

15<sup>th</sup> Kentucky

THE  
SOUTHERN BIVOUCAC:

A MONTHLY

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY

BASIL W. DUKE AND R. W. KNOTT.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME II.—JUNE, 1886, TO MAY, 1887.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

Company A—Marion C. Taylor, Captain; James A. T. McGrath and Frank Winlock, Lieutenants.

Company B—J. B. Snyder, Captain; Ben Houser and W. H. Harrison, Lieutenants.

Company C—W. T. McClure, Captain; Jas. B. Forman and A. H. Chambers, Lieutenants.

Company D—H. F. Kalfus, Captain; John McDowell and John V. Thompson, Lieutenants.

Company E—Noah Cartwright, Captain; J. B. Wood and Charles L. Easum, Lieutenants.

Company F—W. S. Wilson, Captain; Aaron S. Bayne and William V. Wolf, Lieutenants.

Company G—Frank D. Garretty, Captain; John Spaulding and John Lenahan, Lieutenants.

With these seven companies, partially filled, the regiment was ordered to New Haven, Kentucky, about forty-five miles from Louisville, on the Lebanon Branch of the L. and N. Railroad. Here they were engaged in guarding the railroad while drilling and recruiting. Companies H, I, and K, from Covington and vicinity, joined us here and we were mustered into the State service—armed, equipped, and paid by the State of Kentucky. After being mustered each company was ordered to have an election of officers, this being in accordance with the State law. All of the before-mentioned officers were elected except in the cases of Companies F and G. In Company F, Captain Wilson was left out, Bayne being elected Captain, W. V. Wolf and W. H. Booker, Lieutenants. In Company G, John Spaulding was elected Captain, John Lenahan and Frank D. Garretty, Lieutenants.

On the 14th day of December, the regiment was mustered into the United States service at New Haven, Kentucky, by Captain C. C. Gilbert, U. S. A., and was then ordered to Bascom Creek, Kentucky. On arrival here it was attached to the Seventeenth Brigade, Third Division, commanded by General O. M. Mitchell.

The mud in this camp (at Bacon Creek) was from six inches to a foot in depth, making it necessary to lay all of the avenues in corduroy to enable the men and teams to get about, and a disagreeable place can not be well imagined.

The trip from New Haven to Bacon Creek, the first of any distance made by the regiment on foot, being accomplished in mid-winter, was very trying, but showed of what material the regiment was composed.

When mustered into the United States service the regiment numbered less than nine hundred, but they were good and reliable men, being mostly from the counties of Shelby, Spencer, Henry, Bullitt, Kenton, and Jefferson, and either farmers, farmer's sons, or clerks, and of respectable families.

The most fastidious could find plenty of agreeable and entertaining companions among the rank and file of the Fifteenth, which was abundantly proven by the number of privates of this regiment who were promoted to captains and lieutenants of other Kentucky regiments. I feel that I must name here some of the men who started with this old regiment as privates or non-commissioned officers. Beginning with Company A, there was George Deering, Richard Whittaker, Joseph and Henry Lyle, Joseph Atherton, Dan Spalding, Jour. Ballard, George Petrie, John and Henry Wm. Tilden, Tom Baker, Joseph McClure, Frank Todd, Irvine McDowell, Ezekiel Forman, Lud Luckett, Newt. Sharp, and a score of others who will be remembered by many, but whose names escape me now.

In February, 1862, the command crossed Green River (being brigaded with the Third, Tenth, and Thirteenth Ohio, Forty-second Indiana, and Loomis' battery, under command of Brigadier-General Dumont), and by a forced march from Bell's Tavern reached Bowling Green on the 14th of February, the rebels leaving the city as we entered it. Here our boys found a quantity of salt beef and parched rye, which the retreating enemy were unable to carry away, and which was very acceptable to them, for soldiers become very tired of their regular rations, and appreciate any thing out of the regular issue.

