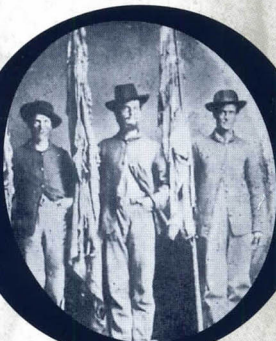


HISTORY OF THE

90<sup>TH</sup>  
Ohio



VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

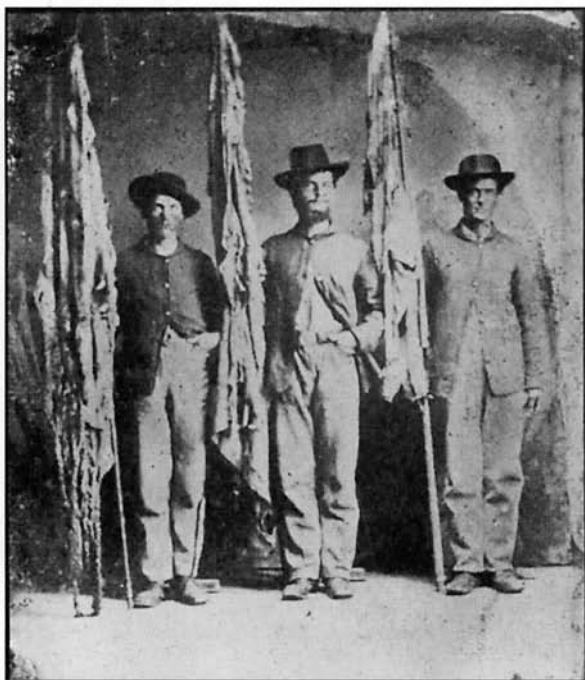
*In the War of the Great Rebellion in the  
United States, 1861 to 1865*

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HENRY O. HARDEN  
EDITED BY SCOTT CAMERON

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HISTORY OF THE 90TH OHIO  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY



The 90th OVI colors as brought from the war. This photograph was taken at Camp Dennison, Ohio, in June 1865. At center is D. C. Goodwin; on his left is Jacob S. Cockerill; on his right is Andrew Irvin.

**History of the 90th Ohio  
Volunteer Infantry**  
in the War of the Great Rebellion  
in the United States, 1861 to 1865

BY H. O. HARDEN  
EDITED BY SCOTT CAMERON



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## Only an Old Tattered Flag



Only an old tattered flag,  
But still heaven never smiled upon banner so brightly before.  
'Tis the emblem of freedom, the hope of our nation,  
The flag of our country and it we adore.

Only a weather-stained piece of bunting,  
Only a rag I hold to view,  
But by it's power I conquered the lion,  
And bound him with threads of the red, white and blue.

Only a remnant of that once mighty army,  
Only a few now remaineth with you,  
Only a few more years at most and that army  
Will camp no more 'neath the red, white and blue.



This 1900 photo by H. O. Harden marks the position of the 90th OVI at the Battle of Chickamauga. The farthest monument is the 90th's. The battery is the 1st Ohio. The scars in the pine tree were made by Confederate shot.

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## PREFACE

---

ON AUGUST 14, 1862, eighteen-year-old Henry Ornduff Harden enlisted to serve the Union as a private in a company of men that formed in Ilesboro, Ohio. The company mustered into the 90th Ohio Volunteer Infantry (OVI) regiment as Company G on August 27 at Camp Circleville and was made up of men from Fairfield, Fayette, Hocking, Perry, Pickaway, and Vinton counties. The 90th Ohio is one of a number of regiments that joined the Army of the Ohio to counter the threat of Confederate movements into Kentucky. The regiment fought at Stones River, Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville and in many skirmishes. Harden and the rest of the regiment mustered out of the service at Camp Harker near Nashville in 1865.

Harden grew up on a farm in New Plymouth, a small community in Vinton County. He no doubt expected to take up farming again after the war, but in May 1864, while building corduroy roads in Tennessee, he suffered a hernia that prevented him from doing heavy manual labor. When he returned home, he worked as a shopkeeper.

In 1866 Harden married Catherine Stone of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, and together they had six children: Florence, Harley, Alminta, twins Lillie May and Lulu May, and Iva. The growing family moved to Stoutsville in Fairfield County, where Harden worked as a schoolteacher and legal clerk, helping Civil War veterans complete the paperwork required for pension applications. In 1888 he started a newspaper, the *Fairfield-Pickaway News*. He published the eight-page paper every Saturday for roughly thirty years.

Well after the war, Harden was elected president of the 90th OVI Association veterans group, a position he held until his death in 1917. That post, together with his role as newspaper publisher, allowed him to solicit stories from his fellow 90th Ohio veterans. In 1902 Harden published the gathered recollections in *History of the 90th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the War of the Great Rebellion in the United States, 1861 to 1865*, which he sold by subscription.

