

about May 1, 1862, and then joined an expedition to the southern part of the state. While at Fayetteville, Robert Baxter and Daniel Murphy died of disease. The regiment encamped on Flat Top mountain until in August, when it was ordered east to join the army of the Potomac. On September 14, 1862, Company I was engaged in the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, the battle continuing almost the entire day. The loss was, John Reed, killed, and James McMerter so severely wounded that he died shortly afterward in Tuscarawas County, while on furlough. James McKnight, John Zureher, Elson Cahill and George W. Kail were wounded. Three days afterward, September 17, the regiment was engaged in the battle of Antietam, one of the greatest and bloodiest of the war. Here Company I lost Stephen B. Wilson, Jacob Fribley and David Taylor, killed, and William Bowers and William Kennedy were wounded. About two weeks later, the Thirtieth Ohio was ordered back to West Virginia, where it remained in camp near the head of Kanawha River until the latter part of December, 1862. The regiment then marched down the river to Brownsville, embarked on steam boats for Vicksburg, and landed on Young's Point, where it remained until in May, when the movement was made to the rear of Vicksburg. While at Young's Point, James Reynolds died of disease. Company I participated in the entire siege of Vicksburg, being under a constant fire forty-seven days and nights. On May 22, the regiment led a charge against a fort on the Graveyard road. During the siege Martin V. B. Beam, David Miskimen, William Henderson and Leander Stocker were wounded. The Company was certainly very fortunate in not having any killed. Benjamin Walton died of disease during the siege. Immediately after the surrender the regiment started for Jackson, Mississippi, where after three or four days skirmishing, in which Company I bore its share, the enemy were driven away. The regiment returned to within about ten

miles of Vicksburg and forming a camp remained there until in September, when it marched to Vicksburg and embarked for Memphis. From Memphis it marched to Chattanooga, arrived in time to participate in the battle of Missionary Ridge on November 25, 1863, in which Alexander Clewell was killed and Henry Ohler and Lewis A. Demuth were wounded. Immediately after the battle, the Thirtieth started for Knoxville to relieve Burnside's beleaguered force, but was turned back when near Knoxville. After a devious march a halt was made at Larkinsville on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad some distance west of Chattanooga, which wound up a tramp of something over five hundred miles. This march was made in summer clothing, and part of the time the weather was very inclement. During the stay at Larkinsville the greater portion of Company I re-enlisted for three years longer, one of the inducements held forth being a thirty day furlough. In May, 1864, at the expiration of the furlough the regiment joined Sherman's army, which had started on the Atlanta campaign, at Kingston, Georgia, from which time until the fall of Atlanta the Company was constantly engaged in skirmishing and battling. During this campaign Frank Blickensderfer, Alexander Forney and Isaiah Robb were killed, and William Joss, John Campbell and Martin V. B. Beam were wounded. Beam was also wounded at Vicksburg. Company I participated in the march through Georgia, and, on arriving on the coast near Savannah, assisted in the capture of Fort McAllister, thus opening up the cracker line for Sherman's hungry sixty thousand. In this engagement Lyman Hardman was wounded by a shell that had been placed in the ground near the walls of the fort. In January, 1865, the march through the Carolinas was begun, which, by the surrender of Lee and Johnson, terminated the war. In the last battle engaged in, that of Jonesboro, North Carolina, James Kelly was killed and John Kislig and Theophilus Paessler

were wounded. At the end of this campaign, the Company marched to Washington, and there participated in the Grand Review; after which the regiment was ordered to Little Rock, Arkansas, to be ready for the French in Mexico. While at Little Rock, Daniel Forney was drowned in the Arkansas River. Jeremiah Larimer died in Tuscarawas County while on furlough. John Born died in hospital in Rome, Georgia, in August, 1864. James Morrow was captured in July, 1862, near Jackson, Mississippi, and much against his will became a regular boarder at several rebel prisons, tried each in turn, but failed to determine which was worst. The regiment had two color bearers killed at Antietam and one at Missionary Ridge. In August, 1865, the regiment was ordered to Columbus, Ohio, where on the 22nd it was mustered out, having had a continuous service of four years less six days. During its term of service the regiment traveled thirteen thousand two hundred miles. The Thirtieth Ohio is included by Fox in the three hundred fighting regiments. There were enrolled in Company I during its service ninety-eight enlisted men and three commissioned officers, all of whom, with the exception of three, were from Tuscarawas County, leaving a total of ninety-eight residents. Two of the three non-residents were from Guernsey County, one being killed, the other wounded. The third one was a West Virginian, who died of disease in 1862. Of the ninety-five enlisted men from the County, nine were killed, eighteen wounded and eleven died by disease in hospitals, a total of thirty-eight. The citizens of Tuscarawas County can well feel proud of the valiant service and splendid record of their company in the Thirtieth Ohio.

The next to go were recruited on the County Fair Ground which was officially named "Camp Meigs" where Companies "A," "B," "C," "E," "G" and "K" making nearly six hundred men were mainly gathered from the homes of Tuscarawas County.