On the 22d we marched to Franklin, and on the 23d to Mitchellville, Tennessee, thence to Nashville, which had surrendered to Colonel John Kennett, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry.

Here, the bridge being destroyed, we had to cross in steamboats, and I am free to say that that crossing will be as memorable to some of the Fifteenth as any march or battle.

Stopping a short time in the suburbs of Nashville, we proceeded thence to Huntsville, Alabama, where we remained for five or six months without other action than scouts and reconnaissances to Athens, Whitesburg, etc., in which we did good service and endured great hardships.

From Huntsville the Fifteenth returned to Nashville, and then took part in that memor-

able race with General Bragg to Louisville. The Fifteenth Kentucky started from its bivouac, two miles beyond Elizabethtown, one morning early, and the next morning before daylight entered the city of Louisville, making a march of over forty miles (said to be forty-four miles) in the twenty-four hours, which is not bad for "foot cavalry."

Colonel Pope often told the men and officers that there could be no discipline among troops where no attention was paid to neatness, and was so particular in regard to the appearance of the men that on our first joining the brigade we were christened "The Paper Collar Regiment," a name which we bore and by which we were called almost constantly up to this time. The Ohio regiments with which we were brigaded having been longer in service, and under fire, seemed to think we were only fit for dress-parade and show, and that we could not be depended upon in close quarters. It was not long before they were disabused of this idea. After a stay of a few days in the suburbs of Louisville, the regiment was again started South, by the way of Danville, Kentucky.

It was during this journey the Fifteenth became engaged in the first battle. It had been in frequent skirmishes and raids, and had done good service, but had not up to this time been tried in a general battle.

On the morning of the 8th day of October, 1862, the Third division, of which the Fifteenth Kentucky was part, under command of Major-General L. H. Rousseau, was passing through the Chaplin Hills. The day was bright and beautiful—all that could be desired in that most pleasant month in the year—and with the exception of a great scarcity of water nothing was wanting to make the march an exceedingly pleasant one. About ten o'clock A. M. the division was drawn up in line of battle and skirmishers were ordered forward. A section of Loomis' famous artillery was then placed in position and commenced shelling the woods in front. This continued until about twelve o'clock, M., when the command was informed that the advance would be resumed, but as water was very scarce, one regiment at a time would march forward to the creek in front, stack arms, and fill their canteens, then move forward and let the next in line follow.

The Forty-second Indiana, being the first in line on that day, left their position, marched down to the creek, and having stacked arms were engaged in getting water from the shal-

low stream when the enemy broke cover in our front and opened fire upon us.

The Fifteenth Kentucky was lying on the south side of the road by which it came, and in rear of a rail-fence, with a stone-fence a short distance in front. Running parallel to the rail-fence, and within a short range of it, on the line of the rail-fence, was a barn built of logs and boards.

The enemy advanced to the stone-fence, and took position behind it.

Here the battle raged from about one o'clock P. M. until dark; the rail-fence was almost entirely demolished by the enemy's artillery, and the barn was set on fire by shells; notwithstanding, the Fifteenth held its ground.

The color-guard, consisting of nine sergeants, was cut to pieces. As each successive color-bearer was shot down his companion took the standard.

The fight was so fierce and continuous that the colors were completely riddled with shot-holes, and the flag-staff cut in two.

As the staff was severed, and the colors fell, Captain James B. Forman, of Company C, grasped them, and as the staff had been cut off so short that they could not be made visible he mounted the remains of the rail-fence, waiving them, cheering the men to continued resistance. The battle raged from 1 o'clock P. M. until dark, the Fifteenth Kentucky retaining its original line to the close, and in the morning the enemy was gone.

