette Road near where our regimental monument now stands. It seems that the Rebs had gotten to our right and rear and we again were ordered back, and, I guess, we retreated just in the nick of time.

This is now fifty years since the fight. I was on the battlefield this Fall and looked over the ground. I may just as well state here that our monument is on the Lafayette Road about 400 yards from where we did most of our fighting. Here we hurriedly threw up breastworks and held our position.

I remember during the battle the woods took fire and many a poor Boy was burned to death. Some of our boys, who stood picket that night, said that they could hear the moans and groans of the wounded all night long, crying for water, etc. A Detail was formed from our Company to go on picket duty off to the right. They never got to the Regiment until we reached Chattanooga. Milton Thrapp, one of our home boys, was wounded here and afterwards died.

At about 2 A.M. the command was ordered to the left. We went, possibly, 2 or 3 miles. Here we halted on a raise of ground and drew rations and clothing.

Sunday morning and all seemed quiet. We were taken farther to the left, and while going, Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. Crittenden with their staffs rode by. C.S. was with them. He noticed us and rode over to where we were. He said, "Boys, we are going to have a hot time of it today. Gen. Longstreet, from Lee's army, is on the field. I am afraid they are going to be to much for us."

Well, we were marched down to the front in an open woods. We had no breastworks. All at once we were ordered to our left, double-quick, to help restore that part of the line. As we marched we could see the

Johnnies behind their breastworks. We got there too late to do any good, turned to our right and, on a small elevation, supported a battery.

This was Sunday about noon. All the time the Johnnies seemed more determined and aggressive. All along the line there was continual heavy firing. The battery in front of us sent her in, hot and heavy. That drew the fire from the Reb's guns and now, I tell you, if the dirt and limbs didn't fly, it's a caution. I think I hugged a log (that I was behind) as close as anyone ever did. I remember the 49th. O.V.I. coming out of the woods and lining up close to us. My brother, J.H., had been slightly wounded and was not with the regiment. There are many incidents I could here relate, but it would make this entirely too long.

Off to the right from where we lay, our line extended in the shape of a rainbow. I might here say that in the forenoon when we were taken out of the front line and double-quickened to the left, the rebels took advantage of the gap left open, pushed through and cut off two of our Divisions including Gen. Rosecrans who had ridden to the right of our lines. They drove these Divisions back to Chattanooga. This was a serious loss to us, and virtually, the command of our forces on the field then fell on Gen. Thomas.

Well, the battle raged all day. Charges and counter-charges! Bragg's army, having been reinforced, as stated before, by Longstreet from the East, were too many for us, especially, after the loss of our two Divisions. We certainly were up against it.

At about 4 P.M. they charged our line. As I still vision it, I could see away off to the right. Here a Company would give way, then rally and force the Rebs back again. Further down the line, may be, the same thing was happening. Finally, a whole regiment gave way, and then the whole line.

It appeared to me at the time and since then, that our men should have held it, as they seemed to have had fairly good breastworks. Since it is militarily calculated that one man behind a good breastwork is equal to two charging, I could not then or can not now see why the line did not hold. It is true that the rebels greatly outnumbered us, but not two to one. It is also true that our breastworks were hurriedly thrown up and not the best in the world, by any means; but they did afford some little protection.

Well, anyway, pell mell back they went through a cornfield (which had nearly all been trampled down) --- men of the Infantry, Artillery, Officer on horseback!

At our part of the Line we held them back until we saw it was no use to stay any longer, so back we went! The only reason I did not go faster was because I had no wings. The Rebels helped us along amazingly by pouring shells in our midst.

We had quite a lot of prisoners amongst us, and as serious as it was not a little laughable to see the Gray-coats dodge.

We got back to a ridge where we had a good line of men to check them, if they came on. However, they did not. Darkness came on, and having become separated from the other boys, I started back towards Chattanooga. We were on a road (guess Lafayette). It was full of stragglers yelling their regiments, etc. I quite well remember some one calling out, "49th. Ohio!" "Here we are down here." I went down the hill and found my brother John. He had lost his cap and had some Reb's hat on. Shortly, I started on again, and down at Rossville found the regiment in pretty good shape.

The 21st. O.V.I. were on Snodgrass Hill during the latter phase of this battle, and most of them were captured.

Before we retreated, I went up a few rods to where some of our men were wounded. Among them were quite a number of Johnnies. I gave them

all water, etc. I remember one of our men belonging to an Indiana regiment who was sitting up against a tree. He wanted to know what the outlook was for us. I told him I couldn't tell. He had the picture of his wife and children out looking at them. Well, later on, saw many such sights.

The next morning we left Rossville and marched back to Chattanooga. Took position not far from the river and east of the town, possibly two miles. There we began to fortify. We worked like badgers. I was sent out with a squad on the picket line. I quite well remember that Lieutenant McConnell of Co.G was in charge. We were on a road leading east, and built breastworks out of rails, etc. About 2 P.M. the Rebs came up close enough to throw a shell over at us. The 44th. Ind. were on our right and right behind the R.R. Well, this shell exploded on the opposite side of the R.R. from them, and say! Didn't they run! I think I never witnessed such an uncalled for, ridiculous thing. Yes, they ran throwing knapsacks, blankets, everything that would keep them from making speed. Our Col. Swain was officer of the Division Picket Line. Well, if he didn't come out in a hurry! He double-quickened some regiment out to take their place, and also, relieved us.

The whole army was now in and around Chattanooga with strong fortifications, while Bragg's and Longstreet's armies hemmed us in pretty close from below Lookout Mt. to the River above. Of course, they held Lookout Mt. and also Missionary Ridge. We could see their camp, also, Bragg's Headquarters very plain from our camp at the foot of Missionary Ridge.

I here was detailed with another whose name I have forgotten and Lt. Zay to do some Signal Service work. Our duty was to go out about 12 o'clock at night, stay until break of day out beyond the picket line and as near the Rebel line as we could get without being discovered. We carried rockets and, in case we detected the Rebels ad-

vancing on us in force, we were to send up a white, red, and green one, but we were not to do this until we were absolutely sure it was to be a general attack. We were then instructed to get back to our Command the best we could. We decided that, if the worst came as we certainly expected, we would break for the river and wade or swim across, as the case might be. Well, the attack never came and we were mighty glad of it.

During this time, we were getting mighty scarce of rations. I remember, in our mess, we took it turn about to go to the river and hunt for musshells. ^{They were good to eat.} Many a good mess did we have from them.

One evening I saw two wagons drive in at a hospital. I suspected ~~the~~ they had corn, so, at night, I went down to see. Sure enough they had! There was a guard asleep in the wagon, so I carefully got out one ear of corn after another until I had an armful. I took it back a little way to a stump, and since the chance for corn was so good, I went back to get another armful. I took it to the stump, husked it, and then attempted to carry all of it in my arms; but I couldn't make it, so I put a good bit of it in my pantaloons. Well, I started, but it soon worked down in my legs so that I could not walk. There I was in a fix! But, by and by, I got it out, made two loads of it, and got it to the camp O.K. The next day, the Boys wondered where we got the corn. We lived pretty high, for awhile, on parched corn.

One day, while here, the Colonel called us out in line and made us a speech. It was at the time when Vallandigham and Brough were running for governor of our state. Provision had been made by which we could vote. It had been reported by some one that Col. Swain would not allow anyone to vote for Vallandigham. This he denounced in strong terms, but urged all to vote the way they shot.

A couple of weeks later, they took us to the north side of the river, across the first range of hills; then, one night, we were marched to the Tennessee River, opposite Lookout Mountain, to protect some of

our Boats they had made up above and were sending down the river. We here camped a few days in a persimmon grove. After the ripe ones were gone, I got some which were not fully ripe and boiled them, thinking that would take the "gucker" out. On the contrary, it nearly took the gucker out of me.

About this time Gen. Hooker with the old Eleventh and Twelfth Corps came to our relief. Gen. Longstreet attacked them in the night not very far below us. It was a very severe engagement, resulting in Longstreet's defeat and the opening of our "Cracker Line." While we were lying north of the river, as stated, Hooker sent his wounded men up past us close to Chattanooga.

A little later some of our Boys were cutting trees and making shanties. While so doing, they were right by the road which was awful muddy. All at once, came along Gen. Thomas and some other men with dark stubby whiskers. He stopped his horse and said: "Boys, you had better save your labor and quit. You will not be staying here long." Well, we all looked, and wondered "who are you?" We asked some of the Escort, and they told us it was Gen. Grant.

We stopped right there, and, in a day or so, were marched down to Brown's Ferry; then up and over near the Railroad. The order was soon to move on. They marched us down the Tennessee River to Shiloh, Tenn. Here we went into camp.

I might here relate that, after the Chickamauga Fight, Gen. Rosecrans was relieved of his command and Gen. Thomas was placed in charge of the Army. Also, Gen. Grant was placed in command of all the Troops in the Southwest. We were placed in the Fourth Army Corps under Gen. Howard Stanley commanding our Division. Our Brigade was commanded by General Whittaker, a Kentuckian and a fighter.

Soon Gen. Sherman with his men, also came to our relief. In the Rebel Army, Gen. Longstreet was sent up to Knoxville, Tenn. to capture General

Burnside and his army, who, by the way, were having about as hard a time to get provisions up as we were at Chattanooga. The Confederates thought Chattanooga as well as gained, so that Longstreet could be spared and, in the meantime, he might be able to take Knoxville.

But to resume. When Sherman and his men got up, they were marched on the north side of the river about five miles east of Chattanooga. There they crossed the river and got ready for the fray. We left camp and were placed, temporarily, under Gen. Joe Hooker, while Sherman commenced pounding away at the Rebs on their extreme right. Hooker was to commence his attack on Lookout Mountain, and did so. Our regiment, as I remember, were marched to where we had an old Mill Race to cross, and while waiting to cross over, another regiment came up. Some of our boys knew some of their men and talked with them. This was a very full regiment. Their uniforms were rather new and clean, which indicated that they certainly must have been back somewhere doing duty as guards, probably. They crossed in advance of us. Of this regiment, I will speak later.

We followed over the Mill Race after them, they going to the left and we started up the mountain. We went up quite a distance. Other regiments passed us going farther up. We then turned to the left and took toward and around the Point possibly three miles. There we struck the Johnnies who had not yet finished their breakfast. They certainly had good natural breastworks, but we charged on the run and, soon in no time, routed them. Most gave up, held up their hands, and came over into our lines. We kept right on.

Now comes something which occurred that has, in our community, been exaggerated and misrepresented. We came to a small round fort, not over thirty feet in diameter. I passed the opening of the fort, which, I think, was not over four feet wide, right in the rear of, as I remember, a Co. A Boy, and then came Jake Butler behind me. I paused at the opening and saw what there was. The men were white with fear and their

guns were all leant up against the breastworks. A Lieutenant had charge of them. He wouldn't turn over his sword to Jake, who had stopped and demanded their surrender; but just then a Captain stepped up and he turned it over to him. Well, Jake always claimed great things because he captured those men. Yes, here at home, he was heard to say there were 20 or 30 of them!

To resume. I did not stop here long, but kept right on after the Johnnies until we got to or near their main line. At one place on top of the mountain I could see a small flag, but paid no particular attention to it. When our line was again being formed, I looked around but could not see any of the boys, so I dressed down to a White Star regiment who were getting ready for a charge.

All at once, Captain Bope ran ahead of me and yelled. He had his sword drawn as though he meant to cut me down. I drew up my gun and was going to defend myself, when he put his sword down. I looked around and saw our regiment coming up in pretty good shape. I immediately joined them and awaited the word given to charge. I saw ahead of me an opening in the breastworks. I thought to myself, "There is where I will break for." George Snyder and I, I guess, were of the same mind, as, a moment later, we both went through together.

I think that most of the regiment were higher up, but below what was then and is yet called the Craven House. The place where the 99th. O.V.I. have their Marker is about three or four hundred feet above the Craven House, which isn't at all where it ought to be.

I passed the breastworks just about where now a large monument stands belonging to the Pennsylvania Troops. I remember our regiment possibly went over about where the Iowa people have their monument. I remember, after George Snyder and I got through the breastworks, there was a small space, like unto a potato patch, between us and the Craven House. We headed off a good many of the Johnnies, who either surrendered or ran further up and then down.

We were, as it seemed, on an old road or path. Right in front of us and a little to the right, the Rebs had dropped a nice Blue Colors. One of the Star Boys first saw it, gathered it up, and took it back in great glee. George and I kept right on after the rebs until we came to a Spring, right below and at the side of a rock with a sort of excavation all around it. We stopped here, filled our canteens, took a good drink, and then began taking in the surroundings. Looking back and to the right, there the Rebs were in line of battle shooting up at our men. They looked like so many grain sacks. I said, "Where they are, see! Let's shoot." I had an Enfield rifle; George, a Spencer, a seven shooter.

Well, as I remember, we kept shooting; and if one was ever so poor a shot, he could not help hitting some one. I could see the fellows jump around, and I knew, quite well, that our shots were taking effect. The Rebs began to change their line. Some forming facing us, and away over to the right there was quite a demonstration, as though they were going to charge our men. I said to George, "Snyder, they are going to charge our men and if they are successful, then we are 'Cone Goslings'." To this he agreed, so we decided to get back to our line if we possibly could. I said, "You go first." "No," he said, "You go first."

Well, I finally started up the hill in plain view of the Johnnies. Fortunately, they had enough respect for me that they did not shoot at me so very much, so I got up behind a large boulder, staid there a little to get my breath, and then ran for another. I tell you! the balls did sing. One hit me on the wrist a little, but it did not amount to much. I here felt pretty secure, as I then was not far from our men. I then watched George Snyder who, too, got back safe. We made another rush to a stone fence and here found our Company.

Let me say that about twenty-five years ago and again last Fall (1913) I was down there and tried to locate that place. Our Spring may have been a wet weather spring, hence could not locate it, but, last Fall, I found an old earthwork's back that answered the description of the little Fort, but

am not sure wether it was or not.

After we got back to our Company, as before stated, we were moved down the stone wall quite a ways. About 4 P.M. we were relieved, and went back a short distance to make some coffee, etc. As we had no blankets, it was but little use to make a place to lie down.

