

# The Civil War Letters of Enos Barret Lewis, 101st Ohio Volunteer Infantry: Part 1

WILLIAM D. DILLON, editor

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Historian James McPherson wrote in *Ordeal by Fire* that the Civil War is "the central event in the American historical consciousness." The heroes and villains, the victories and defeats, the triumphs and tragedies that emerged from it constitute a national mythology about which thousands of books have been written, hundreds of monuments erected, and dozens of round table groups avidly study. A century and a quarter after its opening guns were fired this tragic and momentous period in American history continues to provide an enduring fascination for succeeding generations.

## Introduction.

The central figure in a fascinating glimpse into the Civil War is a teenaged farm boy from Wyandot County, Ohio, named Enos Barret Lewis. During his three years of service he maintained a steady communication with his family which lived near Fowler City (now Harpster). Eighteen of the letters he wrote while serving with the 101st Ohio Volunteer Infantry were collected and saved by an unknown relative (probably his mother). They remained in the piano seat in the family living room for decades, surfacing only when the piano and bench were donated to the Grand Prairie Baptist Church. Although dimmed by time, they are readable and reveal a youngster who was not only intelligent and observant, but rather articulate for a provincial lad of the mid-nineteenth century Midwest. His letters are crisply written, lucid, perceptive and delivered with sincerity and humor. More than anything, there is a quality of innocent, open, yet determined patriotism that is as affecting as it is unfeigned.

Enos Barret Lewis was born in Harrison County, Ohio, on January 9, 1844. By 1856, his family was living and farming in Wyandot County and he remained in that area for most of his life. He was the eldest of six children in a family that was unabashedly close and affectionate. When the Civil War began Enos Lewis was just seventeen, doubtless still a child in many ways, but old enough to serve in his country's time of need. That

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obligation of national service was the object of an ominous implication in a letter from an older cousin a few short months after the first shots were fired at Fort Sumter.

He entered military service as a boy of eighteen and neither wavered nor complained about the goals of his country or about the fear, the discomfort, and the boredom that his commitment entailed. For what they represent, his letters are a treasure and an inspiration. Enos B. Lewis represented the kind of young citizen who has historically carried the burdens of the American experiment through the finest hours of its development. Unsung and largely unrewarded in their own day, people like Enos Lewis have represented the purest and simplest achievement, that of citizens who dedicate themselves unselfishly and unswervingly to objectives they accept as greater than themselves.<sup>2</sup>

#### Editorial Note

Some minor corrections have been made to aid in understanding the letters; but, for the most part, transcriptions have been recorded exactly as written, including Lewis' largely phonetic spelling style. It is important to remember that circumstances often dictated that letters be written hastily and under difficult circumstances. Private, later corporal, and then Sergeant Lewis often apologized for the quality of letters which were not up to what he considered a good standard.

#### The Letters

Enos's cousin, David Lewis,<sup>3</sup> was serving with a volunteer regiment in one of the earliest successes of the Union cause, the campaign to hold the Union-leaning area of western Virginia. He wrote the following letter to Elias Lewis in November, 1861, from Camp Romney, Virginia. His entire letter is clear in its intent and his final questions leave no doubt at all as to at least part of its purpose.

*Camp Keys, Romney Virginia  
Nov. 21st, 1861*

*Dear Uncle,*

*I presume you have come to the conclusion that I have forgotten you. This is not the case. I have several times thought I should write you and have neglected it to the present. We are here amongst the mountains of Virginia doing what we can to suppress this monstrous rebellion. We have had some fighting and expect a good deal more ere long. Our fights so far have been successful on our part. We are here with some 5,000 troops. Nothing of interest is transpiring here now. We live in tents yet and as winter is upon us we suffer considerably. Especially when on duty. Some of the boys*

*have dug trenches starting from the center of the tent and thence out under the edge of the tent then built chimney over this trench up inside all but an aperture to build the fire in and in this way they have a fireplace and live tolerably comfortable. Captain and myself have a small sheet iron stove which keeps our tent very warm. Our suffering will be while on picket duty out several miles from camp and when we are not allowed to have fires. But we are now pretty warmly clad and can stand a great deal of cold. One of your boys or a boy from your neighborhood, Matthew R. DuBois, is gravely unwell. He is troubles with a very bad cough and I fear if he does not get a furlough home to recruit he will never recover here. I have been trying to get him leave of absence and will probably succeed. We think of moving from this place soon. I am told Winchester is our destination. We perhaps will have a grand time taking that place as they are strongly fortified. But we will more than likely give them hell and take their fortifications if they undertake it. That is our intention, at least. How did your crops turn out this year. Did you have a crop of buckwheat? If you have, I envy you. I have not tasted a buckwheat cake this fall or winter so far. This is a great country for buckwheat and niggers. We have no one to bake cakes, however and we necessarily do without. Give my kind regards to Aunt Mary and all the children. Where is Enos now? Is he at home? I hope to hear from you soon.*

*I am sincerely yours,  
David Lewis*

*P.S. Direct Camp Romney Hampshear Co. Va.*

It is apparent that David Lewis took his part in the fight against "this monstrous rebellion" with utter seriousness. He seems to suggest that his cousin Enos is old enough to do his part in the great effort.

Within a year, the boy left his home and family and the life he had known and took himself off to war.

Eighteen-year old Enos Lewis went up to Camp Monroeville where a new volunteer regiment was being formed, in August of 1862. The regiment was being put together in response to President Lincoln's call, earlier in the season, for additional volunteers to preserve the Union. The 101st Ohio Volunteer Infantry was recruited from five Ohio counties: Crawford, Wyandot, Seneca, Huron and Erie. It did not lack for enthusiastic volunteers. The long rolls of Union dead and wounded which would effectively dampen that patriotic response and require conscription were at this time hardly a suggestion, a shadow in the distance, and on August 30, the 101st was formally mustered into the service of the United States.



The Awkward Squad

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War  
4 vols. (New York, 1884-8)

Young Lewis must have been excited that day, as any provincial youngster would have been at the prospect of imminent participation in a great adventure. But Enos was different. His letters point out clearly that his was a call to duty and not to adventure, although adventure it surely was. This was certainly not an opportunity for escape from home and family. For having come from an age when people are widely believed to have been stoic and emotionally tightly wrapped, he was profoundly affectionate toward and concerned about his family. His feelings, affections, concern, his fundamental delight in his family arrest the attention of the reader. So strong is this characteristic in the letters Enos Lewis wrote while engaged in military service during his youth that its presence in a letter written much later is notable although, perhaps, not directly relevant to the Civil War experience. It was the only letter in the collection written after the war but strongly suggests the character of Enos Lewis. It so much provokes an image of the Civil War veteran, again writing, at his desk that wintry evening, that it begs to be included in his story.

This last letter among the collection was written on January 25, 1890. Enos Lewis had celebrate his forty-sixth birthday just two weeks earlier, in company with his wife, Carrie, and his two small daughters. In less than two months he would be dead, carried off suddenly by pneumonia, but now he was delightedly corresponding with a nephew who had remembered his birthday.