During this engagement our loss was very severe. At almost the first shot Colonel Pope's horse was killed under him. The Colonel immediately approached the line, and moving from man to man, patting them on the back, cheering and encouraging them to fight to the end. Such courage could not but inspire them with a determination to stand to the last. Here the Colonel received a wound, to which he paid no attention at the time, regarding it as slight, and continuing on the field to the close of the day, but which in a few weeks caused his death. Lieutenant-Colonel George P. Jouett, Major W. P. Campbell, Lieutenant James McGrath, of Company A; Lieutenant Joseph McClure, of Company C, and sixty-three men were killed and nearly two hundred were wounded.

We pressed on in pursuit of the enemy through Danville toward Crab Orchard.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the regiment when, at a short distance beyond Danville, Kentucky, all hope of catch-

ing up with the enemy having been given up, Colonel Pope turned his horse in the road, and addressing Captain Snyder, said, "Captain, I can go no further," left us, and we saw his noble face "no more forever."

Our first battle was a "baptism of blood," and it served to cement the regiment more closely in love one to another and to the cause for which it fought.

Passing on, under command of Captain Snyder, of Company "B," we came through Crab Orchard, and rested a few days, and then turning southward we came back through Crab Orchard, Stanford, Lebanon, and halted at Bowling Green. Here General W. S. Rosecrans took command of the Army of the Cumberland.

After a few days at Bowling Green, we started south by way of Franklin, Kentucky, and Mitchellville, Tennessee, during which march Captain James B. Forman received his commission as Colonel, and took command of the regiment, leading it on to Nashville, Tennessee.

Remaining a few weeks at this place, "tenting on our old camp-ground" we gathered together the fragments of the regiment, and, with our gallant young Colonel at our head, and the companies re-officered where needed, we were once more ready for the fray.

Our organization now was as follows: In the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanded by General George H. Thomas; First division, commanded by General Lovell H. Rousseau; Third brigade, by General John S. Beatty. The brigade comprising, in addition to the Fifteenth Kentucky, the Third and Tenth Ohio, Forty-second and Eighty-eighth Indiana regiments, always ready to march or fight at the bidding of the commander.

We felt that we had our State's banner to bear and her honor to protect; and, if left to those regiments with which we were brigaded, whether or not Kentucky had reason to be proud of her "paper-collar" regiment, we would not have been compelled to seek further for favorable judgment.

On the 26th day of December we left Nashville and traveled via the Franklin and Grand White pikes, concentrating on the hills near Nashville, with the enemy close in front; but General Bragg drew off his army to Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Well will Sunday afternoon, December 28, 1862, be remembered. The regiment was ordered out of its line on the hill-sides, and commenced one of the hardest and darkest marches

that can be imagined, toward Murfreesboro. All night, through cedar thicknesses, roads almost impassable, only kept in the right direction by "beacon fires," which were kept burning the entire night, we wended our way, hungry, foot-sore, wet, and weary, not knowing where we were going, but trusting implicitly that "Old Rosy" and "Pap Thomas" would lead us only to such places as they desired us to occupy, as we had entire confidence in those worthy and able commanders. In the morning we reached the Nashville and Murfreesboro turnpike, near Stewart's Creek, and were again in our position in the center of the Army of the Cumberland, with Bragg's army again confronting us.

On the 29th and 30th we moved forward until we almost reached the banks of Stone River.

General Negley's division had skirmished for position on our right during the afternoon of the 30th, and when night came on we bivouacked, and many spent the night in joking and pleasantries, reveille on the 31st sounding to scores who had not slept.

Our division (Rousseau's) was the reserve division of the Fourteenth corps.

Marching along the road we passed General Rosecrans and staff, who, seeing our flag-staff broken, banner torn and draped in mourning, called us his "orphan regiment," a name which, before the sun of that day set, was doubly applicable.

The occasional belching of a cannon and the rattling of musketry on our right caused us to keep an eye and ear to that quarter.

About nine o'clock A. M. we came up close to the front, and could see orderlies riding hurriedly hither and thither. A group of officers, composed of General Rousseau with his brigade and regimental commanders, was formed immediately in front of the Fifteenth, to whom orders and instructions were given, when, all returning to their commands, we were faced to the right and moved hurriedly to the cedar forest to stem the current of an almost irresistible storm in the cedar glades, where General McCook's (Twentieth) corps had been violently attacked and were sorely pressed.

