

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

FOUR YEARS IN DIXIE.

Patton
Co. A.
93rd Regiment
Ohio Vol. Inf.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN
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BY

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LATE CAPTAIN CO. A. 93D REGIMENT OHIO VOL. INFANTRY,

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Personal Recollections of Four Years in Dixie.

On that April morning when Edmund Ruffin pulled the lanyard which sent the first shot hurtling through the air at the stars and stripes that floated over Sumter, I was a beardless school-boy.

The echo of that shot sent my young blood tingling, and awakened in my soul a desire to do my feeble part in maintaining the perpetuity of the Government and the enforcement of its laws. I walked into a recruiting office to enroll my name as a soldier, but was told that I was too young and too small to meet Uncle Sam's requirements.

Bull Run was fought and lost to the Union cause, and more men were called. Gen. Fremont, who was in command in Missouri at this time, authorized the raising of a regiment of sharpshooters, and as I was quite an expert rifle shot, I enlisted on Aug. 20th, 1861, in a company which was being recruited at Dayton, Ohio, for this regiment.

We encamped a few days at Hamilton, prior to going to St. Louis. I had a limited experience in finding a ripe watermelon by the light of the moon, and the tree which bore the most luscious peaches, while the man of the house was enjoying his first sweet sleep, but I had never learned the art of transferring a rooster from his perch to my haversack without a squawk, until I took a lesson while at Hamilton.

Soon after our arrival at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Gen. Fremont was relieved of command, and we found ourselves

assigned to the 13th Missouri Infantry. (The designation of this regiment was afterwards changed to the 22d Ohio.) We received orders to draw our guns, which proved to be old Austrian muskets, which were almost as dangerous to the man at the breach as they were to the enemy in his front. Our disappointment was very great, and so demonstrative that it came near sending us to work on the fortifications under guard.

Uncle Sam's tailor had not taken my measure, hence I found some trouble in getting clothes that would stay on me. As a citizen, I was 5 feet 3 inches high and tipped the beam at 110 pounds. Rigged out for our first march, with knapsack loaded to the guards; blanket strapped on top; haversack with three days' cooked rations; canteen full to the nozzle; cartridge box with forty rounds; belts ornamented with brass plates loaded with lead; a huge bayonet dangling to my knee, and my Austrian musket at a shoulder, I was a sight that would have delighted a Falstaff to look upon. We had scarcely started on the march when the big boys began predicting that, "that infant on the left would soon be in a fence corner," but when Company K filed into camp that night, after a march of twenty miles, but six men were on hand to stack arms, and "that infant" was one of the six. I was ordered to report to Lieut. Wherry, 13th U. S. Infantry, mustering and disbursing officer, St. Louis, where I remained until, very unexpectedly to me, I received an appointment from Governor Tod, of Ohio, dated May 29th, 1862, as Second Lieutenant in one of the new regiments then being organized. Lieut. Wherry secured an order from Gen. Halleck for my discharge in order to accept promotion, and on the eve of my departure presented me with a sword. I went direct to Columbus, and was again mustered in and placed on recruiting service. Later I was assigned to the 93d Ohio Infantry, Col. Charles Anderson.

The 93d was mustered into the United States service on Aug. 23d, 1862, and the same day started for Lexington, Ky. Kirby Smith had forced his way through Cumberland Gap, and was moving in the direction of Lexington. We were hastened forward toward Richmond and reached the Kentucky river at daylight, after an all night march, when we learned of the defeat of our forces at Richmond, and were faced about on the return march for Lexington. Our stay at Lexington was of short duration, and we started back for Louisville. The march to Louisville was characterized by wanton cruelty to the men, in the failure of the General in command to allow them proper rests and an opportunity to get water. The weather was oppressively hot, the roads dry and dusty, and water very scarce. Thousands of men fell out of ranks in search of water, were captured and paroled, and many of them never returned to the service. I was detailed as A. D. C. to our brigade commander, and escaped the hardships of the march.

On our arrival at Louisville, we began building breast-works, drilling when not digging. Soon after Gen. Buell's army arrived, and preparations were inaugurated for an advance. We were assigned to the Fourth Brigade (later known as the Third), Second Division, McCook's Corps.

On October 1st the army advanced, the Second Division, under Gen. Sill, marched for Frankfort, which point was evacuated on our approach, the rebels burning the bridges, which caused a delay until pontoons could be constructed. We marched for Lawrenceburg, skirmishing with the enemy almost hourly, but finally encamped at Dog Walk, having made a thirty-mile march that day. Kirby Smith made a desperate effort to capture the division, but his advance brigade was repulsed, and we continued our march. He prevented the division from reaching Perryville in time to take part in the battle, but our six thousand men kept

his sixteen thousand from participating in the battle. Perryville was fought on Oct. 8th, and that night Bragg retreated, making good his escape through Cumberland Gap to Middle Tennessee.

Gen. Buell was relieved, and Gen. Rosecrans was appointed to command the Department of the Cumberland. The army moved to Nashville. The railroad had been repaired from Louisville to Mitchellville, from which point to Nashville, forty miles, rations had to be transported in wagons.

