

## CHAPTER VI.

### TO THE REAR.

The casualties of the Eighty-sixth Regiment, on the long and arduous campaign against Atlanta, was one hundred and seventy-nine men in killed, wounded and missing.

Besides this number, there were many who were taken sick and sent back to hospitals. Thus, when the campaign had ended, the regiment was materially reduced in numbers. It was now not much larger than two full companies; and then, the companies themselves were mere skeletons, some of them not exceeding a corporal's squad. These were certainly trying times with the soldiers, being attended with constant hardships, privations and adventures, from the beginning of the campaign to its end. But still, those who did pass the fiery ordeal, stood up to it like men, with fine spirits and light hearts, doing all that men could do.

After some changing about, the brigade took up permanent quarters in the outskirts of the city on the south-west side near the railroad. The regiment now fixed up its camp in a substantial manner, and for a long time took the military world easy, spending most of its time in going to and from the city in pursuit of pleasure, and such.

There was not a little trading going on about this time with those who had a disposition that way; in fact, it seemed that Sherman's whole army had been suddenly metamorphosed into tobacco traders and other kinds of merchants.

Atlanta was overstocked with tobacco, held by private individuals, which was bought by the soldiers at low rates and peddled out with handsome profits. Thus passed the time right briskly, all seeming to have forgotten the past and to be living for the present only.

Shortly after the occupation of Atlanta, General Sherman ordered all non-combatants to leave the city, going north or south as their inclinations and interests might lead them. This order fell on the ears of the inhabitants of Atlanta like a thunderbolt. Though they had lent all the moral and physical assistance in their power to the cause of the rebellion, they had begun to dream of the advent of the Federal troops as the commencement of an era of quiet. They had never imagined the war would reach Atlanta. Now that it had come, and kept its rough, hot band upon them for so many days, they were beginning to look forward to a long period when they might enjoy at once the advantages of the protection of a just and powerful government, and the luxuries it would thus afford them. It was indeed a pitiful sight to see these reluctant people leave, their homes and property, but such was the necessity in the case that it must be done.

Such are the cruel mandates of war, and they were obliged to abide its consequences, having waged and maintained it.

About the middle of September there was an armistice of some days to provide an exit south for these unfortunate people, and for the exchange of prisoners captured in the last campaign.

General James D. Morgan's division remained in Atlanta at its ease until the 29th of September, when it boarded the cars and was transported, via Chattanooga and Huntsville, to near Athens, Alabama. From this place it was sent on an expedition against General Forrest, who had been making demonstrations on our railroads, having destroyed much of the Nashville and Decatur road.

When the division arrived at Athens, Forrest was crossing the Tennessee at Florence, retreating out of our way as fast as possible. With rapid marches General Morgan reached Florence in two days, distant from Athens about forty-five miles. The creeks and rivers on the route were swollen, but he never stopped for them, for wading through, we went plodding on. The division arrived within a few miles of Florence on the evening of the 5th of October, and entered it on the 6th without opposition, the enemy having completed his crossing. The division could follow no further, and on the morning of the 10th began its return march, arriving back in Athens on the 12th, where it boarded the cars on its return to Chattanooga. The command arrived at Chattanooga in the night of the 14th, and went into camp where there was neither wood nor water. The march from Athens to Florence and back again was, under the circumstances, probably the severest the Eighty-sixth Regiment ever made; at least, it stands among the hardest. The rains fell in

torrents, but notwithstanding, the command was rushed headlong on through the mad waters of Flint and Duck rivers, in many places up to the soldier's armpits.

While the division remained in Chattanooga there was a deal of excitement and uncertainty respecting the movements of rebel General Hood, who was making a demonstration on our rear, the command being in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

General Sherman, however, soon changed his course, so that Hood was obliged to take a circuitous route to the west and north. To follow Hood indefinitely, without much prospect of overtaking and overwhelming his army, would be for Sherman equivalent to being decoyed out of Georgia. To remain on the defensive, on the other hand, would be to lose the main effectiveness of his army. Sherman had previously proposed to General Grant to destroy the railway from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and strike out through Georgia.

"By attempting to hold the roads," he wrote, "we will lose a thousand men monthly, and will gain no result." And again, "Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive I would be on the offensive. Instead of guessing at what he means, he would have to guess at my plans. I prefer to march through Georgia, smashing things, to the sea." And again, "When you hear I am off, have lookouts at Morris' Island, S. C.; Ossabaw Sound, Georgia; Pensacola and Mobile bays. I will turn up somewhere, and believe me I can take Macon, Milledgeville, Augusta, and Savannah, Georgia, and wind up with closing the neck back of Charleston, so that they will starve out. This movement is not purely military or strategic, but it will illustrate the vulnerability of the South."

General Grant promptly authorized the proposed movement, indicating, however, his preference for Savannah as the objective, and fixing Dalton as the northern limit for the destruction of the railway. Preparations were immediately made for the execution of these plans.

Early on the morning of the 18th, General Morgan marched his division to rejoin the Army of the Cumberland, which at this time lay in reserve at Galesville, Alabama, taking with him a large drove of cattle for army consumption. The division reached the army and joined its corps at 11 A.M. on the 22nd.

Sherman had issued orders for his army to subsist off the country, which it did with a good will, foragers being sent out from the different commands daily. The country round Galesville was wild and romantic, affording that beautiful scenery so peculiar to northern Georgia and Alabama.

The army was soon again put on the move, part of it going with General Thomas, and the remainder, the 14th, 20th, 15th and 17th Corps, going with Sherman down the railway towards Atlanta.

Morgan's division marched to Rome, where it remained a few days, after which it continued on to Kingston, where it arrived on the 1st of November. At Kingston the army received eight months pay, and a partial supply of clothing, having to wait until it arrived at Atlanta before a complete supply would be issued.

While at Kingston, it will be remembered, the Eighty-sixth Regiment camped on a piece of ground covered with all manner of stones, from the minutest pebble to those that were large enough to make an uneven bed. Again, on the 8th of the month, the division marched on, passing through the ruined Cassville on to Cartersville, where it halted a few days, at one time going to guard the railroad, which did not last long enough to make it pay.

Cartersville is noted for the most remarkable of the monumental remains in the United States. They are situated upon the right bank of the Etowah river near the railroad, some two miles south of the town, in the midst of a perfectly level alluvial bottom, towering above all surrounding objects, changeless amid the revolutions of centuries. On good testimony it has been urged that these mounds were built by a race of people preceding the Indian race. Who they were, and how great that population was, cannot now be determined. No historian has left the record of their manners, government and laws; no voice save that silent speaking testimony of these monuments, proclaims their past greatness. No reply is heard in definite response by those who knock at their tombs. The morning the Eighty-sixth left this place, Billy Longfellow issued rations on the summit of one of these mounds, and the regiment stacked arms along the road near them.

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On the morning of the 13th, the 2nd division of the 14th Corps was set in motion from Cartersville toward Atlanta, destroying the railway, founderies, mills, etc., on its route. In not a few instances private dwellings and private property were laid desolate. Previous to this, General Sherman had directed all surplus artillery, all baggage not needed for the contemplated march, all the sick and wounded, refugees and other encumbrances, to be sent back to Chattanooga. On its march to Atlanta the division passed over much of the old campaign ground, which had lost none of its familiarity, seeming as if there had been no lapse of time.

The Kenesaw was natural, and the dreadful battlefield of the 27th of June, where so many of our slain comrades lie buried, and whose graves were yet fresh, had undergone no change except that the leaves had ripened and fallen to the ground. Even as the leaves wither and fall, so must man, and we were made sad in contemplating the fearful, bloody past.

The division crossed the Chattahoochie river in the forenoon of the 15th, and arrived in Atlanta in time to draw clothing, provisions, etc., preparatory to the uncertain action of the morrow. Atlanta on this occasion seemed to be swallowed up in flames. Bright, lurid lights were seen springing up in every quarter. It seemed that the once proud and defiant city was bidding earth farewell! "But what is now to be done?" every one asks. "Has Sherman gone crazy sure enough." Thus people talked, the country over. They could not tell what Sherman was up to now. He moved out from Atlanta on the 16th of November into the darkness and wilderness of Dixie, leaving the good folks at home to wonder where Sherman had gone. But several weeks elapsed before the secret was divulged—before the lost hero rose up in the magic of his might on the great seaboard.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TO THE SEA.

With this chapter begins the narrative of the great raid through Georgia down to the sea. Now was begun a military feat which when accomplished astonished the world, and proved false the maxim laid down by military geniuses of every notoriety and age, that no army could subsist any length of time without a permanent base of supplies. The undertaking of a raid of so great magnitude and daring was an act bearing the tint of insanity and reckless daring beyond the comprehension of learned critics and wirecutters.

For the purpose of this great march, Sherman had divided his army into two wings; the right commanded by Major General Oliver O. Howard, comprising the 15th and 17th Corps; the left under Major General Henry W. Slocum, comprising the 14th and 20th Corps. The 14th Corps, to which the Eighty-sixth Illinois belonged, was composed of three divisions, led by Brigadier Generals William P. Carlin, James D. Morgan and Absalom Baird. The 3rd brigade of General Morgan's division, to which the Eighty-sixth regiment more immediately belonged, was commanded on this great raid by Colonel Langley, of the 125th Illinois.

About 12 M, on the 16th of November, 1864, General Morgan's command led out from Atlanta along the Augusta and Atlanta railroad, following and destroying it as far as Covington; here the division left it, marching through Shady Dale, near Edenton Factory, directly on to Milledgeville, the capital of the State, where it arrived late in the evening of the 22nd. Our march to the capital of Georgia was one of pleasure and plenty; plenty sat smiling on every hand, tauntingly inviting the Yankee boys on. The Eighty-sixth was now in the height of its glory, making itself free in every man's potato patch, poultry yard and smoke house, thus assuring the inhabitants of its sincere regard and thankfulness for their unswerving devotion as enemies. Thus the command passed merrily on in its wild paroxysms of frantic joy, living as sumptuously as kings are wont to live in their marble palaces and wanton luxuries. Time did not drag heavily with us, nor did the ghost of hunger haunt us in our dreams. We laid down at night on a bed of pine boughs with as much composure as if feathers had been at our command. We dared famine to look us in the face, and treated discontent with contempt.

The commonest produce of the country so far was sweet potatoes or yams, and negro beans. These vegetables, with all kinds of meat, afforded high living and in a plentiful manner. The boys were never under the necessity of carrying much provisions with them; in fact, they scarcely ever carried any in these parts, for when the column stopped for meals they would climb the fence for sweet potatoes, and shoot a shoat for meat. About half an hour before the troops went into camp, firing might be heard in every direction about the column, being caused by the boys shooting porkers and such, for their supper.

