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THE FORTY-FIRST

OHIO

Veteran Volunteer Infantry

IN

The War of the Rebellion.

1861-1865.

BY

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With the Co-operation of the Committee
of the Regimental Association. . .

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STONE RIVER.

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CHAPTER VI.

STONE RIVER.

The advance from Nashville to Murfreesboro began on the 26th of December, and on the night of the 30th the army was in position about two miles and a half from Murfreesboro. On some parts of the line there was fighting to get into position, but less of this on the left, where the Forty-first was posted. On the way there had been skirmishing at intervals, and at Lavergne artillery had been used against the enemy. Hazen's brigade had been detached on the 27th, to move to the left of the line of advance, and save a bridge over Stewart's Creek, on the old Jefferson road. The movement was a rapid one, the latter part at double-quick step when the bridge was in sight. In this running skirmish the enemy was driven over the bridge without time to destroy it. There was a house to the left of the road near the bridge, and when the foremost of the brigade came in sight of it, two or three Confederate cavalry officers were delaying their mount and retreat to say good-bye to a young lady on the porch. The farewell may have been tender, but it was hurried by the rapid advance of Hazen's men. The young lady was not cast down by the departure of her Confederate friends, but sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag" that evening to entertain her new guests.

On the 29th the brigade returned to its division on the Nashville pike, and at midnight of the 30th went to its place in the line of battle, to the left of the pike and near the Cowan house. The new division general was John M. Palmer, of Illinois, one of the few volunteer officers (that is, those having no regular military education) who maintained themselves with credit from first to last, in the higher ranks and commands. The corps was the left of Rosecrans' line, but Palmer's division was not the left of the corps on the night before the battle. The bivouac of the Forty-first was on the edge of the thickly wooded ground afterward known as "The Cedars." Between the wooded ground and the pike was a cotton field, and

just beyond the pike was the railroad, which crossed the pike at a sharp angle about 500 yards to the front. Stone River made a bend around the left toward the rear of this position, the southern bank being the higher one, with lower ground or flats on the northern side.

At daylight on the 31st two companies of the Forty-first, D and I, relieved A and F, which had been on the skirmish line during the night. Firing was heard far to the right early in the morning, increasing in volume rapidly, and coming nearer. Nevertheless, at about 8 o'clock the order to advance to the attack was given, and the line started forward in the direction of the Cowan house. Before the movement had made a hundred yards, it was stopped, and the line withdrawn to the point from which it started. The sound of battle on the right was moving toward the Union rear, and it was plain that misfortune had come upon the right of the army. Directly in front, also, the enemy appeared, advancing in line across the open country beyond and about the Cowan house. The Forty-first was in no position, in the cotton field, to receive an attack—the field was commanded on all sides by ground affording cover. The regiment was quickly moved by the left flank, crossing the pike and taking position on a slight crest of open woodland, the left near the railroad. The enemy came on in fine style to the attack of this position. The Forty-first was in the front line, and Cockerill's battery on its left. The fire of the regiment was held until the enemy was within easy range, and then let go with tremendous effect. The enemy was staggered, struggled forward a few yards further, but could make no more headway. When the Forty-first had exhausted its ammunition, the Ninth Indiana was ordered up to relieve it. Here occurred a marvellous thing. The Indianians had come to the war with a feeling that some taint was on them because an Indiana regiment in the Mexican war met with harsh censure on its conduct. The Ninth Indiana, from the day it took the field, was set to prove that the men from its state would fight. At Stone River the Ninth was commanded by Lieut.-Col. W. H. Blake, every inch a fighter. He brought his regiment up, marching by the flank, a few paces in rear of the Forty-first, which was then engaged and under a severe artillery fire. Here Blake gave the command: "On the right by

file into line. March!" and proceeded, amid the whistling bullets and exploding shells, to set out his guides as the line grew toward the left. In the middle of this magnificent but useless bravado, a shell flying waist high exploded at the point where the fours were wheeling to take place in the line. Strange to say, the missile took but four men, two before it and two behind, and it caused not an instant's pause in the movement. With the precision of the drill ground, the Indianians finished their formation and advanced to relieve the Forty-first. They had proved that they could be as steady in fight as men cut out of stone.