Dear Nephew,

*I was surprised the other day when I got your nice letter. I had no idea tht my nephew could write so well. Am glad to see how fast you are learning. If you continue to improve until the end of the term you will be able to write a real good hand. You have spelled very well, now you must try and learn as fast as you can. I want you to write me again after a while so I can see how much you have improved. And when you come down to help me this next summer you can write back to Pa and Ma and I know they will be glad they have a son that can write to them. Glad you got a nice pair of boots for New Year's. I got a pair of mittins and some candy.*

*Had real nice trees in town and out here both. You and your pa must have looked funny riding the horses across the crick. Now be a good boy and mind what Ma and Pa tell you and God will make you a good man and honor to society and to the church. Give my love to your ma and pa and sisters and brother. And write again to*

Your Uncle  
Enos

One can envision a transformation that is almost physical as these lines are composed and put to paper, uncle to nephew. The years are stripped away. What remains is the sterling, honest and innocent character of the same farm boy who left his home near Fowler City to go over to Camp Monroeville, some fifty miles to the northeast, and enlist in the Union army during that dusty August of 1862. That youthful sense of fun, dry wit and genuine humanity never left Enos Lewis. Not through all of the terrible campaigns endured by his unit in the Army of the Cumberland, not even in the seven months of misery experienced in a Confederate prison in Richmond. Not for the rest of his life.

L.W. Day points out in his regimental history that there were 977 officers and enlisted men at the time of the muster-in and an additional sixty-seven recruits during the term of service of the unit, making a total of 1,044 men in the 101st. At the time of the muster-out at Camp Harker, Nashville, Tennessee, in June 12, 1865, there were present and in line only 329 officers and men. Two hundred and forty-nine were killed in battle or died of camp disease or while confined in Confederate prisons. The unit felt war's pain and its men learned bitter lessons. But if it was possible to couple optimism and realism, Enos Lewis was as good as any in demonstrating that he had learned what war was all about after two and a half years of service, and that there were positive lessons to be learned, as well. In a letter written to his parents on May 8, 1865, Sergeant Lewis took a wry outlook on the immediate future:

*...I see in the Journal of last week some person has written to it and [is] stating the 101st is going to little Arkansas, although there was no other troops going there but us. That is a little like the time we left Huntsville, the 101st was going to western Va.... Captain Parcher was over to see us yesterday. He is well and looks first rate. That regiment [Parcher's] has had a soft thing about it since they came out. Layed here all the time we were gone to Huntsville, Lick Creek and returned to Nashville. They pretend to say they would rather march and fight than lay in camp. For they have so much duty to do. I am perfectly willing to lay in camp the rest of my time and give them the chance to march and fight...*

But only a brief time earlier, after nearly all of the great campaigns were ended, he was still positive and philosophical:

*...I would like to be at home going to school. But if I live to get through this war I would not give it for five years schooling, for I think it is just the place for a young man to learn and see something...*

These letters portray the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of a young soldier who loves his life, his family and his comrades, who follows orders uncomplainingly and never becomes embittered by the vicissitudes of his wartime experience. If any collection of letters by a participant in the great tragedy of that age shows the essential heroism of the American spirit, it is here, in the record of young Enos Barret Lewis.

According to Regimental chronicler Louis Day, initial camp life for the new citizen-soldiers of the 101st was quite agreeable. There were many familial visitors to Camp Monroeville and it did not take long for the men to organize informal "messes" of ten men each for organizational and, primarily, eating purposes. It would not last.

### **Perryville to Murfreesboro**

On the day that Enos Lewis mustered in the service of his country, a Confederate army under Braxton Bragg began a march from his base at Chattanooga into Kentucky. That march would culminate in a bloody battle at Perryville in east-central Kentucky. In that battle, Union forces lost over 800 killed and 3000 wounded. Union forces were so badly mauled that they failed to pursue the retreating Confederates and for this lack of initiative, the Union commander, Don Carlos Buell, was replaced on the last day of October by Major General William S. Rosecrans. The 101st, which had been in camp near Louisville until October 1, was engaged at Perryville in its first serious fighting.

A few days earlier, Enos Lewis, anxious and clearly homesick, wrote a plaintive note home:

*Direct your letters to Lewisville, Ky. Company E 101 Regiment OVI in care of Captain Parson.<sup>6</sup> Write soon and let me know all the particulars for I am very anxious to hear. Give my love to all the children and you also and tell them that I would like to see them. Tell Jimmie [Enos's five-year old brother] I would like to have his kisses and will when I come home. When I write again I will try and have a larger sheat and write more.*

Within a few days, Captain William C. Parsons would be dead. He "took sick" on the march to Perryville and died on November 3, 1862. He had been commander of E Company for 101 days. He had never encountered any of the enemies of the Union nor ever heard a cannon or a musket fired in the heat of a battle. He was one of the first of the many losses of the 101st OVI.

After Perryville, the 101st had little rest. Under the new command of General Rosecrans, the Army of the Ohio marched from Perryville to Nashville, Tennessee where the 101st bivouacked at "Camp Andy Johnson." While in camp, Enos wrote his parents about a most exciting development, little knowing how fortuitous it was, indeed, that his outfit was finally to be supplied with useable weapons. Within forty-eight hours of their issuance, those new Springfield rifled muskets would be aimed and fired at Confederate troops in the Battle of Nolensville, the opening round in the great Battle at Murfreesboro and the center of attention for Union and Confederacy both as 1862 drew to a close.

*Headquarters Camp Andy Johnson Co. E  
December 25th, 1862*

*Dear Parents,*

*I received your welcome letter day before yesterday and was sincerely glad to hear from you. I am well at present and hope that these few lines may find you all well. Today I suppose it is Christmas. But it does not seem much like it as we have no turkies or chickens rosted. But we have one thing...that is doughnuts. We drawed two days rations of flour last night and went to work and fride it in greece. They taste very old-fashioned. McKee sone mixed up the dough and A.P.<sup>7</sup> fride the cakes. We got through about eleven o'clock last night. We have changed guns twice since we came to Tennessee. We drawed Austrian muskets at Monroeville and carried them to Camp Andy Johnston where we changed for the Harpers Fary musket. And yesterday we traded them for the*

*Springfield rifled musket. The prettiest gun I have seen since I came into the service. They are a great deal lighter and neater than either of the others. Yesterday while we were drawing our guns there was orders came in for to pack knapsacks, strike tents and be ready to march in short order. Everything was tore down and packed in a hurrah, I tell you. After we got them packed we laid around until about one o'clock when we were called into line. And marched about five miles in a circle and came back into a camp a little before sundown, picked out tent and are in camp yet. You had better think there was a bowered set of boys. I was as tired as I have been on other marches traveling a whole day as we went across the fields and over hills and vallies. The weather is very warm hear. I could run in my bare feet nearly all the time. The postage stamps you sent came safely to hand. I must close. From your affectionate sone Enos B. Lewis to his parents.*

This delightful bit of the lighter side of military life could not have been repeated after the upcoming campaign. Although the 101st had seen some action at Perryville and that had been a major engagement, it had been the role of the 101st to act primarily as a reserve unit. Shortly Enos Lewis and his E Company companions would be concerned rather more with survival than when they could next sample Private McKee's "old-fashioned tasting" doughnuts. And, as weather became more hostile, they would certainly begin a litany of grousing about aimless and wearying marches. But not Enos; his slightly incredulous inclusion of himself with a "bowered set of boys," rather admiringly in terms of his commanders, it seems, represents a quality of optimistic faith that would never leave him and would sustain him in difficult times ahead.