The 93d was detailed as guard to a supply train back to Mitchellville. On our return trip, after we had encamped for the night, word was brought to Col. Anderson that a small force of guerrillas were encamped about four miles up the country, off the main road. Volunteers were called to go in search of them, and I was placed in command of some forty men for the service. The night was very dark, and our route was up a small stream with high hills on either side. Our guide was a colored man who lived near, the same who had brought the news to camp. Our march was slow by reason of the darkness and caution necessary to be observed. For two hours we marched in silence, until we came in sight of the camp fires on the hillside. I selected half a dozen men and quietly proceeded to reconnoitre. We found that the enemy had gone an hour before our arrival. A house was near by, and our guide was not sure as to the occupant being a member of the gang. I decided to investigate and if at home, to take him to camp. I knocked at the door and requested that it be opened at once. As I passed in, a little girl raised up in her trundle bed, and said, "Pap, are the yankees here?" "Yes, sis," I replied, "the yankees are here." I ordered the fellow to dress and accompany us to camp, which he did with much reluctance, as he expected to be shot. The Colonel questioned him as to his connection

with the guerillas, but finally ordered me to escort him to the picket line. On being released he was very profuse in his thanks, and said that if I would go home with him he would present me with a nice turkey. It was near Thanksgiving season and I had an appetite for turkey, but I declined his invitation with thanks.

Orders against foraging were very strict at this time, but from certain sights which I saw, and sounds which occasionally reached my ears, I was not sure that our friend would find *all* of his turkeys when he reached home. I noticed that one of the boys had a ponderous bundle on his shoulders as he passed into camp, but I asked no questions. The next morning I had turkey and honey for breakfast. At the meeting of the national encampment of the G. A. R. in August, 1891, I invited the 93d boys who were present to my house one evening. I told the story of this expedition, when one fellow spoke up and said: "Captain, I was the fellow who stole the hive of bees."

On Dec. 6th, the 93d was guard to a forage train, when it was attacked by rebel cavalry. After a spirited engagement, the enemy were handsomely repulsed. The first man of the regiment killed in battle, was killed in this engagement, and was a member of my company.

Gen. Rosecrans made a few changes in brigade and division commanders. The Third brigade, commanded by Col. P. P. Baldwin, was composed of the 1st and 93d Ohio, 5th Kentucky, 6th Indiana and Simonson's Battery. The Second division was commanded by Gen. R. W. Johnson. The other division commanders of McCook's corps were Generals Jeff. C. Davis, and P. H. Sheridan. A general advance took place on Dec. 26th. On the night of the 30th the entire army was concentrated near Stone River, with Bragg's army in our front.

Johnson's division was on the extreme right, with

Willich's brigade on the right of the division. History records the opening of the battle, and how the right wing was overwhelmed and driven back. Baldwin was bivouacked in the rear some distance, as it was late the evening before when his brigade reached the field. He had barely time to form his lines before the enemy in vast numbers appeared in his front, at short range, their left extending far beyond his right. Opening fire with infantry and artillery upon their massed forces, he checked their advance in his front, but their left swung around his right, and pouring an enfilading fire down his line compelled him to retire, barely making his escape, as five minutes more and his entire brigade would have been surrounded and captured.

As we were crossing a cotton field I received a shot which caused me to slacken my pace, and the rebels began calling to me: "Halt! surrender! You d--d Yankee!" Their language was not such as is used in polite society, and I ignored their call. The woods in my front was my objective point and promised shelter, while "Libby's" doors seemed to be swinging open to receive me, but I took my chances and won. On reaching the shelter of the woods, I took a hasty survey to learn the extent of damages; I found a bullet hole through my right thigh, a slight flesh wound in my left thigh, seven bullet holes through my overcoat, but Libby Prison was far to my rear. I was promoted to First Lieutenant in November, and had been detailed to command the color company for this occasion; I attempted to remain with the command, and not until the Colonel had ordered me to the rear three times did I make a move in that direction. As I started to go to the rear our line was again attacked and driven back, and by reason of my lameness I was unable to keep up, and to keep from between fires, drifted to one side. When darkness overtook me I was at a loss to know "where I was at," and decided to hold my position until daylight.

Who was this brother? 1. John D. Patton
2. Sylvester "
3. Booth B. "

Thirty years have passed, but the recollections of that carnage day, the last of the year 1862, are still fresh in my memory. Twenty thousand men wearing the blue and the gray had fallen, killed or wounded. The light and life of many happy homes in the Northland and in the Southland had gone out, never to be seen again until the final reunion upon the other shore. As I laid under a small cedar tree on that December night, a small piece of rubber blanket for my bed, a canteen for my pillow, no covering save God's canopy, my constant thought was for a dearly loved brother who had been the companion of my childhood and youth, the champion of all my boyish troubles. He belonged to Davis' division. What his fate had been I did not then know, but upon being taken to field hospital the next day, I learned that he too laid between the lines that night, his face to the sky, but his bright young soul had taken its flight, and he was safe at last.

After a day or two in field hospital, I was bundled into an ambulance and started on an all night ride for Nashville. The road was rough in many places, and I was compelled to sit with my hands locked under my thigh nearly the entire distance. It was just sunrise when we reached Nashville. The next morning I was put on board a boat for Louisville. The Captain of the boat had taken all the mattresses out of the state-rooms and locked them up. I saw two boys of our brigade, whom I knew, lying upon the bare floor of the cabin. One had lost an arm, the other was shot through the breast. I went to the Captain of the boat and asked him for a couple of mattresses for these boys. "No, sir," said he, "I don't intend to have my mattresses spoiled," and walked off. I found two or three boys who could get around without much trouble and marched them down to the fuel room; we found a heavy stick of wood, which we carried to the door of the state-room in which the mattresses were locked. I requested the Captain to unlock the door, telling him that we proposed

to move immediately upon that door with the cordwood. The door was unlocked without further delay, and every badly wounded man got a mattress, until the supply gave out. He took my name and said he would see that I was dismissed the service, but I have not heard from him since.