Having replenished cartridge boxes, the Forty-first was placed on the right of the brigade, extending obliquely across the pike. Here it again engaged the enemy, until a Confederate battery opened on its right flank. Rosecrans' whole line to the right of Hazen's position had been driven back, and the cedars to the right and rear of that position were full of the victorious Confederates. The brigade took position behind and parallel with the railroad, the Forty-first on the left. The regiment suffered much from artillery in this place, one shell killing or wounding eight men. Afterwards, Lieut. Col. Wiley took the command to the support of a section of artillery which was resisting a cavalry attempt to cross the river to the left rear. Again, Gen. Rosecrans in person posted the regiment to meet an expected attempt to cross the river. Here also the regiment suffered much from the Confederate artillery, while it was in a position where it could do no service. Some moments before, and only a few yards from the Forty-first, Garesche, Rosecrans' chief of staff, riding with the general, had been literally beheaded by a Confederate shell. The Forty-first was not again engaged on that day. It had had the honor of playing a prominent part in holding the only point in Rosecrans' line of battle which was maintained throughout the day. A stone monument, erected by a detail from the brigade, and suitably inscribed, stands by the side of the railroad at this famous point.

The two days following were passed in bivouac as the troops stood. In the afternoon of the second day came Breckinridge's assault on Van Cleave's division, which had been posted across the river—a sort of detached left of the army. Hazen's brigade was

moved hastily over to the support of Van Cleave when the sudden attack came. Breckinridge's onset was so fast and furious that it swept everything before it, and then his troops themselves went to pieces in their hot pursuit, and all formation and control were gone. When the Forty-first had got over, the ground in front was covered with crowds of men from both sides, but no organized bodies of troops were in sight. Breckinridge's scattered men, of course, made little show of resistance, but took themselves off. The regiment advanced in line for some distance, finding no occasion to fire, until it was halted at the skirt of a wood and ordered to deliver a volley in the direction of a Confederate battery two or three hundred yards away, which was throwing its shells far to the rear. The volley was delivered, and the battery fired no more. It was found afterward that it lost a man or two by the volley, besides several horses, leaving on the field one caisson, for lack of horses. This ended the fighting at Stone River.

The Forty-first went into the battle with a total of 413 officers and men. It lost 14 killed and 106 wounded, and four were reported missing. Five of the wounded are to be credited to the affair in support of Van Cleave, two days after the battle; all other losses fell in the main action. Except Van Cleave, who suffered mainly in the fight across the river, the loss of Palmer's division (25.40 per cent. of the men engaged) was heavier than that of any other division in the army. The three divisions of Crittenden's corps (Wood's, Palmer's and Van Cleave's) lost more heavily than any other divisions in the army. The loss, killed and wounded, of the whole army was 8,778, or 20.22 per cent. of the number engaged, which was 43,400. The Confederate force was 37,712, and the total loss was 10,266, or a fraction over 27 per cent.

Stone River was the first sustained action in which the Forty-first took part. At Shiloh the whole fighting was in a single headlong charge—severe in its losses, it is true, but very quickly over. At Corinth there was nothing more than skirmish or picket firing, and the same at Perryville. At Stone River it was a stand-up fight almost from daylight on, and a fight wholly on the defensive, with the fortune of the day steadily unfavorable—a very severe test, although the regiment was no longer considered a raw soldiery.

The formal and precise official records will, in the main, determine the history of this and other battles. But such records may or may not contain all that influences the soldier as he acts his part in the event. Mistaken ideas and erroneous reports, impossible of correction at the time, go to influence the spirit and make up the life of the soldiers, quite as certainly as do correct ideas and truthful reports. What is here set down, then, has no purpose of overturning established history. It is written because, right or wrong, it entered into the life of the regiment at the time, and so is to be taken into account.