On the next morning, Company E and the rest of the 101st moved from their position southeast of Nashville, anxious to meet with Bragg's Confederates and use their new Springfields, so much "lighter and neater" than the twelve-pound Austrian horrors with which they had been burdened.

The army was divided into three columns. The 101st, as part of Colonel William P. Carlin's brigade, attached to General Alexander McD. McCook's corps, was assigned to the right and began marching toward Murfreesboro along the Nolensville Pike. On that day it would engage in a sharp encounter with element's of Bragg's army in a skirmish later called the Battle of Knob Gap. Events would shortly be occurring in a rush and there is no mention of this particular engagement in the Lewis letters. L. W. Day, Enos Lewis's Company E comrade, later wrote a still breathless account after the passage of more than twenty-five years:

### Opposing Commanders at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga



General Braxton Bragg, C.S.A.  
From a war time photograph



Major General W.S. Rosecrans  
From a war time photograph

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War

*Seeing that we were determined to advance, and further, that Captain Oscar F. Pinney's battery was about to open up on them, these brave butternuts withdrew, and took up a new position nearly a mile south of the town at what was known as Knob Gap, a pass through hills, easy of defense, except against flankers. By this time we had reached the middle of the large field referred to above, and at once faced our line more to the south, and moved rapidly on the enemy's new position. On either side of the pike and running at almost right angles with it, there was a heavy wall or fence, back of which the Confederate dismounted cavalry, in considerable force, had taken position. The prospect was by no means encouraging, but we pushed steadily forward, wading much in the cornfield, ankle-deep. A moment later, the Confederate battery opened again, but our own battery had by this time come into a fine position and replied, even to their very first volley. So accurate and so rapid was the fire of Pinney's gunners, that the rebel artilleryists gave their whole attention to them, neglecting us almost entirely.'*

It was hot and furious, but it was just a skirmish. Both Rosecrans and Bragg needed a battle. Each was under heavy criticism from superiors for not moving fast enough against the enemy. In Washington, General Henry Halleck warned Rosecrans that if he did not move immediately he

would be replaced. Rosecrans, to his credit, called his superior's bluff and, of course, he was not recalled.<sup>9</sup>

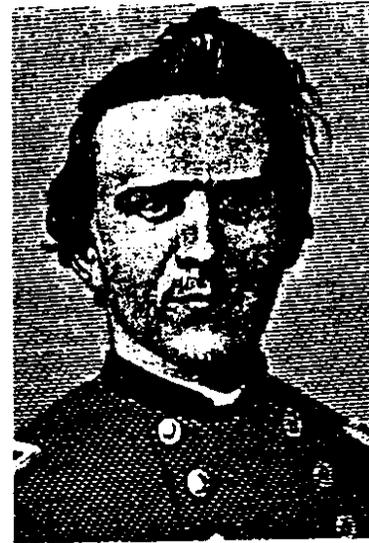
The two armies met not far to the northwest of Murfreesboro on December 31, 1862. McCook's corps, with the 101st in General Jefferson C. Davis's Second Division, collided with two Confederate corps under Generals William J. Hardee and Leonidas Polk. For a time the Confederate forces did very well, indeed. They rolled up McCook's forces, including Enos Lewis and the 101st Ohio. A fragmentary record of Private Lewis's participation remains:

*...on towards Murfreesboro we marched nearly all that day and camped close to the enemies lines so we had to lay down without building any fires. It rained that night and I got completely chilled through. The next morning we were called into line at three o'clock and stood till daylight. We were then permitted to build small fires to make our coffee. After we had eaten our breakfast we were drawn up in line and marched in line of battle toward the enemy which we found at no great distance. Our regiment was kept in reserve that day and at night our company was taken out on picket. I thought I would shurely freeze. I shook as bad as any person with the ague. The next morning as soon as it was light the rebles opened up on us and we were obliged to retreat back to the regt. which [was] standing in line. Here we had three of our company wounded by the sharpshooters before we had orders to fire a gun. The regt. retreated back about twenty rods into the woods. Here the firing became moste intence clear along the whole right wing. Great God if the musket balls didn't whistle around us for a while. Here the rebles outflanked us and we were obliged to retreat. I believe had we of been ten minutes later we would have been every one taken prisoners. We retreated back about three miles during which time we rallied five times five times [sic]. But all to no purpose. Our regiment became so confused and scattered that it was useless to try to rally them. When we came back to the railroad there was two brigades one behind the other, all fresh troops laying down. Just as the rebles came up the first raised up and poured a few vollies into them...*

Day's account continues the retelling of the Battle of Stones River, as Murfreesboro was called in the North:

*As we emerged from the woods and crossed the pike, a half mile west of the intersection of the pike and the railroad, we felt a sense*

### 101st Ohio Leaders Killed at Murfreesboro



Col. Leander Stem



Lt. Col. Moses D. Wooster  
Center for Archival Collections,  
Bowling Green State University

*of relief. Surely, we had reached the utmost limit to which the Lord would allow us to be driven. Moreover, the most vigorous preparations were being made to check the tide of defeat on our right. We halted between the pike and the railroad, and awaited developments. Of the four hundred brave boys who had stood shoulder to shoulder early in the morning, many were dead, many others were dying, hundreds were wounded or prisoners, scores were missing...*

*...only eighteen were with the colors as we stood there...the dear old regiment had been hammered front and flank and rear, until scarcely a colorguard remained. It was not yet noon.<sup>10</sup>*

Later, conditions would improve for Federal forces. Division commander Philip Sheridan distinguished himself and slugged it out with the advancing Confederates until his division had exhausted its ammunition. Then General William B. Hazen's brigade stood like a rock, permitting Sheridan to retire and throwing powerful counterblows against Confederate efforts to smash through the gap. By the end of the day both sides were exhausted. Rosecrans lost over 9,000 killed and wounded in this drawn battle, Bragg a similar number. Almost all of the fighting took place on this first day. There was some feinting for the next day and skirmishing, but both sides were too mauled for serious efforts. On the

third day, January 2, 1863, Bragg retired and the Union forces claimed the battlefield and the victory. But this "victorious" army would not be in another serious engagement for another six months." For the 101st Ohio whose losses included Colonel Leander Stern and Moses F. Wooster this was a most disastrous battle. Only at Chickamauga would the regiment sustain such heavy casualties.