*History of the 90th Ohio* provides an interesting look at the role this regiment played in the Civil War and at the memories of aging veterans reminiscing about their service and reassessing their lives. It presents the voices of many soldiers—their diary entries, jokes, war stories, and tributes to lost comrades. One entry describes at length the Battle of Stones River. Another recounts a 1900 trip to the newly established national park at Chickamauga. The book closes with a listing of the fate of each member of the regiment.

In 1906 Harden presented a copy of the book to his infant granddaughter, Elsie Luella Barr (Morris)—my grandmother. When I began researching my family history, wanting to learn more about what family members did during their military service, I read that volume and visited the battlefields it describes. Since *History of the 90th Ohio* has long been out of print, and copies are rare and difficult to find, I wanted to make it available to other descendents of the veterans as well as to those interested in the battles the regiment fought. This facsimile edition of the original 1902 book captures the look and feel of Harden's work and offers readers a primary-source document of a Civil War regiment's experience and of its survivors' memories.

I'd like to thank the Kent State University Press for their interest in this project. I'm grateful to the Fairfield County

District Library for the loan of their copy of Harden's book to use in creating this facsimile edition.

I'm indebted to my grandmother, Luella, and to my mother, Kay, who preserved our family's copy of the book for me to read a hundred years after it was first published. And finally, thank you to my nieces and nephews, who gave me an immediate reason for bringing Henry Harden's work back into print: so that they could learn about the life of their Civil War-era ancestors.

SCOTT CAMERON

## DEDICATION.

---

**T**HIS volume is dedicated to my comrades who died on the field of battle; in hospital and prison pens; to those who have died since the war; to those who are yet living; to our brave and loyal fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts who so nobly stood by us and our flag during the great Civil War.

H. O. HARDEN,  
Pres. 90th O. V. I. Association.



From a photo by H. O. Harden, 1900.

The 90th O. V. I. Monument at Chickamauga, Ga. This marks the position of the regiment from the afternoon of Sept. 19, 1863, until its withdrawal from the field, Sept. 20, 1863. On the opposite page is the inscription on the bronze plate in the base of the Monument.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE 90th MONUMENT.



This Regiment, Col. Charles H. Rippey commanding, became engaged on the 19th of September, 1863, about 12:30 P. M., in the south side of the Brock field, about 1200 yards east of the Lafayette Road. The fight lasted about two hours and was very hot. There was a cessation of firing for nearly two hours, during which it replenished ammunition. About 4:30 P. M., there was an assault on the right flank of the Brigade. The regiment changed front to the right, made a successful charge and took some prisoners. It was then withdrawn by orders to the Rossville road.

September 20, 1863, from daylight till about 11 o'clock A. M., it was in the second line, a short distance in the rear of this position. At that time it relieved the regiment in the first line, and occupied this position till about 5:30 P. M., when it withdrew under fire, by orders, for Rossville.

Loss.— Killed, 7; wounded, 62; missing, 15; total, 84.

# OFFICERS

OF THE

90TH O. V. I. ASSOCIATION—1901-2.

---

H. O. HARDEN, <i>President</i> .....	Stoutsville, O.
THOMAS PARRISH, <i>Vice President</i> .....	Stella, O.
JOHN W. TRITSCH, <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> .....	Logan, O.
CAPT. JOHN S. WITHERSPOON, <i>Chaplain</i> .....	Creola, O.
MRS. S. M. YEOMAN, <i>Mother of the Regiment</i> .....	.....
.....	Washington C. H., O.

## HONORARY MEMBERS.

MRS. A. R. KELLER.....	Lancaster, O.
MISS HELEN KELLER.....	Lancaster, O.
REV. E. ROSE.....	New Lexington, O.
DAVID JENNINGS .....	Atlanta, O.
CAPT. U. R. BENDING (Confederate)....	Hallsville, O.
DENNIS PIPER .....	Lancaster O.
M. J. DILGER.....	Colfax, O.
MRS. MARY FLOWERS.....	Columbus O.
CAPT. FRANK P. MUHLENBERG, U. S. A.	Galesburg, Mich.
CAPT. E. R. BLACK, wife, and daughter, Helen .....	Leistville, O.
CAPT. G. M. EISCHELBERGER.....	Jeffersonville, O.
ADAM BROWN (died).....	Starr, O.
NATHAN WILCOX .....	Jeffersonville, O.
R. S. WILCOX.....	Hamden Junction, O.
GENERAL I. M. KIRBY.....	Upper Sandusky, O.
DR. G. A. HARMON.....	Lancaster, O.
MISS MAE MONTGOMERY.....	Logan, O.
J. E. TRITSCH.....	Logan, O.
GEORGE C. ANGLE.....	Fulton, Kan.
MRS. JENNIE OGLE.....	Washington C. H., O.
REV. DR. C. B. TAYLOR.....	McArthur, O.