I found quarters at Officers' hospital at Louisville, and was not long in securing a hospital pass for ten days, got a pair of crutches and called upon the commander of the post, who gave me a pass across the river, and I took the train for home. I replenished my pocket book, got a new uniform which I had previously ordered, and was back at hospital before my ten days had expired. Gen. McCook was at Louisville on his way to the front, and he secured my discharge from hospital that I might accompany his party to Murfreesboro.

Soon after the battle of Stone River, Gen. Rosecrans issued an order establishing a "roll of honor," to be selected from men whose conduct at that battle would entitle them to this distinction. Three privates were selected from each company, three corporals and two sergeants from the regiment, and one officer, elected by the officers of the regiment. I was elected to command the company from the 93d. The several companies from the four regiments of the brigade formed a "light battalion." It was proposed to mount the battalion for special service. We bought Henry rifles and devoted our time to special drill, being relieved from all duty except guard at Corps headquarters. The war department countermanded the order, and we returned to our respective commands. The men of "the light battalion," with their Henry rifles, did valiant service in every battle until the close of the war.

I received an order from Gen. Johnson within a few days, appointing me Ordnance Officer of the Division. This position was very much to my liking, but our Colonel had

recommended me for promotion to Captain of Co. A., and he constantly importuned me to come back to the regiment. I stated the case to Gen. Johnson, who said that I could remain on his staff as a Captain, but finally, at my request, he relieved me. My commission as Captain dated from June 12th, 1863.

The army remained at Murfreesboro until June 23d, when a general advance was ordered. Johnson's division captured Liberty Gap on June 25th. Gen. Rosecrans in his report says: "Gen. McCook's taking of Liberty Gap was very gallant and creditable to the troops of Johnson's division." Tullahoma was evacuated on our approach, and we took possession July 1st.

The Chickamauga campaign opened Aug. 29th by forcing a crossing of the Tennessee River. McCook's corps crossed the mountains to Alpine, Ga., on Sept. 10th. I received a detail to go back to Stevenson, some forty miles, in command of a supply train. The duty was not a desirable one, as the Rebel cavalry were on the alert for just such opportunities to scoop in a few prisoners and a nice line of supplies. It was not my turn for such duty and I made the usual kick, but was told that I had been detailed by name by Gen. Johnson. I reported to the General, who said the duty was one of great importance and attended with considerable hazard; that he had selected me, believing that I could get through, if any one could. I thanked him for the compliment, and being provided with a horse by the Quartermaster, started on our journey. I was allowed to take my own company of about forty-five men, and had forty wagons to look after.

We got back to Stevenson, loaded our wagons, and were nearly half way back on our return trip when we discovered a small force of rebel cavalry. I ordered the advance wagons to park in an open field, sent out a detachment of skirmishers, and hastened forward the balance of the train. One wagon

broke an axle, and I put enough men on it to transfer the load to the other wagons as they passed without halting, and when empty, piled rails under it and set them on fire, burning it. As soon as the wagons were all parked, we advanced on the rebels on the double quick and drove them for some distance. We resumed the march and were not again seriously annoyed. We rejoined the division on the 15th, and were congratulated by Gen. Johnson on our success.

On the evening of Sept. 18th we reached our position on the right of the army in line of battle. The next morning the booming of cannon on our left announced the opening of the battle of Chickamauga. Our division was ordered from the extreme right to the extreme left, to the support of Gen. Thomas, and made a part of the distance on the double quick. The left was being sorely pressed and two companies of the 93d were thrown out as skirmishers. I was in command of Co. A with Co. K on my right. We advanced and drove the enemy over half a mile when we were halted. Soon after I was greatly surprised to see some rebs with guns at a trail, stealing down the dry bed of a ravine in the rear of my right, where I had supposed Co. K to be in position. I at once moved to the left on the double quick, then to the rear until we were clear of the enemy, when we advanced, taking them in front and flank, and sent them back much more rapidly than they had advanced. I found that Co. K had returned to the regiment without my having been notified, and by their withdrawal a gap was left on my right of two or three hundred yards; I moved to the right and re-established the line. The enemy planted two pieces of artillery directly in front of the 93d, which the regiment charged in gallant style, capturing the two guns. In this charge our gallant Colonel, Hiram Strong, was mortally wounded.

During the entire afternoon, whenever there was a cessa-

tion in the firing, we were busy administering to the wants of the wounded, so far as possible. The ground had been fought over three times, and many of the dead and wounded lay as they had fallen. We took the canteens of the dead, when they contained any water, and gave them to the wounded; Union or Rebel, all fared alike. I remember one poor fellow who belonged to the Louisiana Tigers, who said to me: "Captain, I have an old silver watch and a few dollars in Confederate money, it is not much, but won't you please take what I have and shoot me dead, as I am shot through the bowels and can live but a short time, and I want you to relieve me of my suffering." I said to him, "My dear fellow, I will do anything I can to help you, but I could not comply with your request for all the wealth of the South." This was but one of the many cases of the terrible suffering which I saw that day; all that we could do was to give them a drink of water and speak a word of sympathy.