# The Civil War Letters of Enos Barret Lewis, 101st Ohio Volunteer Infantry:

## Part 2

WILLIAM D. DILLON, editor

### The Murfreesboro Encampment

The Army of the Ohio encamped near Murfreesboro to rest and lick its wounds. Enos's letter of March 12, 1863, leaves little to the imagination in terms of the discomfort, boredom and general malaise of the soldiers. For once, even his characteristic ebullience deserted him and not even his recent promotion kept him from a testy and out-of-character criticism of a new superior.

*Camp in the Woods  
Near Tryune, Tenn.  
March 12, 1863*

*I received your most respectable letter of March first and was glad to hear from you. But was very sorry to hear that Mother was so unwell. but sincerely hope that she is well ear this time. I am well at present and hope that these few lines may find you all enjoying the same blessing. We left our camp near Murfreesboro last Monday about noon and marched eight miles and camped for the night. We camped on the side of a hill. And it commenced to rain about two o'clock. We had no tents so we had to lay and take it. I went to sleep after it began to rain and when I wakened up the water was running under my back so I was obliged to get [up] and set by the fire in the rain until morning. It rained until about eleven o'clock the next morning so that we were completely soaked through. After it ceased we started and marched to Eagleville where we stopped and built fires and made coffey. And started again and marched through the rain untill about eight o'clock at night and went into a camp where the mud was over shoe top deep every step. We got some fires struck up and piled some rails down to stand on. I did not lay down that night. But it has cleared up now and the ground*

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is drying up fast. I would be glad if it would only keep clear for a while. There was quite an excitement in the ranks day before yesterday evening after we left Eagleville. [Philip] Sheredon's [Sheridan's] Division was camped at this place and there picket did not know that we were coming in and being about dark they could not see our colors and fired on our advance. Genrl. [Jefferson C.] Davis was not there at the time and we thought we had got into the enemies lines and returned the fire. There was quite a little skermish before they found each other out. There was no person hurt, I believe. One horse was wounded in the foot. You had better [believe] the boys were glad it was our troops for they did not feel much like fighting that night being so wet.

Some think we will stay here a while and hold this place but there is no telling. I hope we stay until this mud dries up a little. The pikes here are tore up almost as bad as the roads. You would hardly believe it unless you could see it the way some of the pikes are tore up and the best place that I ever saw to ware out shoes. I have got my fourth pair and they are pretty well scuffed.

Our company is in a pretty bad fix. Captain Parcher has resigned and Lt. [Charles] McGraw has come to the company and is in command. He is a perfect squirt. The boys hate him so that they could almost kick him out of the company. He puts on a little too much. Still the boys think they have got to be old soldiers and know their place without so much ordering. I expect Parcher is home by this time and if you go down that way stop and see him. He is a splendid man and is much missed by the whole company. One word from him was worth a dozen from McGraw. He can tell you more in an hour about things than I can write in half a day. Captain Kerby<sup>13</sup> of Company F is promoted to Colonel and Captain Messer<sup>13</sup> of Company G is now Lieutenant Colonel. Captain MacDonald<sup>14</sup> of Company C from Bucyrus is Major. Our regiment has run down to nearly nothing. We left Monroeville with 980 men and now we cant get out more than two hundred fit for duty. And sometimes not more than 150. We draw rations for over three hundred. The rest are in hospitals, convalescent homes, dead and diserted.

You wished to know what we pay for clothing. We dont have to [pay] as high prices as the citicens. For shoes we generally pay \$1.95 cents. Untill the last drawing we paid \$1.48 [for] shirts, 50 cents drawers, 50 cents socks, \$3.20 blouses, \$6.00 dress coats, \$3.00 pants I believe caps 60 cts hats \$1.58 cts.

*That is all I can think of at this time and all that I have time to write as I am to go on brigade guard. No more at present but [I] remain your affectionate sone Enos B. Lewis to his parents. Write soon. Give my love to the children.*

Interestingly, Captain Lyman Parcher, of whom Enos Lewis speaks so highly, seems to have been worthy of his subordinate's good opinion. After his resignation from the army as a result of wounds suffered during the Battle of Murfreesboro, he returned to Ohio but the war was not over by any means for Captain Parcher. After a period of recuperation he raised a company in the 179th Ohio and served with distinction to the end of the war. Lieutenant Charles McGraw, Corporal Lewis's "perfect squirt," served as company commander for just under seven months. He was killed by Confederate fire at Chickamauga on September 20, 1863.

In his history of the Civil War, James G. Randall points out that although they held the field after Murfreesboro and considered themselves the victors, Rosecrans' soldiers in the Army of the Ohio would not fight again until June.<sup>15</sup> It is true that there were no further major campaigns until the following summer but there were constant skirmishes. Cavalry raiders for the Confederacy like Nathan Bedford Forrest and John Hunt Morgan had crisscrossed the Tennessee Valley since the previous spring and had raided enough Federal units to make Union commanders very uneasy during even moments of relative calm. Enos's letters home during this period suggest a comparable state of concern for the proximity and condition of the enemy. There is a note of sadness, however, reflecting the terrible destruction he has witnessed, and a rather plaintive call for communication from home which quite overwhelms his concern for the location of his army's enemy.

*Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn.  
March 25th/63*

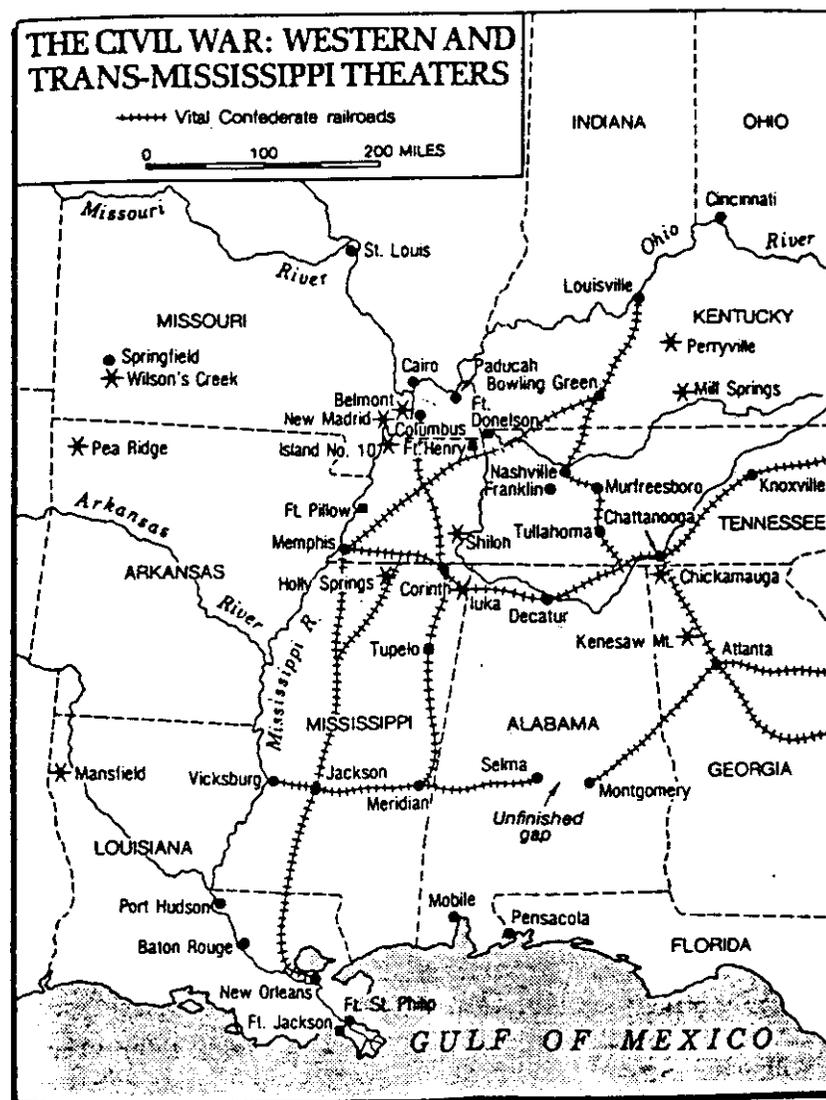
*Dear Brother,*

*I received your most respectable letter a few days ago and was glad to hear from you. I am well at present. And hope that these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing. The evening after I wrote you before we packed up and marched out to Salem. A little place about three miles from our old camp. We stayed there three days and picketed and then were relieved by Genrl. [Richard W.] Johnson's division. We marched back a mile nearer Murfreesboro than we were before. We have a splendid camp here. And have got our tents and have been cleaning nicely. We have got our streets all piked and evergreen set around the officers tents. While we were*

out at Salem there was about five hundred of [Earl] Van Dorn's cavalry made a dash and came within a half a mile of our old camp which made our convalescents skedaddle back to Murfreesboro on double quick. Our men soon started the rebs back as fast as they came. We had some three or four men killed and wounded. And the rebs about the same. The reason why the rebs came in was because they thought that Rosecrans had evacuated this place and Van Dorn thought he would come and take possession of the place. But they were sadly mistaken. I think when they get to Murfreesboro they will have to work. The town is being pretty well fortified and will soon be mounted with heavy guns. When we go out on a scout of one or two or three days we generily take crackers, meat, coffee and shugar. When we go to stay a week or two we take everything. There has none been killed or wounded out of our regiment in the skermishes since the battle. Mother you said wanted some cotton seeds. There is plenty of them. I will send you some just as they came out of the balls, cotton and all. I would like to send a ball just as they grow. But they are too unhandy. I am at quite a loss to know what to write today. The weather has been very fine ever since we left Tryune untill yesterday and last night it rained most all day and night. It looks very much like spring as the peach and plum trees are all out in full bloom. But the splendid orchards that used to be here are all most all destroyed. I do not think there will be much farming done in Tennessee this summer as there is no fences to protect the crop. McConnel has not started home yet as he has not got a furlow for his brother yet. I must close. From your brother Enos B. Lewis to William J. Lewis. Tell Rachel and Mandy I will write to them before long. Received a letter from father and mother. WRITE SOON.

Despite the suffering undergone by the army, the 101st, and certainly by E Company, General William Rosecrans of Ohio remained a popular commander. When he reviewed the troops on March 27, 1863, they did their best to make him proud of them. Enos Lewis was certainly happy with Rosecrans' leadership and while he might have agreed his commander was not in the front rank of Union generals, he would also have insisted that Rosecrans was a diligent, brave and conscientious soldier who did the best he could with what he had. This spring of 1863 was possibly the happiest Enos experienced in the military service. He had been through carnage and been unscathed. That, in itself, was probably enough for most, but for Corporal Enos Lewis a spirit of good will and friendship for his comrades and leaders fairly pervades his letter to his mother written the next day:

## Enos Lewis' Civil War World



Allan R. Millett and Peter Maslowski, *For the Common Defense: A Military History of the United States* (New York, 1984); reproduced by permission of the publisher, The Free Press, a division of Macmillan, Inc.

*Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn.*

*Dear Mother,*

*In compliance with your request I take my seat this afternoon for the purpose of addressing you a few lines to let you know that your son is well except [for] a little touch of the dierea which does not hinder me from doing duty. The health of the regiment is but middling. The boys are complaining with colds considerably. Our brigade went on picket duty before yesterday morning and came off yesterday morning. We had a very pleasant time. As we had enough men so that we did not have to stand on the outposts but four hours apiece during the whole time. As soon as we were relieved and got into camp we had to fit up and go out to be reviewed by Major General Rosecrans. He seems like a very fine man. He took particular notice to see how the boys were clothed and gave some of the officers quite a talking to that did not have their men well clothed. After he had reviewed us standing in line we marched around the field. After all had passed by him we went into camp. It began to rain just after he got through and rained until this morning. It rained very hard last night and looks very much like it today. Our tent turns the water very well unless it is a very beating rain then the water comes through pretty freely. But getting wet does not amount to anything among soldiers as they have got used to it. During the fight we were six days without fire and it rained nearly all the time so that we did not have a dry stick on us. It never hurt me the least bit. I was just as hardy and never took cold a bit more than had I been sitting by a good fire in a nice room. Had I been at home it would of half killed me. You would laugh and feel sorry [too] if you could see the boys some time after their pretty well tired out on a march and in the rain pouring down on them. Some will be swearing while others will be laughing at them. Others will be singing. I think soldiers as a general thing are the merriest set of people that I ever saw. They are always into some kind of sport. There are some that are dissatisfied. I don't think it is worthwhile to complain and intend to take it patiently and get out honorably. So I should hate to be in some of these deserters' places for they will be dealt with pretty roughly. I received a letter from Magee the other day and he said that Albert Lewis was pretty bad with the lung fever. When you write let me know how he is getting. Well, I must close. From your affectionate son Enos B. Lewis to his mother. Write soon.*

On April 21, 1863, Enos wrote a hurried but breezy and excited letter home. It contains two interesting elements which go beyond those of a

strictly personal nature. First, it is clear that Enos Lewis and his comrades are relatively fit, in a high state of morale and ready to perform with spirit upon the orders of their superiors. As a matter of fact, there were a number of operations before June's summer campaign began. The 101st was a part of Jefferson C. Davis's division and he appeared to be an energetic commander. L.W. Day writes, concerning this seeming hiatus in the history of the 101st: "Our division commander, General Jeff C. Davis, soon tired of the routine of camp life and longed to roam around the country in search of an enemy."<sup>14</sup> And so they did. Enos Lewis may not have been a typical enlisted soldier but if his letter held anything of the temper of his unit, they must have performed their duties that spring with spirit and a minimum of grouching.

Second, in a rare moment of exasperation, Corporal Lewis directs his most telling insult, "perfect little squirt," at a neighbor back in Ohio, alleged to have "copperhead" leanings. Enos makes it quite clear that the sacrifices made by his unit and others had certainly elevated the conflict with the South far above the nadir it had reached months earlier when, after a string of Confederate victories, many in the North were ready to accept any kind of peace. Further, it suggests that Union troops had determined long before the Atlanta campaign (often singled out as that victory which most aided Lincoln in pursuing total victory with the support of northern soldiers and civilians) that they were not quitting until the other side gave up.