## LIST OF BATTLES IN WHICH THE REGIMENT WAS ENGAGED.

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Perryville, Ky .....	Oct. 8, 1862.
Stone River, Tenn.....	Dec. 31, 1862, Jan. 2, 1863.
Ringgold, Ga .....	1863.
Tullahoma Campaign .....	Sept. 11, 1863.
Chickamauga, Ga .....	Sept. 19 and 20, 1863.
Resaca, Ga .....	May 14 and 15, 1864.
Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.....	June 9-30, 1864.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain.....	June 27, 1864.
Nickajack Creek, Ga.....	July 2-5, 1864.
Atlanta, Ga .....	July 22, 1864.
Jonesboro, Ga .....	August 31 to Sept. 1, 1864.
Franklin, Tenn .....	Nov. 30, 1864.
Nashville, Tenn .....	Dec. 15-16, 1864.
Asheville, N. C.....	April 6, 1865.

Besides the smaller engagements of Wild Cat, Ky.; Burnt Hickory, Ga.; Bald Knob, Ga.; Columbia, Tenn., and almost innumerable skirmishes.



## A TRIBUTE TO THE 90TH O. V. I.

BY GENERAL I. M. KIRBY.

---

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., *December 26, 1901.*

*To the 90th O. V. I.:*

I congratulate the "old boys" of the 90th Ohio, that at this late day there is to be printed THEIR chapter in the history of our country. The historic era embraced in the years of 1861 and 1865 is more eventful, fraught with impending consequences more important to the well-being of our country, to the protection of humanity, the advancement of civilization, than that contained in all the combined years preceding, save the seven eventful years that gave our country existence. No men did more to make that history glorious than did the men of the gallant old 90th. You made history as you trudged along on the weary march under the scorching rays of a southern sun, or through the rain and sleet and snow of winter, poorly clad, shelterless at night, with three days' rations of hard tack and bacon in the haversack to last five days. You made history as you stood alone in the silent midnight watch of the lonely picket post. You made history when you faced all day long the deadly storm of shot and shell, and with rigid muscles and undaunted spirit met the charging bayonet. You made history as you lay in the cheerless hospital suffering uncomplainingly the torture of gaping wounds, the agony of burning fever without cooling drink or nourishing delicacy to soothe and strengthen the wasting body. You made history as you silently endured the horrors

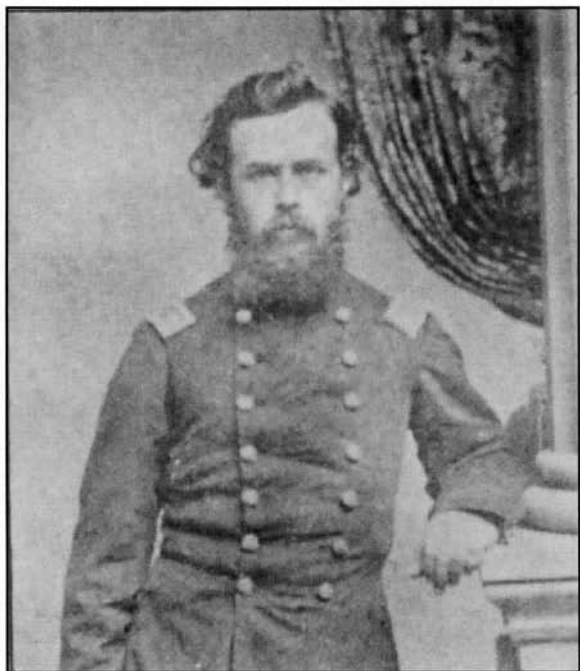
of rebel prison pens, indignantly refusing all offers of clemency that would break your allegiance. Glorious boys! True to the last to country and flag!

When the marble shaft, commemorating the deeds of heroes shall have crumbled to dust, and the teeth of rust have eaten away the bronze tablet that tells of heroic deeds, YOUR history will be told to the listening ears of children.

With fervent wish that your remaining years may be full of comfort, I am, with kindest regards,

Your comrade,

I. M. KIRBY.



From a war-time photo.

COL. CHAS. H. RIPPEY.

He is now (1902) living in Los Angeles, Cal.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

*Dear Comrades:*

The history of the grand old 90th O. V. I. has been talked of for years, and at our re-union at Stoutsville last September those in attendance were so enthusiastic that action was taken, and by a unanimous vote the matter was left in my hands, with assurance of financial aid. I have worked the enterprise through the *Fairfield-Pickaway News*, the official organ of the 90th O. V. I. Association, of which I am the editor. I sent out return postal cards to all who do not take the paper, and to some who do. By this means, and by the assistance of many comrades, have succeeded in making it a success, and the history is a reality.

I have not asked financial aid, further than that subscribers pay for the book in advance. I assure you it was a difficult undertaking, after the lapse of forty years, to gather the material, and although I know it is not perfect, I believe it is as well done as possible by any one at this late date.

I have given the names of all who served in the regiment, with a brief note as to whether they were killed in battle; were mortally wounded; died of disease; were discharged for disability, and so far as possible, whether captured or wounded; and lastly, whether they were so fortunate as to serve their time, and were mustered out with the regiment, at Camp Harker, near Nashville, Tenn., June 13, 1865. These personal sketches had necessarily to be short.

As to the engravings, I have given war-time pictures, where they could be procured. I had intended to have a full page illustration for each, but so many of the boys did not respond for a book that I had to "cut the coat according to the cloth." I would have been glad to have given the picture of each subscriber, but that was out of the question, so have given those of the officers; especially those who were killed; some privates, to show how a "soldier boy" of 1861-5 looked; also some who have been very prominently connected with the publishing of this book; and the present officers of the 90th O. V. I. Association.