A Sketch of the Movements of the Fifty-First Ohio Volunteer Infantry

By Samuel Welch, Sergeant of Company E of that Regiment

The Fifty-First Ohio was organized at Camp Meigs near Canal Dover, Ohio, September 17 to October 26, 1861. The regiment served in the Tenth Brigade, Fourth Division, Army of the Ohio, from December, 1861, to January, 1862; in the Twenty-Third Brigade, Third Division, Army of the Ohio, to September, 1862; in the Twenty-Third Brigade, Fifth Division, Army of the Ohio, to December, 1862; in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-First Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, to September, 1863; in the Second Brigade, First Division, Fourth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, to May, 1865; in the First Brigade, First Division, Department of Texas, to August, 1865; in the First Provisional Department of Texas to October, 1865. It was mustered out of service at Victoria, Texas, October 3, 1865, and discharged at Camp Chase, Ohio, November 2, 1865. We moved from Camp Meigs by rail at twilight Sunday morning, November 3, 1861, and arrived at Wellsville, Ohio, at 1 p. m., of the same day. Here we were detained three hours for boats to arrive to carry us down the Ohio river. The Commodore Perry, Florence, and Marengo landed at 4 p. m., when we marched aboard and started at 5 o'clock. A few miles down the river, Thomas Ferrell of Company E fell overboard and was drowned. This was our first loss. The next day was warm and pleasant. We were the first troops to go down the Upper Ohio, and we met with an ovation from the river towns that will never be forgotten while there is a survivor of the regiment. We arrived at Cincinnati at 11 a. m., of the 5th and went by rail to Camp Dennison, where we were armed and equipped. We moved from Camp Dennison at daybreak on the 16th and arrived at Louisville at midnight aboard the Jacob Strader, and next day we camped four miles south, at Camp Jenkins. This was our first camp on Southern soil. Here the regiment was furnished with thirteen six-horse teams, and camp equipage and besides this each private soldier was required to carry an average weight of fifty-five pounds. Albert Sidney Johnson's army was then encamped at Bowling Green, one hundred miles south, and on December 10, with eleven other regiments, we moved directly south. We soon discovered that ovations south of the Ohio River were not on the program. The third day out, we marched through Bardstown in fine military style. Quite a number of the citizens were out to see the parade but their complete reticence and sad countenances indicated that our "invasion" was very unwelcome. A lady in dire distress was noticed wringing her hands and weeping bitterly and exclaiming, "Many, many of the boys will never return." We were at a loss to decide whether she meant the boys who were in Johnson's army at Bowling Green or the boys who were then in Bardstown, but in either case the prediction was sadly true. On the fifth day of our march at 10 a. m., we passed the lonely, solitary log cabin in which was given to the world the life of the immortal Lincoln, and a few miles further on we camped at the never to be forgotten Camp Wickliffe. Here we remained fifty-five days. This camp was the "Valley Forge" of Nelson's division. The weather was disagreeable, the drill arduous, and the camp unhealthy. During the latter part of our stay there, funerals were so common that we

scarcely noticed them, unless it was the death of a regimental comrade. General Nelson, our division commander, was a graduate of West Point, a typical Kentuckian by birth, a large well built man with black eyes as piercing as the X-rays. It was a pleasure to him to rebuke an inferior officer, and the private soldier that he found neglecting his duty was sure of a cursing. On one occasion he planned a false alarm on the camp. Near the hour of midnight, after he had passed the last vedette post, he instructed his staff to follow him in a gallop firing their revolvers in rapid succession. The alarm was a success. The long roll was beaten in each regiment and the camp cry was, "boys, fall in, the rebels are coming." We did fall in, some without shoes,



Very Truly,
Samuel Welch.

others without hats and others without arms. The lesson intended was a complete success. We never went to bed after that time without having everything in readiness for an alarm. In order to secure a more healthy camp, we moved south eleven miles February 2, 1862, where we remained seven days. During those seven days arrangements were made by General Grant for an attack on Fort Donelson, and

on the 13th, Nelson's division was ordered to his support. We moved early the morning of the 14th for West Point via Elizabethtown. We reached West Point the evening of the 16th and on this day the notable "Unconditional Surrender" took place. Early the morning of the 17th our division went aboard a fleet of transports in order to move readily to any point needed. The Fifty-First Ohio with two companies of cavalry went aboard the John Raine. We remained aboard of this fleet eight days and at 9 a. m., the 25th, we landed at Nashville, Tennessee, and took peaceable possession of the city. Nelson and staff with the Sixth Ohio was aboard the Dians and debarked first and marched to the State House and remained there while General Nelson with his own hands placed the Stars and Stripes on the dome of the building. Colonel Stanley Mathews of the Fifty-First Ohio was detailed to act as Provost Marshal, and his regiment as provost guards of the city. We remained in Nashville four and one-half months. Our service as guards was not only satisfactory to the department but pleasant to ourselves and to this day the memory of the survivors goes back forty-five years and regards this period as the bright spot in the history of the regiment. We marched away from the city to join our Brigade and Division, then in camp at McMinnville, July 11, 1862. The route of our parting parade from the city was east on Church Street to Summer, south on Summer to Broad, east on Broad to College, and south on College out of the city. Our brass band was then in excellent practice. As we marched down Church and Summer Streets we stepped to the tune, "Red, White and Blue." On Broad Street we gave them "Hail Columbia," and, as we marched out of the city on College Street, we tramped the dust of the city off our shoes to that beautiful tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The next seven weeks were spent in trying to drive Forrest's and John Morgan's cavalry out of Bedford, Rutherford, Coffee, Cannon, Dekalb, Warren and White Counties. We had no difficulty in driving them from county to county, but the only trophy of victory we secured was a thorough knowledge of the topography of the country. On July 11, we camped at Murfreesboro, and, as Forrest was expected to attack Shelbyville, we moved early on the 12th, in order to reach Shelbyville next day. Forrest attacked the garrison at Murfreesboro on the 13th and secured its surrender losing fifty-three and one hundred wounded. The Union loss was thirty-three killed, sixty-two wounded and eight hundred prisoners, mostly convalescents. From Shelbyville, we moved to Tullahoma and fortified the town. From Tullahoma we returned to Murfreesboro, thence to Laverne, thence to Lebanon Crossing, thence to Murfreesboro and thence to McMinnville, August 3, where we connected with Nelson's Division after being detached five months and seven days. Next day, we were sent to Sparta and lined up near the town in the evening, when Wyncoop's cavalry made a dash on the town driving the enemy out and captured several barrels of apple jack. This was considered a grand victory (†). The next day our march to McMinnville was rather "spirited," but at our next dress parade the First Sergeants reported "all present or accounted for." At this point our General Nelson was