*Murfreesboro, Tenn.  
April 21st, 1863*

*Dear Parents,*

*I read your most welcome letter a few days ago and was very glad to hear from you. I am well at present and hope that these few lines may find you all enjoying the same blessing. We [were relieved] of brigade picket duty yesterday morning. We were out there five days and nights. Out of the five days we were on post three days and nights. We are now under marching orders with three days cooked rations in our haversacks and ready to march at a moment's notice. I do not know where we are going. But I think on a scout. It is a flyin' report through camp that there was three divisions went out this morning. And if they are attacked and cannot hold the rebs we will have to go out and help them. We may not go as we are only ordered to be ready. The air is very pleasant. Only pretty warm. I hope that you were successful in your scout and that the wheat will grow fast. I am sorry to hear that the wheat looks so poor. If you think it will pay at all I would let it stand as you will have as much*

*ground as you and Jackson can tend to. I think that field you got from McClintock will be a good chance. I am glad that you are going to fence the garden and I think it will save mother a good deal of work. I got the journal you sent the same time I did your letter. I received a letter from Albert Lewis the other day. I guess he has had a pretty hard spell of sickness. He says Arthur Neil has got to be as big a sesesh as any of them coperheads. I wish I could see him. I would like to hamer him. A purfect little squirt. I think he will see the time he will be a[shamed] of himself. I understand that the coperheads are beginning to cool down conciderable since the elections. Coperheadism has brought the soldiers here together more than anything else. Some of the men that yoused to be almost willing to have the war settled any way are now among the strongest Union soldiers we have got. So that the coperheads did not gain anything of the soldiers. The boys are all in good spirits. Well, I must bring this scribbling to a close. Give my love to all the children. From your sone Enos B. Lewis. Write soon and excuse all the mistakes for I have done it up in hurrah.*

By early June, the army was on the move. It was President Lincoln's first priority to regain East Tennessee and so the army was split, with General Ambrose Burnside taking the Army of the Ohio up toward Knoxville while Rosecrans and the larger Army of the Cumberland (including the 101st) would move toward Chattanooga. There was no time to lose. Burnside had himself been badly beaten at Fredericksburg the previous December by Robert E. Lee while in brief command of the Army of the Potomac. More recently, in the first days of May, General Joseph Hooker had taken that same magnificent Army of the Potomac and allowed it to be cut up and defeated by a much smaller Confederate force under Lee and Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. Rosecrans, ever-cautious, moved finally on Tullahoma in south-central Tennessee, but not before there came a moment of high excitement in the camps of the 101st. On June 7, Enos began a letter home which expressed a fair degree of frustration at the inability of the 101st to make solid contact with the buzzing, stinging rebel irregulars who had been such an annoyance for the army since the preceding year. He finished the following day, his frustrations having been allayed somewhat by the arrival of a most welcome package of delectibles sent some six weeks earlier by neighbors.

*Camp of the 101st OV  
Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.  
June 7th, / 63*

*Dear Parents,*

*Your welcome letter came safe to hand this afternoon and was received with great pleasure. I am well at present and cincerely hope that these few lines may find you well. The boys are all well as usual and in good spirits. We have been out on brigade picket for the last ten days and came in to camp this morning. We thought we were going to have a pretty sharp skermish with the rebs last wednesday morning about nine o'clock. The rebs attacked our picket on the Shelbyville Pike. And succeeded in driving our picketts a short distance but was soon repulsed. Our regiment and the thirty-eight Ill. reg't. was left in reserve as I said in Jackson's letter. Soon after the fireing commenced we were ordered to fall in. We fell in and stacked arms. And then was ordered to strike tents, pack up and be ready for action. The order was promptly obeyed and we were soon ready for to sleigh [slay] rebs if necessary. We then moved out on the pike and formed in line. Stayed there a short time and then marched about three quarters of a mile out the pike and formed in line of battle. The rebs were still playing on our battery. We stayed there until in the afternoon and then marched off to the right to try and get them surrounded. But as soon as we begun to drive there pickets on the right them on the pike begun to give back and left. We did not get to fire our guns at them. The cavalry and mounted infantry had all the fighting to do as they had a better chance to keep up with them. We came out on to the pike about seven miles from Murfreesboro. But the rebels had all skedaddled and we turned around and came back inside of the picket lines and remained there until this morning. There was not any of our brigade that was hurt. Several of the cavalry was wounded. But I don't know whether anyone was killed or not. I did not hear whether the rebs lost any or not. There was a pretty hard fight out at Franklin on Wednesday. I hear today that General [George] Thomas's corps has gone there. I will quit for today and finish this letter tomorrow.*

*June 8. I will now proceed to finish up this scribbling. I am well except [for] the headache I have had most of the day. Part of the regiment went out on one day's picket this morning. Mrs. Mathews and Mrs. Bacon made up a box and started it to me the 24th of April and it came to hand day before yesterday. Expected everything would be spoiled. But it came through all right and nothing had*

spoiled except a cake or two. The rest were pretty dry. But still they eat very well. There was dried apples, peaches, blackberries and elderberries. It was quite a rearty [rarity] for me to have such things and a soldier don't very often get them without he buyes them himself and that does not pay. If you should see any of the Mathews tell them I am very thankful for them. The weather has been quite showery for the last ten days and things are growing fine. There is splendid pasture out about the picket lines and the teamsters are busy every day pastureing there mules and horses. There is some corn planted outside of the picketts and looks very well. Some was knee high. But we were no ways particular how we walked as we marched across them cornfields. You wished to know whether my corporalcy excused me from duty or not. It does not but I do not have to stand on post. I have to take out relief guards and bring in the ones relieved when we are on picket and camp guard. I must close hoping that you will write soon. From your sone

Enos B. Lewis

The neighborly and thoughtfully prepared package had been a most welcome diversion, but even more welcome and certainly more satisfying was the news that Major McDonald and some men from Company C had captured, just a few days later, the enemy's picket station on the Shelbyville Pike and their vidette station, as well. It was a satisfying piece of news, indeed, as the army began preparations for the sixty-mile march toward Tullahoma.

#### Chickamauga and Captivity

There is a lengthy gap from that communication of June 8, 1863, until May 21, 1864, when Sergeant Lewis wrote from his temporary assignment at the U.S. General Hospital in Annapolis, Maryland, to his brother. Given his established writing habits there were probably other letters home before the fateful Chickamauga campaign of August and September, 1863. But not after. Not for a long time. For Corporal Lewis and many of his friends in the 101st, Chickamauga would be just the beginning of a nightmare of imprisonment. It was significant that the first contacts from the young soldier to his family would come during his recuperation from that captivity.