Night soon dawned on us. About 2 A.M. the Rebels, somehow, got up next the Point, then came down on some regiment (I think the 8th. Ky.) and sent a volley at them. Well now, if we didn't jump, it's curious. The firing soon ceased, and we had to await daylight.

After daybreak, I went back a little way and found a dead Johnny. He had a haversack full of biscuits, which I appropriated. They tasted mighty good. Also, took his wooden canteen. Kept it during the remainder of the war and brought it home. It was put in the old kitchen loft, and, I think, fell to pieces. It had his name and regiment on it. He belonged to some Alabama regiment.

At about noon we started down after the Johnnies, who had fled down off the mountain.

I must not forget to tell about an incident that took place in the morning. A Captain and about eight men from the 8th. Ky. got out on the Point and waved their old Regimental Flag and The Stars and Stripes. They had reached the top of Old Lookout by means of a ladder, and now The Flag was waving from its highest pinnacle, a spot ne'er to be wrested from us again. Well, I guess we all cheered and yelled! We were told, afterward, that the troops down in Chattanooga saw it, and they, too, yelled until their throats were hoarse. It told them, too, that we had been victorious; for during the day before, because of the smoke and fog, they could not tell how the battle was going. It is often now designated as the "Battle Above The Clouds," which is literally correct.

As I said before, some time in the afternoon we started after the Johnnies, but because Hooker had to bridge a stream, we were detained until

towards evening. I thought that Hooker was very slow in getting across a little stream. We were finally over, and then 'quick time' marched to the point of Missionary Ridge. As we approached we could see way down the Ridge. Saw the smoke of the Rebel guns; saw our men advancing out of Chattanooga and going up the Ridge. I think it was the grandest sight I ever saw. Cannons booming all along down the Ridge, men cheering, and the flags waving as they strode on.

We, too, soon were marched up the end of the Ridge. Gross's *División* Brigade of our Division was in the lead.

Just at this time Old Joe Hooker rode up amongst us on a white horse. I thought, as I looked at him, that he made the best appearance of a General I had ever seen.

About this time the balls were falling thick and fast. Gross's Brigade made a charge, and drove the Rebels, helter skelter, down the Ridge. This, indeed, was now happening all along the line.

I thought then and think so yet, that had Hooker pushed on back of the Ridge, he might have bagged lots of the Johnnies. As it was, they ran and most of them got away, to turn up sometime somewhere else.

Well, it was a great victory; and one the Rebels never got over.

That night we camped on the Ridge. I remember there were four or five wounded Johnnies right with us. We cared for them and made them just as comfortable as we could. One of them was an officer, and a very bitter Rebel. We left them in the morning. I think some one was left with them to see that the ambulance picked them up.

We started after the Rebels who now were on the run for sure. That night we came to a large ridge in our front. We were filed to the right. Our Company and, I think, Company G were detailed to skirmish up the ridge. It was dark as dungeon. We had not gone but a little way when some one in our front said in a low voice, "Halt! Who comes there?" Click! went every hammer of our guns. Some one yelled out, "The 99th. Ohio, be-God!" "All right!" was the reply, "This is the 8th. Kentucky. They had started before

we did and, in the darkness, got over in our front.

Well, we started again. As I said before, it was dark. Dark as twelve dozen black cats. I, being a Corporal, had been put in charge of the right wing of our Company. Oh, but the Boys did hate to go up that hill, as they expected a volley from the Rebs any moment. However, we kept on until we got to the top without anything unusual happening, and just as we got to the top the moon began to peep up over the hills. George Snyder and I went out in front, and we could see, by the reflections of the moon on the water, men getting to the rear about as fast as their legs would let them go. We fired a couple of shots at them, which helped them along.

Next day, as we took after them, we found a caisson and two ambulances with wounded men in them. I believed then, and do now, had some of our troops followed up real close, we could have captured quite a few of them.

We followed to Ringgold, Ga. and there had quite a brush with them.

I remember that, to the front and left of Ringgold, there was a large regiment went up the hill. We were in the third line of battle running right across the street in the town, and could plainly see. When this regiment got to the top of the hill, the Rebs let loose on them and of all the running I ever saw, they did it. There were lots of them killed and wounded. It turned out to be the 7th. O.V.I. that passed us back at the mill-race/ on the other side of Lookout Mountain.

Here we gave up the chase, if I remember right. Grant sent Sherman with some two or three Corps to relieve Burnside, which he did in good style. We were then taken back to our old camp at Shellmound.

About this time the President promoted Grant to General-in-Chief, he going East and Sherman taking command of all the troops in the West.

We, at Shellmound, were told to build ourselves huts, which we did, and went into winter quarters.

A great many of the Troops, the time of their enlistment having expired, were now given a 30 day furlough on condition that they re-enlist. Nearly

all of the men re-enlisted and went home. C.S. was at Chattanooga and was one to get a furlough. As the train stopped at Shellmound he yelled at us. We ran out and had a chat with him until the train went on. I think there were a couple from our Company that received furloughs at this time. Anyway, I remember that Henry Derodes went. He, no doubt, was as worthy of it as anyone in our Company.

Well, we laid here for quite a while doing guard duty, etc. It was a very severe, cold winter. There was a cave close by called Nickojack. We went in quite frequently.

While here, I got an order from the War Department to go to Chattanooga for examination for the Signal Corps. I was called up to Captain Bope's tent. He apologized for his action towards me on Lookout Mountain, and said he did not want me to leave. Said, if I staid, he would promote me First Sergeant of the Company. I told him that that wouldn't do, as I was young and those who were already Sergeants would have it in for me all the time. Seeing it was of no avail, he got hot about it and tried to scare me. After he got through with this line of talk, I told him, "I guess I would go," Went back to my tent and started for Chattanooga. Had quite a walk but got there O.K.

I here met a number of boys from different regiments that were there for the same purpose. We soon got somewhat acquainted. We were here a few days, took the examination, and then started back to our Commands. My Captain was quite grouchy towards me but it did not last long.

After several months our Division was ordered to get ready for a move. Soon had to leave our good shanties. Went up as far as Chattanooga on our way to Cleveland, Tenn., then went into camp for over night near Orchard Knob. That morning I got my orders to appear at Thomas' Headquarters for Signal Corps duty, signed by the Secretary of War.

Well, this meant I had to leave the Boys. I really did hate to leave the Boys with whom I had been so long; but others had done the same thing,

so I bade them good-bye and went over to Chattanooga to the Signal Corps Headquarters.

Here we were on drill for quite a little while. We had a station on Missionary Ridge, one on Lookout Mountain, and one on Walden's Ridge which is north of the River. So we had plenty to do. They brought our horses finally. Then came the drawing. The Sergeants had first choice, then came the privates. When the drawing occurred I was on duty, so when I got to camp I had to take 'Hopkin's Choice,' between an old raw-boned fellow and a pony horse. I took the pony. Called him Billy. He was stiff in the front feet, so nobody wanted him. I took good care of him, and it wasn't long until most of the Boys would have liked to own him. Indeed, I was afraid to slick him up too much for fear that the Officers might take him away from me.

While here, I went up to Cleveland, Tenn. to see the Regimental Boys. Also saw brother C.S. who was up there on duty. I remember, when I came back, the train ran off of the track.

Here they used to send us out with teams to Missionary Ridge for wood. It usually took us all day, as our axes were as dull as they could be.

I remember, while in camp here, Abe Early and I bunked together; also, that when the 49th. Ohio boys got back from their furloughs and went into camp here, my brother John, Henry Stover, and John Cartwright came over to see me. It was here that my brothers C.S. and J.H. and I had our group picture taken.

Since that time I have visited Chattanooga twice, and from a little hamlet it has grown to be quite a city with its many monuments looming up in every direction. Certainly, it is an historic place.

About this time Sherman was getting things together -- ammunition, clothing, rations, etc. -- in preparation for a move on the Rebel army now camped in and about Dalton, Ga. and commanded by Gen. Joe Johnston, a very able commander.

Sherman's Army was divided in three different Commands: the Left Wing

called the Army of the Ohio, commanded by General Schofield; the Center, called the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Gen. ~~McPherson~~ Thomas; and the Right Wing, called the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by General McPherson. All were commanded in the field by General Sherman. He, also had some Cavalry. All told, including teamsters and other noncombatants, he had an Army of about 90,999 men.

Gen. Grant, who was now with the Eastern Army, planned to have all ~~the~~ the different Armies to move on the enemy at about the same time. This most of them did. A few failed to do so, which showed poor generalship. We got off on skedule time.

Sherman first engaged Johnston near Dalton, Ga. He soon found that the Rebs' fortifications were so extensive and strong that to try to take them by direct assault would mean a terrible sacrifice of men. A range of hills, extending back possibly 20 miles, gave the Rebs a big advantage. Some 20 miles down the Ridge was what was known as Snake Creek Gap. Gen. Sherman ordered McPherson by forced march to proceed to the Gap. This he did, forced his way through, and pressed on close to Resacka, which was directly in the rear of Johnston's Army. After McPherson had seized the Pass, Gen. Schofield and also some of Thomas' men were rushed down to his support.

It is said that had McPherson pushed ahead when he first got over with his whole force and reached the Railroad, we would have, no doubt, captured a good many prisoners. However, he possibly did not know how many of the rest of our Troops were in touch with him. He knew it would be almost certain that the whole Rebel Army would soon be upon him, so he did not take the chance. It is reported that Gen. Sherman told him that that had been the opportunity of his life. Well, he did not go to the Railroad, so he

one of the regiments that suffered heavily. John Shearer was here instantly killed. I had been intimately acquainted with him when a boy.

This flank movement, however, did the trick, and Johnston's Army retreated; Sherman right after 'em. We pushed them on to Kingston, I believe, and beyond. Here, again, Sherman left the R.R., turned to the left and found Johnston's Army at and in about Burnt Hickory or Ebenezer Church. Here they had intrenched, and we had some hard fighting, mostly on the right wing of the Army.

Later, we marched to the left and found them heavily entrenched again at and about Kennesaw Mountain. Here occurred some hard fighting. Sherman again moved to the right on and around the mountain opposite Marietta. The General here concluded to try and break the line, and do some effective work in short meter; but the charge failed owing, mostly, to many of the Leaders being shot down before the Boys could get to the enemy lines. Among them were Gen. Harker, who had been Colonel of the 65th. O.V.I., and Col. Dan McCook. Here quite a few of the 65th. Ohio Boys fell, with whom I was well acquainted; viz.- Henry Hollenback, Si Whaley, and others:

We in the Signal Corps did not have much to do except orderly duty. I remember, during this engagement, a dispatch was to be carried to Gen. Joe Hooker. The rest of the Boys put in onto me to go. They dreaded to go because Old Joe, as we called him, had the reputation of being a starchy old fellow. I went away over to our left, got off my horse, went up to the guard (who was always pacing back and forth at all headquarters) and asked him if the General was in. He said, "Yes." I started for the tent when out he came. I saluted him and handed him the message. I tarried for a receipt for my message. He saw me standing and said, "Orderly, take a seat and rest yourself." This was the first, up to that time, of any officer

I was one of the lucky ones, and was allowed to go on.

After the battle referred to above and our repulse, there was an armistice of two hours granted, so that both sides could care for their wounded and bury their dead. Union and Confederate soldiers mixed together, but at the end of two hours, hunted their holes again and got ready for the fray.

On about the 2nd. or 3rd. of May, Johnston evacuated his position again, on account, no doubt, of another shrewd flanking movement of Sherman and occupied Marietta. We were right after him and drove him south about four miles where he made another stand.

And so it went until we got to the Chattahooche River. Here, again, there was some hard fighting. Sherman sent some of the Corps up the river. They effected a crossing, resulting in compelling the Rebs to withdraw back across the river, our men pressing them all the time.

The Signal Corps here had a station on a large hill called Vining Station, where Gen. Sherman had his Headquarters during the day. We were watching all the time to see what we could see. We could plainly see the Johnnies working on their breastworks. One day I took a stroll down the hill and there among the rocks hung a man by the neck, a Southerner. Somewhere here John Morrel was killed. I used to know him quite well when I was a boy. He belonged to the 21st. O.V.I. About this time Bro. C.S. got his discharge and went home.

After we got across the river, we had a terrible battle at what is known as Peach Tree Creek. Our men held their ground, however, and gradually closed in on Atlanta.

Quite a few of us in the Signal Corps were here sent back to Chattanooga to draw our pay. While there the battle known as the Battle of Atlanta was fought. Gen. McPherson was killed and Gen. Howard took his place. Gen. Hood of the Confederate Army had superseded Gen. Johnston and he was known as a fighter from way back. In his attack our men were handled pretty rough. Part of his forces had marched all night and had gotten on our

left flank. Had it not been for the fact that the 16th. Corps was marching to the left to help McPherson, who was sorely pressed, they would have made much more trouble. As it was, they struck the 16th. who drove them back and restored the line. This was the 22nd. of July. Anyway, the Rebels failed and lost a lot of men killed and wounded. We, too, lost heavily. Especially so, when we lost McPherson.

Two days later they attempted the same thing in a furious attack on our extreme right, but failed again, and again lost very heavily. We Signal Corps boys had gotten our pay and returned just as this fighting was over.

Hood, as mentioned before, was of the fighting kind of generals, and since there had been a good bit of complaint of Joe Johnston's tactics of all the time falling back, he felt as though something must be done. Hence, was somewhat excusable for his rather ill-advised but gallant attacks.

We Signal men had a station way up in the top of a tall pine tree from which we could see, quite plainly, the Rebs in their works.

Sherman had been sending the Cavalry on different raids around Atlanta. Gen. Stoneman, who asked as a special request to give him the Cavalry and he would liberate our prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., was given permission to make the attempt, but it ended in a miserable failure. Gen. Stoneman giving up and he and a part of his command surrendered. However, most of his force made a charge at the right moment when surrounded and cut their way out. They returned to us after lots of privations, etc. This angered Gen. Sherman very much.