Passing in rear of General Sill's division, our brigade got into the same kind of position as that held at Perryville; that is, on the extreme right wing of the army, with the Fifteenth Kentucky on the right of the brigade.

Here, with instructions to hold the enemy in check until the artillery could be gotten out.

of the thicket, we again met the enemy and stopped for a while his triumphant charges.

We held the road until the last gun and caisson had passed safely, but at a terrible cost to the Fifteenth Kentucky, for in a short half hour we lost our brave and gallant young colonel (shot from his horse), in the flower of his youth, being only a little past his twenty-first birthday, and eighty others killed and seriously wounded on that fatal field of Stone River.

Holding our position a little too long, we had to fight both front, flank and rear to get back to the Fourteenth corps' position in the center, for the enemy had passed around our right and were enveloping us before we knew it. Long will the members of the Fifteenth remember the appearance of the "massed artillery" on the right of the turnpike when they emerged from the woods in its front, and never can they forget the outburst when they got back to those guns, for the earth trembled and thousands "bit the dust" in the desperate charges made against them.

These battles were, to the Fifteenth, a crucible to test the metal of which it was composed, and, "tried as by fire," it came out sadly crippled and cut up, but still true and devoted to the old flag of our country.

With such regimental commanders as Pope and Forman, and such brigade disciplinarians as W. H. Lytle and John S. Beatty, and the service which it had seen, the Fifteenth was rapidly becoming "that all-powerful piece of machinery which is invincible in war"—a regiment of veterans.

After five days' very hard service in muddy trenches and an exposed position, we entered Murfreesboro on Sunday, January 4, 1863, sadly depleted, but as cheerful as crickets, the Confederate army having retired toward Shelbyville and Tullahoma, Tennessee.

After a few weeks' rest the Fifteenth Kentucky was put to work building "Fortress Rosecrans," a stronghold that became historical.

Here it was re-officered. The Colonel, James B. Forman, having been killed, Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Snyder resigned, Major H. F. Kalfus cashiered, Adjutant W. P. McDowell promoted, and Quartermaster John W. Clark resigned, Captain Marion C. Taylor, of Company A, was made Colonel; Captain Noah Cartwright, of Company E, Lieutenant-Colonel; Captain W. G. Halpin, of Company K, Major; D. N. Shary, First Sergeant, Company

A, Adjutant, and Woodford Hall, private of Company A, Quartermaster.

Vacancies in company officers were filled, and the regiment was again placed in its old brigade and commenced drilling, a duty long neglected on account of hard marching and constant duties since it had left Huntsville in the summer of 1862.

On the 24th day of June, 1863, we broke camp at Murfreesboro and started south. Our corps (the Fourteenth) went through Hoover's Gap, following closely Wilder's mounted infantry. After passing through the Gap our brigade, under General John S. Beatty, made a detour from the main body of the army, going through Hillsboro and Manchester toward Tullahoma, where we were to rejoin the army proper. It was here we came very near, accidentally, getting into a fight with our own troops, mistaking them, and they us, for the enemy.

They arrived in front of Tullahoma before we did, and were not expecting us on the road by which we came, nor were we looking for "blue coats" in front of us. Both got ready, but happily the mistake was discovered before either party commenced "shelling the woods."

July 1st we passed through town, and had a running fight with the enemy to Elk River, where he destroyed the bridge, and passed on to Chattanooga. The next day we crossed and, marching to the foot of a high ridge, encamped on July 4th in a camp which we named "Camp Mud," for it was more than a match for the muddy days at Bacon Creek. While in this slough we learned that Vicksburg had surrendered to him "whose demand was always unconditional, and whose modesty was only equalled by his success." To say we were jubilant over the news would not half express our feelings. Then came more marching, over mountains, rivers, and valleys, to Dechard, Tennessee, where we remained during August, 1863. On the 1st of September we marched to Stevenson, Alabama, crossed the Tennessee River, Sand and Raccoon mountains, and bivouacked in Hog-jaw Valley; thence on toward a mountain which, in the distance, appeared to join on to the clouds, and, indeed it seemed to grow as we approached.