51st Ohio
Prices Bt

ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, to take charge of the new troops that were sent there. He left us in high glee little supposing that he would meet his destiny at the Galt House in three weeks by the hand of General Jeff C. Davis, his subordinate officer. On August 11, we marched early in pursuit of John Morgan who was then reported to be at Liberty, DeKalb County. Two hard days' march brought us to Liberty but Morgan had departed to parts unknown. Our march was continued from point to point till September 1, when we returned to McMinnville and found that our camp equipage and stores had been burned to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. At this time the Army of the Ohio under command of General Buell was situated on the line of Duck River with its left at Manchester and McMinnville, and Bragg's memorable movement north was well started with his advance some distance east of Sparta. Evidently his design was to outmarch Buell and secure possession of the Louisville and Nashville railroad north of Nashville. To the survivors of the Army of the Ohio, this is the most memorable campaign of their service—memorable because of its fruitless results—memorable because of its hard marching and exposure—memorable because of its scant and unfit rations—memorable because of the constant expectation of a battle tomorrow. On the part of the enemy this was the most daring venture of the war. Sherman's march to the sea is considered the great event of the war, but we forget that that great march was made practically without opposition, while Bragg knew that Buell's army was equal to his own in every respect and would be within striking distance almost any day of the campaign. We moved from McMinnville September 3, and connected with the other divisions of the Army of the Ohio at Murfreesboro on the 5th and crossed the Cumberland at Nashville on the 7th and following the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad we arrived at Bowling Green the 13th where we remained three days. We were then forty miles south of Mumfordsville where our garrison was hard pressed and forced to surrender to Bragg's army on the 16th. The garrison was defended by the Eighteenth Regular Infantry, the Twenty-Eighth and Thirty-Third Kentucky, the Seventeenth, Fiftieth, Sixtieth, Sixty-Seventh, Sixty-Eighth, Seventy-Fourth and Eighty-Ninth Indiana, the Thirteenth Indiana Artillery, and the Louisville Provost Guards. Our loss was fifty killed and three thousand five hundred captured. The rebel loss was seven hundred and fourteen killed and wounded. We have never learned why we were detained while that garrison was so badly in need of our support. Immediately after the capture of that garrison Bragg forsook the Louisville and Nashville railroad and started again for Louisville by the way of Bardstown. That move left the way open by way of Elizabethtown and General Buell made good use of his opportunity to reach Louisville without a battle. By hard marching we reached the city at 1 a. m., September 26, and at that date Bragg had established his headquarters at Bardstown forty miles south. On September 13, Bragg sent in (at long range) a demand for the surrender of Louisville, but no reply was made. We found our division commander, General Nelson, at the height of his ambition preparing for the defense of the city with headquarters at the Galt House. Two days later, as he was ascending the stairway to his room, he met General Davis and asked him how many men he had for duty. Davis hesitated in his reply and used the word "about." "About," said Nelson, slapping Davis in the face. "How dare you use that word. Go instantly to your quarters, sir, and ascertain the exact number of your men, and report immediately to my headquarters." Davis passed out of the building and returning a few minutes later, found Nelson descending the stairway. Davis stopped at the foot of the stairway and as Nelson met him he drew his revolver, aimed deliberately at his heart and fired with fatal effect. General Davis was placed under arrest and a court of inquiry was appointed to investigate his case. The court discussed every phase of the tragedy, and recommended that General Davis be restored to duty without a trial. With a five days' rest in camp at Louisville, full rations, new uniforms, new camp equipage and the Army of the Ohio doubled in force by re-enforcements, we were again ready for an advance south, and confident of our ability to crush Bragg's army and to restore Kentucky and Tennessee to the Union cause. October 1, 1862, was a bright clear day. The Army of Ohio one hundred thousand strong was in line at sunrise and moved south on different roads from Louisville. The organization was substantially the same as when we reached the city five days before. Crittenden, Thomas and McCook commanded the three army corps. A few miles south of Louisville the enemy's cavalry made a stubborn resistance, finding that our advance was general, fell back gracefully. We reached Bardstown the fourth day and found that the enemy had gone east. Evidently Bragg had changed the object of his campaign from conquest to plunder and in order to get away with his plunder he made a stand, and during the night of the 7th, he formed his army near Perryville for an early attack on McCook's corps, the Eighth. During the forenoon of the 8th the action on both sides was conducted mainly by artillery but during the afternoon the action by artillery and infantry was terrific. The Union loss in this battle was nine hundred and sixteen killed, two thousand and nine hundred and forty-three wounded and four hundred and eighty-nine missing. The rebel loss was two thousand

five hundred killed, wounded and missing. We camped at midnight on the 7th at Rolling Fork eight miles west of Perryville and during the 8th our corps, Crittenden's, was within easy supporting distance, and yet, no part of our corps took any part in the action. Soon after this battle, General Don Carlos Buell was succeeded by General W. S. Rosecrans, who had distinguished himself at Rich Mountain, at Corinth and at Iuka. Thenceforth we were to be led by a general who had the energy, courage and disposition to meet the enemy wherever found. Our pursuit of Bragg's army was slow and tedious. Every mile of the road was contested by the enemy's rear guard. We followed to the summit of the Wild Cat Mountains where we remained three days. Our teams and camp equipage had been left at Danville, fifty miles to our rear. Our rations were scarce and nothing could be found in those Kentucky mountains to increase the supply. The cold wind blew constantly day and night. We had nothing to burn except green pine, which kept us constantly shifting our positions to avoid the smoke. We moved back to Mount Vernon October 22, thence west to Somerset and on to Columbia, where we arrived October 31. Here we met our teams, camp equipage, cooking utensils and an abundant supply of rations. We arrived at Glasgow on November 3, and camped for a two days' rest. Here we were in connection again with the Louisville and Nashville railroad and had an opportunity to send to the hospitals all that were unable to march. We moved again on the 5th, and on the 7th, we crossed the State line and encamped in Tennessee after an absence of fifty-eight days in Kentucky. November 8 we marched twenty-three miles and encamped near the Cumberland River. The rebel vidette posts were directly oppo-