After careful study of the strong works in and about Atlanta, Sherman concluded it would be simply murder to try to carry them by assault, and the thing to do was to draw them out of their position. This he did by taking the Army right out of their ~~entrenchments~~, moving back and down to the right, while the 20th. A.C. fell back to the Chattahoochee River. The Rebels thought that we had retreated, and there was great rejoicing in the city.

I remember we marched to the right like as though we were on a race.

Gen. Scofield with the 23rd. A.C. in the lead getting around on the railroad, commenced tearing up the track. The rest of the army continued down further and, finally, all swung in at Goldsborough where we had quite a hard fight with Gen. Hardee, who commanded a Confederate Corps.

We here should have captured the most of that Corps, and, I believe, would have captured them, had it not been for the slowness of Gen. Thomas. I had to take a dispatch from Sherman to Gen. Howard on the right and by the time I got back the fighting had got on in great style.

On the way back, I watched two Batteries letting loose on the Rebel Works. It was a sight not often seen, even by soldiers. One of the batteries was alone for a little while, then from the right another came as fast as the horses could run. How they did pop it at the Rebs!

It was about 5 P.M. when our men made the final charge and took their works, but not without considerable loss. One regiment that lost heavily, I remember, was the 17th. N.Y. Zouaves. Night coming on and the darkness being intense brought the battle to a close. The next morning I rode with the Captain assigned to Gen. Sherman for the day. As we rode into town, he stopped where Gen Thomas was, he having preceded us. I remember quite well yet, of Gen Sherman going into the yard to where Gen. Thomas was sitting and saying to him: "Well, Pap, they got away as usual." This remark seemed to kind of ruffle the Old General. Indeed, I think it always stuck to him. The Rebels had the town full of their wounded.

Our men, that day, pressed the Rebels on down the railroad close to Lovejoy Station where they had strong works. That night we heard some tremendous explosions in the direction of Atlanta, which was significant to us of what was going on. In the morning we got news that the 20th.A.C. were in the City of Atlanta, which caused lots of rejoicing.

In a day or so, the Army was marched back to and around Atlanta. We here had a good long rest. The Signal Corps Boys were camped on Peach Tree St. I remember, eight of us in a mess got a woman to do our cooking. She was a good cook. Soon I got a chance to go out to see Bro. John Henry and

Jerry Bolton (a cousin) of the 21st. O.V.I. Here we did considerable drilling and signalling practise.

One day we got marching orders and, upon enquiry, found out that Gen. Hood had crossed the Chattahoochee river with his army and were now in our rear. I got permission to go out to see the 49th. Ohio Boys. I got on Billie and out I went. When I got there, the Boys were cutting logs and building huts. I said, "What in the world are you fellows doing?" I then explained that we had marching orders and that Hood was in our rear. They could hardly believe me, as none of them had heard of it. "Well," I said, "It's true. And you fellows had better get at cleaning your guns rather than what you are doing." I remember, some of the Boys told the Captain and he told the Colonel. I began to scared a little over the interest I had aroused, thinking, may be, I had exceeded my authority, and might be getting myself into trouble. However, I told the Boys again: "You'll see. You will be getting orders mighty soon."

And so they did. The next day everything was alive with troops. We, too, were on the move. The 20th. A.C., if I remember right, staid in Atlanta, but the rest of the Army was going north. Seemed all so peculiar that now we were marching north after the Johnnies. It seems, while we were lying at Atlanta, Hood's Army was in and about Rough and Ready.

I must here relate an incident worth mentioning. While at Atlanta there were 500 of our Union officers exchanged for 500 of their officers. Their men all looked well, but ours were a sight to behold. So emaciated and thin. Many hardly able to walk, with hardly enough clothing to hide their nakedness. While I was there, Gen. Sherman came down to see them. They gathered around him and called him by name. He, seemingly, did not recognize any of them, with their long hair and beards and tattered clothes. When they told him their names he could hardly believe his eyes.. He could not force back the tears as they gathered around him. He could not stand it any longer and left.

They looked like so many walking skeletons, and, knowing that the officers (as a rule) were treated better than the privates, I said, then and

there, "If they ever got me it would only be because I was too badly wounded to be able to do anything about it." After seeing them I certainly would have kept my vow.

Now to resume. While Hood's Army was at Rough and Ready, the president of the Confederacy, Jeff Davis, came from Richmond to see him. They planned and outlined the campaign for the Confederate Army. As we learned afterward, he made the soldiers a speech, telling them of what was about to happen.

Well, Gen Hood did get in our rear, got onto our line of communications tore up the railroad, burned the bridges wherever he could, destroyed trains, etc. But Sherman's Army was on his tracks, and what he did had to be done quickly.

At Allatoona Pass we had alot of provisions stored. The Rebels tried very hard to take the place, but we had a lot of men there that stood right by it. Some of our regiments had what they called the Henry rifle (afterwards, the Winchester), a repeating rifle, and they used them on the Johnnies with deadly effect. My oh my! how they did slaughter them.

Banquet!
Sherman with his army had gotten in and about Marietta and Kennesaw Mt. I remember I was assigned, one day, as orderly to our Signal Corps Captain, and he to Gen. Sherman. We went up on the mountain where we had a Signal station. The Boys were trying to get communication with Alatoona and had been waving the large flag continuously, so I helped them. About 3 P.M. we got a message from Gen. Course that he was holding the fort. Gen. Sherman sent a message right back telling him, "Hold the fort for I am coming." This message was, afterwards, set to sacred music and sang in all the Land.

As soon as Sherman got his message through, he left the mountain. We accompanied him down to what they called Sand or Lost Mountain. There we were ordered to call up Gen. Cox of the 23rd. A.C. I remember quite well that some of the Infantry Boys crowded around us so close that it was difficult to get in communication with the other fellow. Gen. Sherman, walk-

ing among the Boys, asked them to stand back, saying: " This may save you a long march." The Boys, of course, got back, and we soon got in communication with Gen. Cox, who was ordered to push on to Allatoona with all his might. He made a forced march, but the Rebels had given up the job and retreated before he reached there.

The next day we arrived there. I remember going with Phillip Roland to the Hospital on the hunt of a relative of his, belonging to some Illinois regiment. We found him and he was pretty badly wounded, too.

Our troops kept right on after the Rebs. Gen. Sherman sent Gen. Thomas back to Chattanooga to take charge of all the troops in and about that place, while he, Sherman, would take care of Hood. All the remnants of soldiers, here and there, were centered at Chattanooga, so that Gen. Thomas had quite an army.

Gen. Sherman's Army followed Hood's Army to a town called Graysville on the Coosa river, where we stopped to determine which way they had drifted. It became evident that it was Hood's idea to draw Sherman and his Army northward by the bold stroke of moving north himself.

Well, this strategy didn't work. Sherman now felt that the time for putting a long coveted idea into effect had come, and made arrangements accordingly. Every day made it more certain that Hood was breaking north trusting to luck to get out O.K., so Sherman put Thomas in command of all the forces in the Middle West, and gave him the 4th. and 23rd. Army Corps to help take care of Hood. Also, Gen. J.A. Smith from Memphis, Tenn. was ordered to reenforce him.

While at Graysville, I was detailed to carry a dispatch over to Rome, Ga. Capt. Martin, who was from Findlay, O., came to me and asked me about the condition of my horse, my weapons, etc. He said it was a dangerous trip, and that I had better take his horse. So I got his horse ready, also my revolvers, and waited; but finally got word I did not need to go. The trip would have been all of thirty miles across a region infested with Rebs. In later years I found out that Samuel Moore of Findlay was de-

tailed, and made the ride accompanied by a squad of Cavalry. I do not think the trip would have been near as dangerous as represented to me, as we marched over the same route a few days later.

It was now evident that something more than usual was turning up. The 4th. and 23rd. A.C.'s were pulling out and going north, while the 14th., 15th., 17th. and 20th. Army Corps were kept together. So now the Army whose troops had been together so long, were being separated. My old regiment, the 99th. O.V.I., was in the 23rd. Corps. Bro. John's regiment, the 49th. O.V.I., was part of the 4th. A.C. So that separated us for quite awhile.

We staid at this town for about a week longer, and then with General Sherman and his Staff started for Rome, Ga. where Gen. Course was in charge of the Post. I well remember this ride. About midway, Gen. Sherman's little Mare got a little unruly, for some cause or other, and, there being a Cavalry Headquarters a short distance off of the road, he made a circuit up near their tent. After this little canter by herself, the little mare quieted down and seemed alright again.

We got over to Rome in the evening, and we were all glad to be in this beautiful country again. Staid here about a week. Here Gen. Sherman gave almost his last orders for the general disposition of things.

The Troops began to move south again, and it certainly was plain to all that something was going to be 'did'. We got back to Atlanta only to stay there temporary.

Let me say here, that here was the first place I ever saw used for the buying and selling of colored people (slaves). A nice elevated platform, especially built, to auction off these men and women and boys and girls, occupied one of the busy corners. No doubt, thousands of slaves were here sold to the highest bidder. It was said that a young, large, well-developed, sound Negro brought as high as \$1500 to \$2000. Young girls who were nearly white brought a big price. The women who were darker brought from \$800 to \$1000.

Here, also, I saw where the Mitchell Raiders (8 of them) were buried, after being hung for their part in that famous raid, and, also, the lonely grave of Andrews, their leader.

It was now determined to destroy all the depots of supplies and all other government buildings of the Confederacy located here. This was a severe war measure to expedite the termination of the war. Orders were given for their destruction, and all non-combatants who wanted to go South were given transportation, and those who desired to go North were provided likewise.

The railroads, back of Atlanta to Chattanooga, together with all the works and buildings before mentioned, were destroyed; the last orders given; the last letters written and sent home; and then again we were isolated from the North.

In the destruction of the Works and Governmental buildings, quite a good part of the city caught fire and burned. Indeed, it looked bad for Atlanta. Desolation seemed to reign.

But now was another problem! We, 60,990 men, were to go through a country that as yet had not seen and felt war in its real reality.

The Troops had ^{now} nearly all left and Sherman and his Staff were among the last to leave. One of the Signal Corps Boys (I do not remember just who) and I were with the Captain. That evening when we went into camp it was raining and bad. I was taking charge of the horses when I was called over to help put up the Captain's tent. During my few minutes absence, someone had stolen Capt. Bachtell's rubber overcoat which had been strapped behind the saddle. My, how I did hate that! But it was gone and never was found.

We Signal boys were now with the 20th. A.C. The second day of the march I was free and went ahead to forage; got to a small town by the name of Madison. I went into a drug store and, I remember, took charge of a canteen full of peach brandy (of which I had no more use than I had of Adam's off ox). I rode farther out in the country and met two Infantry Boys who said that the folks at the plantation had moved out on a by-road

across an old rickety bridge and off to the left in the woods. They said that these people had some mules and horses and forage stuff, and they wanted me to go along and get them. I said, "Alright, if you will consent to stay right by it if we should get into trouble." They promised to so, so out we went, crossed the old bridge, and then over in the woods. Sure enough, here was the wagon with some women but no men in it. I said, "Where are the mules and horses?" Well, they would not tell; but I saw their tracks, so said to the Boys, "One of you come along with me and the other stay here." We started across a swale. I told the one with me to go over towards a treetop. He had not gone far when out jumped an old man who gave himself up. As he came out of the treetop, I noticed he threw something under a log. It turned out to be a revolver. We then went farther out and got a couple of mules and a horse, which I appropriated. This horse was in color a gray and a pacer. After getting some hams and some butter we left.

We had to go by the way we came, so when we got back to the house, some of the buck negroes and, also, some of the women were determined to go along. I told the women that they could not go, but that two darkies, I indicated, could go, as we needed teamsters.

Before we left, one of the darkies wanted to know if I hadn't something to drink. "Why, yes," I said, "I guess I have." My canteen being buckled to my saddle probably suggested the question. Well, he took a big swig, and then he wanted me to let his wife have some. She took a copious swig in good style.

We then started back to the road where the troops were marching by. The negroes both had a mule. By the time we got to the road, the brandy was getting in its effect upon the one who had so copiously partaken of it, and together with the excitement caused by the sight of marching troops and his elation over becoming a free man, he began to ride up and down on his mule like a Comanche Indian, with the Boys all along the line yelling at him. When he came down along the line again I ordered him to

halt and go along peaceably or I would take the mule away from him. He calmed down and we were soon in camp.

Well, my negro got sick, crawled in one of the wagons, and vomited all over it. That made the Boys mad. They hustled him out and told him to go, which he did. He soon got a job and made a good teamster. I saw him frequently afterward. So much for the Peach Brandy!

Our objective point was Milledgeville, the then Capital of Georgia. I believe I said that we were with the 20th. A.C., but it was the 14th. The 14th. and 20th. Army Corps composed the left Wing of the Army, commanded by Gen. Slocum; the 15th. and 17th. Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Howard, the right Wing; and the Cavalry, used principally to feel out the route and to protect the flanks of the Army, was commanded by Gen. Killpatrick. Sherman's orders, of course, were supreme; and if there ever was an army who knew the weight and importance of orders, Sherman's Army did.

We saw the Confederate papers every day. Their Congressmen, their Senators, their Cabinet Members, their President, all appealed to the people, in frantic terms, to now do their duty and exert themselves to the utmost. "Since Sherman had cut loose from his base of supplies, they now had him at their mercy if they would only help!" "Burn bridges, cut down trees, remove all stock and provisions, do anything to impede his march!" "Do not lose heart." "Keep cool." "Keep up courage." "Do not falter." Etc., etc. These were some of the daily headings. Indeed, it was amusing.

In point of fact, we had it all our way. Took our time to it. Foraged. Well, it was a great day for the Union Army.

Our trains (Covered wagons) stretching out for miles; the troops loafing along the line of march; and having a detail out of every Company of each regiment to do foraging. And the way they did forage was a caution. It wasn't long before nearly all these details were mounted, and in the early morning you could see them getting out to the front on

by-ways and roads running parallel to the road on which the Army was marching.