First, as to the new general of the army. Rosecrans had come to that army heralded by the northern newspapers as what would be called, in the phrase of this later time, an "up-to-date" commander. Buell was sent to the rear as out of date. Many of the promises and pretenses put forth, not by the new commander, but in his behalf, everybody in the army knew to be simply foolish, and some of them were known to be false. The Forty-first came into immediate contact with Rosecrans, for the first time, at a review and inspection just before the army moved from Nashville toward Stone River. A single reported incident of this occasion will suffice. A private soldier in the line under inspection attracted the general's notice—his shoes were not new, or his pants were fringed at the bottom, or something of that sort. Rosecrans asked the soldier why he did not get a new article (whatever it was—pants, probably), and the man replied that he had asked for it, but had not received it. The general, with a certain peculiar gusto, told the soldier to make a requisition on his first sergeant; if that didn't do, make a requisition on his captain; if that didn't do, make a requisition on the regimental quartermaster, on the brigade and division quartermasters, etc.; and finally, if he did not get what he wanted, to come to him, the general. This is a good specimen of *ad captandum* style; but think what must be the effect of such talk on men who had been made pretty well acquainted with the army regulations! The story went the round of the camps, and was written up by an army correspondent. It had its effect—the better disciplined the soldier who heard it, the worse the effect. I do not vouch for the story; the essential fact is that it was taken up and circulated by the general's admirers.

At Stone River, during the battle, as has been mentioned before in this narrative, Rosecrans in person put the Forty-first in position at one time. This was while the hazard of the day was still undecided, and when the ablest commander might well have been overburdened with weightier affairs than posting a single regiment, and that for a duty not the most important conceivable. But it was the general's manner, rather than his command, which had the greater effect. He failed to produce an impression as one who grasped the whole momentous situation with the hand of a master. After this came the usual supply of stories about the battle, and, true or false, they had their effect on the army's estimate of its commander. It was doleful enough, the story of the camp fires built away beyond the right of the line to deceive the enemy; but it was the very irony of fate which brought the Confederate attack not upon that ghostly line, but upon the attenuated real line, finding it unready, artillery with guns not in battery, and a priest saying mass in the general's quarters. No after explanations could blot out the memory of the broken regiments of the right as they swarmed from the cedars into the open ground to the right and rear. Somewhere there had been lack of the vigilance to which the Forty-first was accustomed.

The weather following the battle was cold and wet, and it was a relief when, on the 7th of January, the regiment left the field and marched through Murfreesboro, turning eastward toward McMinnville and going into camp after a short march. The regiment had buried its dead on the ground where they fell—the place now marked by a monument. Except for these comrades, left forever behind, the Forty-first had no sorrow connected with that field; but the spirit of the army was not buoyant, and new scenes were welcome.

CHAPTER VII.

A WINTER REST.

The first days of January, 1863, had gone before the Forty-first left the vicinity of Murfreesboro. For the remainder of the winter, it was to be stationed at Readyville, twelve miles out on the McMinnville road. Readyville was a name, not a town. The place afforded a good camping ground, and although the command was always on the alert, and the habit of standing to arms before day-break became chronic, the duty on the whole was not hard. It was a season of rest, and of resumption of drills and studies. Many supplies beyond the army ration were obtained, not so much from the country, which was not over-rich, as from the markets northward. The Forty-first had its council of administration, with funds to procure certain desirable things not to be had from the commissary or the quartermaster. So it sometimes happened that the messes of officers and men were supplied with eatables from the northern markets. Quarters had been made as comfortable as possible, and the time was really an enjoyable one.