The scabbard of my sword was struck by a bullet, and rendered unfit for further use. I saw an officer lying dead with a scabbard by his side, which I took and left mine in its stead.

It was nearly dark when we discovered the enemy massing on our front. I was ordered to hold our position as long as possible, and when compelled to retire, rally upon Simonson's battery, and stay with it. We had not long to wait before the enemy advanced with irresistible force, driving our thin skirmish line like chaff before the wind. We fell back to the battery, which opened with double shotted charges of grape and canister, plowing great gaps through the enemy's lines; but on they came regardless of the storm of lead and iron until they were less than a hundred feet from the guns, when Simonson ordered the battery to fall back. One gun ran foul of a small sapling, and when we pulled it back until nearly clear, a shot struck one of the horses which reared and

plunged, forcing the gun forward. This was repeated until the flash from the muskets of the enemy seemed almost in our faces, when Simonson called out, "Let her go to —, boys," and we retired. So near were the enemy that three of my boys were captured, in addition to a number killed and wounded. We fell back some two hundred yards, the enemy fearing to follow in the darkness.

One historian, in describing this attack on our brigade, says: "Probably the conflict that now ensued was one of the most furious of the war. The enemy opened with the heaviest musketry and artillery fire the division had ever encountered. It far surpassed in intensity Shiloh or Stone River. The rebels charged the line of the third brigade like heroes of a hundred battles, and literally plowed the ground with bullets. Shell, grape, and canister swept through the ranks, and the air sang with the shrill dissonance of battle. The men of the third brigade, as veteran as the enemy, boldly stood up to the work, and like an iron wall repulsed each assault. Finally overwhelming pressure on the right forced the 1st Ohio to fall back; but the distance was trifling, and the regiment again opened fire upon the advancing foe. Such a din of sound never was excelled in a contest among the same number of men. Capt. Simonson, too, and his brave boys stood nobly by their pieces and served them with astonishing rapidity. The falling back of the 1st Ohio caused a slight waver in the ranks of the regiments on its right, and Col. Baldwin, commanding the brigade, fearing lest the line might fall back, galloped to the front of the 6th Indiana, his own regiment, and shouted, 'Follow me!' The noble soldiers obeyed; but they had moved scarcely a rod when their right became engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, in which the bayonet was used with fearful power; here amidst the darkening shades of night, rendered more dark by the sulphureous canopy of smoke, and amidst a frightful storm of

leaden hail, the gallant Baldwin fell, pierced with balls, as noble a soldier as yielded life on the altar of his country." The line now fell back a short distance, when it re-formed, and night closed the scene.

Sunday we were astir before daylight. A new line was established, with the 6th Indiana and 93d Ohio, of the third brigade in front. Every available man went to work gathering material for breastworks. We had but one axe in the regiment, and logs, fence rails, knapsacks, everything that could be found to aid in stopping a bullet was used. At half-past eight the enemy advanced in three lines, but we lay behind our rude works and allowed him to approach within one hundred yards before we delivered our fire. The effect was terrible, nearly annihilating his first line. His second line came up and encountered a similar fate. Then, maddened with the sacrifice he had made, he hurled an increased force against these two regiments, resolved on forcing us back or suffer the bayonet. But our heroic boys were invincible, and we repulsed every attempt to carry our position, inflicting upon him enormous loss. During these series of charges, we fired one hundred rounds of ammunition to the man. Some of the boys of my company had hands that were bleeding from loading their guns, which became so foul that the charge was rammed home with difficulty.

Our loss was small considering the desperation of the fighting, due to the protection afforded by our temporary works. During the day the enemy would occasionally advance in our front, but his efforts were feeble, as compared with his first assault.

A number of rebel officers attempted to get a better view of our position, when they were fired upon by our lookouts, composed of the boys who had formerly been of the "light battalion," armed with Henry rifles, and Col. Richmond, Inspector General of Polk's staff, was killed; his sword, cap,

spurs, and a valuable map of the battle ground, were brought in.

The third brigade held its ground and repulsed every assault, but our brave comrades on other parts of the field had been less fortunate. Late in the afternoon an order was received "to fall back three miles," which was the first positive knowledge we had of disaster. In going back we had to cross an open field under a converging fire from three rebel batteries. A shell exploded directly in front of me, and I fell to the ground. Some of the boys said, "we will carry him back," but I was up and ready to travel before they got to me, as I had received only a slight wound in my leg, made by a small fragment of shell.

We were again posted in line of battle, but the enemy did not attack.

"Do you see the North Star?" was the inquiry which I heard made of our Commander: "March directly toward that star and you will come out at Rossville, about seven miles distant." I never look at the North Star without the recollections of that night coming to my mind.

By midnight we were at Rossville, and the next morning I was again on picket, but the enemy did not appear in force. That night we withdrew to Chattanooga, five miles distant.

On our arrival at Chattanooga we were ordered out for inspection. As I passed down the company line inspecting guns and cartridge boxes, none of the boxes contained more than three or four cartridges, until I came to one fellow who had forty rounds in his box, twenty in his pockets, and one in his gun. "Where did you get all of these cartridges?" I inquired. "You gave them to me just before going into the battle of Chickamanga," he replied. I was at a loss to understand how it was, as I knew that he was with the company through the entire two days' battle. I said, "What

were you doing during the entire battle?" "Captain," said he, "the fact is I was too busy trying to keep from being shot to shoot at any one."