In order to make it plain how this famous march was made, I will localize. Each Corps had a road or route that lead in the general direction of our objective point. For instance:- The objective point being Fort Wayne or Chicago, the 14th. A.C. would be marching westward, say, on Pleasant Ridge road through McComb, D.; the 20th., on Benton Ridge road that leads past our Old Home about four or five miles south of McComb; the 15th., on the road that leads west through Bluffton five miles farther south; and the 17th., on the road leading through Ada and Lima, Ohio. Our Flanking Cavalry was divided one-half on the outside of the 17th. A.C. on the right Wing, and the other half on the outside of the 14th. A.C. on the left Wing. You can see, by this order of march, that each Corps would have a strip at least two miles wide on each side of its road or route over which to forage. And didn't we forage!

In the Signal Corps ~~ALL the Corps~~ alone, we had three or four wagons to bring the provisions in.

All the Corps each had their emblem or ensign. The 14th. had the acorn. The 1st. Division of this Corps, the red acorn; the 2nd Division, the white; and the 3rd. Division, the blue acorn. The 20th. had the star; the 15th., a cartridge box; and the 17th., an arrow. All Divisions being designated by the different colors as noted in the 14th.

These ensigns were painted or printed on all wagon covers, and each wagon was marked to show whether it was an ammunition or supply wagon. Our wagons were marked with the Signal Corps ensign and always kept with the Headquarters' wagons which, usually, had the right of way on the march.

And this is the way "We Marched Through Georgia."

Some of the Boys had to stay with the trains to help them out if they got stuck in the mud or got into trouble. I did not like this duty. It was too slow. Some did not like to forage, but it just suited me to get

away from the wagons and get out in the open. I usually came in loaded, too. Chickens, hams & shoulders, corn, anything good to eat.

Well, the officers soon found out that I was pretty successful in the business, so they got to asking me to take their cooks along, which I usually did. In one way and another, I accumulated keys, so that there was scarcely a smoke-house but that soon would open its doors. And lots of them full to the brim.

I remember, one day, being off quite a way by myself. I rode up to a large frame house. Several women came out and I told them I wanted some meat. Refusing to unlock the smoke-house, I affected a very serious air and told them:- " See here! you women do not know what you are doing. We are Yankees and are compelled to live off of the country we are marching through. You had better just submit tamely, and not make any of our men cross or they just might strip them of everything." I got off of my horse, unlocked the smoke-house, and there it was hanging full of hams and shoulders and bacon. I took what I wanted and then said, " You women had better go at it right away and hide a lot of your meat up in the loft or somewhere because these foragers would, no doubt, soon strike your place and they might take every mouthful you've got." As I rode away I looked back and saw they were already getting busy. I often wondered how they came out. This was the first time I ever saw women dip snuff. It seems to have been a custom among many of the fairer sex at that time.

Such was the almost every few days occurrence. So thorough was this unfortunate strip of country cleaned up, that the forager in the rear might as well stay with the train. Many and many a time did I ride six, eight, or ten miles before there seemed to be a chance to get anything; then, if we were lucky, we would strike for the road where the troops were marching and await the teams. Often the other fellow got in ahead of you or, sometimes, scattering squads or troops of the Rebs would block your way.

Now to return to the March. In a few days we were nearing Milledgeville. Governor Brown and the Legislature left hurriedly by train, leav-

ing us in possession of the city. I went with some of the Boys to the Capitol Building and there were a lot of our men, mostly officers, having a mock legislature in session. They were having plenty of fun introducing bills, etc.

We here destroyed their arsenal, mint, etc., and captured lots of Confederate money. We appropriated much of it and used it in buying stuff,

Just before we arrived here, the officers had procured a negress to do their cooking. On the road an old colored man and his daughter fell in with our wagons. At Milledgeville, Sherman issued orders not to allow any old men or any women to cross over on a pontoon bridge that spanned the Ocona river. This cook of the officers and the girl were dressed in men's clothing, and both got over all O.K. The officer's cook, however, had such feminine features that they soon had her to put on woman's attire again; but the other girl, who we called Gabe, looked just like a young boy. As we had no need of her, she got a position of taking care of some of the Artillery officers' horses. Both of them got through to Savannah. The one we called Gabe was, I think, a nice girl; but the other one I never thought much of, only, I guess, she was a good cook. I am speaking of these incidents simply to show how anxious these colored people were to get free.

Our next objective was Millen, Ga. Here the Rebels had had a prison pen for captured Union soldiers, but all had been removed ere we got there. This prison was out about five miles up the railroad. I did not go up to see it, a thing I have always regretted.

About this time, Sherman sent Gen. Killpatrick to make a quick move toward Andersonville. When he got within ten miles of the place, he learned that the prisoners had all been shipped away, so he started to return, and had a pretty tough time getting back. But Gen. Killpatrick was made of the right kind of stuff, and he drove Gen. Wheeler back at different times, until he got in touch with our Infantry when he was safe again. He brought in a good many prisoners with him.

From Millen Sherman had his men threaten Augusta, Macon, and other

places, and had the Rebs guessing all the time, but kept going right along. As we neared Savannah the country became quite barren -- nothing but Georgia pine.

We had started from Atlanta about the middle of November, and now, finally, about Dec. 10th., we were approaching Savannah, Ga. I remember, when going along the R.R. leading into the city, that some of the Infantry Boys ahead of me exploded some torpedoes the Rebs had planted. I then rode over to the road and, as one of our regiments were marching along, the Rebs let loose with one of their big guns. The solid shot mowed lengthways right through their ranks killing quite a few and wounding quite a lot of them. This plainly told us to look out.

The Army now gradually closed in on the city. The 20th. A.C. held the position along the river; next, to their right, the 14th. A.C.; then the 15th A.C.; and on the extreme right, the 17th. A.C. To the rear and down towards the coast Killpatrick's Cavalry took position.

Along the Savannah river there were a couple rice fields. They were taken possession of, and the rice was rationed out among the troops systematically. On the extreme right two or three large fields were appropriated. The rice helped out amazingly. We used to go down in the rice fields and gather it in little boats, (It was standing in shocks like our wheat.) bring it out to the road, load it on the wagons, take it to camp, and feed it to the mules. We, also, hulled it for our own eating.

Sherman was now eager to get in communication with the outside world, so that we could get rations, etc. Fort McAllister, below on the Sound, was in the Rebel's hands, and it must be taken first before the ships could come in contact with us.

The General conceived the idea that the Union Vessels beyond the Fort might be attracted to our presence by placing a large Signal Corps flag on top of one of those tall pine trees, so he ordered Captain Bachtell to put up the flag. They called for volunteers to climb the tree selected, but no one relished such a job, and therefore, they got no volunteers to climb

said tree. The Sergeant (Hays) came to me and said, "Sam, you've got to go up." I said, "No, sir!" He insisted that the orders were imperative, and that I would have to do the job. I went to the Captain and asked him to let me off, that I did not think I could do it, but all to no avail. I gave him some letters, etc., in case something happened. We got a long pole, put it up against a dead limb, and I tied a rope around my waist. Then I began the hardest job I ever undertook to do. Why we had no climbers, I do not know; but, anyway, I started up, finally reached this dead limb, and not knowing the strength of it, I kept aloof of it. From there came the tussle of my life. The tree was a large one and as smooth as an eel. At first I thought I could not make it, but soon discovered that I was making some headway. I kept on until I reached the first limb far above the dead one, then rested awhile. Then at it again until I reached where the limbs were closer together.

Well, there I was. There was a little wind and the old tree would sway back and forth. It about made me sea-sick. I remember I did not look down much. I looked over on the other side of a Bayou. I could plainly see the Johnnies in camp, some doing this others doing that. They had a battery on each side of the road that lead through the camp.

I pulled up the flag by the rope, fastened it, and then started down, which was no trick at all.

This was in the forenoon sometime. After I was down I knew that, later in the day, someone would have to take down the flag, so I saddled my horse and took a "skedaddle". I went way over to the left to where the 20th. A.C. lay and, by the bye, when I thought the flag should be down, I went back again. Lo and behold! Everthing was in commotion. After I had left, the Johnnies discovered the flag, and they everlastingly sent the shells over there. A field back of us was full of our supply trains, and they all had to get out. The shells had Gen. Sherman and his staff and all the other fellows hugging the pine trees. The Rebs finally let up, and Sherman got out. He had important business elsewhere.

But now I was back again, and nothing would do but I must go up and get the flag. At first I refused, but the Captain was good to me and asked me to go up again. This I finally did successfully.

I do not think it did a particle of good; and I think it was the hardest thing I ever did. I, yet today, feel the cold chills run over me when I think about it, or talk about it.

One morning while eating breakfast at this camp near the river, a gunboat followed by a steamboat tried to run our batteries. The gunboat had some big guns on her, and when they were fired they made a terrific noise. Our batteries were rushed up to the river bank and if they did not pour the shot into her, it's curious. Our men soon brought the steamboat to time, and brought her over to the shore. The gunboat was only too glad to get back and out of reach.

One day at the 'flag-tree' camp, I took my horse and went down to where the tide came up. Somehow I got or had a fishhook and managed to get some worms. I cast in my bait and, to my surprise, in a minute or so, the cork started bobbing up and down and, finally, down she went. I pulled it up and behold! I had something like a blacksnake, about 2½ or 3 feet long, at my mercy. Well, how to get the hook out of its mouth was a puzzler to me. I began to examine my prey pretty closely. I had oft heard my father and mother talk about eels they had caught in the Susquehanna river in Pennsylvania, and had oft heard the expression "As slippery as an eel," so I got hold of the line with one hand and with the other, the animal. Sure enough, out it went out of my hand. I then was satisfied that my catch was an eel, so took more courage, and, finally, got the hook loose. I again tried my luck and caught another, so I had two eels to take back to camp. When I got there I showed the Boys my catch and, to my surprise, none of them would help me eat these elongated fish. We had, in the Signal Corps, men from nearly every state. And to think that none of them knew anything about what I had! Well, I took the hides off and fried my eels, and, believe me, I had a mess all to myself. Some said if I lived through

it,,they would help me later. Well, I lived through it, and they were mighty good.

It was now Sherman's effort to get in touch with the outside world. He sent Hazen's Division of the 15th. A.C. to take Fort McAllister, a thing they did in good shape, however, not without some loss.

This Fort being out of the way, he soon got in touch with our gun-boats; and supplies, also the mail, soon began to arrive. The latter was quite a treat to all of the Boys, and now everyone got busy writing to friends in the North. How good it seemed to be in touch with the world again! How nice it was to again have plenty of good rations without having to forage for them!

Savannah was yet in the hands of the Johnnies. I remember about this time Gen. Sherman and his staff went over to our Right near the Railroad and near the River. Some of us Signal Corps boys went along with the Captain. Gen Sherman sent a flag of truce over to the Confederate Gen Hardee and demanded the surrender of his army, stating that he had his army surrounded, etc. I thought how curious it all was, as the Rebels had simply to cross the river into South Carolina and get away (which they did later).

It was said at the time, and History substantiates it, that Gen. John A. Logan, commanding the 15th. A.C., offered to cross and wanted Sherman to let him cross the river, march down on the South Carolina side, and prevent Hardee from making his escape.

I believed then and do now, had Sherman permitted Logan to have done so, we would have captured all of their forces. In fact, we ought to have bagged them then and there.

It was reported that Sherman was preparing for a grand rush to capture the City, but he delayed too long, and Hardee was gone. Had Grant been in command on the field, Hardee never would have gotten away. As it was, we came in possession of many big guns, a lot of cotton, and the city of Savannah, and which opened up the river to the coast; and it was not long until our large boats came in along the wharf.

There was a special detail made up here from the Signal Corps to run a station on top of an old cotton mill or storehouse, for the purpose of watching the Rebels and doing signal work.

When we first went on duty there, the Rebs had a gunboat on the river behind an island. About midnight they blew it up. We continued to do duty here for quite a while. Lieutenants Foracre and Howgate were the officers in charge. *(Note: Lieut Foracre later became a U.S. Senator from (Ill.) 1873.)*

Here I quite frequently went over to see Byron Moffitt, who belonged to the 29th. O.V.I. This regiment was one of a division in the 20th. A.C., and was doing guard duty in the City.

Every Sunday, while here, our bunch went to Church (I think it was Presbyterian). Generals Sherman, Howard, and most of the prominent officers attended this Church. The thing that drew us to this particular church was the fact that they had a very large pipe organ, and they always had wonderful music.

Before we left the city, our Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, came down to see Sherman and his Army. He reviewed most of the army while here.

It, however, soon became evident that we were not to rest and loiter here much longer. General Grant first wanted Sherman to take his Army by vessels around to City Point, and they together would finish up Lee's Army, but Sherman thought that he could march overland better, do a lot of damage to the enemy, and, perchance, capture Johnston's army. (Gen. Joe Johnston having been placed in command of his old army again, superseding Gen Hood). At least he could prevent Johnston from joining Lee's army, and get in touch with Grant from the south.

With that object in view, he took the 15th. & 17th. A.C.'s around by boat to Pocotaligo, which is up the coast towards Charleston, S.C.; while the Left Wing, under Gen. Slocum, composed of the 14th. & 20th. A.C.'s and Killpatrick's Cavalry, went up the river about 50 miles to Sisters Ferry. There they crossed the river and threatened Augusta.

A gunboat was to go up the river. Lieutenant Foracre with two men

from the Signal Corps were detailed to accompany the boat. This assignment fell to Pete Greiner and myself, so we got our traps ready and to the gunboat we went. This was a new thing to us. We had our bunks down with the Marine Boys. I remember going up the river about five miles, stopping, and anchoring for the night. The river was now getting very high, as we had been having lots of rain. The next day we started again. I saw more wild ducks that day than I ever saw before or since.

Well, we finally got within a couple of miles of the Ferry and anchored, awaiting the Army. We got permission to go ashore. After landing, we were told by the colored people of a certain Judge who lived about two miles away; also, that the Rebels had a picket post up on the road near the Ferry, consisting of around sixteen men. Returning to the boat we talked it over and six of us agreed to go that night and try to capture them. When we got to shore we thought we would go and get the Judge first then in the latter part of the night go after the picket post. So we went after the Judge, but, surely, he must have got wind of us, for we could not find hide nor hair of him at his home. Some of the colored gentry there told us where we could find some Confederate soldiers home on furlough, so we decided to go after them and then for the pickets.