site our camp on the opposite side of the river. On the 10th we were quietly awakened at 1 a. m., and at two we crossed the river and drove the enemy ten miles to Lebanon before breakfast. At 3 p. m., we left Lebanon and encamped at Silver Springs where we remained nine days. At this date it was discovered that Bragg was concentrating his army at Murfreesboro and we moved to Nashville and camped three miles south on November 25. Here we spent four weeks preparing for the Stone River campaign. On December 9, the Fifty-First Ohio, the Thirty-Fifth Indiana and the Eighth and Twenty-First Kentucky regiments were detailed under Colonel Matthews to guard a forage train to Dobsen's Ferry, ten miles southeast of camp. When our train moved into a large corn field, we saw no signs of the enemy. While the two Kentucky regiments were loading the wagons, Wheeler's Cavalry attacked the Fifty-First Ohio and the Thirty-Fifth Indiana. Colonel Matthews ordered a charge which the enemy resisted bravely, but we finally drove them back and secured and held the road until our loaded train passed out. The Fifty-First lost thirteen wounded and the Thirty-Fifth lost five killed and nineteen wounded. The Adjutant of the Thirty-Fifth was killed and the Colonel had his arm broken. Two of the wounded in the Fifty-First were fatal. Franklin Blaser died December 22, and Joshua Lamasters December 23. At 9 p. m., on Christmas, we received orders to be ready to march at daybreak the next day. We moved on time, and soon discerned that our march was to be stubbornly resisted. It took five days to drive the enemy to his chosen field of battle. Soon after dark on the night of December 30, our division, Van Cleave's, was formed in a corn field near Stone River on the extreme left

of the army of the Cumberland. Our orders were to "rest on arms." We "rested," the best we could, but there is absolutely no rest when the soldier is certain that a battle is pending. It is a strange coincidence that each commander had laid his plans to attack the right wing of his adversary at almost exactly the same time the morning of the 31st. "Breakfast at daybreak, and attack at 7 o'clock," were Rosecrans' orders. "Breakfast in the dark and attack at daybreak," was Bragg's command. Soon after daybreak, our division crossed Stone River to begin the attack on the Confederate right. Rosecrans crossed with us to superintend the attack in person. We formed a line and moved some distance, when suddenly we heard the rattle of musketry on the extreme right of our line. The battle had commenced. We halted until our other brigades that were quietly crossing the river, could form and move with us. Suddenly one of McCook's staff officers rode hurriedly to the commander and told him that the right was hard pressed and needed assistance. Rosecrans merely sent word to McCook to hold on to the last. In a few minutes another messenger arrived telling the commander that the whole right wing was in retreat. Van Cleave and Wood were ordered to cease crossing the river and move back on double quick. Our brigade moved back near the position that we held during the night and stood under arms awaiting orders to go into action. No orders came and we stood the suspense all day. This is the hardest part of a soldier's duty and cannot be described. When a battle seems certain and a line is ordered into action, the mind becomes occupied with the duties of the struggle and the terrible suspense is gone. As night came on the rattling musketry and the roaring sound of cannonading ceased and thus ended the first day's battle of Stone River. We kept our position during the night and watched the new year in, and since that time the writer has never had the curiosity to watch the old year go out and the new one come in. The first move we made in the year 1863 was to cross Stone River early in the morning of January 1, where we formed a line and moved forward nearly a half mile and took position on the top of a hill where we remained till 3:30 p. m., of the next day. There was no fighting during New Year's Day. Each army seemed to be content to bury the dead and await an attack by the enemy. The position we occupied was a very important one and if the Confederates thought worth while to continue the conflict we were sure to be attacked. During New Year's Day, Rosecrans was busy preparing for an attack on his left which he thought was sure to be made. On the opposite side of the river declining to the rear was a hill and on this hill he ordered fifty guns planted. The day wore away slowly with no attack. We slept or tried to sleep on our arms as usual and long before daylight, January 2, we were formed in line of battle to stand under arms. Early in the morning, our pickets and the Confederate pickets began to exchange shots. Near the hour of noon the enemy were seen moving into the woods and forming in massed column. At 3:30 p. m., this massed column emerged from the woods and moved forward rapidly, across the valley and up the hill on which we were situated. Our pickets opened fire which was returned by the enemy's skirmish line. Our pickets were soon driven in, and as they took their places in the line they would say: "Boys, they are coming, the woods are full of them." We were ordered to lie down flat on the ground, so that the enemy's volley would pass over our heads. Lieutenant Colonel McClain passed quietly along the line telling us to hold our fire until we were sure that we could make every shot tell. "Don't rise," said he "until you can see their hats as they come over the hill and then rise and fire." On came the enemy in steady massed column. When their first line was almost to the top of the hill they raised the rebel yell which they always made in an attack. All at once their hats were seen. They were then within twenty yards of us. Suddenly we arose and fired a volley simultaneously with a volley from their front line. Twenty-one of the Fifty-First Ohio fell dead and twenty-one fell mortally wounded in this one volley. The names of the killed were William McKee, Andrew Ohler, Benjamin F. Fry, George Cunningham, Andrew H. Cosgrove, Absolom Scott, Sidney M. Brown, John H. Taggart, John M. Dutton, George Fettes, Franklin Miller, George Murphy, Walter E. Davis, Robert Flynn, Thomas Healip, Christian S. Meek, Harrison Wolf, John Davidson, James McFarlin, Lorenz D. Dial, Isaac Hardsock, Francis M. Landers, Joel Davis and Ormilt Richardson. The names of the mortally wounded were Alexander Berlin, John H. Parks, Jacob Geiser, Captain Benjamin F. Heskett, John Winklepuck, Clark Stewart, Edmund F. Cowen, Anderson Passmore, Enoch L. Beckwith, Robert Jenkins, John G. Fox, William A. Wales, John D. Carpmen, Franklin B. Beck, James D. Daugherty, Nathaniel Jones, George Morrow, Samuel Butt, Samuel Nevitt, Christopher J. Reif, and Jacob Shannon. I have no record of the slightly wounded and prisoners except those of my own company. Their names are: wounded—Gideon Cogswell, Thomas E. Exby, Jacob Gross, Thomas Maxwell, John C. Richman, Emanuel Yingling. These wounded men were taken prisoners with the following names of the same company: John H. Carr, Samuel Dawson, Robert Goldsborough, John Gwin, William Lenhart, James K. Parrish, Isaac N. Sell and Elias Utterback. If there is any satisfaction in getting even with an enemy, and there certainly is in time of