We had been at Chattanooga but a few days when I was on picket, well on the right. Chattanooga creek separated the two picket lines, but a constant fire was kept up by the opposing forces. I was short on smoking tobacco and resolved to get a supply. I formed a truce with the enemy in our front, and bantered him to trade smoking tobacco for coffee. The stream was thirty to forty feet wide where we met, but logs had floated down and lodged on either side, leaving a channel some ten feet wide. I cut a long stick with a fork at the end, in which I tied my hat; I put some coffee in the hat and passed it over to the Johnnie, when he put in the tobacco, and passed it back. The deal having been consummated, each returned to his command, and the truce was at an end.

Important changes in commands and commanders were now made. Gen. Rosecrans was relieved, and Gen. Thomas appointed to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. The 20th and 21st corps were consolidated and called the Fourth. The 93d Ohio became a part of the Second Brigade, Gen. Hazen's; Third Division, Gen. Wood's; Fourth Corps, Gen. Gordon Granger's.

The Army of the Cumberland was on short rations. Starvation in camp seemed a more formidable enemy than Bragg's army on the mountains and hills in our front. Hooker, with re-enforcements from the Army of the Potomac, was at Bridgeport. In order to shorten the line of communications with him, an expedition was fitted out for the capture of Brown's Ferry, on the Tennessee river, a short distance below Lookout Mountain. Sixty pontoon boats were built; each boat was manned by twenty-five men, who floated down the river past Lookout, passing the rebel pickets who lined

the shore, and landed at Brown's Ferry. As we were nearing our destination, a bugle sounded the reveille in the rebel camp in the valley just across the ridge. This must have instilled life into the sentinel on the bank opposite where we were quietly floating along, as he fired a shot at us. We now pulled for the shore with all possible speed. It so happened that my boat touched the shore among the first, and without waiting for orders or for more men to land, we started for the top of the hill; the hill was so steep that we aided our ascent by catching hold of saplings and drawing ourselves up. We gained the top of the ridge and sent a few shots at the flying pickets, as a reminder that we were there. As fast as the boats were unloaded they were floated down the river to form a bridge, and the troops who had marched down on the opposite shore were soon crossing to our support. I was sent down the hill in command of a skirmish line and captured a crib of ear corn. The boys went for the corn with such vigor that I put a guard over it, until I could make an equitable distribution. They were soon engaged in parching corn for their breakfast and enjoyed it. This movement was one of vast importance, and its successful accomplishment reflected much credit upon those who planned and executed it. Gen. Hooker came down the valley that afternoon and at night his supply train was parked near our picket line. I didn't see any rebels that night, but I did see several boxes of hard tack and several pieces of "sow-belly" safely escorted to our quarters, and I think Hooker's men knew of it at the time.

Sherman had come up and was on the left, Thomas in the centre, Hooker on the right, with General Grant in supreme command.

On Nov. 23d we issued sixty rounds of ammunition to the man, and turned out as if for drill. The rebels from their position in our front, were enabled to watch our every move;

and supposing that we were turning out for a grand review, took no measure to meet the advance, which soon followed. The 93d was a part of the front line, and when the word "forward" was given, advanced in battle line without skirmishers. The rebel pickets fired and fled at our approach. When within charging distance of their line of breastworks, "Fix bayonets! Forward, double quick," were the orders which followed in quick succession. The enemy were now fully alive as to the purpose of our movements, and opened fire from sixty pieces of artillery from Missionary Ridge; the infantry from behind their breastworks also opened a most destructive musketry fire, but the gallant boys pressed forward through this terrible storm of iron and lead which was rained upon them, without a halt or waver.

The rebel works were reached and over them the boys went, capturing many prisoners. Our Lieutenant Colonel, Bowman, was on the right of the regiment; as he passed around the end of the works he encountered a rebel, with his gun aimed at him. With drawn sword the Colonel rushed at the fellow with the exclamation, "d—n you, you shoot me and I'll cut your head off." The force of the Colonel's remark had the desired effect as the rebel dropped his gun and surrendered.

"Orchard Knob" and the first line of works were ours, but not without heavy loss, as more than one-third of our regiment were killed or wounded in the charge. Three color-bearers fell, the fourth planting *Old Glory* on the enemy's works.

As we started on the charge, I was turning toward the left of my company when a bullet struck a diary which was in the right breast pocket of my blouse, glanced downward and struck my sword belt-plate, which was bent until it was of no further use. Fortunately for my present usefulness, I had buckled my belt under my blouse before starting, which

saved my life, as the diary stopped the bullet from passing through my right breast, and the belt-plate prevented it passing through my bowels.

The blow sent me to grass and left me insensible. When the stretcher bearers discovered me, they decided that I was dead and that they would first care for the wounded. (My name appeared in the newspapers as among the killed.) How long I remained there I have no means of knowing, but was finally removed to camp where I had comfortable quarters and my colored boy to care for me. The blow had broken my ribs and injured my spine. I thought from the pain which I experienced, that the bullet had passed through my body, and was rather disgusted when an examination revealed the fact that I was knocked out without a scar to show for it.