To attempt to cross this with a vigilant enemy opposing seemed worse than rashness, but we rested not, and, with what we now called skirmishing, we forced our way to its top and down its south side to Cooper's Gap, entered McLemore's Cove, and awaited the

other troops who were to cross at Stephen's Gap on our right, who, being retarded in their movements, did not join us until the next day.

From here we marched toward the "river of death," Chicamauga.

On the 18th of September, at night, we arrived at Owen's Ford, a crossing of the Chicamauga, about five miles to the right of Crawfish Springs.

Here we relieved a brigade which, by its quiet actions in leaving, impressed us with the idea that we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, an idea which ripened in the morning to an absolute certainty, for as soon as it was light the Confederates tried to force the crossing, and we had hot work to prevent them.

All that day we lay on the bank of that stream, under the guns of the enemy, Captain Abe Rothchild, with Company "B," Mt. Eden sharpshooters (hidden behind rocks and trees), as skirmishers, was within one hundred yards of a rebel battery, and after a long contest silenced the battery and kept the rebels at bay until about four o'clock P. M., Saturday, September 19, 1863, when we were withdrawn and marched hurriedly to Crawfish Springs, where we arrived just at sundown, and while a desperate fight was progressing at that point. It was here our former brigade commander, General W. H. Lytle, was killed, and part of the famous Loomis battery was captured. Both of these casualties were very distressing to the Fifteenth, and cast a gloom over us, for they were both brigaded with us in our first year's army life, and were regarded almost as part of the regiment.

Troops were now pressed from our right to our left, and all were impressed with the idea that a battle was imminent.

Sunday morning, September 20, 1863, cannon began firing, and with desultory skirmishing and continuous moving toward the left we got into line and threw forward a strong skirmish line.

Heavy firing was going on to our right, and we were ordered to move further to the left as soon as we should be relieved by General Har- ~~is~~ brigade. While this was being done our lines were charged by the enemy, who advanced in line of battle, apparently without skirmishers, and poured through a gap in the line and got to our rear. The Third Ohio, Forty-second and Eighty-eighth Indiana were cut off to the left, and the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois (which had been attached to

our brigade) and the Fifteenth Kentucky were thrown to the right, thus dividing our brigade, leaving General Beatty, with three regiments, to the left, and Colonel Taylor, with two regiments, to the right. As soon as the enemy was discovered in the thick bushes on our left, flanking us, we changed front and charged them, driving them steadily back, assisted by the troops of Harris, Hambright, and Turchin.

We only had time to reform our lines, when we were again attacked and driven inch by inch, and hour after hour, fighting and pressed back, until we got to Mission Ridge, near Rossville, where General Thomas bivouacked with the army for the night.

To attempt any further description of the part taken in the battle of Chicamauga would be useless, for the regiment only did its duty as a part of as noble and brave an army as ever fought a battle.

On Monday, September 21st, we were in line of battle across Mission Ridge, near Rossville; during the day and night the army was withdrawn to Chattanooga, the Fifteenth Kentucky being left all night as rearguard on the ridge. It was lonesome duty we performed that night, being in the face of and in immediate proximity to the rebel lines, and being able to hear them distinctly in the valley below.

On the morning of Tuesday, September 22d, we moved down the mountain to Rossville, and thence toward Chattanooga, where we found the army prepared to receive any attack.

Weary from hard service, not having had any rest since the Thursday before, we were glad to receive the command, "Rest."