battle, it can be told that thirty dead Confederates were found by the line of the regiment where we were attacked, when we returned an hour later. When the sudden shock of this double volley was over it seemed to me that both lines of battle were annihilated, and before I had time to notice who had fallen their second line came over the ridge. There was where our men were taken prisoners. Having had a horror of being taken prisoner, and while the chances were against getting away safely, I suddenly decided to try. Running as fast as possible and arriving at our second line of battle, I found Samuel Cornelius of Company E seriously wounded. He fell into the care of the enemy and, to this day, has never been heard of. I fell in with our second line and fired several rounds, but the enemy came down through the woods line after line. We fell back to Stone River and crossed. The river where we crossed was sixty feet wide and two feet deep. On the opposite side was a rocky bluff twenty feet high. As we were climbing up this bluff we could hear the enemy's bullets striking the rocks. My idea was that the army of the Cumberland was rapidly passing out of existence and that the Union cause was hopelessly lost. When we reached the top of the bluff we found that General Negley's division was quietly lying in massed column in a cornfield ready to move into action. Suddenly the whole division rose and moved forward and suddenly the fifty guns that were planted on the hill to our right opened on the field. During all the war I never heard such a terrific artillery fire as just then. The rebel column was checked and driven back leaving their dead and wounded on the field. My idea of the lost cause was suddenly changed and I fell in with Negley's division and re-crossed the river and advanced to the top of the hill where we were attacked. Here we found the dead bodies of our fallen comrades undisturbed. Enoch L. Beckwith, Samuel Cornelius and Reason S. Thompson of my Company were missing. The dead body of Enoch L. Beckwith was found in a deserted hospital at Murfreesboro four days later. The last seen of Reason S. Thompson was at the river where we were driven across. It is likely that he was killed in the river and his body floated down the stream and was buried the next day with the unrecognized dead. The Confederates were driven back into the woods where they formed to attack us. By this time it was dark and the struggle for Middle Tennessee was over. The Union loss at the battle of Stone River was one thousand five hundred and thirty-three killed, seven thousand two hundred and forty-five wounded and two thousand eight hundred missing. The Confederate loss was fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty killed wounded and missing. It is a strange coincidence that General Rosecrans's report shows that we lost two thousand eight hundred taken prisoners while the same report shows that exactly two thousand eight hundred Confederates fell into our hands. This was certainly a fair exchange. When morning broke January 3, it was raining and as the day advanced it rained harder and harder. Van Cleave's shattered regiments re-formed a mile north of the point of attack. Details were sent out to bury the dead, but on account of the rain it was impossible to work. Both armies held their position during the day, neither seeming to have the courage to attack the other. Each commander seemed to be confident that the other would fall back and leave him the honor of winning the battle. At regular intervals during the day the Confederate batteries would fire a few shots, evidently to inquire whether we were still there, when instantly our batteries would return the fire, meaning, "we are still here, attack us if you dare." During the night of the 3rd the enemy fell back and left us in quiet possession of the field. General Bragg fell back to Tullahoma and formed his line along Duck River and east to McMinnville. The next nine weeks were spent in camp near Murfreesboro without an incident worthy of note. The dull, weary monotony of camp life in winter is a very slow process of killing time and seemingly to break that monotony, on March 9, we received marching orders. Seven miles south of Murfreesboro we drove in the Confederate outposts and formed a line of battle on each side of the road. We remained in this position during the night of the 9th and until 10 p. m., of the 10th, when we moved back and raised our tents in our old camp of the last two months. On April 2, in connection with the Fourth Michigan, Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Regular Cavalry and the Seventh Indiana Artillery we moved at 4 a. m., and camped at sunset nineteen miles northeast of Murfreesboro. At 1 a. m., next day, we started in pursuit of Forrest's Cavalry and drove them three miles beyond Liberty where they made a stand on Snow Hill. We formed a line of battle and advanced to the top of the hill and found that the enemy were retreating. On the 4th we marched to Alexandria and thence to our old camp on the 6th having marched in all ninety miles. Our cavalry captured quite a number of prisoners and horses. On June 11, the Fifty-First Ohio received a general treat. It was a very uncommon thing for the regimental officers of a regiment to treat the private soldiers in a body, but three important promotions were made at the same date, and these worthy officers felt so exceedingly good that they could not rest until they imparted their happiness to every member of the regiment. Colonel Matthews had resigned his office April 11, and his resignation caused three vacancies. Lieutenant Colonel McClain was promoted to Colonel, Major Wood to Lieutenant Colonel and Captain Marshall to Major to date