There was a great caravan of negroes hanging on the rear of our column when it arrived in Milledgeville, like a sable cloud in the sky before a thunder storm or tornado. They thought it was freedom now or never, and would follow whether or no. It was really a ludicrous sight to see them trudging on after the army in promiscuous style and divers manner. Some in buggies of the most costly and glittering manufacture; some on horseback, the horses old and blind, and others on foot; all following up in right jolly mood, bound for the Elysium of ease and freedom. Let those who choose to curse the negro curse him; but one thing is true, despite the unworthiness they bear on many minds, that they were the only friends on whom we could rely for the sacred truth in the sunny land of Dixie. What they said might be relied on so far as they knew; and one thing more, they knew more and could tell more than most of the poor white population. Milledgeville was occupied by our forces without the slightest opposition on the part of the enemy, there being no enemy of material consequence to contend with, all having gone to Nashville, there to get a complete drubbing.

On the morning of the 24th our division marched through Milledgeville, and passing on through Sandersville, crossed the Ogechee river and Rocky Comfort creek into Louisville, a county seat town, where it remained several days to let the right wing of the army come up on a line. Milledgeville is beautifully situated in the paradise portion of Georgia, the country around being rich, and on the whole,

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level and fertile. The city itself is laid off with much good taste, the streets being wide and handsome, and the buildings sparsely built along them. The private dwellings, for the most part, were framework, not costly and extravagant, but constructed in plain and wholesome style. The State House, however, was especially grand in its design and material. On leaving this place our forces destroyed many of the public buildings. The Oconee river, which flows along the east side of the capitol, is a narrow, deep stream, and very handsome. Over it was a good wagon bridge, left unhurt by the rebel fugitives. While crossing this bridge all pack animals over one to a company, were taken and appropriated to other use, for by general order only one was allowed to a company, but in spite of orders the boys would cling to their mules, one company having sometimes several span. These creatures were a great help to us in carrying our heavy plunder. On the march from Milledgeville to Sandersville the command was for the first time molested seriously by the cavalry of the enemy. About these times they captured many of our foragers, nineteen of whom it was said were hung on the spot.

The day on which the command entered Sandersville it had its first encounter with the enemy's cavalry, under rebel General Wheeler, which had gotten in our front and attempted to arrest our progress.

But there was no halting on Wheeler's account, for our troops made their way on, he and his getting out of the way. While the division was at Sandersville it gave the country around a healthy forage. A certain wealthy planter living near had five or six score of French or Spanish negroes, with a dwarfish stature and a gabble like so many geese. This planter lived in Savannah in high life, as most wealthy planters do. His possessions would seem changed when next he saw them; his cotton and out-houses, his presses and gins were burned up, his productions taken and plantation gleaned; but he is not alone in his misery, his neighbors are as bad off as himself.

It was amusing to see the slouchy negroes obey the soldiers' orders, for they had to be obeyed. Twenty or thirty of them would run after the same chicken, heading and tripping each other as they went. These, like all negroes, were delighted to see the Yankees waltz in and make old massa "shell out." They would point out where things were concealed, and then! Oh, then! take a regular nigger laugh when the Yanks "went in." However, about noon on the 28th, the command having left Sandersville, arrived on the west bank of Rocky Comfort creek. The bridge over this stream being burnt, it was obliged to wait till late in the evening before a crossing could be effected into Louisville, where it went into camp one mile east of the town.

At this camp, on the evening of the 29th, Colonel Fahnestock took his regiment on picket, and on the next day fought a force of the enemy's cavalry which was making a demonstration on our lines in several places, keeping the pickets on the maneuver most of the day.

At the first alarm of the enemy on the lines of the Eighty-sixth, the Colonel ordered his men to advance to a line two hundred yards to his front and throw up a line of barricades for protection.

While this was being done a constant fire was kept up on the rebels, whose course was soon turned, being compelled to withdraw in confusion across a large cornfield. When they reached the farther side of this field they formed their lines, and also threw up a line of barricades which they held until late in the afternoon, when the regiment charged them away and took possession, and following them up for more than a mile, returned. Though the casualties of the regiment in this day's skirmish were not great, the excitement, nevertheless, ran high. Its loss was four missing or captured. The company loss was as follows: Co. A, two; Co. F, one; Co. K, one.

The foragers from our division on this occasion were made to suffer severely. The enemy came upon them so suddenly that they were unable to get back to the lines; not a few of them were killed and captured, and many of them, being overbalanced with wines, were shot in cold blood.

On the first of December, the division moved from Louisville in the direction of Millen, and crossing on its route, Big, Dry and Spring creeks, camped a short distance to the east of the latter. It had the corps train in charge, while the other two divisions moved on the right and left to protect it.

The next day a deflection was made in the line of march of our division, caused by the change of direction of the 20th Corps, its course being turned northward, crossing Buckhead and Rocky creeks, on pontoons laid for that purpose, and camping on the night of the 3rd at Lumpkin's on the railroad. On the next day Carlin's and Morgan's divisions, with the three corps trains, after destroying three miles of

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railway, moved in the direction of Jacksonboro, and camped thirteen miles beyond Lumpkin's Station. On this same day, Baird and Kilpatrick, after some fighting with Wheeler's cavalry, drove the enemy from Waynesboro and across Brier creek.

The march was continued on the morning of the 5th, passing through Jacksonboro into the northeastern edge of Effingham county, thence down the Savannah river, arriving in the vicinity of the city of Savannah on the 11th of December.

Many new and exciting incidents occurred on the march from Louisville to Savannah. Larger caravans of negroes than before followed our war-path, frequently being cut off by the enemy's cavalry, but by circuitous routes and much hard marching, would make their appearance again.

There was at once a laughable and pitiful sight occurred respecting these poor unfortunates, while the command was crossing the country in the vicinity of Buckhead and Rocky creeks. As soon as the troops crossed these streams the pontoons were taken up and the Africans left behind. This, however, did not have the effect to discourage them, for, after wandering up and down the banks for a time, in mad excitement, some sturdy fellow among the rest, ventured in and swam across. This was a signal for the rest, who followed like sheep in a drove. Many of the women, with the darling calamity of their bosom in their arms, were washed under by the swift current to rise no more.

The inhabitants of Georgia, on this unexpected raid through their country, used many devices in the effort to hide their household affairs, horses, mules, wagons and all kinds of provisions from the invading Yankee army, but to no material purpose. The foragers would first go to the houses and inquire of the families where they kept their provisions, horses, mules and such, the answer invariably being that "we've none, are poor people," etc. The boys could not be fooled out of a good thing by such talk as that, but proceeded immediately to an investigation of the matter. Drawing the rammers from their guns they would insert them in the ground at every suspicious place where fresh dirt might be seen, and if they should strike anything hard with them, the process of digging would be the next thing on the programme, and behold! various things of consecutive kinds would appear, probably the whole contents of a smoke-house or dwelling. The soldier, making this discovery, would take of the treasure what he wanted, and tell the next fellow he met, who, after satisfying his desires would do unto another as he was done by, fulfilling the moral rules. In this manner, the whole treasure would soon be absorbed in an arithmetical decreasing progression.

While some soldiers were pursuing this plan for finding things, others were pursuing other plans. Calling a negro, they would inquire where his massa or missus had hid their mules, the reply being, "I don't know, massa." "But you do know, you black rascal, now out with it, or you'll hear a dead nigger fall," at the same time presenting a gun. It works like a charm, the negro begs and agrees to tell. A Yankee can't be foiled, for he has more ways than a centipede has legs.

No sooner had our army reached the Savannah river than many of the foragers crossed it into South Carolina, on large flat-boats which they captured going down the river towards Savannah laden with the choicest treasures. There was also a small sternwheel gun-boat plying along the river above Savannah, watching the movements of our forces, which General Morgan allowed his foragers would gobble before his command reached Savannah.

In going down the Savannah river, the division passed near old Ebenezer church which was built in 1739, nearly one hundred and twenty-seven years ago. It is the remains of the oldest church in the United States, and bears with it much of historical interest.

On the afternoon of the 9th of December, when our column was within fourteen miles of Savannah, our passage was disputed by a rebel battery planted at the crossing of two roads.

Two regiments of our brigade, the Eighty-sixth and 125th Illinois, were deployed as skirmishers with orders to advance until they found the enemy's works. By the time these orders were executed, night drew on, and under its cover the rebels retreated. This battery was captured, however, having mistaken the roads and running into other of our forces.

The Eighty-sixth regiment, in this skirmish, lost two men wounded. One from Company A, the other from H.

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After the skirmish, our division marched to the Ten-mile House and went into camp, giving the road to the 20th Corps.

The next day, the command moved on to within three or four miles of Savannah, taking up position around it. The siege of this place may be said to have begun on the 11th of December.

The forces under rebel General Hardee in the works around Savannah numbered about fifteen thousand men.

The face of the country in this vicinity, was level and swampy, so that a large force well handled would make a formidable resistance.

Our works were built close up to the enemy's, and constant skirmishing went on.

On the 13th, two days after the siege began, the 2nd division of the 15th Corps, charged on Fort McAllister and took it. This gained us communication with our fleet, and a short time after we eat hard tack from the great sea.

During the siege, the Eighty-sixth did not go on the front lines, but remained in camp in the rear, spending most of its time pounding rice or seeing it well done by the natives.

In the siege of Savannah, the 20th Corps held the left of our lines, resting on the Savannah river; the 14th Corps was on its right; the 17th Corps next and the 15th Corps on the extreme right, with its flank resting on the Gulf railway, at station No. 1. The army remained in this position until the 21st, ten days from the commencement of the siege. In the meantime there was a deal of foraging done, as the country began to fail to supply the demands made upon it.

The last few days of the siege, the foragers were compelled to go a long distance to the rear in order to procure the necessary quota of rice, for this was eminently a rice country. The soldiers always had regular meals of rice and pork for breakfast, pork and rice for dinner, and vice versa for supper.

Up the Savannah river from the city of Savannah, and bordering on it upon either bank, were large and flourishing rice plantations, cultivated by great numbers of negroes of every hue of the skin and brogue of the tongue, some of them direct from Liberia, some from New Guinea, and others from the swamps of Florida. It was amusing to see the soldiers act the place of master and overseer over these deplorable creatures. One soldier would crowd together thirty or forty of them, and march around them at right shoulder-shift arms, keeping them at work pounding rice with mortar and pestle. Great ricks of this precious produce, in every way resembling oats, were stacked on each plantation, and from ten to twenty thousand bushels in a single stackyard. Our army made use of it in various ways, much of it being threshed and hulled, and then used by the soldiers, but a greater part fed to mules.

Thus, things passed merrily on, until the memorable 21st of December, when our forces marched proudly into the "Forest City," Hardee having evacuated it on the night of the 20th. Now, the whole army went into camp in and about it, being once more in communication with the outer world.

Here ends the great raid to the sea.