I give the names and postoffice addresses of all living members, so far as known.

A "roll of honor," containing the names of 234 of our dear comrades, who gave up their lives in defence of the flag; the place and date of death. This will recall to you sad memories.

The manner in which I have arranged the book I think the best. The history proper is in the form of a diary, interspersed with sketches and personal recollections of the boys.

I have attempted to give only the history of the regiment. For the history of the war and its causes. I refer you to other historians.

I have been aided very much by our Secretary, John W. Tritsch, of Logan, O.

In writing the diary, I am indebted to Comrades John Chilcote, of Segoe, O., and W. G. Mauk, now dead, for their diaries kept while in the service.

I am indebted to so many of the comrades that I cannot name them all, but cannot refrain from mentioning D. C. Goodwin, J. B. Rife, W. H. Strode, J. S. Cockerill, James Dobbins, Capt. William Felton,

Gen. I. M. Kirby, H. S. Brown—well, I must stop, but refer you to their sketches in the book. They speak for themselves, but I must mention Capt. F. P. Muhlenberg, who furnished me the original muster-in rolls.

I have verified dates as well as I could, and to some these may seem wrong, but I have placed the most reliance in records in writing, made at the time. No two persons saw the same thing alike.

I have put the book in a compact form, so as to bring the cost within the price. I could have written a thousand pages as well, and then not have told it all.

I now leave it for your perusal and criticism, but could you, or anyone else, have done better?

Now, comrades, I have done the best I could under the circumstances. I know you and your children will appreciate this little book, and that it will be read with interest long after its author and you have joined the comrades on the other shore.

God bless you all. God bless and protect the country for which you fought, and may "Old Glory" never be lowered from a flag-staff in dishonor.

Your comrade,

H. O. HARDEN.

Stoutsville, O., January, 1902.

## REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

The 90th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was made up of 10 companies: Companies A and F, in Pickaway county; Company B, in Vinton county; Companies C and K, in Fayette county; Companies D and I, in Fairfield county; Companies E and G, in Hocking county; Company H, in Perry county.

August 29, 1862, the regiment was mustered into the United States service, by Capt. Frank P. Muhlenberg (who is still living at Galesburg, Mich.), at Camp Circleville, Ohio. Its aggregate strength was 38 commissioned officers and 943 enlisted men, a total of 981 men and officers; 126 recruits were afterward assigned to the regiment, making a grand total of 1,107 men and officers. Of this number 236 were killed in battle, died of wounds and disease, while in the service. There were 468 men discharged from the service by reason of wounds and disease. There were mustered out June 13, 1865, 363 men who enlisted first, and with the 40 recruits mustered out at Victoria, Texas, the total mustered out was 403 out of 1,107, a loss of 64 per cent. About half of the men composing the regiment were 22 years of age; 16 per cent. 18 years and under. This is the age, on an average.

There are now (Jan. 1, 1902), living, as near as can be ascertained, 408. The longevity of so many is attributed to the fact that they were the flower of the land physically, and that since the war have lived temperate and moral lives, the most of the living members

being good Christian men, with several ministers among the number. The youngest of the men are now nearly 60 years old, while the oldest members are near 75, and the oldest one, we think, is Jacob Ulm, of Company F, who is nearly 80, having enlisted at the age of 44. He attended our reunion last fall at Stoutsville, Ohio, and is still living at Circleville, Ohio.

There is some misunderstanding as to the date when the regiment was mustered. The companies were mustered prior to the mustering of the regiment, and on different dates, but the regiment, as a regiment, was mustered Friday, August 29, 1862.

Thirty-nine years — nearly forty — have elapsed since we assembled by companies at Camp Circleville, on the Evans farm, on the pike three miles southeast of Circleville, O., where quarters had been erected, or were being erected. Here all was hurry and excitement. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives and sweethearts came to bid adieu to their loved ones, and, in many cases, here it was that they saw each other for the last time on earth. Can we, who are still living, ever forget those memorable scenes? They are printed on our memories with blood and tears, of hardships, privations and sorrow, and when we meet in our annual reunions is it any wonder that we display a more than ordinary friendship for each other? And what led to these sacrifices? Was it money? No. There were none but could have made from three to ten times the pay of a soldier at home. Then you ask, again, was it the love of war, strife and bloodshed? No. We were quiet, country lads, most of us, many of whom had never been fifty miles from home. It was the love of country which had been instilled in us, and we knew but one flag, one government and

one people—no North, no South, no East, no West. It was patriotism, pure and undefiled.