The Confederate cavalry was on the McMinnville road a few miles further on, and its patrols made frequent calls upon the brigade outpost about a mile from camp. On one occasion, these horsemen dashed down the pike to the bridge which spanned a creek running in front of the camp, and were turned back by the picket reserve at the bridge. At another time two horsemen thought to run down a solitary Forty-first vidette in advance on the pike; but he defended himself with his bayonet while he backed into a fence corner so that they could not flank him, and then easily held them at bay until succored by neighboring pickets. There was good fishing in the creek, and one day a party of officers who were just outside the lines catching bass, narrowly escaped capture. Some of Cluke's cavalry galloped down the pike until they drew the fire of the picket reserve, and then dashed off the road to escape the bullets. They rode with-

in a rod of the fishermen, who were lying flat on their faces on the sloping bank of the creek; but the cavalymen were in a hurry and did not see the unarmed fishers.

There was a diversity of entertainment in the army life at Readyville. In the hills back of the camp there was a mill which was put to work. Some of the officers were set to making topographical maps of the surrounding country. This required explorations outside the lines, and then there was added to the zest of map-making the duty of keeping a sharp lookout for the Morgan cavalry. At one time Hazen carefully planned an expedition to take in Cluke's force at the little town of Woodbury, a few miles on the road to McMinnville. Flanking parties were arranged and sent out in advance, the whole expedition marching so as to reach Woodbury at daylight. It was a failure so far as a capture was concerned. The main force, moving on the pike, got to the Confederate position in time for a brisk skirmish with Cluke's horsemen, but they declined to stay and be caught by the flanking parties.

The drill and parade ground was on a level field below the camps. There was some regulation target practice here, for at last the regiment had discarded the miserable Greenwood rifled muskets, and was supplied with Springfield rifles. The target practice was a great help in making the men familiar with their new weapons.

Among the satisfactions of the camp at Readyville, not the least was the mail communication with home. The regiment never did much in the way of furloughs; even leaves of absence for officers were scarce at all times. Next thing to a furlough is regular mail communication, and this the command enjoyed at this camp. It was a great time of rest, recuperation, enjoyment and instruction. The stay at Readyville was from January 10th to June 24th.

Leaving Readyville, the start was for Tullahoma, but the enemy had left that place before the Forty-first came near. A camp was made at Manchester, where the regiment remained for some days. Nothing of moment occurred here; the weather was very warm, and on the whole the stay was not remembered for its comfort. Tents were struck August 15th, and the regiment moved toward Chattanooga by the way of Dunlap and the Sequatchie Valley. The start was made in the middle of the day, the sun being intensely hot.

Somebody ordered the issue of a ration of whisky before starting. It was dealt out, and the march was begun immediately afterward. The way lay through a blackjack barren, and the road was a narrow cart track, the blackjacks closing in thick on both sides and shutting off all movement of air, while the trees were too low to afford shade. It was a trying march; those who drank their ration of whisky fell out by the score, and the regiment bivouacked a mere skeleton. All night long the stragglers were coming in. Never before or afterward was the regiment so completely done up.

The march through the Sequatchie Valley to the foot of Waldron's Ridge was made comfortably and expeditiously. Here the brigade was to watch the Tennessee river in the vicinity of Harrison's Landing, above Chattanooga. The nearest neighbors up the valley were twenty miles away—Minty's cavalry force. During the stay here, the building of a large barge was begun in a creek near the Tennessee. It was to be used in crossing the river when the time came; but before it was finished, Bragg had moved out of Chattanooga and the crossing could be made at leisure and wherever there was a ford. The weather here was delightful, and the duty light. There was leisure for short excursions to see the natural curiosities of Waldron's Ridge, and more than the usual liberty was allowed the command.

The order to move from this camp came suddenly, on the 8th of September. The regiment moved in the night to the mouth of West Chickamauga Creek, and forded the Tennessee early next morning. The same day it joined its division at Graysville, and was in movement toward Gordon's Mills and the country where the battle of Chickamauga was fought soon afterward.

never failed to come up with his coffee. He was on hand that morning, and after he had served his mess, he started to make a pot of coffee for himself. He was squatting down blowing the fire to boil his coffee, when a Confederate bullet struck the tin pot, scattered the fire in all directions, and passed between the little darkey's legs. He sprang up, and with a single word, "Zip!" started straight to the rear on a run. He could be seen for three quarters of a mile, still at full speed, and he may be going yet, for he never returned to the regiment.