Immediately after the capture of Savannah, General Sherman sent the following brief note to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

On this raid, the army marched over three hundred miles directly through the heart of Georgia, living off the best of the land. No less than ten thousand negroes left the plantations of their former masters and accompanied the army when it reached Savannah, without taking note of thousands more who were left along the line of march. Over twenty thousand bales of cotton were burned, besides twenty-five thousand captured at Savannah. Thirteen thousand head of beef cattle, nine million five hundred thousand pounds of corn, and ten million five hundred thousand of fodder, were taken from the country and issued to the men and animals.

Besides the history of this great raid, there are many other historical incidents connected with this portion of the country. Savannah itself was the first settlement in the State, being laid off in the year 1733. It was here where the great John Wesley first officiated as minister. And it was the scene of many revolutionary incidents; where General Lincoln fought the British in October, 1779; where Pulaski fell, and where Nathaniel Greene lies buried.

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Savannah is located in a low, level country, surrounded by almost impassable swamps of a very unhealthy nature. It has a canal running into it from the Ogechee, and three railroads radiating from it; and from its beautiful shade trees, it is appropriately called the "Forest City."

Our great raid through Georgia, the Queen State of the Confederacy, was practically unobstructed by the enemy. True, they attempted to arrest our progress, but without the slightest success. Some of Wheeler's men, would, at times, make a stand behind an intrenchment and contest our advance. Our skirmishers would push forward, reinforced by the reserve, a charge would be sounded by the bugle, a rush follow---and amid the rattle of musketry and report of field pieces, the ground would be swept over by our boys, the works carried, and enemy routed. These little fights resulted in no check to our advancing columns. The head of the column would halt to let the rear close up, and before that was done, the advance guard would have cleared the way, and the column again set in motion.

Such too, was the case when fallen trees or destroyed bridges obstructed the road. The pioneers had usually cleared away the impediments before the column had closed up, and no stoppage on this account was experienced. Notwithstanding this arduous march down to the great sea, the soldiers were not in the least dispirited. They wanted for nothing to eat or wear, and it seemed to them more of a gala day than one of fatigue.

Before closing this chapter, we will give a summary of events from the time we left Lee and Gordon's Mills until the close of the year 1864.

The total casualties of the Eighty-sixth Illinois, during this time, the most eventful period of its history, were:

Recruits .....	16
Transferred by promotion .....	1
Transferred to other regiments .....	26
Discharged .....	9
Ordinary deaths .....	7
Killed in action .....	45
Missing .....	25
Deserted .....	6
Wounded in action .....	113
Wounded accidental .....	8
Died of wounds .....	10
Surrendered from desertion .....	1
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Aggregate .....	261

The beginning of 1864 found us near Chattanooga with an army nearly equal to our own to contend with; the end of it found us in Savannah, snugly encamped near the great sea. The whole year had been resplendent with victory. Atlanta and Milledgeville and Savannah had fallen, and the anaconda of Yankee vengeance had almost extinguished the lights of rebellion. Success seemed mixed with doubt when the year began; when it closed, bright and buoyant was the hope of our armies on land and sea.

Sherman had pushed from the mountain districts of the north to the level lowlands of the south, no army having ever met with more signal success than his. No difficulties had been more successfully overcome, at any time or age, than by his exultant army. With determined zeal and firm tread it marched from one victory to another.

If it failed in driving the enemy at one or two or three trials, it was still fearless and determined. And he was a brave and mighty man who led this army through so many perils to lasting fame and achievements. It had been on an active campaign for eight long months, digging in the dirt and marching like the wind.

## CHAPTER VIII.

RAID THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA--BATTLES OF  
AVERYSBORO AND BENTONVILLE.

At Savannah, General Sherman received instructions from the Lieutenant General to embark his army on transports, and hasten to the James river, to participate in the final destruction of the main army of the rebellion. However, upon Sherman's earnest representation of the difficulty of moving sixty thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry, with their due allowance of artillery, so great a distance by water, and on assurance, that he could place his army at the desired place sooner, in better condition, and with more injury to the enemy, General Grant consented to this modification, and gave the necessary orders. A division was drawn from General Sheridan's army of the Shenandoah, and sent to Savannah as a garrison. This enabled Sherman to take with him the entire army with which he made the raid through Georgia. He determined to make the distance between Savannah and Goldsboro at one stride. Some time was consumed in preparation, and by the 15th of January, 1865, all was ready and the movement began.

On the 20th of this month, the 2nd division of the 14th Corps, still under the command of James D. Morgan, moved out from Savannah eight miles in a north-western direction, camping near Tuly's Station, where the command lay wind-bound for four days.

Just a short time prior to this move from Savannah, General Feering was placed in command of the 3rd brigade, under General Morgan, thus relieving Colonel Langley of that command.

General Feering remained with his brigade, much beloved by all, until the battle of Bentonville, N. C., where he was wounded, being so disabled that he never afterwards resumed command of it. On the morning of the 25th, at seven A. M., the command resumed its march from Tuly's Station, the 14th Corps with Geary's division of the 20th, and Corse's division of the 15th Corps, marched up the west bank of the Savannah to Sister's ferry, where they crossed over to the South Carolina side, on the 5th of February, having been detained one week on account of high water at this ferry.

On the 8th, the division again cut loose from communications, marching up the Savannah to a point opposite Barnwell, where it left the river road and going to Barnwell, crossed the Salkahatchie river on its route. From Barnwell it took a northern course, striking the Augusta and Charleston railway at a small place known as Williston, thence, continuing north, crossed the South and North Edisto rivers, and going within one and a half miles of Columbia, was headed off by other troops, being compelled to move back up the Saluda river, some eight miles from Columbia, where, on the 26th, it crossed it on a pontoon bridge and thence marching north-east, round Columbia, crossed Broad river at Fursell's Ferry, some twenty miles nearly north of Columbia. Our division was ferried over this stream, as there were not enough pontoon boats to complete a bridge. Crossing the river in the afternoon of the 18th, it went into camp, building breastworks for a protection to our supply train, as it was reported that Hood was also crossing the river above us.

Before going into camp, the Eighty-sixth sent out a detail of foragers, under charge of Captain Hall, of Company H, to scour the rich country beyond the Broad river, meeting with more-than ordinary success. This party had a skirmish with a squad of the enemy's videttes, driving them pell-mell.

As the army remained here a few days, we will review the most interesting events of the march up to this period.

The general features of the country over which the division passed, was that of a hilly, undulating plain, becoming more hilly and broken the farther north it went, until these undulations had gradually assumed the proportions of high hills. The country south of the North Edisto river, in Carolina, is far richer in its soil and yields a better crop than that north of this river.

The plantations, too, are larger, and lie more in a body than in other parts of the State over which we passed; and it is a curious fact, often remarked, that there is no rock or gravel here. The soil is seldom black, but usually a yellow clay of a spongy texture. North of the North Edisto river, the country begins to assume a stony and gravelly appearance, and rises in ridges of hills until it becomes very broken indeed.

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There is a peculiarity in the soil of this part of the country which deserves remark. It is this: fields are sometimes seen covered over with a white sand, frequently an inch, and sometimes more, in depth. Off at a distance, a person unaccustomed to this peculiarity, would mistake this sand for a sheet of water. All soldiers are aware of this fact who have passed this portion of the country. There are places again where the sand seems to have been drifted like snow over the surface of a plain, and as much as one thing can resemble another, these drifts resemble snow, of a pure white color.

The swamps in this State are very different from those of Georgia. They are not so difficult to travel through, and not near as numerous and large. In many of them, rice is extensively cultivated, and is far superior in quality to that raised on high lands.

So far, the State furnished us an abundance of forage of every kind, and the very best.

The boys lived sumptuously on flour, molasses, cured hams and many other of the staunch things of life---never fared better.

They always ate to satiety, and quit with plenty left. From the very first they treated South Carolina as her acts of treason and atrocity deserved. Nearly every house all over the country was fed on the flames of Yankee vengeance. When their houses were burnt, the proud chivalry were obliged to seek refuge in negro shanties---an awful condescension, but scores of them have had their pride thus broken.

To some, it may have seemed relentless barbarism to burn and devastate a country in the manner in which Carolina was served, but when they remember she was the main actor in the rebellion, fired the first gun, and led her sister States into a fratricidal war, and, moreover, prided herself in such acts of inhumanity, who then can pity her, or sympathize with her? She dared not ask sympathy, for multitudes of slain patriots answered, No sympathy for the venomous Carolina! There was no time in the day when looking around you there might not be seen liquid flames of fire lifting themselves in mad waves above the beautiful mansion, gin or fences; and even the hills and valleys for miles around were blue with smoke.

These were truly the smoky days of Carolina! Such was the inveterate hatred our troops entertained towards this State, and such the freedom allowed, that seldom the least of things were spared. If there was more forage than was needed for army consumption, the dancing flames of Yankee vengeance eat it up.

This portion of South Carolina was not thickly settled, owing to single persons owning very large tracts of land. On nearly all of these extensive plantations there was usually two fine dwellings: one for the lord, the other for the overseer. Round the overseer's dwelling there was a large number of negro shanties frequently from ten to fifty, somewhat resembling a town. The lord's residence was invariably fixed off in gay colors, with its handsome yards, out-buildings to break the summer's sun, with high walls inclosing a square for hounds, besides many other things. Then inside the dwelling itself were the costliest and most beautiful decorations imaginable. The richest Turkey carpet covered the floor; the finest sofas, chairs, tables, and other decorations filled the rooms, and a large and extensive library was invariably to be found. But these gay ornaments vanished before the "vandal Yanks," as the dew-drops before the rising sun.

The scenery from the high hills that border on the western bank of the Broad river, is grand in the extreme. Excepting that in the vicinity of Chattanooga, it surpasses anything of the kind that ever came under our observation. Looking eastward, you see the railroad and river winding, their snake-like course along the high and hilly plain. And from the same view, as far as the eye can reach, one vast plain, undulating and broken, spreads itself before you, diversified with a green forest of pine, and fields covered with pure white sand, resembling high drifts of snow. Then around you, in whatever point of compass you should chance to look, thick volumes of smoke might be seen rising out of the valleys, over the tops of intervening hills, presenting a picturesque and novel scene.

Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, some twenty miles south of our position on Broad river, was captured on the 17th of February, by the right wing of the army, under General Howard, the mayor making a formal surrender of the place to Colonel Stone, commander of a brigade of the 15th Corps. This brigade was the first organized body to enter it. The city was fired by Wade Hampton's men before they left it, and nearly destroyed, notwithstanding the effort made by our troops to save it. While our division remained on the east side of the Broad river, it was engaged, for a time, in destroying the Spartansburg railway. It was a poor excuse for a road, the iron being old and worn out.