On the 29th day of August, 1862, after the regiment had been mustered, or on the evening of that day, the regiment was formed in line and marched three miles to the railroad depot at Circleville. What a long march it seemed, with our overcoats, extra clothing, guns and accoutrements. We boarded the cars about 9 o'clock p. m., our destination being the front. As we reached Washington C. H. bonfires were burning; the people, especially the ladies, loaded us with pies, cakes and other good things to eat. The train pulled out and we were again on our way to the front, arriving at Cincinnati on the morning of August 30, and disembarked. Many were strung along on Front street, on cellar doors, some sleeping, some already homesick, some having fun, until later, when we were ferried across the Ohio river to Covington, Ky., where it reported to Maj. Gen. Wright. Breakfast was served the regiment here. At 10 o'clock a. m. the regiment took up the march for the K. C. depot, and on its way passed the home of Jesse R. Grant, father of Gen. U. S. Grant, stopped and gave three cheers for the old gentleman, then resumed the march to the depot. Here we boarded the cars, box cars at that, with orders to report to Gen. Nelson at Lexington, Ky. It was the intention to send us to Gen. Nelson as a reinforcement, but the battle of Richmond, Ky., had been fought and lost; Gen. Nelson wounded. We went no farther than Lexington, where Col. Ross reported to Gen. Wright, who had assumed command. He ordered Maj. S. N. Yeoman to take four companies and picket all approaches to the city of Lexington. This duty was faithfully performed until 3

o'clock p. m. of September 1, when the rumor of the advance of the rebel army from Richmond, Ky., under Gen. Kirby Smith became so strong that orders were issued to burn the army stores and prepare to move at once. By 7 o'clock p. m. the regiment was in line on the Versailles pike, detailed as guard for the wagon train, four companies in the rear under Maj. Yeoman, and six companies in advance under Cols. Ross and Rippey. When we started most of the men thought we were going out to have a fight, and were in high spirits. As we marched out to the pike, it being warm, the men cast their new government overcoats in a pile alongside of a hedge fence, intending to get them when they came back, but if any of them have been back since we have not heard of it.

At 4 o'clock next morning the army reached Versailles, a distance of 12 miles, and was in full retreat. On the evening of September 2 we arrived at Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, crossed and guarded the bridge across the Kentucky river. Here we had plenty of river water.

September 3 we were again on the march, as also on the 4th. On the 5th we reached a camp in a grove, about four miles from Louisville, having marched 100 miles in 86 hours, with less than 16 hours' sleep. The men suffered terribly on this march from thirst and stifling dust. The fatigue was truly agonizing. This suffering was intensely aggravated by guarding wells and cisterns on the pike, which compelled the men to drink from stagnant pools. The army consisted mostly of raw troops, consequently they were unused to such hardships, and many sank beneath the terrible strain. At Shelbyville, a beautiful town, the thirst of the men was alleviated by the clear, cold spring water,

kindly issued to each man by the citizens, as the column passed by. This march so completely broke down many of the men that they were never able for duty again. Drinking the filthy water gave them disease from which they never recovered. A stream of water ran by this camp, and its banks were soon lined with men washing and bathing their feet. Some, when they pulled off their socks, pulled their toe nails with them. Here we received our camp equipage, such as tents, cooking utensils, etc.

The regiment was assigned to Gen. Charles Cruft's brigade, Gen. Woodruff's division. It was afterwards Gen. Cruft's brigade; 5th division, Gen. W. S. Smith; 21st army corps, Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden.

Here we first met the 31st Ohio, and visited many old acquaintances.

Just at this time Gen. Bragg with his army had moved north from Chattanooga, Tenn., followed by Gen. D. C. Buell, on a parallel line, but Buell reached Louisville first, and began to fortify. At one time matters looked so badly that the citizens were ordered across the river.

From this camp we were taken on a grand review through the narrow, hot streets of Louisville, at a double quick pace. A hotter set of men was never seen. Hot at the general who ordered it, and hot from the sun's rays in the narrow streets. Many dropped unconscious; the cellar doors formed couches for the exhausted. This uncalled for march was more disastrous to the men than a hard-fought battle would have been, and it was done for the purpose of giving a general a chance to show off. Who was directly responsible for it we never knew.



From a photo taken about 1885.

COL. S. N. YEOMAN.

Col. Yeoman went out as Major, and remained with the Regiment until the close of the war.



FORT WAYNE, IND., March 12, 1894.

While we were camping near Louisville, Ky., from Sept. 5 to the 20, we all surely remember the great review that took place under Gen. Nelson.

We camped four miles from the city. The first lieutenant of Company C, Comrade Black the name, but he was red-headed by nature, and red-hot when we got back from the review.

Well, it is vivid to my memory, and always will be, the ordeal we passed through on that march, that hot afternoon, from four to eight-story buildings on each side of the street, with knapsacks, canteens and accoutrements weighing 60 pounds, with arms at shoulder for about one-half mile and double quick time.

The end came at last. When we got near the river the command "halt" was given. The 90th sprawled out in all forms. Every one of us was too weary, and some completely exhausted, to stand. The most of us lay on our backs, using our knapsacks for pillows. In that attitude we remained for nearly one hour, the quietest repose I ever had in this life, because I was never so tired before nor since, nor never will be, I sincerely trust.