Brevet honors were slow in reaching the Western armies; it was said that all the hospital stewards in the East had been brevetted before any came as far west as Tennessee. A batch came at last, and the army being within reach of Nashville, the favored officers were soon seen in new uniforms. Possibly they seemed more numerous because none had been seen before; and some thought the business a little overdone. This was no doubt the opinion of a teamster who was heard one day swearing at his mules as "Brevet horses."

After the fall of Atlanta, there was an order to forage the country, and the Forty-first one day sent out a regular detail. One of the men was a private of K company whose rations were always short. Three or four miles out, this man was missed, but when the detail was returning toward evening, he was found in a fence corner, with the remains of a half-grown pig beside a fire. He had been there the better part of the day, and he was so full of fresh pork, roasted on his bayonet, that he could scarcely get up off the ground. His sergeant watched him struggling to his feet, and asked what ailed him. He pointed to the half-eaten pig and said faintly, "Makes me swell up like a leetle bup." For once his rations had held out.

While the Forty-first held the front line at Stone River, a caisson of Cotterell's battery, just to the left of the regiment, was blown up by a shell from the enemy. It was a tremendous affair in noise and appearance, but the injury to the men was surprisingly small. Cotterell's battery always had a warm place with the Forty-first.

Perhaps nothing in the history of the regiment spoke more or better for the general faithfulness of the men, than their prompt return from veteran furlough. They simply shut their eyes to all the enjoyments of home, and went cheerfully back to the Southern wildernesses. It proved that they went to even harder service than they had known before.

The large men of the regiment were mostly in A, B and F companies, though H had some, and also I. Perhaps E had most men of medium and small stature, but it was a very hardy company. It came, more largely than the other companies, from the city.

Only one detail for guard service in the rear ever fell to the Forty-first. That was at Columbia on the Hood campaign, when it was sent across the river to look after the trains of the army and the roads on the left, while the main body was in position on the front. This one experience of the rear of an army was enough. At this time the ground occupied by trains and guard was overrun by the black refugees who were trying to get back with the army, believing that the Yankees were being driven off by Mas' Hood, never to return. These people had no lofty ideas of freedom, but they were drawn to the Union side as the needle to the pole. Born and raised in that country, they hesitated not a moment to cast in their fortunes with the strangers who had come down there to fight their former masters. No lures were held out by the national forces, as none were possible; the refugees were kindly treated, but they were much in the way, and the army had no desire to encourage their congregating about its rear. A very large part of the refugees was made up of women, many of the men having been taken off into the Southern service with their masters.

A number of negro servants were with the regiment from first to last. With regimental headquarters was Thomason, a barber in Cleveland before the war. When the army moved from Louisville to Camp Wickliff, Thomason somehow fell in rear and was arrested and jailed in Louisville as a fugitive slave. It cost some trouble, but he was rescued and went on with the regiment. Another head-quarter servant, a fairly intelligent fellow, was taken North from

Louisville by an officer going home, in the days before emancipation, and when negroes were closely watched. This man was told of the hazard, and provided with food that he might keep in hiding on the steamer from Louisville to Cincinnati. However he may have regarded freedom in the North, he could not keep himself out of sight on the steamer, but boldly presented himself at the servants' table for meals. He had a narrow escape from being put ashore in Kentucky for return to Louisville as a fugitive. Still another headquarters servant was captured at the Chattahoochie river. He was with his master in the Southern army; but he transferred his allegiance without demonstration of any kind, and made a most useful servant for many a day. Some of the company messes at different times had negro cooks. Often they were faithful and venturesome in coming up to the front when the regiment was facing the enemy; and almost without exception they were useful and convenient.