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From Broad river, our column took up the line of march at six o'clock on the morning of February 20th, moving in a north-eastern direction, crossing Little river, and striking the Charlotte and Columbia railway at White Oak Station, four miles north of Winnsboro; thence marching up the railway some six miles, crossed it at Blackstakes, and marching east, camped at twelve M. on the 22nd, giving the road to the 20th Corps.

The march was resumed at eight A. M., on the 23rd, camping at night near Rocky Mount, on the Catawba river, in the north-eastern corner of Fairfield district. On the 24th, the Eighty-sixth Illinois was moved forward several miles, and camped on Rocky Mount, where it remained four days. The 14th Corps having crossed the Catawba river by the 28th, resumed the march. General Morgan's division now led the advance of the corps, and marching in a north-eastern course, crossed Flat, and the two Lyncher creeks, and passing through Hickory Head on its route, arrived on the Great Pedee, at a Point eight miles above Cheraw, where it laid a pontoon bridge, and crossed over on the 7th of March.

From the Great Pedee, the line of march was taken up in a direct course for Fayetteville, where the command arrived on the 11th of March.

The country between the Broad and Catawba rivers is very broken indeed. One ridge of hills closely succeeds another, and they are high and steep. The scenery here is exceedingly wild and romantic. There has been a romance written of this part of the State, of the era of the Revolution, called the Black Riders of the Congaree, which was interesting to read while we were also acting a great drama there. This was also the campaign grounds in the times of the Revolution. Rocky Mount, Camden, Sander's Creek and Hanging Rock are places of Revolutionary fame.

A great deal of trouble was experienced in completing a pontoon bridge across the Catawba, on account of heavy rains and high waters. By the time it would be nearly done the swift current would sweep it away. It was in consequence of this detention that General Sherman sent orders to General Davis, in case he could not get the pontoon bridge to hold by the morning of the 28th, to burn his trains, swim his mules, ferry his men and come on. But as good luck would have it, the bridge was finally made to stick and on the 28th everything was landed safely on the other side.

About midnight on the 27th, Colonel Fahnestock blew his whistle for the regiment to fall in and cross the river. The winds blew and the rains fell, but for all that the Eighty-sixth had to crawl out of its dry tents, do them up and go; and when it reached the pontoon it was not yet done, causing us to lay round enjoying the benefit of the rain till morning. The Eighty-sixth about this time thought it would get a permanent detail as train guards, get to ride and such; but like many other of its hopes and plans, it was all "in a horn."

On the march from the Catawba there was a deal of corduroying to be done on the muddy roads, and by the time our long trains had passed over they were far worse than ever. Our corps train consisted of more than six hundred wagons, and when stretched out on the same road, as was very often the case, it would string out from six to seven miles, making bad roads for the rearmost wagons. General Davis was surprised at the rapidity with which General Morgan moved his command from the Catawba to the Great Pedee, and complimented him for it. General Morgan was, in every sense of the word, a go-ahead man; he was so kind and careful with his men that they would speak of him altogether by the sobriquet of "Uncle Jimmy Morgan." He was odd and peculiar in his manner; he stood in a position inclining forward, and when he walked he held his hands behind him, his eyes striking the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees. In conversation with others, he walked rapidly backwards and forwards as if in great mental excitement, doubtless, as Artemus Ward would say, "a way he has" He was plain and unostentatious in his dress, wearing a soldier's blouse, a soldier's hat, and soldier's shoes, being a private soldier out and out, the only distinction consisting in the little star upon either shoulder—the insignia of his rank.

Those who did not know him would wonder what soldier that was using so much authority. General Morgan was not only common to and among his men, but, better than all, he was careful with them, and valued their lives as much as his own, never commanding them to go where he would not accompany them. Whenever there was a battle peading you would see him on the skirmish line dodging round and looking about for himself; and when there was great danger, he would tell his boys to be very careful and not get hurt, seeming really to love them. Before the General entered the service he was said to have been a pork

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packer, though there was another report that he was a Methodist preacher. These reports were often the source of amusing incidents. Frequently, on our long marches the boys would become tired and worn out, wanting to go into camp. By and by Uncle Jimmy would come along while they were in this mood, when some mischievous fellow would cry out---not to the General, but that he might hear it: "I'll be d---d if I sell Uncle Jimmy my hogs if he don't camp pretty soon." This strikes the nail on the head; the General laughs and goes ahead, jerking the reins as usual. Uncle Jimmy was certainly a man of the finest feelings and respect for others, and possessed a true, brave and loyal heart.

In his order to his command, announcing the capture of Richmond, he said: "Let every true and loyal heart rejoice."

There was a marked peculiarity in the country between the Catawba and Pedee, consisting in a great many rocks scattered here and there of an enormous size and peculiar shape. They were from eight to twelve feet in height, of an oval form, and covered with a thick green moss.

These curious rocks excited the wonder of all. On one we saw there was a spring, with its bright waters trickling over its sides so beautiful and wonderful, and known as Hanging Rock of historic fame.

The country between the Great Pedee and Cape Fear rivers is one vast, extensive pine forest. In this section there are but few plantations, and they are small. The general features are level, and the undulations, if any are slight. Out of these forests the inhabitants manufacture turpentine, rosin and tar in great quantities. They hew the bark from two sides of the tree, and near its roots cut a niche to receive the juice that does not gum on its sides. On nearly every stream there is a factory for the making of turpentine, rosin and tar. On our passage through, these factories were full, and when burning made a huge fire and smoke, far surpassing in grandeur anything of the kind we ever saw, or ever expect to see. Among the curiosities of our march, the burning of these factories was the most curious. Just imagine one hundred barrels of rosin and as many of turpentine and tar to be thrown together and ignited. It is impossible for a person who has not witnessed such a scene, to form a proper idea of the real grandeur and sublimity of these dense volumes of black, agitated smoke, brightened betimes with lofty flames of liquid fire, that seem to lift themselves in the fury of their madness to the very skies.

When our column was within twenty-four miles of Fayetteville, General Kilpatrick, who was several miles to the left of our division, was surprised by the enemy and routed, though he afterwards rallied his men and regained his camp.

The army now entered Fayetteville without further opposition, remaining from the 11th of March until the 15th. During its stay several small steamers came up from Wilmington, bringing provisions and mail.

The left wing of the army remained at Fayetteville the short space of four days, when it led out on the main road to Raleigh, which follows the right bank of the Cape Fear river some sixteen miles or more, and branching at Averysboro.

The supply train of the 14th Corps was left behind in charge of the 3rd division, to intercept us by a nearer route whenever provisions enough arrived at Fayetteville to load it.

On the morning of the 16th the left wing moved from its camp of the night previous and discovered the enemy with artillery, infantry and cavalry, in an entrenched position in front of the point where the road branches off towards Goldsboro through Bentonville. Hardee, retreating from Fayetteville, had halted in the narrow swamp neck between Cape Fear and South rivers, in the hope of holding Sherman there, in order to save time for the concentration of Johnston's army at some point in his rear. Hardee's force was estimated at twenty thousand men. It was necessary to dislodge him, that our army might have the use of the Goldsboro road, as also to keep up the feint on Raleigh as long as possible. Slocum therefore advanced on his position, only difficult by reason of the nature of the ground, which was so soft that horses and men would sink everywhere and could scarcely make their way at all. The 20th Corps led the advance of Slocum's column, the 14th Corps following with Kilpatrick's cavalry in the entire advance.

The 20th Corps, upon finding the enemy, drove him from his first line of works, and advancing, took position confronting his second line, which was more formidable than the first. Then the 14th Corps took position on the left of the 20th Corps, our division being on the extreme left of the line, with its left resting on the Cape Fear river. The whole line now advanced late in the afternoon, drove the enemy well within his

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works, and pressed him so hard that he retreated during the night in a hard storm over the worst of roads. From this position Hardee retreated on Smithfield.

No member of the Eighty-sixth will forget with what difficulty it got its position in this battle, having to wade through creeks and swamps up to one's armpits. There was no chance to make a deflection to the right or left to shun a quagmire, right ahead being the only chance. The Eighty-sixth skirmishers in this engagement experienced a hard time; but the main body of the regiment was not brought into action.

The loss of the regiment was two killed and three wounded. The killed were Captain John F. French, of Co. K, and Rileigh George, of Co. F. Captain French was a brave and accomplished officer, and beloved by all the regiment. Co. K lost two wounded, and Co. C one.

As soon as Hardee was known to have retreated, our forces were again put on the move, taking the road leading to the right, built a bridge across the swollen South river, and marched on the Goldsboro road.

Our wounded were taken with us from the battlefield of Averysboro, and as there were not enough ambulances for them, some were loaded in army wagons. The march was continued in the direction of Bentonville, over a country rich with forage of every kind except molasses—a luxury we were not often without. Meal and meat were to be had in abundance. No wanton destruction of property was tolerated in this section of the country, for there was too much loyalty and poverty for that, and soldiers are too magnanimous not to respect these; but where luxury and pomp abound, they are hyenas and wolves.

On the night of the 18th, our division camped on the Goldsboro road, about five miles from Bentonville and twenty-seven from Goldsboro, at a point where the road from Clinton to Smithfield crosses the Goldsboro road.

General Sherman had been with our wing of the army up to this time, and anticipating no more opposition in the occupation of Goldsboro, left General Slocum's column on the next morning to accompany Howard's advance into Goldsboro.

Early on the morning of the 19th, the 14th Corps, being in advance of the 20th on the same road, marched directly on to Bentonville. On arriving at that place it soon discovered the enemy in force, strongly entrenched on the further side of a difficult swamp.

The 1st division, driving back his cavalry and skirmishers, took a position on the left of the road, and the 2nd division to the right of the same. These divisions set to work and built log breastworks.

As soon as General Slocum ascertained that the combined forces of Hoke, Hardee and Cheatham, all under command of rebel General Johnston, were massed in his front, he ordered the two divisions of the 20th Corps to form on the left of the 14th Corps, at the same time ordering up the two divisions that were back with the supply trains.

Meantime the enemy sallied out on the left flank of the 1st division of the 14th Corps, driving it back pell-mell, then pushing forward, struck the flank and rear of the 2nd division.

At this juncture our brigade was moved out from the works on the double-quick to cover its left flank. Before it got its lines formed the rebels were upon it, and in the battle and confusion that ensued it was driven back, but forming again it threw up logs and rails for protection, which it held against six or seven successive charges.

The giving back of our brigade left exposed the rear of the other two brigades. These brigades were formed in two lines, and were now attacked furiously in front and rear. Therefore the rear line changed sides of its works, and thus the advance of the enemy was met from both ways. These brigades fought heroically, and after a most desperate engagement came out victors, severely chastising the enemy, and capturing over three hundred prisoners. It was about this stage of the game that the 20th Corps was brought up to our assistance, Johnston's forces driven back, and our lines mended. Our trains would certainly have been captured had it not been for the timely arrival of these fresh troops, for they were brought up close in the rear of the lines of battle, as there was no engagement with the enemy anticipated.