I came to the conclusion then that those who survived that "Nelson Review" could endure all hardships in the future, let the war last five years—four miles to the city, four miles of parade in the city and four miles to camp after the great display of human endurance. No wonder Lieut. Black uttered those thrilling words that I'll never forget. When we reached the spot we left some five hours before the good lieutenant was completely used up. We all felt like fighting Gen. Nelson just then. Comrade Black's words are in my diary, taken down the same evening. They are: "God forbid that I shall ever have to go through hell again. Capt. Caddy, I know you are my friend, and you don't blame me what I say in regard to Gen. Nelson, but let come what will, I'll receive it

cheerfully, let it be fighting battles with the enemy, or marching day after day on half rations, or death in prison pen or hospital or on the battlefield, but by the Eternal I'll never review again for Nelson, or the devil or any of his kin.

(Nelson was shot shortly afterward by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis.—Ed.)

The good lieutenant was freckle-faced, but when we got to camp that evening he took his sword, stuck it in the ground and then declared those thrilling words, mentioned already in my letter.

Well, we could not see a freckle on his face. He was red-hot all over, externally and internally. Wm. Beecher, of Company D (now dead), told us an anecdote on Comrade Mumaugh.

On Sept. 20, 1862, we moved out in the suburbs of the city, and began to fortify, and the next day Mumaugh began to crave for more to eat. He was always hungry, day and night. Beecher took Mumaugh to a bakery to appease his tremendous appetite, and purchased seven loaves of bread for him. Beecher declared that Mumaugh ate six loaves, and the seventh to the bulge.

S. D. SOLIDAY,  
Company D.

We lay in and around Louisville, Ky., until September 29, drilling, digging rifle pits, doing picket duty, etc., when we moved down the river about three miles and put up our tents in a potato patch. The same day Gen. Nelson was shot by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis in the Galt House, for an alleged insult by the former.

September 30 many of the boys went to the river and washed up, came back and went out on picket duty three miles out. Here we smoked our pipes—we were just learning—and some got quite sick.

Gen. Bragg had abandoned the idea of capturing the city and moved off south.

October 1st.—We started in pursuit of Bragg, and marched about five miles out on the Bardstown pike, where we camped for the night. Our supper consisted of hard-tack and muddy water, nevertheless we slept soundly.

2nd.—The men were aroused at daylight, made some coffee, drank it, and marched 12 miles toward Bardstown. It rained very hard. The rebels had torn up the bridge and we had to wade the stream. We then lay down and slept in the rain until morning.

3rd.—Marched eight miles in pursuit of Bragg. Were drawn up in line of battle. There was heavy cannonading in front of us. Passed through Mt. Washington.

4th.—Moved seven miles and camped for the night in a rebel camp. Here some of the boys captured some hogs and some honey, and had quite a feast. Water is very scarce.

5th.—Passed through Bardstown and went on picket two miles east of the town. Before we got to this town we stopped and got over into a graveyard where we saw the graves of several of our soldiers.

6th.—The regiment again on the march after Bragg. We marched east from Bardstown, across Rating creek, over the worst roads we ever saw, where we camped near Springfield, having marched 15 miles. Provisions are very scarce.

7th.—Started from camp near Springfield, passed through the town, marched through a very rough country, across the Danville, Ky., pike, through below Lebanon, and camped 21 miles from Danville. Had some skirmishing today. Provisions still very scarce. Our camp was on Rolling Fork.

8th.—This morning we started from our camp on Rolling Fork, marched seven miles toward Danville, and camped two miles from the battlefield of Perryville. The musketry of the battle was distinctly heard, but for some unaccountable reason the regiment was not allowed to take part in the engagement. It is very hot, and water scarce.

9th.—We moved east three or four miles to the west of Danville, near where the battle was fought yesterday. We rested very well and were much refreshed.

10th.—Ate breakfast, marched three miles, passed through Perryville and camped on the Danville road. It began to rain, and rained all night. Water plenty at this camp. Cannonading heard in front all day.

11th.—This morning it turned cold. Got marching orders, formed in line of battle, but did not have to march today. Drew three days' rations, and the men ate nearly all of it today.

12th.—Again ordered to march. Marched past Danville, and within four miles of Camp Dick Robinson to the left of the town, turned around and countermarched back to Danville, and went into camp.

13th.—Stayed in camp until evening. Had plenty to eat. In the evening marched back toward Camp Dick Robinson two miles, and went into camp. Got supper and lay down until 4 o'clock next morning.

14th.—Marched back to Danville, drew three days rations, then moved seven miles toward Crab Orchard, near Stanford, in pursuit of Bragg. Stopped and got supper, lay down and slept until 10 o'clock p. m., when we got orders to be ready to march, and started at 2 o'clock a. m.

15th. — Marched 8 miles before daylight. Stopped and got breakfast, and then moved 8 miles, over Copper Creek Mountain, through Mt. Vernon, and camped at the foot of a large hill, in the bushes.

MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE 65TH O. V. I.

COLUMBUS GROVE, O.

MR. EDITOR: — In compliance with the request of the boys to give experiences of the service, I will relate a reminiscence in which S. S. Rogers, of Co. E, and myself were the principal actors, while on the drive after Bragg, in Kentucky.