The only association the regiment ever had with colored troops was at the battle of Nashville. What happened there has been told elsewhere. Several officers of the Forty-first were given colored commands, and served with them with credit; but so far as this regiment had opportunity to observe, the previous condition of the negro was too great an obstacle to his armed service. At Nashville, for instance, there was little doubt that the Confederate fight had extra vigor when it was directed against Steadman's colored regiments. Their presence introduced an element of bitterness that would have been otherwise lacking.

Of all food supplies found in the country, the most valuable and most palatable was the hog. Chickens were too few to go around, but on several occasions stores of hams were captured and made a welcome relief from the army ration of bacon. A half-grown pig will go farther than a flock of hens, and as a rule will be better enjoyed. Of vegetables, the principal was the small red sweet-potato, very small and not very sweet. The men got tired of these long before the war ended.

The association of the Forty-first with other troops was not greatly varied, though there were several changes of brigade or-

ganization. This regiment remained to the last the representative and nucleus of the original organization at Camp Wickliff in the winter of 1861-62—the Nineteenth brigade, Army of the Ohio. Other regiments came and went, but the Forty-first remained; and, save for the short interval between Atlanta and the Nashville fight, the brigade was always commanded by an officer from the Forty-first. This would not have happened so, had the regular succession to command been left undisturbed when Gen. Hazen was transferred to the Army of the Tennessee. The command of the brigade should at that time have fallen to Col. O. H. Payne, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio. His resignation while Col. Post was in command, left the brigade to fall to Lieut. Col. Kimberly when Post was wounded in the Nashville battle; and this command continued until the end of the fighting period.

The regiments longest associated with the Forty-first in brigade organization were the Ninth Indiana and the Sixth Kentucky. Neither Col. Suman, of the Ninth, nor Col. Whitaker, of the Sixth, was able to get along with Hazen except with some friction. No trouble of this kind was found with the lieutenant-colonel of either of these regiments. Col. Payne, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, of course had no difficulty in keeping on pleasant terms with the brigade commander. No more had Col. Berry, of the Fifth Kentucky; Col. Langdon, of the First Ohio; Col. Foy, of the Twenty-third Kentucky; Col. Bowman, of the Ninety-third Ohio, and some others who at different times were in Hazen's brigade. Perhaps the Ninety-third Ohio, next to the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, was the regiment with which the Forty-first was in closest association. These two regiments formed one of the battalions of the brigade, with the First Ohio, during the Atlanta campaign. Their fortunes were therefore the same during that long and tedious struggle; and certainly the Forty-first never found occasion to complain of its companion regiments in any duty. Berry's Fifth Kentucky is remembered as an active and efficient command, and Col. Foy, of the Twenty-third Kentucky, had the respect of all in his command of his brave regiment. Payne's One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, coming from the section in which the Forty-

first was raised, was like its own people to that regiment. These regiments were closest in sympathy of all that served in the brigade at any time. The Seventy-first Ohio and the Twenty-seventh Kentucky were hardly long enough in the command to become well acquainted.

As to association with commanders above the brigade, the regiment's first experience was not pleasant. Something of Nelson, the division commander, has already been said. A fairly illustrative incident may be given here. Col. Hazen was absent from Camp Wickliff when the order came to move, and the brigade rightfully belonged to one of the two Indiana colonels, Fitch and Slack. But Nelson had a quarrel—all his own—with both of these officers, and would recognize neither as in command in Hazen's absence. So the division general sent for the brigade adjutant, who found him sitting in his big Sibley tent, coatless and stretched in a chair before the fire. None of the customary civilities were offered to the adjutant, who stood patiently while Nelson framed this verbal command: "I want you to put three days' cooked rations in haversacks, and have Hazen's brigade on the road at 6 o'clock in the morning, to wait my august arrival, sir!" The adjutant asked if Col. Slack was in command, and was met with a storm of denial wild enough to blow a man out of the tent. After Nelson, the division fell to Wm. Sooy Smith for a brief spell, and then to Gen. Palmer. Smith's command was too short to leave any lasting impression. Palmer led the division at Stone River and Chickamauga. He was always popular with his command. The men not only had confidence in his soldierly ability, but they were attracted by his unpretentious, kindly manner, and his evident consideration for the welfare and comfort of the whole command. He had no favorites and showed no partialities—a man from the people and still of the people, a fine type of the American soldier. As to his military qualities, it has already been said in this book that he was one of the very few men without a West Point education who maintained themselves creditably in the higher commands of the army. All the men of that division hold John M. Palmer in affectionate remembrance.