At Chickamauga one of my boys threw away his gun and cartridge box and never stopped running until he reached Chattanooga. I told him that I would put the price of the gun and accoutrements on the pay-roll against him. Soon after the charge on Missionary Ridge on the 25th I was lying on my bunk with a blanket over my face, when some one called, "Captain;" I looked up, and there stood the fellow who had thrown away his gun at Chickamauga, his right arm shot off at the elbow, and on his left shoulder he carried two guns. "Captain," said he, "I will have to learn to write with my left hand, won't I? I have brought an extra gun to replace the one I threw away at Chickamauga." I told him to throw the guns down and go to the surgeon's tent and get his wound dressed. The gun was never charged to him.

Immediately after the battle of Missionary Ridge the Fourth Corps started for Knoxville for the relief of Burnside. I was on my back and was left behind. On my recovery, December 26th, I started for east Tennessee with other men of the Fourth Corps who had collected at Chattanooga. We

acted as escort to a large supply train. There were about seventy men of the First Ohio of our brigade with us but no officer. Rebel cavalry appeared in our rear and the First Ohio boys were detailed as rear guard. They requested that I be assigned to command them. I protested, but they insisted, and I accepted the command. That night we encamped at Charleston. A small detachment of our cavalry were stationed there guarding a bridge. One of the cavalry boys had taken unto himself a wife the night before, and as the residence of the bride was but a short distance, I suggested to Major Joyce, of the 93d, that it would be the proper thing to go over and kiss the bride, as we could not march until the wagon train was across the river. We had been in the house but a few minutes when I chanced to look out of a window and beheld the rebel cavalry dismounting just back of the house. "Come, Major," was all the explanation I then made, and we ran for our command as fast as our legs would carry us. When near enough to be heard I called to the First Ohio boys, "Fall in." Without waiting for orders, I deployed the men as skirmishers and advanced rapidly, thus securing a good position for our line. We kept up a brisk skirmish fire until the wagons were across the river and the troops all in position. An advance was ordered along the entire line which started the enemy on the run. Having gotten them well started we opened ranks and let the cavalry, with drawn sabres, pass through our line and take up the chase, which they did in fine style. I found when the engagement was over, that in my enthusiasm to see the cavalry charge, I had made a run of two miles, as shown by the mile stones on the railroad, and the time made was *almost* as good as I could have made had the order of the chase been reversed. We captured 132 prisoners, five of them being commissioned officers. They were placed under my charge and I got a few

square meals, which I would not otherwise have had, as the citizens sent in extras for their use.

We arrived at Loudon on Dec. 31st, 1863, and the extreme cold kept us there three or four days. I have known of some pretty rank cases of foraging, but a case which occurred while here takes the cake. I had a man in my company who had an insatiable appetite for *liver*. The dead body of a cow was discovered near camp; as no part of the carcass seemed to have been taken, considerable mystery as to the object any one could have had in killing the animal surrounded the case. A close examination of the carcass revealed the fact that the *liver* was missing. As soon as this fact was reported, the mystery of that cow's death was clear to me; she had not died of the liver complaint, but by a bullet from Billy McKean's rifle, because she had a *liver*. Poor McKean afterward died of wounds received in battle.

We rejoined the corps above Knoxville, and on Jan. 17th I was on the picket line near Danridge, when we were attacked and some sharp fighting ensued. We were getting the worst of it, when the cavalry arrived, dismounted and poured in a few volleys from their Spencer rifles, checking the enemy's advance.

After much hard tramping, we finally went into quarters at Lenoir's Station. I was detailed in command of the foragers for the division, and instructed to give receipts for everything taken. I instructed the parties to whom receipts were given to take my receipt to Knoxville, and upon presentation to the Quartermaster he would give them vouchers. After the capture of Atlanta, I received a formidable document from Washington, stating that I was indebted to the Government over twenty thousand dollars for Quartermaster's stores, and that my pay had been ordered stopped until my account was adjusted. I went to Gen. Wood, commanding

our division, and said to him that I had decided to resign, as I could not afford to work for Uncle Sam the balance of my natural life, if not sooner shot, without money. He laughed at my discomfiture, and at the same time ordered his Quartermaster to give me a receipt covering the amount of my indebtedness. I sent the receipt to Washington, and my pay continued.

On May 5th we started on the Atlanta campaign. The fighting began at Tunnel Hill, was continued at Buzzard's Roost Gap, Adairsville, Calhoun, and Resaca, in all of which we were engaged. On May 27th Wood's division, supported by Johnson's division, was ordered to find the enemy's right, which movement culminated in the battle of Pickett's Mill. I was in command of the skirmishers, and as we were in search of the enemy's left, we made frequent wheels to the right, which was very trying to the duck-legged fellows on the left. My line became disconnected in the centre, and I went to the extreme left to hurry it forward. I found the left further behind than I had supposed, and told the boys to hurry forward, and that I would go back and halt the right until they caught up. I thought to save myself a long tramp by following a cow path up a ravine. I had gone but a short distance when, in making a short turn, I discovered a rebel cavalryman in my path some twenty feet away. He was evidently as much surprised as I was, and possibly as badly frightened. We stood for a moment, each looking the other in the eyes, when I decided that my only salvation from capture was to assume the aggressive, as he had his carbine resting on his thigh, while I had nothing more formidable than my sword. I yelled at him, "shoot that man on a horse," at which he turned, put spurs to his horse, and was off like a flash. I followed, repeating my call, which some of the boys on the right heard, and running for-

ward shot the horse, but the man took to the bush and escaped.