Well, it was much farther than we thought, and we did not get over to where they were until after break of day. At the first house, one of the boys went in at the front door while the rest went to the rear to watch. We got one fellow without much trouble and then hurried to the other house. The boys designated me to go in in front. I waited a little for them to get around the house, then stepped up to the door and rapped. I had my revolver ready for action should occasion require it. A young lady opened the door. My belligerent appearance nearly took her breath, and she nearly fainted. I said, "Lady, we are not going to hurt you. You just sit down on that sofa and keep quiet." By this time the other boys were coming in from the rear. One of our fellows, a very tall man, got into the old lady's bedroom. She soon was up and came into the room where we all were,

and the way she did lecture us was a caution. I am persuaded she did that in order to mislead us, which, in a measure, she did. While she was delivering this maral lecture to the fellows, I said to one of the Boys: "See here, there has been no one watching the stairway. Come on, let's go up." As we were going up, we heard quite a commotion above. I expected every moment that they would let loose on us, but we arrived O.K. in the upper hallway. One door was to the right, the other to the left. I motioned him to go to the left and I went to the right. As he went into the room he yelled, "Surrender!" I could see no one in my room to surrender to me, but I noticed that the bed had been occupied. I turned and went across the hall to help the other fellow, if need be; but he was lining a couple of men up, so I went back to my room again. I now noticed a pile of corn with the husks on. Then I remembered that one of the noises I heard coming up the stairs was like what the corn would make pushed about on the floor. I, therefore, knew that my man was there somewhere, and that he must be behind the head of the bed. So, with my revolver ready, I walked up towards the head of the bed and, finally, I could see him. I demanded him to come out, which he did. But in doing so, I thought I noticed a false move and I came very near shooting the man.

I told him I ~~came~~ near shooting, and asked him, "Why didn't you hold up your hands ~~hands~~ when you came out, then I would have known." I had him put on his duds. When he was finished he had a good pair of spurs on. I told him I guessed he would not have any use for those and that he had better give them to me, which he did.

We now had four prisoners to see after. One was a pilot on a Gunboat and was to have been married the next day. He wanted permission to write a note to to his Intended, which we granted. He was so slow and pokey about it that I said, "See here, you get down to business there or come with us." He did then get at it and soon had it written. We then marched them off to the gunboat, having decided to give up going to the picket post.

One of the prisoners and I got quite a good way ahead of the others. He told me that he had come home purposely to see after his family without leave of absence. I certainly did pity him, and, I think, if I had had a good chance, I would have let him go. Indeed, we talked about it. I said that the war was not going to last long and then he could go home in peace; that if he were caught before he got back to his command, he might be shot as a deserter. So I told him he had better go with us.

Well, we got our men on the boat, ate our breakfast, and then the officers concluded they would take enough men, go up, and capture the picket post. We were formed in line and marched up there, as though we were going into battle. Of course the pickets saw us and skipped up the road, and as soon as we retreated, they came after us. I thought it was about as foolish a little move as ever I had experienced.

It now still kept raining and the river was very high. The Boat still lay in its old position. We boys would go out foraging. One day one of the fellows and I went out alone. We were followed shortly after starting by six others and the Rebels captured them. We were at another house ~~close~~ close by when they were captured, but did not know it at the time.

While here we took a citizen (a non-combatant) into the Boat, because it became known that he had been shooting at some of our men when the Army passed through this vicinity on their way to Savannah, and because of his inhuman treatment of one of his slaves. This negro had followed our men to Savannah, and, during our stay there, he went back to where we were now at after his wife. This Old Fellow, his master, heard, somehow, that he was back; and with a double-barrel shotgun laid in wait, captured the colored man, took him out, and made the other Negroes whip him nearly to death. Then he marched them all out in the edge of the woods and made the Negroes tie him hand and foot. Then they had to dig a grave, put him in it face downward, and at point of gun, fill it. The Colored People told us about it. Said that when they began filling the grave he cried for mercy. But

C O R P O R A L S A M ,

V E T E R A N

* * * * *

P A R T I I

R E M N A N T S o f a D I A R Y

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A true copy of a diary written by Samuel Houck Bolton while serving as a corporal in the Signal Corps of the United States Army in 1864 and 1865.

Copyist and commentator, William M. Bolton, Norwalk, Ohio.

1944

Presented to

Ellen Bolton Harris

by W. M. Bolton, Christmas, 1944

REMNANTS OF A WAR DIARY WRITTEN BY
 CORPORAL SAMUEL HOUCK BOLTON OF THE U. S. SIGNAL
 CORPS DURING GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN'S
 CAMPAIGN FOR THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA, HIS
 MARCH TO THE SEA, AND THE FINAL CAMPAIGN
 AGAINST GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSON'S DIS-
 COURAGED AND DOOMED ARMY

1864 - 1865

Note: -- The diary began Jan. 1, 1864 and extended through to about July 1, 1865. Unfortunately the entries from the beginning to Sept. 15, 1864 and those from March 20, 1865 to July 1, 1865 with a few in between are missing.

The entries up to Sept. 15 would have dealt with camp life with many of his old home pals while the army lay encamped south of Chattanooga preparing for its campaign against Atlanta; something about his "boot" training when he secured his transfer from Co. D, 99th. O.V.I. to the Signal Corps; the acquisition of "Billy", his horse; an introduction to his new mess-mates and officers; something about his new duties; and his usual comments on events occurring in other theatres of the war.

Those missing at the end would have informed us about his capture of a Confederate officer near Goldsboro, N. C.; the surrender of Johnston's army; the army's visit to Richmond; the trek up through Virginia over many of the battle-fields on which the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia had so recently contended for supremacy; the Grand Review at Washington; the mustering out of the army; his own mustering out of the service at St. Louis; and his return home in July, 1865.

Our Soldier has supplied us with many of these missing events in his Memoirs, but memory is not infallible and, no doubt, he has omitted many interesting happenings. His capture of the officer, whom he tried so many times after the war to locate, and whose saber is now in the possession of the writer, is one notable omission. But here come the preserved entries. Many are really good.

September 15, 1864

A very nice day. Am on duty building a stable. The 2nd. Brigade of the 2nd. Division, 23 A.O. (passed by). Saw A. Smeltzer & P. Ketel, who are sound. Rec'd two letters. Some of the Sig (Signal Corps) boys discharged, their time being up.

Note: Parentheses supply an omission, added identification, or an explanation.

Comment: The "rookie" corporal seems to be starting right out on fatigue duty. Of course Capt. Bachtoll's horse and Billie had to have shelter when they could get it. Sam knows his brigades, divisions, and corps. Smeltzer and Ketel, home-town boys. Most volunteers enlisted for an exact period of time, usually for three years, so when that time expired they

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were eligible for mastering out.
Then as now "mail" was a most important event.

Sept. 16

In camp pretty much all day. Was detailed to go after forage.

Sept. 17

This morn on police duty. Wanted to go with C. S. (his brother, Cyrus) to the 49th. and the 99th. (regiments of the O.V.I.) but was on detail, hence could not go. Cousin J.H. (Bolton of the 31st. O.V.I.) was over to see me today. Took dinner, then went up into town with him. Got some daily papers. Not much news. Wrote a letter to R.H. (his brother).

Comment: To the soldier "police duty" is cleaning up around camp. To facilitate understanding of his frequent "initial" references to his relatives: R.H., or Ruben and B.F., or Benjamin Franklin were his two brothers at home; C.S., or Cyrus, sergeant in the Signal Corps, J.H., or John Henry, corporal in 49th. O.V.I., and theru; and J.H., or John Henry, lieutenant in the 31st. O.V.I., and Jeremiah; or "Jerry, private in the same regiment, were cousins.

Sept. 18

This morn, raining. Having inspection. As it's Sunday, after inspection, went over to the 4th. Detachment to see C.S. His discharge papers not come yet. Had a good chat.

Comment: In the Signal Corps it was "detachments" instead of companies, as in the infantry. Usually from 4 to 25 "wigwaggers".

Sept. 19

Am on orderly duty. Was very busy carrying messages, &, to 14th., 4th. & 30th. A.C.'s. Changed messes and now board at a private house. C.S. has as yet not gone.

Comment: This house was on Peach Tree Ave., Atlanta. Pretty "ritzy" for an erstwhile common "doughboy".

Sept. 20

Today slipped clear of duty for first since here. C.S. got his papers today and started home this eve on cars. Went down to train to see him start. A host of prisoners exchanged. Just came in. Look haggard, dirty, and sickly.

Comment: Sam & Cyrus seem to have parted rather nonchalantly. As an inducement to stay Cyrus was promised a lieutenancy soon, but he preferred taking up his ministerial studies. He, afterwards, said he had made a mistake.

One of the reasons advanced by the War Department why they were a little slow in effecting the exchange of prisoners was that those returned to the North could not be placed on active duty for months, while those returned to the South were almost immediately available for duty. Of course this was denied by the Confederates, but it is true they had a hard time finding food for their own fighting men as the blockade on their shipping became tighter and more and more of their farms and factories and storage depots were put out of commission. The North, in a few instances at least, was somewhat derelict in caring for her prisoners. Insufficient facilities for the prisoners to care for themselves,

congestion of the confines, impure water, and an ungodly lack of medical treatment was, more or less, present on both sides. Where cruelty crept in also, together with lack of proper food, the poor prisoner did not have much chance of retaining his health or even his life. Many heart-rending episodes of the war spring from soldiers trying to escape such treatment. The element of humanity was sadly lacking then in more than a few internment camps. Inhuman treatment will not be tolerated by the better Christian-living nations now. Any disregarding this gradual-long growing-universal human sentiment will surely have his day of reckoning.

Sept. 21

Am on detail. Rained very hard last night, also today. Went down in town and loaded two teams with forage. Towards eve put up a lot of officer's tents for a camp of instruction. Officers being detailed for Sig duty. Weather somewhat wet and disagreeable.

Sept. 22

Am on orderly duty. Had news Sheridan has whipped Early, capturing 10 guns, 5000 prisoners, etc. Drew a blouse. Some more rain this P.M. Hope to hear more good news soon.

Comment: "Any you fellers ever read 'Sheridan's Ride?' "No?" "Well, here are a few lines --- about the horse."

"Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed.
And the bark, fed with furnace ire,
Sped on with his wild eye full of fire."

"With foam and with dust the black charger was gray
But, by the flash of his eye and his red nostrils play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day'."

Some horse! And some General! "Question: What does the third line mean?"

Sept. 23

Today not on duty. Not very busy. Hence, thought I would go and see cousins J.H. & Jerry in 21st. O.V.I. Found the boys OK and in good spirits. Ate dinner with them, then had a good chat. They then had brigade inspection. Got out in line when a heavy shower came up and gave them, as well as myself, a good soaking. Towards eve came back all OK.

Comment: Wonder if they had a nice juicy porterhouse steak for mess -- or was it just 'hardtack and sowbelly'?

Sept. 24

Raining and disagreeable. Remodelled our tent. Sun out and very pleasant in P.M. Are policing & making ready for inspection.

Sept. 25

Pleasant morn. Still policing and cleaning up for inspection. Had inspection at 10 A.M.

Sept. 26

Little to do. 11 months from today to serve for Uncle Sam.

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Comment: Sam is keeping a close check on his 'Uncle'. Think Cyrus' leaving is making the boy a little homesick.

Sept. 27

This morn got permission and went down to the 99th. O.V.I. Found the boys OK. Took dinner with O.B. Thrap. Had a good chat with the boys, then went over in town to see P. Roland. Found him at Div. Hd. Qrs. and all sound. Had a good chat with him, then came back and stopped with the 49th. (his brother John's regiment) who were on review. Gens. Stanley & Thomas present. They had a presentatic of flags, &c. Came back at eve OK.

Sept. 28

Wrote some letters. Read some, &c.

Sept. 29

In camp all day. Wrote a letter to Tho. Thompson. Great excitement about the Rebs being in our rear. Troops being moved back in care.

Sept. 30

This morn on police duty. The boys had drill this P.M. Drew rations.

Comment: "Drill" has reference to sending messages with flags.

October 1, 1864

In camp pretty much all day. Cousin J.H. came to see me. Took dinner with me. Good news from the East. Rebs still in our rear.

Oct. 2

This morn had inspection. The 4th. A.C. moving to the rear. The Chattahoochee bridge is washed away by a flood. Rumor the Rebs are near Marietta with Beauregard in command of the army, &c.

Comment: Beauregard was the Confederate General who gave the order to fire upon the flag at Ft. Sumpter.

Oct. 3

Great excitement this morn. Troops moving out. Hd. Qtrs. on the move. We have orders to be ready at a moment's warning. Reported that Hood is going to attack us on the other side of the river. We are boxing up our extra baggage to store away in town, &c.

Oct. 4

Still have orders to move. A very wet morn. At 10 A.M. got to packing up and soon made ready to move. I came with the Capt. (Bachtel or Cole) and got to within # miles of Marietta where we stopped with Gens. Sherman, Stoneman, & Howard. Lay there until teams came up, when we went into camp after dark. Rumor Hardee's Corps is around Big Shanty. (A Confederate Corps.)

Oct. 5

Up at 3 and on the move by day. Came with Captain to town to the station (Signal station), then went up on old Kenesaw where we had 5 stations running, viz: with the 4th. A.C. at Alabona, with Atlanta Marietta, Pine Mt., and the Army of the Tenn. Sherman's Hd. Qrs. on Mt. _____ (obliterated) Heavy fighting going on at Alabona. Gen. Corse wounded. At eve came to camp, put up tent, got supper, and went to bed. Our camp not two miles south of Mt. Kenesaw.

Oct. 6

Again up at 3 ready to move. Order countermanded. Hence, lay still.

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Oct. 6, 1864 (cont'd)

Went with Captain over to Pine Mt. where we staid all day. Did some signaling to 23rd. A.C. and Lost Mt. The 23 A.C. now on the right and the 4th. & 14th. on the left of Pine Mt. Latter now commanded by Stanley. Army of Tenn. in the rear. Gen. Thomas being a head in command to check them (the Rebs). The enemy is now in and around Dallas and Pumpkinvine creek. Reb. Gen. Stuart's Corps moved from here yesterday.