Gen. Thomas J. Wood commanded the division at the Atlanta campaign and thereafter to the end of the fighting. He was a regular army officer, but thoroughly appreciated the value of volunteer soldiery—a careful, considerate man, knowing his own mind, and looking constantly to proper discipline, yet always holding the unquestioning confidence of his men, in whom he also had a soldierly pride in his division which prompted him to care for it. When, on the Atlanta campaign, the division was too often called on for service that of which he did not hesitate to protest in its behalf. His division of the army had a better commander, and one who would have done it was easy for him to get the best service his men were capable of.

Above the grade of division general, the only one remembered by the men of the Forty-first was Gen. Crittenden, the typical, courtly, but unfortunately forgotten. Then came Gen. Gordon Granger—too short a stay to be remembered. Next Gen. O. O. Howard, well known by reputation, came to the West. But association with a general is remote at best, and leaves no such vivid recollections up by the name of the division general. Then came Gen. D. S. Stanley, a good feeling toward Gen. Howard—a conscientious and courteous gentleman. The last of the corps was Gen. D. S. Stanley, has already been spoken of in the Atlanta and Nashville campaigns. Nobody in the division mentioned his ability as a general, but all felt that his quarrel with Hazen was also unfortunate for the regiment. Except at Nashville, the Forty-first had no other command.

Coming finally to the army commanders, it is true that the men believed in Buell, were uncertain and divided in their opinion of Rosecrans, and idolized Thomas. Grant and Sherman were further away, and were known almost wholly by reputation. The men generally believed in the regiment that Grant's army was at Shiloh, and would have fared badly the second day; but nobody believed the absurd newspaper stories of the battle. Between Sherman and Thomas, in the

choice would always be the latter with the men who served under both. It was known that Thomas did not favor the assault at Kennesaw mountain, and it went to his credit with the soldiers. The story went about that the Kennesaw fight was to show the enemy that the Union troops would assault fortified lines. Thomas thought such a demonstration unnecessary; yet when the time came, he did not hesitate to assault the strongly intrenched lines at Nashville. In both instances, the event sustained his judgment; he made a grand success of his assault, while that at Kennesaw was a costly failure. No proof was needed that the troops who had swept the enemy off Mission Ridge would attack fortifications on occasion.

One of the persistent faults of army commanders, following the traditions of the military art, was in the maintenance of secrecy about movements—this at all times, not alone when some critical enterprise was afoot, demanding great care that it be kept from any possibility of disclosure to the enemy. This habit of secrecy is a survival from the ancient system, and, whatever may have been in its favor some centuries ago and with an unintelligent soldiery, it was distinctly hurtful on several occasions during the war. A good illustration was afforded by the actions at and before Mission Ridge. The Orchard Knob fight might have been over much sooner than it was, and at less loss, if the purpose of the movement had been made known, at least to regimental commanders, before it was started. But there were no orders, and the Forty-first and Ninety-third were held for some minutes under fire, to no purpose. Had Col. Wiley been directed to drive in the Confederate pickets and their reserves, he would have made shorter work of it. But when the skirmishers had developed a heavy force in front, whose position and strength could not be determined except by attack, no regimental commander could know whether it was the general's intention to bring on an engagement. The same thing occurred when the troops were ordered to take the rifle pits at the foot of Mission Ridge, with no orders further, and found that they could neither remain at that point nor retreat from it without great loss. It would probably be found throughout all the armies, as it was in

the experience of the Forty-first, that the most effective service was obtained when the orders were specific and the purpose of the movement was made known. With such troops as were in the Union armies, the better they are informed as to what is expected of them, and the resistance likely to be encountered, the better they will perform. Examples proving this are afforded by the Brown's Ferry affair and the battle of Pickett's Mills.