When we had found the end of the rebel line we were directed to halt. I asked permission to cross a field in my front, but the permission was denied, as we were waiting for Johnson's division to come up on our left. We waited an hour for Johnson, during which time the enemy moved a heavy force in our front, and when an advance was ordered, he was ready with a superior force to meet us. My skirmishers advanced to the edge of the field, and the line of battle got no further. As my company was scattered along the entire front, I had nothing to do during the engagement but hug a big tree. After we had gained possession of the battle ground, I counted sixty bullet marks on that tree, the height of a man.

The division was met by a flame of fire from infantry and artillery which lasted about an hour, during which time we lost from the division fifteen hundred killed and wounded.

The flag of the 93d had passed through many battles and only a remnant remained, but it was more precious to us than when it was first intrusted to our keeping. The morning after the battle of the 27th I found that but a single star remained of the flag. That star I appropriated and now have. We continued to follow all that was left of the old staff until a new flag was supplied us.

My attempted defence of Simonson's battery at Chickamauga left me on good terms with Simonson and his Lieutenant, Morrison, and I was a frequent caller at battery headquarters. On June 14th, on one of my visits, Gen. Sherman rode up and said to Morrison: "Lieutenant, do you see that group of horsemen on Pine Knob? Try a shot or two and see if you can scatter them." Morrison sighted the piece, and as the shell exploded, Sherman, who was watching through his field glass, said it was a trifle short. A second

shot was fired and the group scattered. That shot killed Lieutenant-General Polk. The gallant Simonson was killed near the same spot, while on the skirmish line, two days later. On the 17th I was on the skirmish line and advanced over the spot where Polk was killed; I drove the enemy's skirmishers losing four men of my company, one killed and three wounded. Again on the 23d I was ordered to advance the line on Kenesaw Mountain, and succeeded in driving the enemy into his main line of works. In doing so I lost thirteen of my company, killed and wounded. As I had about thirty-five men engaged, the per cent. of loss was equal to the loss suffered by Lord Cardigan in the world-famed charge of the Light Brigade.

I had a man in my company who picked up every string he could find and put in his pants pocket. When asked what he intended to do with the string, his invariable answer was, "It will come handy some time." Late in the afternoon of the 23d the ammunition of the men got low and I went back a short distance to where we had left our surplus supply. I was piling cartridges on my arm when some one came running back to where I was at his utmost speed and fell flat on his stomach near me. I dropped the cartridges and ran to him; he was greatly excited and wanted me to cut off his belt and the sleeve of his blouse. I unbuckled his belt and with my penknife ripped the sleeve of his blouse until the wound was uncovered. He had been shot through the fleshy part of his arm above the elbow; I found the wound bleeding quite freely and said to him, that if I had a piece of cord I could stop the flow of blood. He put his hand in his pants pocket and drew out a bunch of string as large as my two fists, with the remark, "I told you it would come handy some time." For over a year I had heard that same remark, while the fellow kept accumulating string for just such an emergency. I burst out laughing, at which he was quite disgusted at my

apparent lack of sympathy, but I continued to laugh just the same. Ever after, if any of the boys were found with a lot of rubbish they excused themselves with the remark, "It will come handy some time."

On the 27th, I was on the skirmish line to the left of where Gen. Sherman ordered the assault on Kenesaw. I was ordered to advance to a certain position; we made the start but encountered the fire from a solid line of battle from behind breastworks, and we got back to cover as quickly as possible. Soon after an Aide rode up and ordered me to make the move which we had tried to make only a few minutes before. I told him that we had just tried what he then suggested, and that no single line of battle could take the position. He swelled up and said that he would report me to Gen. Hazen unless I made the advance. I got hot and told him that he was a blasted fool, and to tell Gen. Hazen that I said so. He rode off and before any further word was received the charge was made on the right and repulsed with great loss.

Sherman moved to the right, and Johnson again retired. We passed through Marietta, and on July 4th, I was on the skirmish line when we came to a blackberry patch. The berries were ripe and we decided to have a feast. We advanced and drove the enemy some distance beyond the berry patch, when we quietly slipped back and had a feast of berries.

Two days later, as we neared the Chattahoochie river, Gen. Hazen ordered two companies from the 93d thrown forward rapidly to the river, to prevent the enemy from cutting loose their pontoon bridge, on the south side of the river. Co. A was one of the companies detailed, and we passed down a lane and went for the bridge on the run. The rebels opened fire on us from across the river, but we prevented their cutting loose the bridge.

A few days later, I was on picket at this same spot, with instructions that the command would move some distance up the river to effect a crossing. I was to keep up a show of strength until after dark, when I was to quietly withdraw and follow the command.

Picket firing had been so constant at this point, that I decided upon a plan to stop it, so that our withdrawal would not be noticed. I called over to the enemy and told them to stop firing as it was Sunday. A truce was soon arranged, and in a short time at least a hundred rebs were in the river, taking a bath. A number swam over to our side with tobacco, to trade for coffee; one fellow called me aside and asked permission to stay with us. This we could not then allow, but it was agreed that he might come over at a given signal. About dark the signal was given, when over he came. He was in the condition, as to clothing, which we have been taught that our first parents appeared, before donning the fig leaf. I sent a man to camp with him, to look up some cast-off clothing. After dark we withdrew from the line, and about one o'clock in the morning overtook the command. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was notified that I was wanted at Brigade headquarters. I found our prisoner in charge of the Provost marshal, the worst frightened rebel I ever saw; being dressed in our uniform, he was charged with being a spy, and told that he would be shot at daylight next morning. I explained the circumstances of his being with us, and all was well.