Finally, when the battle began to rage in all its fury, there arose a panic among them far surpassing what had happened in the fight. The approaching storm of the battle seemed to them to be against us, and the conclusion was, there was no safety but in flight. Teamsters began to flee to the rear with their teams, and ambulance drivers with their ambulances. Each tried to outrun the rest, for all were eager to be foremost; consequently, in the jumble and excitement that ensued, no headway could be made. In trying to

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head each other off, they stuck fast in the swamp. The drivers did not try to extricate their vehicles, but mounting mules fled for a serener sky.

There had certainly been a mixed time with the rear gentry as could be seen the next morning. From the time the enemy made his first attack until dark there was an incessant roar of artillery and musketry. It was the days of Chickamauga renewed. Our artillery did good execution, and its deafening roar was awful in that dismal swamp.

Night ended this dreadful battle. It was fought in a low, difficult swamp, with mud and water over shoe mouth in depth, then it was densely covered with a thick growth of shrubs, briars and vines, closely interwoven. Judge the difficulty of such a place during a desperate engagement.

When the 3rd brigade was thrown out on the flank of the division, the Eighty-sixth Illinois was met by the enemy before it had formed its lines, Colonel Fahnestock ordering it to lie down and maintain its own, which it succeeded in doing for about ten minutes when the enemy struck it in flank, forcing it back several hundred yards, where it formed again and threw up a slight protection by means of logs and rails, with its left resting on the main road. Here it remained, holding its own, during the desperate charges made by Johnston on our lines.

In this day's fight, General Feering was wounded, and Colonel Langley took command of the brigade. Soon after the battle had ceased, the enemy fell back to his main line of works; our forces following up on the 20th, and taking position, built breastworks.

On the night of the 21st, General Johnston evacuated his intrenchments at this point, and retreated with his main force on Smithfield. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22nd, the 14th Corps having no enemy to oppose it, marched, and crossing the Neuse river on a pontoon, eight miles above Goldsboro, camped at that place, late at night of the same day. A few days previous to this, Generals Schofield and Terry had opened a line of communication to this place from Newbern.

The loss of the Eighty-sixth, in the battle of Bentonville, was, in all, two killed and twenty wounded.

The company loss was as follows:

KILLED		WOUNDED	
Company G .....	1	Company B .....	1
Company K .....	1	Company C .....	1
	---	Company E .....	2
Total	2	Company G .....	6
		Company H .....	4
		Company I .....	1
		Company K .....	5
			---
		Total	20

Here ends the second great raid.

The Eighty-sixth Illinois had traversed over five hundred miles, through all kinds of weather, country and scenery, and had consumed sixty-two days in doing it. Crossed no less than ten rivers, some of them at high water, and marched through the heart of South Carolina, leaving its mark behind it. Was engaged in several skirmishes and two battles, and lost twenty-seven men in battle and nine missing on the route, making thirty-six in all.

When it arrived in Goldsboro it was fat, ragged and saucy, having wanted for nothing but shoes. To get refitted, cleaned up and rested, were treats after the first order of things.

Before closing this chapter we will give an incident of the mode in which foraging was carried on during these great raids.

On every day's march a detail was made from each company in our division to go in advance of the main column and forage for it. These men might be seen stringing out of camps long before the column was set in motion, and were, of course, the first to visit the plantations. The first things they would make a rush for, were the mules and horses, in order to carry a load away with them. Then, going to the houses,

## CHAPTER IX.

### CAPTURE OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

As soon as Sherman's army encamped at Goldsboro, it began to prepare for a new campaign. Nearly three weeks were required to refit and equip, and accumulate supplies necessary for the pursuit of Johnston's army, which was held well in hand about Smithfield.

On the 9th of April, an order was read to our division, from General Grant to General Sherman, directing him to move on Johnston and press him. Prior to this, an order had also been read, announcing the capture of Richmond, which created universal joy. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 10th of April, the army was set in motion against Johnston, whose entire force was estimated at thirty-five thousand effective men.

The 14th Corps marched up the eastern bank of the Neuse river, and arrived at Smithfield on the evening of the 11th. Johnston had rapidly retreated across the Neuse, and having his railway to lighten up his trains, could fall back faster than we could pursue. The rains had also set in, making the roads almost impassable, and rendering a deal of corduroying necessary.

On the morning of the 12th, the announcement of the surrender of rebel General R. E. Lee's entire army, was made to our corps, causing feelings of inexpressible joy. To us, it was great, grand and glorious news.

Upon this intelligence, General Sherman gave orders to drop all trains, and the army marched rapidly on to Raleigh where our division arrived in the afternoon of the 13th, Johnston's army having hastily retreated on the roads from Hillsboro to Greensboro. Remaining in Raleigh, over the night of the 13th, the 14th Corps, resumed the march on the 14th, moving Southwest in the direction of Salisbury, Morgan's division arriving at Avon's Ferry on the Cape Fear river, on the afternoon of the 15th.

Thus matters stood when General Sherman received a communication from General Johnston that arrested all hostile movements for the time being. Our division now took up camp to await the results of negotiations between the commanders of the two opposing armies, which finally resulted in the surrender of Johnston's entire force.

The country between Goldsboro and Smithfield was usually low and swampy, affording good positions for the enemy's cavalry, which, in small force, and for a short time, would take advantage of them. On the contrary however, the country between Smithfield and Raleigh was enchanting: we had not seen its equal in all the South. When our division was within fourteen miles of the city of Raleigh, a flag of truce train was sent to meet us, offering its surrender, which being accepted, the rest of the march was unobstructed according to conditions.

Kilpatrick's command was the first to enter it, and while the General was riding at the head of his men, some reprobate had the audacity to shoot at him. The offender was caught and hung.

The people of this place seemed glad that the "vandals" had come. Raleigh was the handsomest city in all famous Dixie, it being neat and clean, and its situation grand, the surrounding country affording an extensive view. Here was found many of the handsome feminine chivalry, who having fled before us from the line of our raids, finally concluded to meet face to face the "grim-visaged Yanks."

Our division now remained at Avon's Ferry, on the Cape Fear, five miles below the confluence of the Haw and Deep rivers, for five days, in a sickly swamp. At this place, the Eighty-sixth Illinois set to work and put up comfortable quarters, after which the boys lay round in the shade, discussing the prospects of a speedy peace, when by and by, some one brought the dreadful rumor of the assassination of President Lincoln, which became confirmed on the evening of the 18th, Sherman's order to that effect being read to our division.

This sad intelligence cast a deep gloom over their joy in the anticipations of peace. It was heard by every member of the regiment, and division, with feelings and expressions of the keenest sorrow.

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Finally, a memorandum or basis of agreement, was drawn up by General Sherman, which, for the time being, was satisfactory to General Johnston and all present as a proposition to be submitted to the President of the United States for ratification or rejection, it being sent to Washington with all possible haste.

While these things were pending, our division was moved from the Cape Fear river to Holly Springs, on the 21st, that it might be nearer communications. When the memorandum between Sherman and Johnston was received by the cabinet at Washington, it was disapproved, and General Grant, with the following letter of instructions, was sent, in haste, to General Sherman:

“WAR DEPARTMENT,

*Washington City, April 21. 1865.*

“GENERAL: The memorandum or basis agreed upon between General Sherman and General Johnston having been submitted to the President, they are disapproved. You will give notice of the disapproval to General Sherman, and direct him to resume hostilities at the earliest moment.

“The instructions given to you by the late President, Abraham Lincoln, on the 3rd of March, by my telegram of that date addressed to you, express substantially the views of President Andrew Johnson, and will be observed by General Sherman.

“A copy is herewith appended.

“The President desires that you proceed immediately to the headquarters of General Sherman, and direct operations against the enemy.

Yours truly,

“EDWIN M. STANTON,

“Secretary of War.

“To LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.”

This dispatch was received on the morning of the 24th. General Sherman instantly gave notice to Gen. Johnston as follows: “I have replies from Washington to my communication of the 18th. I am instructed to limit my operations to your immediate command, and not attempt civil negotiations. I therefore demand the surrender of your army on the same terms as were given to General Lee at Appomattox, Va., on the 9th of April, instant, purely and simply.”

General Sherman now issued orders terminating the truce on the 26th, at 12 o'clock M., and ordered all to be in readiness to march at that time.

Again, on the 25th, General Johnston invited General Sherman to another conference, with a view to surrender. It now became the province of General Grant to take the lead in negotiations, but he preferred that Sherman should consummate the work. Nevertheless, General Johnston was afforded another interview. At this conference final terms were soon concluded, and the second grand army of the Confederacy was surrendered to Sherman on the following terms:

“All acts of war on the part of the troops under General Johnston's command to cease from this date. All arms and public property to be deposited at Greensboro, and delivered to an ordnance officer of the United States Army. Rolls of all officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be retained by the commander of the troops, and the other to be given to an officer to be designated by General Sherman. Each officer and man to give his individual obligation in writing not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly released from this obligation. The side-arms of officers, and their private horses and baggage to be retained by them.”

“This being done, all the officers and men will be permitted to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their obligations and the law in force where they may reside.”

Immediately on the conclusion of the definite cartel of surrender, General Sherman issued orders for the future movements of his army. Its work was done, and nothing remained for the greater portion of it not required to garrison the conquered country but to return home and disband.

The real and genuine feelings felt and expressed by the soldiers of our army at the surrender of Johnston, the return of peace, and the fact of their immediate march towards the homes from which they

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had been so long absent, cannot be written. It caused a thrill of emotions in every heart beyond the reach of the pen to portray.

The Eighty-sixth Illinois was still camped at Holly Springs when the glorious news of the fall of Johnston and the order for the homeward march was received. Every man was electrified with the great, grand and glorious news. Horrid visions of the past no longer possessed a single mind, but the hearty welcome, the joys and pleasures of a distant home, and the dear, beloved friends that made it home, crowded the mind of every one with inexpressible feelings of delight. Every man was more nimble, more talkative and more pleasant than ever before.

Nothing could be more enlivening, more vivifying and more devoutly to be wished than the very position in which they stood. Long and tedious marches had lost their dread, and every one became anxious to be homeward bound.

Bright visions of a future welcome at Peoria rose up before the minds of all—for there we would be met by the joys of our long absent friends, and the kind hospitality of the noble and generous-hearted ladies of the Women's National League—ladies who justly deserve our hearty thanks for their humane and loyal efforts to cheer and aid us in the field and at home. Their noble deeds will ever maintain a sacred spot on the tablets of our memory.

## CHAPTER X.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

General Morgan's division, of the 14th Corps, led out from its camp at Holly Springs at half past five o'clock on the morning of the 29th of April, and marching to the railroad camped near it, eight miles west of Raleigh, at Page's Station, where it procured supplies for its homeward march.