from April 14, 1863. The regiment was drawn up in line on the parade ground and details were made to carry the buckets and distribute the beer. The common rule of giving each one his share was strictly adhered to and I do not remember that any comrade got too much, but we all got enough to give us a very warm feeling for the above named worthy officers. At this date the authorities at Washington were very impatient at the inactivity of the Army of the Cumberland. More than three months had passed since the battle of Stone River and no movement had been made to drive Bragg away from Tullahoma. We had learned to our entire satisfaction that there was such an organization as the rebel army. The Confederates had also added something to their knowledge by sad experience. They had given up the idea that "One Southern man could whip five Yankees" and conceded that man for man was all they could count on. There was no case during the war where the fighting qualities of the two armies were tested so well as at Stone River. The number of each army was about equal to the other. Neither side was protected by works. The losses were nearly equal. When both armies were exhausted each commander hoped that he had gained the victory and both tarried on the field and waited for the other to retire, and when Bragg did retire Rosecrans was too badly exhausted to follow. When Bragg fell back fifty miles, Rosecrans seemed to be willing for him to stay there, and history shows that Bragg was satisfied to remain there. Two more months passed away, and at midnight, June 23, we received marching orders and our advance started at 4 a. m., the 24th. Our brigade was detailed to garrison the works at Murfreesboro, where we remained till the 30th, when we moved at 5 a. m. to join our division at Tullahoma. We camped at Cripple Creek at 9 p. m. General Rosecrans had ordered an attack



Methodist Episcopal Church in New Philadelphia,
Corner Stone Laid Saturday,
August 19, 1865

the morning of the 31st, but during the night of the 30th, Bragg's army evacuated its position and fell back towards Chattanooga. The fruits of our victory in the Tullahoma Campaign were one thousand six hundred and thirty-four prisoners, eight cannon and several hundred small arms. The Union loss was eighty-five killed, four hundred and sixty-two wounded and thirteen missing. Rosecrans then located his army from Hillsboro on the right to McMinnville on the left where we arrived July 7 and remained till September 16. Here General Rosecrans commenced at once the most vigorous preparations for another campaign for the occupation of Chattanooga. On August 4, only ten days after Rosecrans had his railroad repaired to the Tennessee River, he received this order from General Halleck: "Your forces must move forward without delay. You will daily report the movements of each corps till you cross the river." To this Rosecrans replied as follows: "General Halleck: My arrangement for beginning a continuous movement will be completed and the execution begun Monday. It is necessary to have our means of crossing the river completed and our supplies provided to cross sixty miles of mountains and to sustain ourselves during the operations of crossing and fighting before we move. To obey your orders literally would be to push our troops into the mountains on narrow and difficult roads, destitute of pasture and forage and would certainly cause delay and probable disaster. If, therefore, the movements which I propose cannot be regarded as obedient to your order, I respectfully request a modification

of it or to be relieved from my command." This was Halleck's last interference in Rosecrans's plans and operations in the Chickamauga Campaign. The best brief description of the successful strategy of General Rosecrans in crossing the Tennessee River that I have read was written by the late General Boynton and published in the Chattanooga Times, September 18, 1895.

"Rosecrans decided to cross the river in the vicinity of Bridgeport and subsequently the Raccoon and Lookout Mountain ranges at points south of Chattanooga, and thus compel Bragg to evacuate the place and fight for his line of communications. In order to accomplish this result it was necessary to deceive Bragg and make him think that the army of the Cumberland was moving to cross the river above Chattanooga. Crittenden's corps was to cross the Cumberland range to the Sequatchie Valley and make this deception while Thomas and McCook moved rapidly down to the west side of the Cumberland range and crossed the Tennessee at Caperton's Ferry and Bridgeport. Everything being ready, Crittenden opened the campaign with the Twenty-First corps. Leaving his camps at Hillsboro, Manchester and McMinnville, on August 11, he crossed the Cumberland Mountains and occupied the Sequatchie Valley from a point between Dunlap and Jasper to Pikeville. Van Cleave held the latter place. Palmer camped at Dunlap and Wood at Jasper. All built extensive camp fires and moved about in such ways as to convey to observers from the heights the impression that the whole army was moving. Meanwhile Minty's cavalry had moved east from McMinnville through Sparta and driven the Confederate cavalry eastward through Crossville to the Tennessee River and over it. Minty on the extreme left appeared on the Tennessee thirty miles above Blythe's Ferry. General Hazen crossed Walden's Ridge and reached the river in the vicinity of Dallas. Two brigades were strung out on the edge of the cliffs on the top of Walden's Ridge where they could be seen from the opposite side of the river. Minty and his troopers swept down the valley of the Tennessee to near Chattanooga. Wilder and Wagner also appeared in the valley. While a show of building boats was made in the vicinity of Blythe's Ferry, Wilder from the heights of Walden's Ridge opposite Chattanooga opened fire on the town with artillery. Bragg was thoroughly deceived. Forrest was ordered far up the Tennessee to Kings-ton to watch the expected crossing. Buckner was ordered from East Tennessee toward Blythe's Ferry, and nearly all the Confederate force that was stationed below Chattanooga was ordered above to prevent the crossing. Meantime the real movement was going on quietly sixty to eighty miles in the opposite direction in the vicinity of Bridgeport and Stevenson. Thomas and McCook on the right moved at the same time with Crittenden. The pontoon bridge for Caperton's Ferry was brought down on a train and halted out of sight from the opposite side of the river and a road cut through the woods to a point near its destination. Early on the 28th fifty boats, each large enough to carry fifty men, were brought out of the woods near Caperton's and rushed across an open field and launched and quickly rowed to the opposite shore. The Confederate cavalry pickets were driven off and two thousand five hundred men held the south bank. The bridge was promptly laid and McCook's entire corps with cavalry started promptly for Valley Head forty miles down the Lookout range. A bridge was also successfully laid twelve miles further up the river at Bridgeport, and before Bragg comprehended the real movement Rosecrans was over with two corps and moving on his communications. As soon as the crossing was assured, Crittenden's corps moved down the Sequatchie Valley to the Tennessee River and crossed."