Comment: Sam, the farmer lad, knows his onions and is getting along fairly well with his military training. Not many soldiers in the ranks or Non-coms often know who is where — nor does he care so much because he is concerned principally with the job assigned him. Now, here is Sam, a 19 year old, late of Co. D, 99th. O.V. I., recording not only just the operations of his company and regiment, as he did when he began to write his diary when corporal in Co. D, but recording the assignments, the locations, the operations, and commanders of the whole 'durned' army. Nice going, Corporal.

Oct. 7

Expected to move but are again foiled. Again with the General (Gen. Sherman). Went up on the Mt. where we staid all day. Did some flagging. The enemy seem to be moving in the direction of Rome. Gen. Thomas awaiting to intercept them. Came back this eve. Our cavalry Captain Alsen and Col. Young in ambulance.

Oct. 8

A very pleasant morn. Last night pretty cold. Pretty near froze out of bed. In camp all day. Did some washing. In P.M. went out and got a lot of chestnuts. This eve very cold again.

Oct. 9

A very cool morn. Made ready to move. With the General came on past the Mt. to Big Shanty where we stopped for a short time, then went on and stopped at Gen. Hd. Qtrs. where the General stayed for about six hours. Came on with Captain to Ackworth to one of our stations when the General came along. We out and got to Alatoona before dusk. Found the 23rd. A.C. here. Soon went into camp. The 4th. A.C. on the railroad repairing it., &c.

Oct. 10

A very pleasant morn. The 23rd. A.C. is moving out. Saw my old regiment and Phillip Roland. (the middle-aged friend he enlisted with.) Went up to see the Reb wounded which was a pretty hard sight. About noon we moved. Came on with the Capt. to Cartersville. Got here in eve and soon went into camp. The 4th. & 14th. camped near the river, 23rd. near Rossville, army of the Tenn. in rear.

Oct. 11

Ready to move by day. The 4th. moved through town. Came on with General to Kingston. Got here about 10 A.M. The 23rd. going through towards Rome; the 4th. & 14th. camping here. Hd. Qtrs. here. Great news from the East.

Comment: The commentator can not quite figure what the "Great news from the East" was, unless it was Grant's seizure of the Weldon Railroad south of Richmond cutting Lee's main artery into the Unley leagued city. This occurred in August but Lee, subsequently, desperately tried to regain it and failed. This failure may be it.

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The point the entry brings out is that the soldiers of one army were always listening intently for news from other fronts, ready to applaud the successes and bemoan the failures of their comrades in other theatres of the war, just as our Boys are now in the Pacific, in China, in Burmah, in India, in Greece, in Italy, and on the doorstep of Germany. (Dec. 18, 1944)

Sam's proximity to Hd. Qtrs. made it easier for him to get the 'dope', and he certainly kept his ear attuned to catch the first trinkle of 'big news' that might come over the wires; and he did like, radio-like, to disseminate the 'big news' among his friends in several of the Ohio regiments.

Oct. 12, 1864

Again on the move by day. With General came to Rome. Distance 14 miles. Passed the 23rd. A.C. Got here about 12 P.M. The 23rd. got here at same hour. The 4th. & 14th. on road to right. Army of Tenn. in rear. The Rebs marched around this place and were close here this morn. Some cannonading this eve. A battle pending. Camped in town. Appearance of rain. Our cavalry had a fight with their rear guard taking some prisoners and two pieces of artillery.

Oct. 13

In camp. Am on orderly duty. The boys went out after forage. Got some corn, beef, and mutton. The 23rd. A.C. on a reconnoiter but came back this eve. Gen. Thomas reported in front of the Rebs with 40000 men. No mail since we left Atlanta.

Comment: For you youngsters who never fought in the front lines -- only in the backyard, "Orderly duty" was waiting on an officer -- bringing him his pipe while he was reading or looking over his maps, going to get somebody he wanted to see, bringing and holding his horse, and going with him when ordered always riding at a respectful distance behind him, etc.

"Reconnoiter" or "reconnaissance" is going out to locate the enemy, examine road and other conditions, observe the natural obstacles, etc., for use in attack or defense.

Sam thinks there is a battle pending, but he would like to have his mail, begoshi!

Oct 14.

On the move by day. Came with the General past the 23rd. then the 15th. then the 14th. A.C.'s and reached Calhoun about 2 P.M., distance 23 miles. Stopped but a few minutes and then came on to Resaca, distance 6 miles. Teams did not come up so drew some hard-tack, made a big fire, and slept for the night. The 14th., 15th., & 17th. A.C.'s camped here. The 4th. on ahead on the Dalton road. Some brisk skirmishing here yesterday.

Comment: Remember Atlanta was captured Sept. 2nd. and now Sherman was driving Hood north toward Thomas, his great general, lying in wait near Chattanooga, Tenn. Sherman was hoping to entrap Hood and effect his capture or destruction. He failed to corner Hood, but Thomas attended to that at Nashville in December when Sherman and his "bummers" were nearing Savannah on the sea.

Oct. 15

This morn again on the move. Came out near the Gap (Snake Creek) where the 17th. A.C. had quite a fight. They soon ran them out and followed up, but we found the Gap filled with timber. Finally got

through and rested at an old house at the side of the Gap. About eve pioneers had road cleared and teams commenced to pour through. Our teams did not come up, so slept by the fire.

Comment: "Pioneers"? Engineers, now. How'd yu like to sleep out on the ground by a fire in Ohio (or in northern Georgia), along about Oct. 18? Or in a foxhole somewhere anytime?

Oct. 16

Again on the move. 15th. A.C. in front, 17th., 4th., 14th. & 23rd. thus coming up. Near Lafayette on Pidgeon Mt. we had quite a skirmishing time. Killed and captured some Johnnies and, toward eve, we came back about 8 miles and went into camp, our teams having come up. Saw cousin J.H. & Jerry who are OK. Laying close to Hd. Qtrs. Helped bury a Confederate soldier.

Oct. 17

Today lay still. Wrote some letters, did some washing, foraging, &c. The army lying still today. Most of the boys with some of the teams going back to Chattanooga, &c.

Comment: Think Sherman has something on his mind. Just believe he is about wave adieu to Hood, consign him to the care of Thomas, go back to Atlanta, and get ready to go places.

Oct. 18

Again on the move. Our boys start back; Army of the Tenn. in advance, Army of the Cumberland next, and 23rd. A.C. in rear. Came on the old Alabama road. Did some foraging, got a hog. Went into camp about 4 miles from Summertown. Teams not all come up so did the best we could. Lay by the fire, &c.

Oct. 19

This morn again on the move. Very foggy. Came on to town. Here stopped. Waited for _____

ENTRIES FROM THIS DATE TO NOV. 15, 1864 MISSING.

Nov. 15

Went with Capt. Meffling who goes with Kilpatrick (Sherman's cavalry Commander). Pretty much all the town on fire. A few snatches.

Comment: The Diaryman must be referring to Atlanta, the great Storehouse and Arsenal of the Confederacy. The missing entries would have given us the soldier's slant on its burning.

Nov. 16

Again on the move. Came the Decatur road to the right of Stone Mt. with the 14th. A.C. Came about 18 miles. The 20th. A.C. on the left of the Mt.

Comment: The Army is starting its "Marching through Georgia".

Nov. 17

Very pleasant morn. Again on the move. Came through a small village where we met the R.R. Waited some time to see it tore up. Came on again to another town where we rested for about 5 hours. Plenty of forage by the roadside. Came on about 4 miles where we camped in a nice grove. There were a host of feminines in the village. Plenty of sweetpotatoes. 20th. marching on our left.

Nov. 18, 1864

This morn came on ahead with Capt. Cole & Lt. Jones. Crossed Wabath river on pontoons. Came on quite briskly till we got to Covington where J.H. and two of the 33rd. O.V. boys, by direction of the Dark-eyes, went about 4 miles, charged on a man and got a revolver, 3 horses and one mule. Found a few turnips in a store. Went into camp about 4 miles south of this place. Got a good horse and two buck negroes came with us.

Comment: It's all off! The "Bummers" are on their way. No wonder the South got sore! How would you like to have a bunch of men come along and not leave you enough to get breakfast the next morning? But War said, "Destroy!" And they were doing it. After marching and fighting, almost continuously since June, they were having a respite from dodging bullets and shells, so
"Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with the spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it sixty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia."
The song they loved to sing in after years.

Nov. 19

A rainy morn. Came on with teams. Got a hog and some chickens. Went on one side of the road and captured a fine colt. Live on sweet potatoes.

Nov. 20

This morn, with officers, struck out to get some horses but found none. Came back and got a lot of chickens, turkeys, &c. which I cooked tonight. One of the boys got a horse. Some cannonading on the right. Since learn that it was Kilpatrick at Macon.

Nov. 21

Raining pretty much all day, hence is disagreeable. Came on ahead of the 14th. to a Negro town, viz, Half here. We are now about 20 miles from Milledgeville. (This was then the capital of Georgia.)

Nov. 22

Renewed our journey. Was very cold last night. Came with teams. Roads very bad. Today heard that Thomas whipped Hood. This eve camped in front of a very large plantation, viz, Gen. Cobb's.

Nov. 23

A very cold morn. Are on the move. Came on ahead, got a hog and two turkeys, then came on to Milledgeville where we found the 20th. A.C. had arrived the day before. Sherman camped in Gov. Brown's house, a very nice place. Tonight burning the arsenal.

Nov. 24

This morn crossed the Ogeechee river and went with the 20th. A.C. taking the left center. The 14th. on the extreme left. Gen. Howard kept to the right. Came about 15 miles and got in camp after dark, near Gen. Slocum's Hd. Qtrs.

Nov. 25

On road by day. In rear of 1st. Div., 20th. A.C. Lt. Jones and a few men went ahead and got about 5 miles to a buffalo swamp where the Rebs had burned the bridge. I tried to ford it below but got mired and had to retreat. Bridge being repaired about 3 P.M., we crossed and soon went into camp.

Had quite a brush with some of their cavalry. Did some patching. Threw three white rockets. Saw Byron Moffitt today. Looks well.

Comment: "Billy" evidently failed his master this once. Sam's pants must be getting a little thin. The three white rockets were, perhaps, a signal to the fleet. Rockets of different color indicated a different meaning. Moffitt was the corporal's future brother-in-law.

Nov. 23, 1864

On the move by day. Skirmishing going on all the time. I got a hog, sweetpotatoes, chickens, some molasses and came on to Sandersville with the advance. In a few minutes the town was completely ransacked and tore up. Camped in town. The 14th. & 20th. here met but took different roads again. Both corps encamped close by.

Nov. 27

Moved by day. Came 3 miles to the right of the R.R. where we awaited the arrival of Gen. Howard's 20th. A.C. along the R.R. We here went into camp. The 17th. came up, the 15th. farther to the right. The R.R. is here completely torn up for miles.

Nov. 28

This morn came on with the 17th. A.C. Came about 15 miles on the right of the R.R. Had a good place to camp. After in camp went out with Capt. Cole and got hogs, chickens, &c.

Nov. 29

On the move as usual. Came on quite briskly. Still to the right of the R.R. Came about 18 miles. Got a hog. Camped near Gen. Blair's Hd. Qtrs.

Nov. 30

Came on ahead. Took through the woods and struck the road just as Gen. Sherman was passing. Came on and found some meal, lard, butter, &c., buried in the ground., then waited for teams and pontoons to be laid across the Ogee chee river, then crossed to the Signal station on the R.R. — about 9 miles. Camped near river. Citizens hiding everything they possibly can.

Comment: That was a pretty mean trick, Corporal, digging up that food that way, even though your mess and officer outfit was a little lean and hungry.

Dec. 1, 1864

About 10 A.M. got orders to move. Soon on the road. Came on quite slow. A very poor and swampy country. Came to a very rich plantation where we camped for the night. The 17th. A.C. also camped here. Now about 18 miles to Millen where our prisoners were. The R.R. is being completely torn up.

Dec. 2

This morn on the move as usual. Came with Capt. Cole and got a lot of chickens, potatoes and a hog. Came on to Buckhead river where they pontooned it and we went across. Quite a desolate place. Got some molasses and then went to the army on the north side of the river.

Dec. 3

On the move. Came through Millen. Here is where the Augusta R.R.

meets the Savannah. Did not get to see where they had our prisoners. It was 5 miles up the Augusta road. Came about 6 miles from town where we went into camp. In P.M. got orders to go on several miles farther, so we soon came on and camped on the R.R. The troops burned Miller.

Comment: Another act of vengeance on the part of the soldiers because of the ill-treatment of their comrades in prison here.

Dec. 4

On the road quite early and moving quite briskly. Came along ahead and got corn for horses and mules. Came about 10 miles and went into camp near Gen. Blair's Hd. Qtrs.

Dec. 5

On the move as usual. Got some forage for horses. Came ahead and went about 3 miles from the road and captured a gray horse. On return found the Johnnies had breastworks thrown up. Our men soon had them out and we went into camp by the station inside the Reb breastworks. Got some books and had some washing done this P.M.

Dec. 6

Today lay still in camp near a big plantation. Went scouting and came to a house. The women had hid out in the woods. They came in just as we were eating dinner and with some Parkies began digging up, close by us, an iron box of gold and silver.

Comment: It is nice to think that our boys were chivalrous and allowed the frightened ladies to keep their jewelry. Watches and bracelets and ear rings were not very palatable.

Dec. 7

This morn again on the move. Came on quite slow on account of road being blocked and swampy. Came on ahead, got a lot of sweet potatoes and found, hid in a swamp, a lot of dishes, clothing, &c. Camped near Signal station #3.

Dec. 8

Again on the move. Capt. Cole and some of us boys went over to #3 station. Got a lot of chickens which we put in wagon and then came on with escort. Took a long circuitous route and came out ahead of the 20th. A.C. Got some sweetpotatoes. Some skirmishing today. Camped near #3 station. Cannonading on the right this eve.

Dec. 9

Again on the move. Came ahead and loaded a forage wagon, then came on to our advance where some brisk cannonading took place, also a brisk fight. Troops found a lot of terpedoes in the ground wounding and killing some men. Made Reb officers dig them up. Came on with the skirmishers on the R.R. skirmishing all the time. Could see their cavalry on ahead very plain, also an engine on the R.R. used for a hospital. Just 9 miles to the great city of Savannah.