Remaining at this place until the 1st of May, it took up the march for the city of Richmond, and crossing the Neuse river at Fisher's Dam, camped on the first night four miles north of this dam and twenty miles from Oxford, after a hard march of twenty-two miles.

The column led out of camp the next morning at five o'clock A. M., and passing through Oxford, camped three miles north, marching twenty-three miles. Led out of camp on the morning of the 3rd, and being cut off by the 3rd division of the 20th Corps, made a forced march round it, and came in ahead of its advance, but Morgan gave the road; then continuing on, camped on the Roanoke river, four miles into Virginia, having marched about eighteen miles.

Led out of camp on the 4th at half past three A. M., and crossing the Roanoke river at Faylor's Ferry, six miles above Huskington, on a pontoon bridge, marched through Boydton and camped on the Meherrin river. Marched twenty-three miles. Led out at five o'clock A. M. on the 5th; crossed Little and Big Meherrin rivers, and marching through Lewiston, crossed Nottoway river and camped four miles from Nottoway C. H., having marched twenty-seven miles over bad roads. Resumed the march on the 6th at half past four o'clock, passing through Nottoway C. H. and Dennisville, camped late at night at Good's Bridge on the Appomattox river, having made a hard march of thirty miles under the pressure of a warm day.

Crossed the Appomattox river on the 7th, and marching camped on Falling creek, five miles from Richmond. Made twenty-five miles. Now ended the march. until the 11th.

It was a race between the corps commanders of Slocum's wing. Sherman ordered his Generals not to march over fifteen miles per day, but instead, General Davis made from twenty-two to thirty. It was an imposition of the worst feature, for many a good soldier was killed that might not have been, all for a foot race.

On this march the Eighty-sixth traveled one hundred and sixty-one miles over a beautiful country, in the latter part of spring, everything assuming a lovely aspect; and had the march been conducted as it was ordered to have been, it might have enjoyed the trip. All the inhabitants come out to see the Yankees; the old and young, the white and black, came from far and near to get a view. The regiment now set to work after its usual manner in the erection of comfortable quarters, which it had completed in a short time, and then took the world easy. It was encamped in a vicinity made renowned by the wars of the great rebellion, where the contending forces of the Rebel and Union armies had maneuvered for so long a time for the mastery.

At this camp, it will be remembered, the commanding officers issued a deal of their surplus whisky to the division, which proved the harbinger of rows, riots, fights of a stirring and noisy kind, too numerous to mention. After four days rest, the division resumed its march for Washington City early on the morning of the 11th of May, and passing through Manchester, crossed the James river and entered the city of Richmond from the south-west. Now, for the first time, it beheld the once great Rebel Capital--the anaconda and boa-constrictor of rebel vengeance. When the command reached the north side of the James, the Libby prison could be seen on the right, where so many of our captured soldiers have languished and died under the cruel care of its keeper. Then, a short distance above the Libby, and on the same side of the street, stood Castle Thunder, also a place of infamous reputation. Passing on, it was met by hundreds of peddlers dealing out their pies, cakes, cheese, and such, by the wholesale. The city did not show the ravages of war as much as was expected; true, a part of it had been burnt on its evacuation, but aside from this there was nothing to show that it had been so long the theatre of war; neither racked nor ruined, but compact, neat and clean.

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All were surprised not to see huge entrenchments, high as the Chinese walls; but alas! there was nothing but an ordinary line of works around it, no stronger than the Eighty-sixth had often made on the Atlanta campaign in one night! "As strong as Richmond" had become a by-word. In front of Kenesaw, the Chattahoochie and Atlanta, may be found stronger works by far, thrown up in just one mortal night, than are to be seen on the south-west and north of Richmond.

Jeff. Davis, in his Sodom and Gomorrah of the Confederacy, was not as secure as many were wont to think. Sherman would have snaked him out sooner than he did if he had had his "flanking machine" in operating distance. But time progressed, the world moved, and Richmond fell.

Passing through Richmond, the command marching northward, camped four miles from Hanover C. H., making sixteen miles. Led out of camp at twelve o'clock M. on the 12th, and passing through Hanover C. H., crossed the Pamunky at Little Page's Bridge, and camped four miles above it, making eight miles. The course of march on the 13th was north-west, crossing the railway at Chesterfield, and camped one mile beyond Childsburg, making eighteen miles.

The march of the 14th was still north-west. The command camped on Plentiful creek by an old mill, having made an easy march of eighteen miles. Resuming the march on the 15th in a north-western direction, the command crossed the Rapidan river at Raccoon Ford, and camped for the night on the north bank, having marched seventeen miles. Led out of camp on the Rapidan at seven A. M. on the 16th, the Eighty-sixth Illinois being train guard and crossing the North Fork of the Rappahanock at Kellie's Ford, marched and camped near Cattlet's Station, making twenty-two miles.

Marched from Catlett's Station at half past four A. M. on the 17th, and following the railway, passed through Manassas Junction and camped on the Bull Run battlefield, having marched twenty-five miles under a hot sun.

Resumed the march at five A. M. on the 18th, and passing through Fairfax C. H., camped within nine miles of Washington, having marched fifteen miles. Again, at nine A. M. on the 19th, the march was resumed, the command camping at a point equidistant from Washington and Alexandria, and four miles from each, having marched five miles. From its camp at this place the Eighty-sixth Illinois saw the distant dome of the Capitol for the first time.

Soon again the regiment had comfortable quarters, and enjoyed them hugely after so long and arduous a march. It marched one hundred and forty-four miles on its journey from Richmond to Washington, consuming eight days in doing it. On this march all were surprised not to find the country cut up with all kinds of works incident to war, for such things were not to be seen to any formidable extent. At Manassas Junction there were a few old forts, then in ruins, that may have been at some time quite formidable, but never wonderful. At Bull Run was to be seen the strongest entrenchments on the line of march, which had been built and held by the rebel army.

The following are the casualties of the regiment from the time it left Savannah until its muster out:

Recruits .....	6
Resigned .....	2
Transferred .....	5
Discharged .....	12
Ordinary deaths .....	4
Killed in action .....	3
Died of wounds .....	5
Missing in action .....	8
Wounded in action .....	20
Wounded, accidental .....	1
	----
Aggregate .....	66

Immediately upon the arrival of Sherman's army at Washington City, General Grant issued orders for the review of the Grand Army of the Potomac to take place on the 23rd, and that known as Sherman's army

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to take place on the 24th. Thousands of people flocked from all parts of the country to witness the grand pageant. The most ample preparations had been made for the occasion. The President was seated on an elevated stand, surrounded by his Cabinet officers, foreign ministers and distinguished strangers. Pennsylvania Avenue was lined on both sides from end to end with admiring people; every window presented its tableau of fair spectators; and the occasion was such as had never before been witnessed on the American continent. The daily papers all over the land soon flourished lively descriptions of the great and grand review; and according to them and the judgment of most of the spectators, the Army of the West bore off the palm; they described it as more graceful, more stalwart and more intelligent than the Grand Army of the Potomac.

On the occasion of this grand review of Sherman's army, a certain New York paper, the *Independent*, paid our division a very high compliment. It said:

"The finest looking set of men in either army---they were also said to be the best drilled---was the 2nd division of the 14th Corp, composed of Western troops, and commanded by General James D. Morgan, of Quincy, Illinois, one or the bravest of the brave, the idol of his soldiers, and called by them "Our Jimmy Morgan."

But as for the soldiers themselves, grand pageantry in the line of reviews had "played out." What was charming to the assembled multitude was no joyous affair to them. Their good time came, however, when the attention of officials was turned to mustering out.

On the morning of the review of Sherman's army, our division led out of its camp at an early hour, and by a slow and tiresome march it arrived at Washington and passed before the admiring crowd between one and three o'clock P. M., marching back to camp in the evening, where it arrived as much fatigued as if it had been pursuing rebels.

At twelve o'clock M. on the day after the grand review, General Morgan moved his division across the long bridge over the Potomac into Washington City, and thence three miles north, where he camped it near the President's summer houses.

While encamped here the boys were allowed many privileges in an around the Capitol; all the guards being taken off, they were allowed to run wild, though they did not run riot.

Here also the Eighty-sixth Illinois, on the evening of the 6th of June, 1865, was mustered out of the United States service, having been engaged in the service of its country as an organized body for three years wanting two months and twenty-two days.

Immediately after this the boys of the regiment saluted each other as American citizens and not as soldiers, and though the metamorphosis was sudden, it seemed to have the force of a protracted transformation.

The following are the casualties of the regiment from the time it left Lee and Gordon's Mills until its muster out:

Recruits .....	6
Transferred, by promotion .....	1
Transferred to other regiments .....	31
Discharged .....	21
Ordinary deaths .....	11
Killed in action .....	48
Missing .....	33
Deserted .....	6
Wounded in action .....	133
Wounded, accidental .....	9
Died of wounds .....	15
Resigned .....	2
Surrendered from desertion .....	1

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-----  
Aggregate .....323

The entire casualties of the Eighty-sixth Regiment, during its term of service, in killed and died, discharged, transferred and deserted, was four hundred and sixty-seven men, the company loss being as follows:

	Killed and Died	Discharged	Transferred	Deserted
Company A	29	16	9	1
Company B	5	21	12	3
Company C	11	25	7	8
Company D	16	19	9	3
Company E	15	25	6	2
Company F	15	26	4	3
Company G	16	10	6	1
Company H	12	22	8	0
Company I	22	18	7	8
Company K	20	20	5	2
<b>Total</b>	<b>161</b>	<b>202</b>	<b>73</b>	<b>31</b>

The regiment lost fifty-one men killed and one hundred and fifty-four wounded in battle, having participated in twenty-two engagements, not mentioning many others in which it rendered assistance by supporting, guarding flanks, or protecting rear. It marched thirty-five hundred and thirty miles, and was transported by railroad about two thousand miles, making a total distance of five thousand five hundred and thirty miles, besides a great deal of traveling about camps, on picket, etc., that is not taken into account.

There were three hundred and seventy-nine men mustered out with the regiment; besides this number there were many absent at hospitals and on detail who could not be present at the muster-out. Two days after it was mustered out of the service, the regiment boarded the cars, at the depot in Washington City, on its way to Chicago, there to receive its pay, disband and go home.

From Washington it passed through Baltimore via Harrisburg and Pittsburgh to Chicago, where it arrived at twelve o'clock M., on the 11th of June. Everywhere on its route it received expressions of the most cordial welcome. Every one seemed rejoiced that the soldier boys were coming home from the bloody wars, in every way showing their grateful feeling of warmest sympathy for the services they had rendered to Union and liberty.