Lying down and sleeping two or three hours, we were again called to the front and put to work in building "Fort Negley," where we had to work in range of the enemy's guns on Lookout Mountain, to our right and rear, and at the same time defend our front toward Rossville. To make things more comfortable our lines of communication were cut, and provisions became scarce. We learned to live on meager rations, buoyed up by the hope of better days coming, and tried to verify General Thomas' dispatch that "we would hold the place till we starved." The promise was kept, for we did hold the place, and we starved.

After weeks of suffering and chafing under the restraints of being besieged, a rumor spread about that General Grant was near, and approaching on the other side of Lookout Mountain.

One night a brigade, thought to be Hazen's, embarked in pontoons and floated down the river, passing the rebel pickets, who rejoiced because "the Yankee bridges were being 'busted' above," made a landing at "Moccasin Point," capturing the picket-post there, and intrenching themselves so securely by morning that the enemy could not dislodge them. Here a junction was formed with General Hooker, who came up from Bridgeport with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps from the Army of the Potomac.

Chattanooga, the position gained by the battle of Chickamauga, was now ours to hold, and we felt fully repaid for all the privations we had endured.

Then came "Hooker's fight above the clouds," which we could hear, but could not see on account of the dense fog arising from the river. With great anxiety we awaited the result of that battle. Every thing was hushed in our camps, and a painful stillness reigned until we saw the smoke of the steamer "Dunbar," as it rounded the bend in the river and steamed toward us at Chattanooga. Then we knew that Hooker was victorious, and that our "cracker line" was reopened.

Now, it seemed that Bedlam had broken loose, for the whole army yelled as if with one impulse, and made preparations to fill their "empty breeches," and after weary days of fasting and short rations we were once again restored to a full supply of bacon, crackers, beans, and potatoes.

The Fifteenth Kentucky was then placed on duty as post guard, and was not on duty with the brigade again until the spring of 1864, when it rejoined the division and started for the "Gate City."

It was the privilege of the Fifteenth Kentucky to take a back seat on Forts Wood and Negley, and witness the battle of Missionary Ridge. Here we saw the gallant charges of the Army of the Tennessee on our left, which we had not seen since the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and now we felt proud of their acquaintance.

In the center, under the guns on the ridge, lay the Army of the Cumberland ready to try the hills again. General Hooker was on the right, moving toward Rossville; Generals Grant and Thomas on Orchard Knob, just in rear of the Army of the Cumberland, when the order was given to advance to the foot of the ridge. The army moved rapidly forward, driving in the skirmish lines, not only to the

foot, but pressed for the top, and halted not until the ridge was again in our possession and the enemy's guns were turned upon him.

Leaving the city to the care of other troops, about the 1st of May the Fifteenth Kentucky rejoined the brigade and moved to Rocky-face Ridge, near Ringgold, Georgia, where we again beheld our old enemy on the heights above us, perfectly safe in his fastness as far as we were concerned, for the face of the ridge was a perpendicular rock from twenty to thirty feet in height.

General McPherson found Snake-creek Gap, and turned the positions, and General J. E. Johnson withdrew. Following on through Dalton we came to Resaca, on the Oustahola River, where we found the enemy intrenched in a very strong position.

Here our brigade got into a position exposed to the enemy's artillery and musketry at short range, and we lost some good soldiers—among others, Captain Irvine McDowell, who was killed on the works while cheering his men on to duty. Cut off in his youth, and so soon after his promotion so nobly won, and being a favorite with the entire regiment, his untimely end was mourned by all.

Again turning the enemy's flank, we pressed him on through Kingston, Georgia, and Burnt Hickory, and came to Alatoona Mountains, where many severe battles were fought. Still pressing the enemy, he fell back to Kenesaw Mountains. Here his position seemed impregnable, and indeed proved so, for after many weeks we again flanked and pressed him out of position, following him up through Marietta, Georgia, to the Chattahoochee River, where we camped and rested a few days.