*The Story of the 101st* fills in the major gaps in Enos Lewis's unit activity, at least. The Army of the Cumberland moved south toward Tullahoma, encountered sharp Confederate resistance at a mountain



Confederate Line of Battle in the Chickamauga Woods  
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War

showdown with Bragg's Confederates. By August 15, they were within fifteen miles of Bridgeport and poised for the campaign that would settle the fate of eastern Tennessee and determine the whole direction of fighting in the Western Theater for the balance of the war.

By the second week of September, Bragg had been maneuvered out of Chattanooga by Rosecrans who occupied the town without having to fight for it. Soon, however, Bragg was reinforced by units under Simon Bolivar Buckner and James Longstreet. On September 19, the armies met on the field of Chickamauga. James G. Randall describes the first phases of the battle:

*With a wild yell Longstreet's troops struck a weak portion of the Federal right, made a gap, broke through and drove two whole corps (those of Crittenden and McCook) off the field. Rosecrans himself was swept into the retreating current and made his way to Chattanooga, where he prepared to receive his defeated army and reorganize it for another stand. This phase of the battle was analogous to the first Bull Run. There was, however, another phase. Thomas, unaware of the reverse on the Union right, stood fast against terrific assaults by superior numbers and saved the Union army from complete disaster.<sup>17</sup>*

The 101st was part of McCook's corps. It was one of the four re-

giments of Carlin's brigade and by noon of the 19th it found itself, according to L.W. Day's account, in desperate circumstances:

*During this time Carlin's Brigade was engaged in a most desperate contest in the woods. Our single Brigade was fighting rebel General [Bushrod] Johnson's whole Division....we fell back, contesting the ground inch by inch....In this retreat we lost many men, not a few of them by capture. When the Confederate ranks, with wild yells, rushed across the open field in our front, we gave them the contents of our guns, and many scores took their places, and the line rushed on. Springing from our slight protection, we determined to meet them cold steel to cold steel and for a short time the combat was furious. The flank movement of the enemy had, however, settled the question. We were rapidly being surrounded. The order to fall back was given.*

*....we saw a Union column advancing on the double quick. They halted, formed, charged, were dashed to pieces and hurled back in confusion. Sheridan made a determined stand but was completely overpowered and forced to fall back. The defeat of Sheridan and our whole Right Wing, and the rolling back of the Center, under Crittenden, made this position utterly untenable. Our retreat was continued in great confusion, though we were not again disturbed by the enemy.*

*How we reached Rossville that evening is a difficult question to answer---indeed, we did not all reach it. a remnant of the Regiment kept with the Colors all the time. When we went into camp that night we stacked fifty-nine guns...<sup>18</sup>*

Some members of the broken and confused 101st Ohio would straggle into Rossville, some five or six miles south of Chattanooga, and others retreated and reorganized as quickly as they could. Many did not. The 101st, along with other units of Carlin's Brigade, the 21st Illinois, the 38th Illinois and the 15th Wisconsin, had been decimated. By later accounts it was determined that nearly twenty-five per cent of the regiment had been lost---killed, wounded and captured, at Chickamauga. By any reckoning, these were catastrophic losses. Among all Union forces over 16,000 were casualties and the Confederates lost even more for their victory. It had been a struggle as bloody and desperate as Antietam or Gettysburg. Enos Lewis was captured in that fight. His struggle for survival was just beginning.

While Enos Lewis was imprisoned, recriminations over the conduct of General Rosecrans and his subordinates brought considerable change of

command in the Army of the Cumberland. Brigadier General William P. Carlin, commander of the brigade in which the 101st Ohio fought, was bitter over the conduct (or misconduct in his eyes) of General Davis, his division commander, and General Alexander McD. McCook, commander of the twentieth corps of which Davis' division was a part. General Carlin developed a "total want of confidence in Brig. Gen. Jef. C. Davis" and requested reassignment for his brigade since there could "be no cordial co-operation between General Davis and myself." Subsequently General George H. Thomas replaced General Rosecrans as Army of the Cumberland commander, McCook lost his corps command, Davis received a different division in a reorganized fourteenth corps, and Carlin commanded a brigade different in a division in the same corps. The 101st Ohio went to a newly reorganized first division, fourth corps with a new brigade commander. This reorganization represented part of General Ulysses S. Grant's assumption of command of the Chattanooga area and the subsequent victory at Missionary Ridge outside that city which drove Bragg from the field.<sup>19</sup>

Enos Lewis was then undergoing a different struggle for survival. Civil War prisoner-of-war camps were brutal affairs on both sides. Those manning the Confederate camps and trying to maintain their humanity, as well, were in a desperate dilemma. Confederate officials would not exhaust thin resources by supplying the thousands of Union prisoners on their hands when their own troops were without supplies. But it should be noted that it was generally not vindictiveness or even neglect that killed thousands in these camps. It was poor organization, few resources and higher priorities in a desperate, four-year struggle that no one had contemplated a few years earlier. Nevertheless, Corporal Lewis and many of his fellows would shortly be paying the price for the political shortsightedness which had drawn North and South into war's maelstrom.

*The Story of the 101st* was not completed until more than a quarter century's passage beyond the last of the Civil War's fighting. Nevertheless, the rancor felt by members of the 101st was undiminished with respect to the imprisonment suffered by many members of that regiment. One recollection by J.P. Gerstinslager<sup>20</sup> mentioned Enos Lewis shortly after its author's capture:

*I was wounded at Chickamauga, and while making my way to the rear, was struck by the limb of a tree which had been lopped off by a cannon ball, and knocked out of time. When I came to, I was in the enemy's lines. There were a good many others there, too. My wounds hurt terribly, but I had to stand it. We were sent in a gunboat*

### Controversial Union Generals at the Battle of Chickamauga



Major General William S. Rosecrans  
Commander, Army of the Cumberland



Major General Alexander McD. McCook  
Commander, Twentieth Army Corps  
*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*



Brigadier General Jefferson C. Davis  
Commander, First Division,  
20th Corps



Brigadier General William P. Carlin  
Commander, 2nd Brigade, 1st Division,  
20th Corps

*Massachusetts Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion;  
US Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Penna.*

For their conduct at Chickamauga, Rosecrans and McCook lost their commands and the bitterness between Davis and Carlin would lead to their being put in separate divisions in the same corps. Eventually the latter two would receive brevet major generalships and Carlin would serve as a division commander in Davis' Fourteenth Army Corps.

of a wagon to Ringold. The next day we were joined by some more Yankees, some of them 101sters. There were Colonel MacDonald (then a major), Sergeants David Allison and James Herndon, and Privates Sam Wagner, John Base, Chris. Funk and Enos Lewis. There were others, but I don't remember their names. We were put on the cars for Richmond, but we were unloaded at Atlanta and driven into a bull-pen to stay all night. We were re-loaded next morning, and again unloaded at Raleigh, N.C. Here we saw some flinty hardiack. While I was washing my wounds, Major MacDonald said to me: "It's hard, but I guess it's honest." We were hustled off again and did not stop until we reached Richmond. The officers were sent to Libby and the enlisted men to the Pamperton Building. We were sent in a day or two over to Belle Isle, where we were kept eleven days with no shelter of any kind. There were a few bell tents, but they were full before we got there. We suffered from cold and hunger.<sup>21</sup>

Enos Lewis remained a prisoner of the Confederates for more than seven months. He was exchanged in May of 1864, learned of his promotion the previous January to Sergeant, and began his recuperation in the U.S. General Hospital at Annapolis. His recovery was, doubtless, hastened by his ability to renew correspondence with home.