At daylight the next morning a passage across the river was made, and the march down the river took the enemy in flank, and he withdrew toward Atlanta. The battles and skirmishes which occurred from June 28th to Sept. 2d, are matters of history. Then followed the movement to the right, the battles of Jonesboro and Lovejoy Station, the evacuation of Atlanta, in all of which we took our part.

"Atlanta was ours and fairly won," and we were allowed a rest until about the first of October, when Hood's movement to the rear again put our corps in motion.

From Chattanooga our division went by rail to Athens, in order to intercept Hood from crossing the river. Our trains went overland. I had for a pack animal a fine, large donkey, which the boys had captured some months before. I had a colored boy who had been with me for several months, and the donkey was his charge. Two Irish boys of the regiment were of the force that marched. When the trains arrived at Athens, Monroe and the donkey were missing. The explanation made by the Irish boys was, that the donkey's back got sore and they left him in the mountains; that Monroe, fearing that he would have to go back to his old master, decided to remain with a farmer in the mountains. As the train on which we were returning to Dayton, after our muster out, was nearing its destination, these boys came to me and said: "Captain, we want to explain to you the loss of Monroe and the donkey. We sold the donkey to a farmer for ten dollars, and agreed that Monroe should stay with him. We then made up the story and told Monroe that you were all captured, and that he would have to go back to his old master unless he consented to stay with the farmer." In other words, they had sold both donkey and darkey for ten dollars.

Hood's movements took us back to Columbia, Spring Hills and Franklin, where the army turned and gave him a stunning blow. The night of the battle of Franklin we withdrew, and the next day I was on picket in front of our position at Nashville, when Hood's forces came up, but they were satisfied with simply feeling our position.

On Dec. 15th the 93d was deployed and occupied the works covering our brigade front. The balance of the brigade, led by its gallant commander, Col. Post, made a successful charge, capturing Montgomery Hill. The next

day we were in the front line, and at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon made a charge on the fortified works on Overton Hills. Our forces were massed for the charge directly in the enemy's front, and in plain view from his lines. He was forewarned and re-enforced his line in our front.

When the charge was ordered the men moved forward in gallant style, the line steadily advancing under a murderous fire from the enemy's batteries on Overton Hills, and from his line of rifle pits in our front. When within a few feet of the breastworks we encountered a line of abatis of logs in which holes had been bored and long pins driven and sharpened. The logs were lashed together at the ends with grape vine withes, and formed an unbroken barrier to our further advance. Men could not live under such a fire; the line began to waver, then to fall back. At this critical moment Col. Post came riding along the line. When within a few feet of me I saw that his horse was falling and sprang to his side, caught the Colonel under his arms and dragged him from the falling horse. I laid him behind a large tree and sent a man to bring a pair of stretchers. He was badly wounded by a grape shot, and as he looked up into my face said: "Captain, for God's sake don't leave me." "No, Colonel," I replied, "we will not leave you." The man with the stretchers arrived none too soon, as the enemy were getting over their works and coming in our direction. We lifted the Colonel on the stretchers and four of us picked him up and started for the rear on the run. The enemy kept up a scattering fire at us as we ran, but finally we reached the point where our line was reforming and turned him over to the surgeons. Much to my surprise he recovered from his wound, and has for some years been a useful member of Congress from Illinois. No more gallant soldier ever led a command in battle than Philip Sidney Post. The 93d lost in the charge 28 per cent. of its number.

In January, 1869, I visited the battle field at Nashville, accompanied by my new wife. I had told her of this incident and went in search of the tree, which I would be able to identify from a scar on the root of it, made by a grape shot which plowed through it while I was with Post awaiting the return of the man with the stretchers. I saw what I believed to be the tree, and handing the lines to my wife began scraping away the leaves in search of the mark left by the grape shot. I was successful, and as I pointed toward the spot where the Colonel's horse fell, was surprised to see the bones of the faithful old sorrell on the spot where he had fallen four years before.

Gen. Wood, commanding the 4th Corps, was at hand, and seeing the enemy's troops passing from his left to our front, ordered a charge on our right, which was successful, and as the cheers from the right reached us, we were again ordered forward and passed over the enemy's works, capturing their artillery on Overton Hills, with hundreds of prisoners. The cheers from the right were answered by the left, announcing victory all along the line. The battle of Nashville, planned and fought under the leadership of the invincible Thomas, was one of the most complete victories ever won on an open field, where the forces engaged were nearly of equal numbers.

We pursued the retreating enemy until he was across the Cumberland river, when we were halted at Huntsville, for a time. While at Huntsville I was detailed as Judge Advocate of our division, and was kept on this duty until mustered out. Then we went to East Tennessee, and across the mountains to Warm Springs, N. C., in order to get into position to head off Lee, in the event that he should escape Grant. The surrender at Appomattox made it unnecessary that we longer remain in that vicinity, and we returned to Nashville,

where we were mustered out on June 8th, 1865, and returned to Camp Dennison, Ohio, where we were paid off on June 15th.

Before disbanding as a regiment, we returned to Dayton, where, amidst the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, blowing of steam whistles, the glad shouts of the assembled thousands who filled the houses and crowded the streets, we marched to the Court House; only a remnant of the one thousand who had marched forth three years before, but the honored sons of a restored Union.

J. T. Patton.