My story begins at the foot of Wild Cat mountain, where I had my first ague chill. The regiment was ordered to the Salt Works the next morning, to destroy them. The orders were that "all men not able to march forty miles and back, without rest, must go back to the wagon train, then in camp on Copper Creek, close at hand. Our good old Dr. Tipton gave me an excuse and two day's rations, and I went back, finding S. S. Rogers there on my arrival. He had nothing to eat but beans, coffee and salt. I divided up with him, and we went it three days on my two day's rations, and by that time we began to feel a vacancy in the region where our stomachs used to be.

In those days the 90th was called a green regiment, but we got just as hungry, if there was nothing to eat, as a regiment that was ripe and ready to pull. So Rogers and I and our appetites held a council of war, and the council resulted in an order for fresh meat to season our coffee and beans with. I detailed myself to hunt for a porker which I knew to be close at hand. There was an old rebel lived in the big house on the hill near by, and the house had a porch in front. Green recruit though I was, I had noticed a fine lot of porkers "roosting" under that porch.

Harker's brigade of Wood's division was camped all around that house, and the tug of war lay in the how to get one of those pigs under the porch. I

finally went up near the porch, and began picking up some old boards, as if to make a fire, and by some means or other just at that time the hogs under the porch got scared, and started for the woods. I kept in sight of them with my kindlings until they got through the camp; then I dropped the wood and got ready for business. The pigs were driven up on the side of the mountain, and I got a fine one.

By some unexplainable coincidence Rogers was soon on hands with a mule and a couple of corn sacks, and we soon had our forage in camp.

We had unfortunately left head and hide on the spot, and some of the 65th Ohio coming along and observing the relics, reported the matter to the old rebel; he in turn reported to Col. Young, of the 65th Ohio; Col. Young sent out a guard to hunt for the hog, and the guard found the hog cooking in our camp kettle. Young wanted to take the hog, but Rogers said, "No, that is our meat, and when it is cooked we'll look after that part of the program."

"Who is we," asked Young.

"Rogers and I," said I.

"Then I have got you," said Young.

"And we've got the hog," said Rogers.

We were promptly marched to Harker's headquarters, where, for the first time, we came in contact with regular army officers. The General was standing in his tent door, the guard reported, and the General said, "Well, you have got a couple of hog thieves." Sitting down on a large stone in front of his tent, he turned to us and commanded "Attention!" When we failed to come to that position he repeated his command, when I simply said, "Talk away, we're listening." And when, in answer to his question we told him we belonged to the 90th Ohio, he said, "You green troops it appears to me, came out for no other purpose than to plunder and steal. What did you come out for, any way?"

"We came out to fight for our country," said I, "and we're not going to starve while doing it if we can find plenty of hogs."

"Don't you dare talk back to me," said he.

"Don't ask us questions if you don't want them answered," said we.

"They don't know anything; take them to the guard house," said he.

"We know a fat hog when we see it," we responded, as the guard took us out of his presence.

We were taken to the guard house and chucked in with ten or a dozen of the 65th. We lay around until about noon, getting acquainted with the boys, when we were marched back to the wagon train to look after our pork, which the teamsters had finished cooking.

Our good old friend, Col. Young, came over from headquarters and made it his business to propose to divide the pork for us. But we respectfully informed him that as we were paying for that hog, we'd do the dividng ourselves.

The wagon train moved that afternoon, and we laid our plans to get away from the guards. Our plan was to get a guard to go with us to the creek to wash. To get to the creek we had to pass through the wagon train. I was to make the break, and wait for Rogers at the top of the mountain. I got away all right, and waited for Rogers at the proper place, but he failed to put in his appearance. After waiting a long while I made up my mind to go back to Rogers at the foot of the mountain, for I knew he had not got away from the guard.

Just then the officer of the guard passed me, and in reply to my question as to whether he had lost anything or not, he said, "Yes, one of those infernal 90th prisoners has run off, and I am looking for him."

"Did he look anything like me?" I asked.

He looked me over and remarked that he guessed I was the chap. I told him I would be glad to ride back with him, and got on behind, and we went back to the foot of the mountain. He then reported me to Col. Young, and the latter ordered me bucked and gagged for twelve hours.

But I kicked on that, saying, "No, I will not be bucked and gagged. No man can live in that shape

twelve hours and I won't die like a dog, with a root in my mouth."

"I have my orders," said the officer of the guard.

"And you have heard what I said to them," I replied.

He went to Young and got the order countermanded by agreeing to stand good for my safe keeping. His name was Lieut. Tonnahill, 65th Ohio.

In a few days we were court-martialed. Gen. Woods, of the 3rd division, was judge advocate. This being our first experience in this direction we were a little anxious as to the outcome, and we did not have long to wait. I have just to remark that a court-martial is a short horse and soon curried.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" they asked us.

"Don't know what you'd call it," was the reply, "but we certainly killed the hog."