From first to last, the regiment traveled a great deal by steamboat. First, was the voyage up the Ohio river to Gallipolis, and the trip from that place to Louisville. Next the voyage down the Ohio and up the Cumberland to Nashville. Then came the voyage down from East Tennessee on veteran furlough; and last, the long voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans and from there to Texas. None of these were pleasure trips, or productive of enjoyment in any way. The most uncomfortable railroad travel, perhaps, was the short ride from Chattanooga to Athens, on the Hood campaign to Nashville.

There were several bright spots in the commissary line, by unusual supplies from the country. The most notable of these was the camp near Reynolds Station while rebuilding the railroad just before Bragg's Kentucky campaign. The Confederate colonel's plantation afforded more luxuries than were found in any other place. The East Tennessee march, though a hard one in many ways, brought some good feeding from the country. The long Atlanta campaign yielded little in this way. Of actual and prolonged hunger, the only experience was at Chattanooga after the Chickamauga battle. The thirst on the second day of that battle was worse than any hunger. There was some of this, not so severe, in the Kentucky campaign.

The dead of the Forty-first lie in graves that stretch from Ohio to Texas. The places where the greater numbers are buried are: Shiloh, 40; Murfreesboro, 36; Chattanooga, 87; Nashville, 36. Four are buried in the Andersonville prison grounds. Those given above are mainly men killed in action or died of wounds. Many were buried at Louisville and other points, from hospitals. Thirty-seven who were killed in action at Pickett's Mills, or died of wounds re-

the experience of the Forty-first, that the most effective service was obtained when the orders were specific and the purpose of the movement was made known. With such troops as were in the Union armies, the better they are informed as to what is expected of them, and the resistance likely to be encountered, the better they will perform. Examples proving this are afforded by the Brown's Ferry affair and the battle of Pickett's Mills.

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ceived there, have been removed to cemeteries in other places; and some killed in the minor actions of the Atlanta campaign are scattered along the route. A total of 178 men were killed in action or died of wounds. The killed and wounded at Shiloh were 38 per cent. of the men engaged; at Stone River, 27 per cent.; and at Pickett's Mills, over 40 per cent. At the latter battle, one company (H) lost over 90 per cent. of its men, and another company (K) over 81 per cent.

Beyond comparison, the Atlanta campaign was the severest the regiment was engaged in. This was not alone because of long continuance, but also because of the unintermitted close contact with the enemy from Dallas nearly to Atlanta. The effect of this service was to reduce the number present for duty from 331 at the opening of the campaign, to 99 when it ended—about four months. Perhaps the most severe shorter marches were that of one day on the return to Chattanooga after the Atlanta campaign, when thirty miles were covered; the expedition after cavalry below Pulaski in the winter of the Nashville campaign; and one hot day's march in Texas. In the Kentucky campaign after Bragg, there were several night movements, always a severe strain on the men.

Most of the men who came home for muster out were left with more or less disability, often latent and to be developed in after years. There is a notion that army service toughens men and does not wear them out. Whatever foundation there may be for this notion, nothing of the kind was evident in the experience of the Forty-first. The severe demands of the service left almost all of the men permanently weakened, as perhaps all long-continued exercises must do.

In its quartermaster and commissary service, the Forty-first was always fortunate. There were at all times competent and energetic officers in those departments, and more than once it happened that the regiment was supplied when others were in more or less want. Of course, such lack as that at Chattanooga during the siege by Bragg, was not in any way connected with the efficiency of the quartermaster and commissary staff; but there were times when