Dec. 10

Again on the move. Went ahead for corn but nary a corn did we find. Came on to #4 unit post where the Rebs had very strong breastworks and strong skirmishing soon began. Some killed and wounded. Heavy cannonading on the right in the 15th. A.C.

Dec. 11, 1864

On Guard last night. Rained most of the night. This morn heavy cannonading resumed. The army corps to change positions; 14th. on the left center relieving the 17th.; 30th. on the left; the 17th. on the Great Ogeechee on the extreme right. This eve the 17th. pulled out and the 14th. came in. This eve quite boisterous and cold. The General sent up several white rockets, but as yet no answer from the fleet.

Dec. 12

Very cool. Have run out of feed for horses. Very heavy cannonading on the left near river. This P.M. learn the firing was from a gun* boat and one of our batteries. One tugboat was captured.

Dec. 13

Cold night. Heavy firing on the left. This P.M. our men, viz, two Divisions of the 15th. A.C. under Gen. Hazen charged and captured Fort McAllister on the Great Ogeechee, with 17 guns and 200 prisoners, a lot of wine, &c. Now in full communication with the fleet by signal. Expect soon to draw rations from them.

Comment: What a grand and glorious feeling!

Dec. 14

Today went over to the left to get some nice straw. Got to see the boat our men captured, also saw the Savannah river for the first time. Got the straw, came back, and read some. Continual skirmishing and cannonading going on all along the line.

Comment: The boom of cannons doesn't seem to bother Sam's reading. He was a great reader throughout his life. Especially was he always interested in books pertaining to the Civil War period.

Dec. 15

A very pleasant day. Heavy cannonading on the right. Troops in starving condition. About dusk received orders to move and were soon on the road. Very dark. Had to run a gauntlet. Came 3 miles to near Gen. Howard's Hd. Qtrs. where we camped.

Comment: "Run a gauntlet"? Think the Corporal means that they had to march past an enemy battery or something.

Dec. 16

A very pleasant morn. Went about 10 miles to the Great Ogeechee to Sig station run by 17th. A.C. boys for some straw. Saw our fleet. Any amount of rice here. Hundreds of acres of it. Came back loaded about 9 P.M. all OK.

Dec. 17

This morn again move. Came about 3 miles to near Gen. Osterhaus' Hd. Qtrs. in shelling distance of the Rebs. Were seen policing. Put up tents, arranged camp, &c. Now have a very beautiful camp in among cedar and pine. Expect to lay here for some time.

Dec. 18

In camp. Wrote a letter to Pa. Boys got a lot of rice, &c.

Dec. 19

In camp. Fished a little. Caught an eel. Came back and in P.M. had our camp shelled, caused by us having a Sig flag in top of a

3

tree where the Johnnies could see it, I soon had to haul it down. No injury done worth mentioning.

Dec. 30, 1864

This morn went after forage to Big Ogeechee. Saw our gunboats firing at a Reb fort. Got there too late, hence got no rice so came back. Again had our camp shelled but no one hurt.

Comment: Evidently some food and forage for the short-rationed army is beginning to come in from the sea in river boats up the Ogeechee, where Sam went for his rice.

Dec. 31.

This morn went down to the river for forage & rations. Got back at noon. Learned that Savannah had been evacuated and was ours. Soon saddled up and away I went. Got in town about 2 P.M. Passed some of their heavy guns which they had left. Came on down to the river to our sig station. From there could see a Reb gunboat on the other side of an island. Hd. Qtrs. did not move so I staid with the Captain

Comment: Couldn't hold that soldier when something was doing.

Dec. 32

This morn scouted through town. Find it to be a very large and nice town. The Rebs blew up the gunboat at 12 o'clock. Found camp and got horses. Soon had camp OK and rested for the night.

Dec. 23

This morn took several teams and got rails. Came back and found three letters for me. Two from L.E.M. and one from father. Early this P.M. put up bunk. Some of the boys on a big spree.

Comment: L.E.M. is Lucretia Elizabeth Moffitt, the young lady he was later to marry. But how come two at one time?

Dec. 24

Today wrote a letter to Mr. Early, also to J.H.B. (His brother at Nashville or his father.) Did some writing generally. Rode around town some.

Dec. 25

Christmas! This A.M. was to Presbyterian Church. Had good music. House crowded. A very large and nice Church. This P.M. wrote a letter to L.E.M. Raining quite hard this eve. Citizens and our boys throwing up rockets, &c.

Comment: That a boy, Sam! You did much better than a lot of my friends here in Norwalk, Ohio do on Christmas Day. Think the last sentence refers to a custom of celebrating Christmas.

Dec. 26

Somewhat wet, it having rained considerable in the night. Not much news. Things quite dull. This P.M. wrote a letter to L.H. and went over to see J.H. & Jerry. Found them OK. Also saw D. Green. Troops scarce of rations and clothes. This eve the Daskies had a dance in a large adjoining room. Had a "wanful" time, as they say.

Dec. 27

A pleasant day. The 14th. A.C. is being reviewed by Gen. Sherman

Quite a nice show. Saw my cousins, J.H. & Jerry. Wrote a letter to Amanda C. Hummon. (His sister)

Dec. 28, 1864

Raining. Rained pretty much all day. Drewed forage and rations. Made a stable for horse, &c.

Dec. 29

Wrote a letter to Ben. The 17th. A.C. were reviewed. A Nice show. Gen. Foster present by request of Gen. Sherman.

Dec. 30

A very pleasant day. The 30th. A.C. reviewed today. The nicest review I have ever seen. Had my negative taken for \$7.00 per dozen. Some of the boys went to the theatre tonight. The Darkies had a fandango here again. Had a 'wunful' time amongst themselves.

Dec. 31

This morn in company with Greiner (a Signal Corps lad) came down to the river to help run a station as long as the army remained here, as Lt. Howgate did not have enough men to run it. Brought horses and all our accouterments down. Have a very good and nice place. Board at a private house. Very cool this eve on station. Some of the boys went down to Mills Head.

January 1, 1865

Sabbath. In A.M. went to Presbyterian Church. A large assembly. Good music. Gens. Sherman and Howard present. In P.M. on station. Did some writing.

Jan. 2

Drew some rations, also some for our stable guards. Hoisted sails on a boat for the Captain. Got in communication with Admiral Dalgren. Getting some warmer.

Comment: Ho! Sailor lad. Bet you that that was the first time you ever did that. But a soldier must know how all the time.

Jan. 3

Some of the boys went after wood. Made a bunk to sleep on, and run the station. Hit one of my fingers while making bunk and almost smashed it. Pains considerable. The 3rd. Div. of the 20th. A.C., who crossed yesterday on steamers, had some skirmishing today. Some coming in wounded. Boats coming and going quite briskly, fetching up apples, &c., to sell. Also ration boats.

Jan. 4

A very pleasant day. The boys that went down to the Head came back with a lot of goods and now are selling them. Did some flagging.

Jan. 5

Did some tail flagging 1st eve. Had inspection of horse equipment and made out an affidavit certifying that I had my revolver stolen. Got my photos. Did some reading.

Jan. 6

Drew rations. Went up to Hd. Qtrs. and wandered around town some.

Jan. 7

This morn for the first time since here rec'd a letter from home,

with news that my faithful brother as well as several old associates were seriously wounded in the battle at Nashville. Sad be the news! But such is the fortune of war! The news about which once I could weep, but from "wears and tears" to which we are exposed and are being hardened, I, in the voice of Wallace, can only say that I am proud of such a brother who leads to victory. This P.M. went out to my cousins. Found J.H. OK but Jerry on duty -- out on picket st. J.H. had had no news from home.

Comment: The commentator of this Diary has studied this entry pretty carefully. His conclusions are: That, naturally, Corporal Sam was pretty badly shaken by the news of his brother being seriously wounded; that he tried to express the fact that he was perfectly aware of what war was doing to all of them -- physically, mentally, and spiritually; that he was overwhelmed with sorrow; but that his but that his faith in the justness of the Cause for which he was fighting was not lessened in the least, but rather strengthened.

This is an example of true patriotism, a word not fully understood by many of us in our attitude to show a meager degree of gratitude to our fighting men. Especially, after the conflict has been won.

"Which leads to victory" was, probably, inspired by a recent reading of some of the writings of the author, Gen. Lew Wallace.

In his perturbed state of mind Sam sought out his cousin pals, John Henry & Jerry Bolton. What an inestimable value is a friend to share your joys and griefs and sorrows!

Jan. 8

Sabbath. Did some reading, writing, &c. This P.M. wrote a letter to Ben. A very pleasant day.

Jan. 9

This morn wrote a letter to C.S., also one to Arilla Hall. The 17th. A.C. is now at Buford, S.C.; the 15th. under marching orders. Expect to move soon.

Comment: C.S., the brother receiving his discharge just before the army started on its famous 'hike'. Arilla Hall, a fine gal at home, seemingly, a rival of Lucretia.

The army now getting set for its march up through the Carolinas.

Jan. 10

Somewhat wet. Am on station. Finished a letter then took a walk up to Hd. Qtrs. Found boys all OK, but no mail. Wrote a letter to H.J.Schock, enclosing photo; also to Libbie Wigton, with photo.

Comment: Who Mr. Schock & Miss or Mrs. Wigton were 'affiant sayeth not'. This was Sam's birthday. How come, no comment? He was now 20, and had spent 1/8 of it serving his country without once seeing his people down there on Benton Ridge road, Hancock Co, G.

Jan. 11

A very foggy morn but a nice day. Did some reading, writing, &c. Gens. Meigs and Barnum, Senator John Sherman, and Sect. of War Stanton came on boat this eve.

Jan. 12

This morn somewhat cool while on station, though a very nice day. The cavalry were reviewed today. Quite a nice procession. Gen. Kilpatrick looked gay. Gens. Sherman, Meigs, Barnum, Blair, Logan, Davis, and Sect. Stanton present. A host of soldiers thronged the

40
streets to see the notables. This eve got a letter from C.S.

Comment: Think the Corporal omitted one notable present, viz, (as he puts it) John Sherman of Ohio, now Lincoln's Sect. of State, and a brother of his beloved General. Kill's cavalry must have done themselves proud, but they had nothing on the 1st, Ohio Volunteer Cavalry in the Spanish-American war. Troop A of Cleveland, Ohio road in more Presidential Inaugural parades than any other military outfit in the country. Yes sir!

Jan. 13, 1865

This morn somewhat cool. Did some tall flagging today. Removed our horses down to Gen Slocum's stable. Not much news. This eve on duty. Very foggy. Wrote a letter to the Advocate.

Comment: The horses, including "Billy", were, presumably, being placed in charge of Gen. Slocum's hostlers in preparation for the Signal Corps boys going on a boat trip, which, perhaps, they do not know about yet.

The Advocate was the old home Church paper.

Jan. 14 to Jan. 24, 1865, missing.

Comment: These missing entries would have given some information about Sherman starting his army, composed of the 14th, 15th, 17th, and 20th, A.Cs., up through the Carolinas through mud and mire and over and on the swollen streams to join Grant at Richmond. The Signal Corps boys were, as usual, the "radio" of the army, keeping all corps and divisions informed of the progress of the others. The stations accompanied the four Corps Hd. Qtrs. and were detailed for signaling duty on gunboats keeping pace with the army on their northward march along the principal rivers before they turned toward north-east with Columbia and Raleigh their objectives. They were also constantly being used as orderlies, messengers, foragers, and scouting parties to help protect the flanks.

The ending of the Jan. 24th. entry reads: "and got some tobacco. In night went out again. Went up to Mr. Judge Mallet's house. He was not at home so rested in a negro hut till morn."

Jan. 25

A pleasant but cool morn. Started at day and captured 8 men, one a pilot on the river, about 3 miles from the boat. Returned to boat about 9 A.M. Women made a big fuss but it could not be helped. Took them by surprise in bed. In P.M. all hands out going up the river to capture a Reb picket post but only succeeded in running them off. Came back and tonight up on masthead on lookout for rockets. Very cold.

Comment: When the order "Forward, march!" came at Savannah, Lieut. Joseph B. Foraker, of the Signal Corps, was detailed to go up either the Ogeechee or the Savannah river on a gunboat to supervise and protect the troops at the place decided upon for crossing. A squad of Marines and two Signal Corps boys, our corporal and Peter Greiner, were detailed to go with him.

This first entry after the missing ones is telling about a day's experience on the boat going up this river.

It is not possible, staying within the confines of this narrative, to comment much about the many and new and exciting experiences of these two boys and the Marines.

Jan. 26, 1865

This morn one of the marine boys and I went out scouting. Had a good chat with some gals. White nice house. Ten Rebs passed house and got after some of our soldiers, capturing six. The 7th. got away. Came to Judge Mallory's (or Mallet's) where we got a good supper and then came to boat all OK.

Jan. 27

Last night had a little scare and fired several howitzers. Was on shore this A.M. This P.M., my boat on switch. Fired some rockets this eve.

Jan. 28

This morn some of the boys started out and soon met 2nd. Div., 14th. A.C. who were in advance. Came back, and boat soon moved up the river above ferry. I got off to look for teams but found they had not yet come up, so in company with David, Blair, & Morgan (sounds like Marine) went on board another boat. Moved up the river about two miles and found that the Rebs had evacuated their works. Came back and advised the Lieut. (Foraker). A letter from R.H.

Jan. 29

This morn again went on shore and out to the 31st. O.V.I. Found J.H. & Jerry all OK. Went out to a farm house with them. Took dinner with John. Came back and found boat had just gone up river. It didn't come back so at 10 P.M. went on board a 2nd. Cutter in a life-boat with a drunken crew and came to our boat.

Comment: Sam is the "gaddingest" guy in the whole army. Can't see why the U.S. Cutter did not wait for him. How could the War get along without him?

"Alone! Alone by the Ogeechee she left me,
And no other's man I'll be;
For tonight I am a widower
In the Cutter by the 'Ochee."

With apologies to whoever penned this pretty ditty.

Jan. 30

This morn pleasant and quiet. pontoons laid. Army lying still. River falling some little. Teams are up at Slocum's Hd. Qtrs. Hear that we go there in the morning. Wrote to R.H.