At Pittsburgh it received the kindest welcome of them all. More genuine sympathy was manifested there than the boys had yet experienced. In behalf of this people was engendered a feeling of the most profound regard. The regiment was escorted from the cars to the city hall by a band discoursing delightful music, where was prepared a dainty meal for all. After dinner, it was escorted back to the train, by the same band, amid the waving of handkerchiefs from the crowds that thronged the streets and balconies, and the "God bless you" from a thousand lips. So long as our minds can retrace the past, and so long as our hearts are capable of a generous emotion, will we continue to hold in sacred remembrance, the noble and generous-hearted people of Pittsburgh.

Every one anticipated a hearty welcome at Chicago, inasmuch as it had been extended elsewhere on the route; but we were cruelly and sadly disappointed. No one met the regiment at the depot even to tell it where to go. Every window presented its tableaux of fair spectators, but no signal was made in token of welcome, no hearty "God bless you" emanated in audible words from a single heart, but they gazed as if upon a menagerie of southern wild beasts. The men were chagrined, and would exclaim, "This is Richmond, not Chicago!"

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The regiment finally found its way to Camp Fry and pitched its tents. Here it remained until the 21st, waiting impatiently for its pay and discharge.

The good folks of Chicago, however, determined not to allow the boys to leave their city until they had assuaged their anger. Accordingly, the Eighty-sixth and 125th Illinois received an invitation to appear at the Sanitary Fair rooms, and partake of the fatted calf, where they received not only a substantial dinner, but also several stirring speeches, among which was one made by General Sherman.

The General spoke as follows:

FELLOW SOLDIERS: I regret that it has fallen to my task to speak to you, because, I would rather that others should do what is most common to them, and less so to me. But, my fellow soldiers, it gives me pleasure to assure you that what the President of this Fair has told you just now is true---that a hearty welcome awaits you wherever you go, not only in Chicago but everywhere. Many people think you want bread and meat, but your faces and my knowledge tell me that you prefer the waving of handkerchiefs and the applause of the people to all the bread and meat that fill the warehouses of Chicago. (Cheers.) Those soldiers who are now before me know where bread and meat can and will be found. (Laughter.) All we ask and all we have ever asked, is a silent and generous acknowledgment of our services when rendered in the cause of our country.

And, fellow soldiers, when you get home among those who will interest you more than anything I can say, just call to mind where you were twelve months ago. You remember the Kenesaw Peak and Little Kenesaw. It is not a year since you stormed them, and lost my old partner and friend, Dan. McCook. That was on the 27th June, 1864. In June, 1865, you stand in the midst of Chicago, surrounded by bright colors, and ladies, and children. Then you were lying in the mud, the rocks and the dirt, and you knew that there was an enemy we had to fight with and conquer, and we did not exactly know how to do it. (Laughter.) But we were patient; we reconnoitered---we watched their flanks---we studied the ground---and in three days we had Johnston and his whole army pinned; he retired, and we did not give him a chance of stopping until he had put the Chatahoochie between us and him. That is a lesson to you. Temporary defeat is nothing when it man is determined to succeed. You are not conquered---you never can be conquered when the mind is clear and determined in its purpose; you must succeed---no temporary defeat can cause failure.

You will remember that on the 4th of July we stood close to each other, and we told them then that they would have to go farther than Atlanta, for we should continue to go on. (Cheers.) You will remember how their pickets told us they had reinforcements. Yes, but what? They had one of our Corps---Schofield's. (Laughter.) Before General Johnston knew, or dreamed of it, I had reinforced his side of the Chatahoochie by General Schofield's 23rd Corps.

From this, my fellow soldiers I want you to learn the lesson, no matter where you are, today or tomorrow, by keeping a purpose close in your mind, in the end you will succeed, whether it be in military, civil, social or family affairs. Let no difficulty appall you---let no check alarm you---let your purpose in life be clear and steadfast---keep in view the object and design of your life, and just as sure as you are now before me in health and strength, you will succeed.

You are now returned to your homes, and the task now allotted to you is that of the future. The past is disposed of---it may soon be forgotten; but the future is before you, and that future will be more glorious than the past. Look at your own State of Illinois---look at the city of Chicago. It is hardly as old as any of you, for twenty-five years ago a little military garrison was here---a two-company post; and now it is a city of palaces, of streets, railroads, etc. You, the men of a city almost the second in the United States of America, are to assist in directing the affairs of this country. You have the patience and industry, and more than that, you have organization, discipline and drill, and if I have been instrumental in teaching you this---in maintaining discipline, order and good government in the army which I have had the honor to command, I am contented; for on this system, and on the high tone of honor which pervades your minds, must be built the empire of America. (Loud cheers.)

I did not wish to address you, but I believe that there are no others here who desire to speak, and therefore I ask you to accept what is given in heartiness---a full, joyous, welcome home to Chicago. I

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know it is genuine, for I myself have experienced it. Feel you are at home---and that there are no more rebels, no more raking fire---no more shot; but that you have done with them all forever. Good morning.

On the afternoon of the 21st of June, having been in Chicago just ten days, every member of the Eighty-sixth received his pay and final discharge. Soon, the boys scattered to the four winds, bound for home and friends. Suddenly, the Eighty-sixth Illinois passed from existence!

Here ends the history of the good old Eighty-sixth Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, which had undergone so many days of hardships, perils and privations for the maintenance of home, union and liberty.

There is no surviving member of the regiment, but will always pride himself in having belonged to that organization; he will never forget the sad and repulsive scenes of the past, in connection with the merry days of yore; he will ever cherish in lasting remembrance the many noble and heroic comrades who have fallen by his side---men with whom he has passed the most trying hours of his existence---men who knowing the rights of their friends, their country and homes, dared raise the strong right arm in defense. Ay! he will ever invoke a just Heaven to reward them as their merit deserves, and in his hours of sad reflection, he will drop a tear to their memory.

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### REGIMENTAL ROSTER

#### REGIMENTAL STAFF.

Colonel David D. Irons; August 27, 1862; died August 11, 1863, at Nashville, Tennessee.  
Lieutenant-Colonel David W. Magee; August 27, 1862; resigned March 25, 1864, at Camp McAfee, Georgia.  
Lieutenant-Colonel Allen F. Fahestock; April 13, 1864; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
Major J. S. Bean, August 27, 1862; resigned December 26, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.  
Major O. Fountain; December 26, 1862; resigned October 30, 1863, at North Chickamauga.  
Major J. F. Thomas; April 13, 1864; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
Surgeon M. M. Hooton; August 27, 1862, mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
First Assistant Surgeon J. Gregory; August 27, 1862; transferred to U. S. C., December 15, 1863.  
Second Assistant Surgeon I. J. Guth; August 27, 1862; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
Adjutant J. E. Prescott; August 27, 1862; resigned December 26, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.  
Adjutant C. D. Irons;-----; resigned April 25, 1863, at North Chickamauga.  
Adjutant L. J. Dandy;-----; discharged April 26, 1865, per order War Department.  
Regimental Quartermaster C. H. Dean; August 27, 1862; promoted A. Q. M., February 18, 1864.  
Regimental Quartermaster A. Bracken; February 18, 1864; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
Chaplain G. W. Brown; August 27, 1862; resigned October 13, 1863, at Nashville, Tennessee.  
Chaplain J. S. Millsaps; October 13, 1863; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.

#### NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major L. J. Dandy; promoted.  
Sergeant-Major D. E. Ward; mustered out with regiment.  
Quartermaster Sergeant J. Adams; died February 19, 1863.  
Quartermaster Sergeant C. Magee; mustered out with regiment.  
Commissary Sergeant T. A. McNorris; discharged.  
Commissary Sergeant W. J. Longfellow; mustered out with regiment.  
Hospital Steward Jo. Robinson; mustered out with regiment.  
Principal Musician A. Webber; mustered out with regiment.  
Principal Musician S. B. Silzell; mustered out with regiment.

#### COMPANY OFFICERS.

##### COMPANY A.

Captain W. S. Magarity; August 27, 1862; resigned October 10, 1863.  
First Lieutenant Jo. Major; August 27, 1862; promoted Captain October 10, 1863, and mustered out with regiment.  
Second Lieutenant S. T. Rogers; Aug. 27, 1862; promoted First Lieutenant October 10, 1863, and resigned from wounds received in battle, June 27, 1864. J. J. Jones, promoted First Lieutenant.

##### COMPANY B.

Captain E. C. Beasley; August 27, 1862; resigned January 28, 1863. J. P. Worrell, promoted Captain.  
First Lieutenant J. C. Kingsley; August 27, 1862; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.

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Second Lieutenant N. McVicker; August 27, 1862; resigned Jan. 17, 1863. P. W. Wycoff, promoted Second Lieutenant.

### COMPANY C.

Captain J. F. Thomas; August 27, 1862; promoted Major, April 13, 1864, and mustered out with regiment.  
W. G. McDonald, promoted Captain  
First Lieutenant J. H. Batchelder; August 27, 1862; Brigade Commissary, and mustered out with regiment.  
Second Lieutenant R. B. Beebe; August 27, 1862; resigned Feb. 1, 1863,

### COMPANY D.

Captain Frank Hitchcock; August 27, 1862; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
First Lieutenant W. D. Faulkner; August 27, 1862; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
Second Lieutenant W. H. Hall; August 27, 1862; resigned Jan. 14, 1863. I. L. Gleares promoted Second Lieutenant.

### COMPANY E.

Captain O. Fountain; August 27, 1862; promoted Major Dec. 26, 1862. J. F. Waldrof, Captain, resigned June 18, 1863. E. Van Antwerp, Captain, died July 15, 1864.  
First Lieutenant M. Grave; August 27, 1862; resigned January 13, 1863.  
Second Lieutenant S. W. Williams; August 27, 1862; resigned January 11, 1863. H. W. Wilson promoted First Lieutenant.

### COMPANY F.

Captain J. L. Burkhalter; August 27, 1862; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
First Lieutenant N. D. Combs; August 27, 1862; resigned January 11, 1863.  
Second Lieutenant John Hall; August 27, 1862; promoted First Lieutenant, and mustered out with regiment at Washington City. A. P. Loveland promoted Second Lieutenant.

### COMPANY G.

Captain W. B. Bogardus; August 27, 1862; died of wounds received in battle March 19, 1865.  
First Lieutenant S. L. Zinser; August 27, 1862; promoted Captain; mustered out with regiment.  
Second Lieutenant M. Kingman; August 27, 1862; promoted First Lieutenant; mustered out with regiment.