We moved from Pikeville at 6 a. m., September 1, and our division, Van Cleave's, crossed the Tennessee in pontoon boats ten miles above Bridgeport on the 4th. We moved up the river via Whiteside and on the 8th we crossed the Raccoon range and camped in Lookout Valley. At this date Thomas and McCook had crossed the Lookout range twenty and forty miles south of Chattanooga and this induced Bragg to withdraw from Chattanooga and move to Lafayette, Georgia. We crossed the point of Lookout Mountain on the 9th and moved directly to Rossville. From Rossville we moved directly to Ringgold and drove the enemy out of the town and through Cherokee Gap on the 11th. We returned through Ringgold on the 12th and encamped near Lee and Gordon's Mills. September 13 was a critical day for Crittenden's corps. Thomas and McCook were not yet in supporting distance. Bragg had concentrated his army in view of crushing Crittenden on that day, and Crittenden's only hope of delaying an attack was by feigning an attack himself. Accordingly his several brigades were ordered to move rapidly from point to point and create the impression that we were being heavily reinforced. The ruse had the desired effect and Bragg's order for the attack was recalled. At this date Thomas' position was at Pond Spring fourteen miles south and McCook's twenty-five miles still farther south at Alpine. Thomas was instructed to hold his position until McCook's advance reached his camp, and the only practicable route for McCook to connect was to recross Lookout Mountain to Valley Head, move north to Trenton and cross again at Steven's Gap to Pond Spring a distance of fifty-one miles over a mountainous road. McCook's advance reached Thomas' camp the evening of the 16th, and on

the morning of the 17th Thomas' advance moved to connect with Crittenden. On the evening of the 18th, Van Cleave's division of Crittenden's corps occupied the extreme left near Lee and Gordon's Mills and during the afternoon and night of the 18th, Bragg's army crossed the river below and massed in our immediate front for an early attack next morning, still thinking that Thomas was not in supporting distance. General Bragg spent the night of the 18th in the fanciful prospect of an easy victory the next day. Meantime Thomas and McCook were making their famous night march to the support of Crittenden. Near the hour of midnight Baird's division reached our position, and from that time till daylight the Lafayette road was crowded with a well closed up column marching rapidly to our left. At daylight all of Bragg's forces were in motion preparing for an attack on Crittenden, who was still supposed to hold the Union left. Rosecrans had learned by experience that Bragg was an early riser when there was a battle pending, and so, determined to get even with him for his early attack at Stone River. When day broke Brannon's and Baird's divisions reached a point three miles to our left near the McDaniel house and without waiting for breakfast formed their lines and moved promptly forward and soon met Forrest's cavalry near Jay's Mills and opened the battle of Chickamauga. Forrest sent for infantry, and Walker's division hurried from Alexander's Bridge and rushed into the fight. At first Bragg was inclined to look on the attack as a feat, but the battle grew more furious and he was forced to delay his attack on Crittenden and send his reserve divisions to the vicinity of Reed's Bridge. Near the hour of noon the battle became terrific, and division after division on each side was rushing into the conflict. Our brigade was under command of Colonel Barnes of the Eighth Kentucky, and when placed in position on the evening of the 18th, we were on the extreme left of Crittenden's corps. We stood under arms until after the noon hour when at that time every division on our right had been moved to our left and had taken part in the battle. At 1 p. m. we moved into action with the Eighth Kentucky on our left and the Fifty-First Ohio on the right of the front line. The woods had been set on fire by the action and when we passed through this burning thicket we found a line of Wilder's cavalry, dismounted, that had been placed there to watch the movements of the enemy. We had passed this line but a few yards when the rebel skirmish line fired and fell back. One of these skirmish shots struck Sergeant Cordery of our company in the head killing him instantly. We soon came in contact with the enemy's front line driving it through a corn field firing as we advanced. We then fell back to the point of attack and formed a new line to correspond with the other brigades of our division. The loss in the regiment in this action was as follows: Killed, Thomas Cordery, Walter C. Harbaugh, Isaac McNeal, Robert McFarlin, W. R. Dickerson, John Schwab and James K. Walton. Fatally wounded, John Boyer and George W. Matson. Missing, Charles W. Birch and Andrew J. Holmes. Captured, William F. Cahill, James E. Cribbs, David Johnson, James McKee, David Olinger, William H. Smith, Jacob D. Stonehocker, William I. Daugherty, Hiram Sapp, Isaac C. Sickels, Daniel Gardner, Martin Rogers and J. K. P. Ferrell. These captured comrades all died in rebel prison except Comrades Cribbs, Sickels, Rogers and Ferrell. Nightfall is always welcome in time of battle, because it is almost sure to bring a cessation of hostilities. Bragg's object in the first day's battle was to turn our left and secure a position on the Lafayette road. His last attack was on Johnson's division at dusk. It was a desperate attack, and, like all others during the day, it failed to break our line. This attack lasted only thirty minutes, when suddenly as darkness covered the field the rattle of musketry ceased and all that could be heard was the groans of the wounded that were still left on the field. The victory was ours because we still held our position between Bragg's army and Chattanooga. It was discovered that Bragg had been heavily reinforced as prisoners had been taken from Buckner's army from East Tennessee and from Johnson's army from Mississippi. Accordingly Rosecrans condensed his army with its center on the Kelly farm. At midnight we were quietly moved from our position and when morning broke we found ourselves near the east base of Snodgrass Hill. The formation of our new line was as follows: Baird's division was on the left reclining towards the Lafayette road, with Johnson's division to Baird's right, Palmer came next, then Reynolds, then Brannon, then Negley and Wood, reaching as far as Widow Glen's. Davis and Sheridan were on the extreme right south of Glen's. We expected an early attack and every preparation possible was made to meet it. The morning passed away with the usual calm stillness that always precedes a great battle. There were over one hundred thousand soldiers on less than two square miles of ground and every man was under the influence of that indescribable suspense that always precedes a great battle. There was not a tap of the drum or a bugle sound heard on either side. The common joker, whose vocation seems to be to try to make others happy, was himself under the influence of a morose condition. The experienced veteran always admits that the suspense before a coming battle is the hardest part of a soldier's service. It was Sabbath morning and while