Crossing the Chattahoochee River we approached Peach-tree Creek, where we again found the enemy; but he withdrew from our front, and we crossed the stream, which was much swollen from recent rains.

The Twentieth Corps having crossed and gone into position to await the crossing of the remainder of the army, our brigade joined the right of the Twentieth Corps (General Hooker). A ravine passing into the line where the Fifteenth Kentucky should have been, we were placed in rear of the ravine, thus lying at an angle to the main line.

While waiting here the enemy advanced in line of battle, without skirmishers, and the memorable battle of Peach-tree Creek (July 20, 1864), one of the bloodiest of the entire campaign, was fought.

The One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, of our brigade, joined General Hooker's right, and we, in eschelon, joined the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois.

The enemy felt the line from end to end, and, coming to the right of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, mistook it for the extreme right of our line, and made a rush to double us up. This movement threw their left to our line, and, with an enflading fire, the Fifteenth Kentucky sprang over the hastily constructed works and charged them, throwing them into confusion, and rolling up their line from left to right until their retreat became a rout.

It has not generally been known that any other troops except the Twentieth Corps were engaged in this fight, but it is nevertheless a fact that two regiments of our brigade (One Hundred and Fourth Illinois and Fifteenth Kentucky), under General John S. Beatty, made the extension of the line to the right just long enough to prevent the enemy from turning the right of General Hooker's corps, and did good and efficient service.

On the 22d of July, 1864, we moved toward Atlanta, and marched right up to the works before we were apprised of the fact that they were occupied.

We soon found it out, however, and concluded *not to take Atlanta that day*, but worked around it for forty days, and while we were at Jonesboro, twenty miles south, learned that General Slocum was in the city.

For thirty days we had burrowed around the city from its immediate front to Utoy Creek. We had felt and fought nearly every day, and then one night we were called away, and, joining General Sheridan's command, we moved down the landtown roads, and crossing the forests we came to the West Point Railroad near Red Oak, and, destroying it for miles, we continued our march southward, coming upon the Macon Railroad near Jonesboro, Georgia, where we heard of General Slocum's entrance into Atlanta.

When our pickets were withdrawn from before Atlanta, the Confederate troops in our front were General Joseph Lewis' Kentucky brigade, who called across to know where we were going, to which our pickets replied, To the flank. "All right," was the rejoinder from the

rebs., "we will hull your acorns for you some day soon." Our corps badge was an acorn.

At Jonesboro we met this same brigade again, catching them when they were not expecting so many Yanks., and capturing several hundred prisoners, among the rest Colonel Phil. Lee.

After the battle many of our regiment went over to see the prisoners, for we were sure that we would meet many old friends among them. Colonel Phil. Lee, in his own old way, approached Colonel Taylor, and shaking hands with him said, "Well, Colonel, we have come over to hull those acorns."

We staid several days at Jonesboro, and then the army was moved back to Atlanta and went into camp. The Fifteenth Kentucky were again the rearguard, and it was in the streets of Jonesboro, Georgia, that the last shots of the Confederates were made at our regiment.

After getting back to Atlanta, our term of service having expired, we were sent to Chattanooga and put in charge of the trains between that city and Atlanta.

After a month of this service we were ordered to Bridgeport, Alabama, to guard the bridge across the Tennessee River, which was threatened by the invasion of General John B. Hood.

Here we remained until after the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, and on the 25th day of December, 1864, we took a train and came to Louisville, Kentucky, where we were mustered out of the United States service on the 14th day of January, 1865, after a faithful and arduous service of three years, three months, three weeks, and three days.

To sum up the history of the Fifteenth Kentucky is a task both pleasant and painful.

Pleasant, because it can be said that in our whole service of over three years we were almost always in the front lines of the army, and always received the commendations of our commanders and the love and esteem of our companions.

Painful, from the fact that of eight hundred and eighty-eight men and officers mustered into the United States service in 1861, over four hundred were killed and wounded on the battle-fields of our country.

William P. McDowell.