### COMPANY H.

Captain J. H. Hall; August 27, 1862; mustered out with regiment at Washington City.  
First Lieutenant E. E. Peters; August 27, 1862; resigned July 12, 1863. W. F. Hodge promoted First Lieutenant.  
Second Lieutenant D. W. Merwin; August 27, 1862,

### COMPANY I.

Captain A. L. Fahnestock; August 27, 1862; promoted Major January 31, 1864.  
First Lieutenant A. A. Lee; August 27, 1862; promoted Captain Jan. 31, 1864.  
Second Lieutenant J. L. Fahnestock; August 27, 1862; resigned Jan. 23, 1863. R. W. Groninger promoted Second Lieutenant.

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**COMPANY K.**

Captain J. F. French; August 27, 1862; killed March 16, 1865. L. A. Ross promoted Captain.

First Lieutenant J. B. Pete; August 27, 1862; discharged Dec. 24, 1864.

Second Lieutenant H. F. Irwin; August 27, 1862; dishonorably discharged Nov. 29, 1862. John Morrow promoted Second. Lieutenant.

### CAPTAIN BURKHALTER'S ADVENTURE.

On the morning of the 20th of August, 1864, while our army was besieging Atlanta, General James D. Morgan's division was ordered on a raid to cut the Montgomery and Atlanta Railroad. Our brigade, the 3rd, left its baggage in the rifle pits, leaving a sufficient guard with it. The skirmishers were also left on duty under the command of Capt. Burkhalter, the subject of our narrative.

Sometime after the division had gone, the Captain became lonesome and anxious to know what the division was doing, so he attempted to follow and see the fun. He followed it very well until within three or four miles of the railroad, when a heavy rain overtook him; he stopped under the shelter of a large tree until the storm had somewhat subsided, then mounting his horse pursued what he supposed to be the right road, but the pelting rain had obliterated every vestige of our course, and he in consequence was in a dilemma as to what was best. It did not seem well to turn back after having gone so far, so he determined to follow in the probable course of the column until he found more evidence one way or the other. On he went in a musing mood, doubting as he went.

Having now gone a long distance without any favorable signs, he had about concluded to return, when on a sudden a stalwart reb, armed to the teeth, stepped out from behind a tree and commanded the unwary Captain to surrender. A complete surprise. What could he do; he had left his sword and pistol in camp, not dreaming of this adventure.

He stopped instanter, obeying the summons of his captor, for there was no other alternative; he was powerless. The next demand made of him was his watch and pocket book.

The rebel, for a short distance, marched the Captain a few paces in front, following close in the rear with a cocked gun, and leading the horse by the reins; but this was not getting along fast enough, for the horse would not lead good. He now ordered the Captain on horseback, still walking close behind and directing the course of the prisoner by proper military commands.

They had thus traveled about two miles when a horseman was heard to approach on a keen trot from the direction of their front. This horseman was supposed to be a rebel cavalryman, but on coming closer he was discovered to be a Yankee. The rebel leveled his gun on him and commanded his surrender; but saying nothing, the Yankee threw the reins loose on the horse's neck and approached to the rebel's gun as if to give up, but seizing it thrust it to one side, when off it went, hurting no one.

The rebel was now at their mercy, if they could catch him, for he took leg-bail. Both the Yankees pursued and finally captured him. The Orderly—for the last character was the Captain's Orderly—tried to shoot the fugitive, but his pistol would not go off.

Having captured the rebel, the Captain loaded his gun and demanded back all that had been taken from him. The Captain soon after found the column, bringing his captive with him, rejoicing—the rebel fighting mad.

### SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

Letters are the soldier's tonic. They will strengthen and restore when army grub and other restoratives, duly proportioned, wholly fail. The blues and all kinds of contagious diseases to which mortals are heir, caused by idleness and the lack of proper diversion of the mind, are soon uprooted by a good interesting letter from a fellow's most affectionate. Give soldiers full rations and regular mail, then there can nowhere be found a more rational set of men than they. But letters are sometimes like our crackers and pork, unfit for use. Such letters do no good---they are no good. There is a sheet full of writing, to be sure, but it is about something that neither interests nor concerns us. Those letters that tell us about the little things of home; the farm, the horses, the cattle, the dogs and cats, their quality and disposition; also the parties and frolics, who is going to see who, and what people say about it, are the very letters that do all this good I have been telling about.

The soldiers will always crowd around the ones who get such letters, make remarks and ludicrous suggestions which cause bursts of hearty laughter and strains of highest merriment, thus passing the tedious hours of camp life in a light and merry way.

No one cares for a letter which is wholly devoted to the praise and admiration of one's patriotism and to the sacredness of the Union cause.

Such letters bore to the very quick. It seems to them that the writer is taking that opportunity to speak a word of eulogy for himself. As for the true soldier, he never asks for words of flattery; he is not to be gulled with bland words and braggadocio. The letter for the soldier is the long, pithy one, full of little things, even down to gossip. *Gossip is better than eulogy*, especially when used in an egotistical manner.

## BATTLE.

Much has been said and written about battle, the greater portion of which is an exaggeration of facts. Fireside writers and reporters have composed long manuscripts, beginning and ending in frantic agonies and seas of blood, exhausting the vocabulary of pathetic epithets. That battle is dreadful cannot be denied, but those who have passed through the fiery ordeal do not experience half the convulsions and agony of soul that is written. If a comrade falls, the column still moves on. No one, by the late rules of war, dare stop to bear off the wounded or sympathize with those in the throes of death. There are men detailed for that purpose, who follow up in the rear and give those in need due attention.

A soldier in a pitched battle does not pretend to know who is hurt until the battle is ended; he must needs push ahead and do his part until he is no longer able. Many of your comrades fall around you; they show unmistakable symptoms of severe wounds, but your attention is too much engrossed to ever think to inquire the nature of their wounds. You are hardly conscious of any suffering around you. Excitement has borne you off so that you never think to look and see who is on your right or left, or whose spirit is winging its flight from the body over which you are walking. The soldier does not seem to feel pangs of sorrow when arms clash the loudest; he does not see danger and suffering and ghastly sights until all is over and quiet restored. Those who are unacquainted with the mental condition of the soldier in time of battle, wonder and ask why it is that those whom he knows so intimately are wounded and many times killed by his side without knowing the nature of their wounds or the circumstances of their death. The reason for this is manifest from what has already been said.

There is oftentimes more horror in the idea and dread of battle than in the thing itself. The soldier becomes so accustomed to human butchery that it loses many, very many, of its horrors.

After battle, when the clash of arms has ceased, is when the soldier's sympathy is tried. The solicitations of the maimed and dying raise a feeling of commiseration in the most obdurate heart; and still this feeling is of but short duration and of a mild character.

## HISTORY OF THE 86<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT, ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

Farming in the Southern States is carried on in a very simple and seeming ignorant style. One could not refrain from laughing at their oddity in agricultural pursuits. They are a great many years behind the

The whites and negroes are so sluggish, indolent and careless in their habits that their works are a fair prototype of themselves. There is a difference between a farm and a plantation, though they are carried on what is usually called a farm is owned by a poor man, is sown on a larger scale than the other, planter, with his hundreds of negroes. The farm is known by its small area, by its improvements and its little old log house with its appendages; the plantation, by its vast area, its stately mansion and numerous you will see a cotton press and gin house, with the stable under the latter. The cotton press is the first thing you get your eyes on when you approach a plantation, and then the gin house next. And as for the farms or little plantations, you scarcely know anything about them until you have them suddenly spread before your

It is, as it were, a swath mown in the deep pine forest---the labor of a poor ignorant being, who, like the parrot, can talk and palaver with simple unmeaningness, but ignorant of the world beyond a radius of ten miles. The people, for the most part, break up their ground with one horse or ox, as the case may be, their

This small plow is made after the fashion of our large two-horse breaking plows, and is, as we are wont to say, right or left handed. Some farmers are too poor to afford a horse or mule; in this case they work an ox as if he were a horse, hitch him to the plow and drive him with rones attached to his horns with

The oxen here may be of a more docile breed than found in our parts, and certainly are, for it would be jump the fence before he reached the other end.

The rows of corn here are usually six feet apart, with a row of negro beans between. If one man can tend eight acres he thinks he is doing good business; the corn is hardly ever plowed, it being worked with

The women work in the field as well as the men, they being used to it. They will not believe us when we tell them that our women do not work in the field. When an acre of ground yields twelve bushels of two horses, plow our corn with a plow on which we can ride, that one man can tend forty acres and raise forty bushels to the acre. When we tell them about our reapers, our vast fields of wheat, oats, etc., etc., they gape, and wonder what we do with it all. If we tell them about our large prairies, rich soil and wheat, oats, tobacco and cotton. Many reap their grain with the sickle, not having known the existence of the cradle. There are no reapers to be seen, or if at all, but seldom.

As a people, they have no enterprise; they live to eat, and even that is done in a poor, unhandy style.

There are a great many turpentine, rosin and tar factories in "the sunny land of Dixie." There are vast tracts of land here covered with dense forests of pine that can be put to no other use than the production of

HISTORY OF THE 86<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT, ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

It is impossible for a person who has not seen the like to form a proper idea of the real grandeur and sublimity of these dense volumes of black, agitated smoke, brightened betimes with lofty flames of liquid fire that seem to lift themselves in the fury of their madness to the very skies.

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**REBEL LETTER.**

BIVOUAC NEAR "RACCOON FORD," VA.,  
September 25th, 1863.

DEAR COON---I have just received your kind favor of the 8th inst., and am very much gratified with its contents. I could not expect a long letter from a soldier "in the field," and I suppose your time was fully

Since last writing you we had some little excitement ourselves. The Yankee, Meade, has tried to take advantage of our supposed decimated army, and has advanced across the Rappahannock river to the banks of the Rapidan. We have here checked his advance and are awaiting the attack which he is very slow about making. I think both sides are awaiting the decision of the battle in Tennessee and Georgia before a move is made.

We are daily in receipt of glorious news from Bragg but there are so many rumors without foundation. You have our brag fighting general with you now, and I know you will be victorious.

I have not heard a word from "Miss Mattie" since I left home, and if the truth must be told, I never want to again. I have found a new sweetheart, and I think the change is more agreeable, at least to me. I suppose you know that Miss Katie Furlow's father is running for Governor; of course you will support him.

You recollect that pretty little woman that I showed you in the theatre in Augusta, the one I said was the belle of Augusta---Miss Fannie Hatch. Well, I have been told by one who knows and believes, that "Albert," who performed with the "Queen Sisters" that night, has betrayed her. I can scarcely believe that so much loveliness would have fallen so easily, yet they say 'tis true.

I shall anxiously wait to hear further from you in reference to the lieutenancy. If you are successful in securing it for me (which I hope and pray you may be,) I shall be ever grateful to you. I would send you his kind regards, if he knew I was writing to you. Accept my best wishes, and believe me to be

Truly your Friend,

A. KENT BISEL.

P. S.---Please direct to Co. "K," 4th Georgia, Dole's Brigade, Rhodes' Division, Ewell's Corps, A. N. V., and always to Richmond, Virginia.