His letter of May 21st gives poignant, if oblique reference to his suffering while in prison. His experience, his succinct grasp of the ultimate cost and sacrifice of war—the lives of the young—is notable.

*U.S. General Hospital  
Annapolis, Md.  
May 21st, 1864*

*Dear Brother,*

*Your welcome letter came safe to hand a few minutes ago and was received [with] much pleasure. And was sincerely glad to hear [from] you. We are all well which is a great blessing. I am getting well quite fast and have got an appetite like a sawmill. It seems to me I could eat all the time. I have to be on my guard to keep from eating too much. Tell Rachel if she was to fix me up such a good dinner while I had such a craven appetite I fear I should hurt myself. As to getting a furlow from here I am afraid is going to be some trouble as the surgeon in charge here is a very grough old Dutchman and does not give persons any satisfaction. If I only had some officer or some person who had some influence to intercede*

for me there [would] be some hope. But the way it is it looks rather dull. It makes all the difference in the world [when] some few of the boys have got furlows. But they had men to see to it for them. The boys are all getting along fine. The weather is very fine this week. I suppose you are all busy planting corn. Such weather should fetch it fast. There was some five or six hundred of the slightly wounded brought here this week. They were mostly wounded in the Battle of Spottsylvania Court House. I think the young people must be pretty well cleaned out. When you write let me know where Wesley's wife is. Also whether any of the boys in our neighborhood have gone or not. Or are they afraid they will see the elephant.

We are all exchanged now which I suppose you have seen in the papers. I do not know what they are going to do with us. Whether they will send us to our own states as fast as the boys get able or to our regiment. Some say we will be sent to our own states and rid this hospital out for wounded. But there is no telling what they will do with us. But I should be mightily in favor of being sent to my own state. When you write send me a few postage stamps. I have no money to buy any with so I will have to get them from home. We have not received any money yet. Write soon and let me hear all the news. Tell Jimmie I would like to see him and all the rest. From your brother,

E.B. Lewis

By mid-July it was clear that Enos had not only been returned to physical health but had also returned to his former ebullience and was back in productive service to the Union.

U.S. General Hospital  
Annapolis, Md.  
July 12/64

Dear Parents,

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I seat myself for the purpose of addressing you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present. And I hope these lines may find you all well. The weather is very pleasant. We had quite a refreshing shower yesterday afternoon. It rained very hard for a short time. There is quite an excitement here now. They think the rebs are going to try and make a raid in onto this place. There are forty-seven reports so it is hard telling what to believe. They have organized all the convalescents into companies and have armed and equipped them. And they marched off some place. I did not learn where but I suppose to work on

the entrenchments. They were taken out yesterday evening and worked until twelve o'clock last night. Citizens and all are turning out. I did not have to go as they could not spare us out of the dining room. There is about two hundred and fifty officers eats here and it keeps us pretty busy. It costs a great deal to keep up such a table. We just use one barrel of loaf shugar on the table every week beside the brown shugar which is used to sweeten pies, cakes, berries, etc. and other things in proportion. There is twelve of us working in the dining room and we have some tall times. Well I must close. Write soon to your sone

Enos B. Lewis

Two weeks later, Sergeant Enos Lewis surveyed his environment and found it most un-warlike. It could not last and he would, inevitably, return to the conflict. But not just yet. For a time yet he would work at the hospital and have some "tall times" and delay his return to the immediacy of warfare. As always since his exchange, food was a subject of great relish:

U.S. General Hospital  
Annapolis, Md.  
July 26, 1864

It is with pleasure that I seat myself this pleasant afternoon for the purpose of addressing you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope these lines may find you all enjoying the same. I have almost begun to think you have forgotten to write to me as I have only received one letter from you since I came back. But I suppose you have been so busy harvesting that you could not get time to write. The weather is very pleasant here right now. We had quite a rainstorm night before last but [it] has cleared off and is quite pleasant again. There was about sixty or seventy officers and a great many privates went to their regiments a few days ago. So we do not have quite so much work to do. The corn across the bay look[s] pretty good from here. We have had several messes of roasten ears this month. Also ripe tomatoes and black berries almost every night for the last two weeks. Blackberries and apple dumplins every few days for dinner. You know I used to be death on dumplins. I am just as much so now as I ever was. If not a little more so. I have all the milk I can drink twice a day and I am getting fat as a pig. I enjoy myself first-rate as there is several good fellows in the dining room and kitchen and we have our own fun. I received a letter from

*Albert Lewis a few days ago. He was well as were all the rest of his company. I wrote a letter to Wesley Scott but he never answered it yet. I suppose David is home before this time. I must close for this time as it is now supertime. Excuse haste and poor writing. Write soon. To your son.*

*Enos B. Lewis*

#### ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Twenty-seven year-old Isaac M. Kirby joined the 101st Ohio as the captain commanding Company F, became major in October 1862 and was named the colonel commanding the regiment on December 26, 1862 following the deaths of both Colonel Leander Stem and Lieutenant Colonel Moses D. Wooster at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. A brigade commander from June 10, 1864, Kirby became a brevet brigadier general in January 1865.

<sup>2</sup>John Messer began his military career as captain of Company G and became the lieutenant colonel of the regiment following the Murfreesboro campaign. He resigned from service following the battle of Chickamauga in which he was wounded. Both Colonel Messer and Major B.B. McDonald (below) received special commendation from Brigadier General William P. Carlin for gallantry at Chickamauga. *War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records* ...Series 1, volume 30, part 1 (Washington, 1890): 518 (Hereafter cited as *OR*).

<sup>3</sup>Bedan B. McDonald (sometimes spelled McDanald) was one of those wounded and captured at Chickamauga in September 1863, but, like Enos Lewis he returned to the regiment, became lieutenant colonel in February 1864, and mustered out with the 101st in June 1865 despite being wounded at the battle of Franklin.

<sup>4</sup>Randall and Donald, *Civil War*: 408-409.

<sup>5</sup>Day, *101st Ohio*: 117.

<sup>6</sup>Randall and Donald, *Civil War*: 413.

<sup>7</sup>Day, *101st Ohio*: 173-174.

<sup>8</sup>*OR*, series 1, volume 30, part 1: 496-502, 515-519; *OR*, series 1, volume 30, part 3: 895 (contains quote cited); *OR*, series 1, volume 30, part 4: 209-11.

<sup>9</sup>Twenty-one-year-old John P. Gerstinslager enlisted in Company F on August 9, 1862. Following his capture he too returned to the regiment and was promoted to corporal six weeks before the mustering out of the 101st Ohio on June 12, 1865.

<sup>10</sup>Day, *101st Ohio*: 346-347.