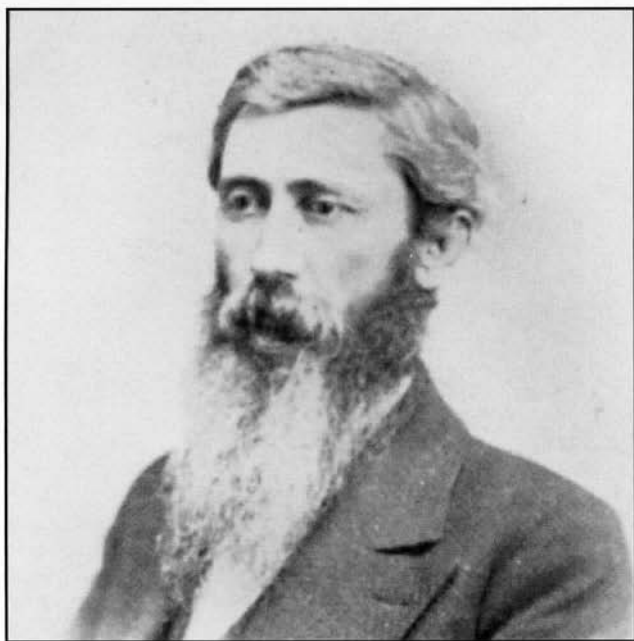
Then the old judge spoke up and said, "They are guilty. Stop four months' pay, and give them 40 days hard labor of 8 hours each day." And we got it. I will just say that when the proceedings were sent up to our good old Colonel, he poked them in the fire, and we got our pay just the same.

I do not care to detail the hardships we endured the three weeks we were under guard, but I look back on them as the hardest part of my army life. I have omitted the bitterest parts of the story because I do not care "to live it all over again," as we sometimes term it.

D. C. GOODWIN.

These men both served their time, proved good soldiers, and were mustered out with the regiment, Goodwin being color bearer. — Ed.

16th. — Got breakfast, marched 7 miles across Wild Cat Mountain to within 4 miles of Wild Cat, and stopped for the night. The road is blockaded with trees, cut by the enemy to retard our march. Some skirmishing on the route.



From a photo taken in middle life.

GEN. I. M. KIRBY.

1st Brigade, 1st Division, 4th Army Corps. Gen. Kirby first served as Captain in the 15h O. V. I., having enlisted in the ranks in April, 1861.



17th. — Marched 2 miles, crossed Rock Castle River, to Wild Cat, where the regiment was sent out on picket on top of a large hill, where four companies of Indiana troops repulsed one whole brigade of rebels. This was a cool day.

18th. — Visited the graves of the rebels at Wild Cat. Ordered in off of picket, marched all day without anything to eat. Camped where the brigade had a skirmish about 6 o'clock in the evening. The regiment surprised 1,200 of the enemy, and with a yell, swooped down on them, capturing 200 prisoners, and over 200 head of cattle. Three rebels were killed, and 8 wounded.

19th. — Remained in camp all day, where we had the fight yesterday.

20th. — Called up before daylight for a long march, without anything to eat. Marched 13 miles toward Cumberland Gap and back before sundown. The boys were about played out on reaching camp.

21st. — Remained in camp all day and rested. It is 65 miles to Cumberland Gap, and about the same distance to Lexington, Ky.

22nd. — Got orders to march toward the Gap again. The regiment was on this raid during the 22, 23, 24 and 25, when it marched back toward Somerset, to Mershon's Cross Roads, where the disabled had been left, and then to Rock Castle River and camped for the night. On this raid it destroyed the Goose Creek Salt Works, a valuable depot from which the rebels had long been drawing their supply of salt. Began to snow about dark and kept it up all night.

26th. — Snow six inches deep this morning. Started on the march at 7 o'clock, marched 17 miles and camped. Lay down in the snow and slept soundly.

This was a gloomy Sabbath day. Snow all melted before night, making it quite muddy. The march through this country was of great hardship. Many of the men were without shoes, and marching over the snow, left their foot-prints marked with blood. Some tied sacks around their feet, in place of shoes, otherwise they would have been barefooted, yet they did not murmur or complain.

#### A STEER COW

1862, about October 27th, the time of the big snow in the Wild Cat Mountains, Ky. Would like to know the name of the contractor who furnished beef for the brigade, as I wish to thank him for that roast pork and fine, big, corn pone that was in a grain sack, hanging on the limb of a tree at the side of the road. How considerate I was to leave the corn for the poor horses.

I cannot tell the color of Chilcote's cow, but James R. Vansickle's was a brindle steer. Jim and Ovid Coleman, one night, on picket, got a likely looking cow penned up in a fence corner, Jim patting Brindle on the back, "So, so, Brindle." Then passing his hand to the udder, when Brindle kicked, sending Jim about twenty feet to the rear. Getting up, Jim said, "Thunder, Ove, its a steer cow."

JONAS H. CHENOWETH, Co. H.

27th.—Very cold this morning. Got up and got breakfast and started for Somerset, Ky. Marched 17 miles through mud and snow shoe top deep. Camped 3 miles from Somerset.

28th.—Today was very nice and clear. The snow melted entirely away, and it was nice and warm. We stayed in camp, three miles from Somerset, and rested, without anything to eat until evening, when we drew rations.