Jan. 31

This morn took leave of the Marines and the boat crew and came on shore with all our things, and are now at left wing Hd. Qtrs. (Gen. Slocum's) Found boys OK and in fine spirits. This P.M. a torpedo exploded and wounded three men. Road pretty near completed and expect to cross soon. Kilpatrick's Div. is crossing tonight.

Feb. 1, 1865

This morn one of the boys came off the boat and he and I took a ride in the country. Had a pleasant ride. Came back and in P.M. went out to the 9th. O.V.C. Found Gabe Heckerman and J. George (old neighbors) in health as well as spirits. Lock well.

Feb. 2

A pleasant morn but some appearance of rain. Had a large mail but none for me. Wrote a letter to R.H. and Ma.

Feb. 3

This morn wrote P. Roland (the friend he enlisted with). Some of

Kill's men crossing this P.M. We expect to move tomorrow. Rainy.
Feb. 4th., 1865

Last eve the 2nd. Div. of the 30th. commenced to cross. Wagon trains blocked us entirely today. All crossed the river this P.M. Went to see J.H. & Jerry who are OK. Also saw D. Green. This eve the 4th. Div. of the 15th. commanded by Gen. Corse is crossing. A large mail came in this eve.

Feb. 5

This morn up early and on the move. Crossed river and corduroy to ferry where we drew forage. Bid pontoon boys (engineers, in the military parlance of today) good-bye. Came on, saw J.H. crossing with the 14th. A.C. Came over about 10 miles of corduroy. Very rough. Came about 18 miles and camped with 2nd. Div. 30th. A.C. A band serenaded Gen. Sherman this eve.

Feb. 6

On move by day. Trains pretty well in advance. John Paton, Benj. Butterfield and I came on ahead. Got some sweet potatoes, four gardeners, some sugar, &c. In P.M. I rode ahead again, shot a hog, and cleaned it with the little blade of penknife. Some rain.

Comment: Butterfield, Paton and Sam became fast friends and, after it was all over, visited with each other and kept in touch with each other until taps were sounded for all of them. Here "Billy" and Sam are at it again. The army must be fed.

Feb. 7

Quite wet this morn having rained most of the night, somewhat cool and disagreeable. Came on slowly. Roads very bad. Very tiresome marching. By the wayside saw Byron Moffitt. Let him ride some, then parted and came to a very large swamp. Our teams soon crossed and went into camp. Rain ceased. Got forage for the horses.

Feb. 8

A pleasant morn. Again on move. Paton, Butterfield, and I came on ahead. Got some sweet potatoes, bacon and meal, then came to a road and unloaded in the wagons, then again, struck out and got a lot of honey, chickens, &c. Women made a great ado about it. Came to another house and got a hog, then came on with the troops, crossed a large swamp to a place the Rebs had been fortifying and here camped for the night. Had a good time cleaning chickens. Buford, a little town here, is burned.

Feb. 9

This morn somewhat cool again. Went ahead to forage and got some flour and bacon. Escort boys with Red (Gen. Kilpatrick, probably) got two horses. Came back to the road and found our teams some distance ahead. Rode about five miles ere we caught up with them. Came on at eve to Blackville on Augusta & Charleston R.R. Here is where the women spit in our prisoners' faces as they came through on train.

Feb. 10

A pleasant morn. Drew rations and got some corn. Lay still. Gen. Sherman & Staff came down. Capt. Bahtel brought me a hat that came by mail. Had some some washing done. The 14th. on left of us have orders to move in morn. Are here 90 miles from Charleston, 30 from Blackville, 45 to Augusta, and 47 to Columbia, the capital, where we soon expect to be.

Feb. 11, 1866

This morn ready to move. Some of the troops let the wagons get a head then came on slowly. I went on ahead, took to the right up Edicto river and found a nice comfort (whatever that is). Came to road where a bridge was just being completed. Soon crossed and went into camp. Heavy cannonading to left in direction of 14th. A.C. We are with the 20th, forty miles from the capital.

Feb. 12

This morn again on the move. Some of the Escort and two of us went to the right some distance. They got some horses and we got five mules hid in a swamp and guarded by some little boys and a Darkey. Came to road with mules and found our men in line of battle. Some cannonading and skirmishing. Some wounded coming back. Camped close here for the night.

Feb. 13

On the move at 10 A.M. Came about five miles and went into camp. Paton & I went after flour and found lots of it hid in a swamp, also clothing. Got a good shirt. Came back and later got potatoes.

Feb. 14

On move by 8 A.M. Came on ahead with Mattison. Went off to the right some distance but came back with nothing. Came to camp which we found at cross-roads to Columbia, Orangeburg, and Lexington. Some rain this P.M. Freezing on trees.

Feb. 15

Again on the move. Almost ran in on a Reb picket post. Got some forage and came to a road, then on to Advance where we had some brisk skirmishing. Camped close to Lexington Courthouse. 14th. to left of us close by.

Feb. 16

Again on the move. I went ahead and got some flour, then Paton and I took off to the right to the 17th. A.C. Coming back got lost in woods. Towards eve came to a column near Congaree river, the 15th. shelling the town. Could not find Hd. Qtrs. After dark found it had gone with the 14th. down the river about 10 miles. Soon on the road and found it way in the night. Saw J.H. They crossed this eve on pontoons.

Feb. 17

Troops still crossing. We are lying still. A pleasant day. Some of the boys went out foraging. Have orders to move in morn. The cavalry and part of the 20th. crossing this eve. 15th. A.C. in Columbia. Citizens cheering Old Billy (Sherman).

Feb. 18

On the move. Crossed river, went foraging but came back empty. Columbia is reported in flames. Rec'd a letter from Pa & Ben. Are camped 5 miles from broad river. Poor water. Salty.

Feb. 19

Again on move. I took out to the rear through woods for about six miles and got some turkeys and chickens, then came back and found the 20th. had gone to the right. Followed up but our Hd. Qtrs. was not there, so went back and found that it had come on with the 14th. Rode on, crossed pontoons and found them on opposite side. 14th. and cavalry crossing this eve. Detailed to guard horses.

Feb. 20, 1865

As usual on the move. The 20th. took a right hand road up the river. We went ahead, got some potatoes, came back and found troops on different road than was expected. Saw B. Moffitt. Had a sore foot. Was riding an old horse. Came about 8 miles today. Found Hd. Qtrs. near Gen. William's. Weather very fine.

Feb. 21

Again on move. Three of us started ere day and got ahead of everything, crossed 14th. road, got a lot of hams, turkeys and butter and a horse. Came to Hinnsboro where the two corps met. The 14th. foragers took the town, but the 20th. came up and took it all from them. The 14th. passed on up the R.R. and the 20th. camped here. Gen. Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. here. Some of the boys found a lot of whisky and Mattison about \$3000 in Confederate script.

Feb. 22

On the move by 9 A.M. Found 2nd. Div. of the 20th. tearing up R.R. Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. with us. Rode my pony (Billy) and let my horse rest. Came about 20 miles and got in camp way after dark. Camped at station called Rocky Mound.

Feb. 23

Moving on again. Two of us went ahead, crossed Coatozee river on pontoons, got ahead of the column and got some hams and gotten Hd. in woods. Came back and found Hd. Qtrs. was back at river. Near eve got to camp somewhat tired. Hear that Gen Sherman has rec'd official notice of the fall of Charleston. Very hard & steady rain.

Feb. 24

Very wet. Rained all night. Not ceased yet. Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. train moving by. We on the move at 9 A.M. Roads very bad. Came about six miles and camped near Sherman's Hd. Qtrs.

Feb. 25

Had orders to move but were countermanded. Rained all last night. Went out and got some forage. Some troops on move, roads bad, waters high. 14th. not over river yet. Hear that they have orders to burn wagons, spike cannons and roll them in river, and cross this P. M. at Military District Hd. Qtrs. Had 15 shoes put on mules. This eve had heavy thunder and lightning. Rained very hard.

Feb. 26

Has ceased raining. At 8 A.M. on the move. Roads very bad and had to orderoy pretty much all the way. Captured a blind horse. Came about 10 miles then went and got some corn. Saw B. Moffitt. Foot is better. Looks well.

Feb. 27

Pleasant day. No move, so went out with some of the boys about 10 miles and got some hams and meal, also a good pair of shoes which was much needed. 20th. on the move. Band serenaded the General but he was not there. Had gone back to the river.

Feb. 28

This morn raining slowly. Got up, got breakfast, and by day, was on my way. Found roads miserable but got some potatoes. Came to teams and soon went into camp, army having come 20 miles. Struck camp several hours ere dark. Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. arrived at dark. Were mustered in by Capt. Bachtel this eve. Looks like rain.

#1

Ambulances, following us, have found that we comprised only the 3rd. Div. of the 30th. A.C. and that we were making just a feint on this road while the main part of the army had taken to the right, so they immediately turned about and followed them. Had some corn and blades. (?) (Perhaps, that was what Sam had been looking for) Came on and crossed Black river and waited until troops came up, then soon went into camp near Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. Had quite a fuss with Lieut. because we would not give fodder for bed.

Mar. 18, 1865

Again on the move. 14th. A.C. ahead, 30th. in rear, and 3rd. Div. of the 14th. with supply trains on a road to the right. Rode pretty well to the rear today. Roads very bad. Succeeded in getting some corn. Some fighting to the left and front. In eve upset wagon and came only about 10 miles. Are 20 miles from Goldsboro. Rebs thick in front. Weather warm and pleasant.

Mar. 19

This morn ready to go. Went to the left about 6 miles and got a lot of hams, dried apples, &c, then came up to the army. Found them fighting briskly.

Note: The balance of this entry and all the entries following contained in this diary are missing. The entries leave off just on the eve of the battle of Bentonville.

Final comment: Your self-appointed commentor has, purposedly, refrained from commenting on the events and activities of Corporal Sam in his entries relating to the march of General Sherman's army up through the Carolinas because, first, of the fear of interrupting the interest of those who may read and, secondly, because of the kaleidoscopic nature of the events daily taking place along with the varied experiences of the soldier.

But, reading in and between the lines, there is many a good true story historical and otherwise. For instance: In his March 12th. entry the Diaryman writes, "A boat came up the river from Wilmington". Therein lies a story of the famous "Corporal Pike", a scout sent by Gen Sherman to Gen. Terry advising him of his whereabouts, and the boat was Gen. Terry's prompt reply.

Soon a part of the old 4th. A.C., including many of the Corporal's old cronies, under command of Gen. Schofield and Gen. Terry's army joined Gen. Sherman's troopers, and again the army numbered 100000 men; and again, the listening North breathed a sigh of relief that the "Bummers" had come out of oblivion OK.

On April 12th. this army celebrated the news of the surrender of Gen Lee's army to Gen. Grant, and on April 18, 1865 an agreement for the surrender of Gen Joseph E. Johnson's army was entered into by Gens. Sherman and Johnson. The war was over.

The missing entries of the Diary would have given the soldier's slant on many interesting events, including his capture of a Confederate officer when alone on a scouting trip, the reaction of the army at the news of the surrender of Lee and the death of President Lincoln, the surrender of Johnson's army, the army's visit to Richmond, the Grand Review at Washington, and the mustering out of the army, including his trip home from St. Louis.

The Diary proves the sterling qualities of the average bright American boy, in peace and in war. The appellation given this soldier:

CORPORAL SAM, A TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER

is, "An honored title, fairly won
on the field of battle in '61"

miles past #6 station when we bumped onto a Reb brigade. Skirmish-ensued but we found them too strong, so got corn meal and came back five miles to camp. Hear they pitched on "Old Kil", taking him by surprise. Came pretty near taking the whole thing, but he rallied and drove them off. Huett, one of #6's Sig boys & others captured.

Mar. 11, 1865

This morn again on move. Went ahead till we reached #6 mile post when we found the Rebs still there. Soon formed in line and drove them right along. Some of us in advance skirmished clear into town then made a charge and Johnnies flew in all directions. We got two barrels of flour. The 14th. beat in a race for the town but the 17th. soon came in, also Old Pa Sherman who was enthusiastically cheered all along the lines. Camped at hotel. Whole army camped close by. A very beautiful village. I had the privilege of releasing one of our escaped prisoners who was recaptured by the Rebs & held here.

Mar. 12

Lay still. A boat came up from Wilmington. Wrote a note home as mail was going out. Was up at Sherman's Sig Hd. Qtrs. All Department and Corps commanders camped in town. Some cannonading across river. 3rd. Div. 14th. crossing river, two pontoons being laid.

Mar. 13

This morn the 14th. is still crossing river. A very warm day. Went up to Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. and got saddle fixed. This P.M. the 20th. marching through in review, one Div. after another. Gen. Sherman, Slocum, Blair, Logan, Davis, Williams, Geary, Barr, Baird, Corse, Jackson, and others present. Made a good appearance. Gen. seem quite gay. A little boy, looking on, caught fire and burned all hide off from foot to knee ere we could extinguish the flame. A pitiful sight! Am severely afflicted with boils. Almost make me sick. Pains me much.

Mar. 14

Still in town. 15th. A.C. moving through. Some fire in different parts of town. Sherman's Hd. Qtrs. move across the river.

Mar. 15

This morn on the move. The cavalry crossing. A great many white and colored refugees here. Crossed river and came about 14 miles on an old plank road. Got in camp after dark. Gen. Ward of the 3rd. Div. 20th. A.C. had quite a skirmish with the Rebs, some coming wounded. Some rain.

Mar. 16

Again moving. Came with the General about 5 miles when we run onto some Rebs. Kil's cavalry engaged them quite briskly, but soon the infantry came up and quite hard fighting occurred. Took 8 cannon, a great many being killed or wounded. Our artillery more than raked them. Captured a good many prisoners and drove them from their 2nd. line of entrenchments when night closed in. Camped 7 miles from where we were last night. This eve quite stormy and rainy.

Comment: This is known in history as the battle of Averysboro.

Mar. 17

Has ceased raining. Buried some of our dead. Ready to move. Went ahead to a country town, viz, Avex---(probably, Averysboro), where we skirmished some. The Rebs left some of their wounded behind.