the church bells both North and South were calling the people to worship we were engaged in one of the hardest battles of modern times. At 8:30 a. m., a brisk skirmish fire commenced in front and promptly at 9 o'clock the above named divisions were fiercely attacked all along the line. Soon after this attack Breckenridge undertook to flank Baird's position which was held by John Beatty's thin line north of the Kelly farm. Beatty's troops fought gallantly but were overpowered and driven back some distance when Stanley's brigade of Negley's division charged across the Kelly field and drove Breckenridge back beyond the point of attack. The attack on the east side of the Kelly farm was kept up continually during the forenoon, and every attack was repulsed. In less than an hour after the failure of Breckenridge's first attack, he moved forward again with lines extended to the right across the Lafayette road and his left breaking our line in the woods on the left of Baird. Meantime Van Cleave seeing the break in the Union line to the left of Baird, sent the Fifty-First Ohio and the Eighth Kentucky to fill the breach. We moved in on "double quick" and when we arrived at the northeast corner of the Kelly field, we formed a line of battle under fire, fired a volley and charged bayonet through the woods, firing as we advanced. We drove the enemy out of the woods and across an open field on the opposite side. At this point, a horseman galloped up and instructed our Colonel to move us back. We "about faced," moved back to the point of attack and formed a line where we remained several hours. During the forenoon the Confederates failed in every attack they made

were stubbornly holding the ridge near the Snodgrass house. General Steedman appeared with two brigades of Granger's reserve corps. Steedman took position on the right of Brannon, and in gaining this position he fought one of the hardest fought battles of the day. At 4:30 p. m., our extreme left wing was attacked again. The rebels secured a position on our left front, and after firing several shots from their batteries, they moved forward in heavy lines with their infantry. Our whole line on the left of Baird was driven back here the Fifty-First Ohio lost in captured, Colonel McClain, Lieutenant Weatherbee, Lieutenant McNeal, Lieutenant Reilly, Joseph Bucher, W. S. Neeley, John Ditto, Hiram Mozena, Samuel Siber, Thomas Rogers, John Demoss, Christopher Ott, William Phillips, John Sprout, Charles M. Belknap, Leander Courtwright, Martin Hart, Jacob Lehr, Samuel K. Sayer, James P. Cooper, William Evans and Simon F. Helwig. Comrades Bucher, Ditto, Mozena, Rogers, Ott, Courtwright and Evans died in rebel prison. We lost 1 mortally wounded in this action Lyman Dial and Lorenz Cordery, and in missing, Levi Walters and Benjamin Heavens. Soon after this last mentioned action General Thomas began to withdraw from his position and move via McFarlin's gap to Rossville, and during the afternoon and night of the 21st the army of the Cumberland took position on the east and south sides of Chattanooga. At sunrise the 22nd Brannon's division which was the rear guard reached the city, and the campaign for Chattanooga was over. The Union loss was one thousand six hundred and forty-four killed, nine thousand two hundred and sixty-two wounded and four thousand nine hundred and sixty-five missing. Confederate loss two thousand three hundred and eighty-nine killed, thirteen thousand four hundred and twelve wounded and two thousand and three missing. During September 23 the rebels moved up and took position on Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and, for two months the Army of the Cumberland was held in siege by Bragg's army. The Confederates on Lookout Mountain controlled the river below and the only railroad north from Chattanooga and the only means we had of obtaining supplies was to haul them from Bridgeport up Sequatchie valley and across Walden's Ridge and up the river valley to Chattanooga, a distance of sixty miles.

"The situation was one of the most critical in the war with a skill that extorts the admiration of students of strategy, Rosecrans had swept the rebel armies out of Tennessee and, in the face of a bloody defeat, had seized the "Hawk's Nest" which is the meaning of the Indian word Chattanooga. Realizing their danger better than the Union government the Confederates with their interior lines concentrated to re-possess the lost "Gate to the South." As the peril dawned on Washington, Grant, suffering with a wound of which the public was uninformed was carried over the mountains on the shoulders of regiments of soldiers and arrived in Chattanooga, on October 23, and took command of all. It was Grant's final test of fitness for the supreme command of all the armies. Affairs soon yielded to his direction. "Fighting Joe Hooker" had come with a column from the Army of the Potomac. Sherman came on November 14, closely followed by the Army of the Mississippi. The immediate event satisfied the world about Grant's generalship."

In those events the Fifty-First Ohio had a proud part. On October 20, the rebels took possession of Williams' Island, six miles below Chattanooga, and as our teams were passing on the opposite side of the north branch of the river they killed our mules by firing across the river. The Fifty-First Ohio and Eighth Kentucky were sent down the river the night of the 22nd to take possession of the island. We reached the opposite bank at 1 a. m., on the 23rd and succeeded in crossing in pontoon boats and at daybreak we moved up the island in line of battle and drove the Confederates across the opposite branch. On the 27th we crossed the river at Brown's Ferry and took position on a ridge while General Hazen's pontoon bridge was being laid a half mile above Williams' Island. In this position we held the left bank of the Tennessee River three miles below the base of Lookout Mountain and the enemy immediately opened on us with their artillery from the summit of the mountain, but the distance prevented them from reaching us. This artillery fire was continued till 3 p. m., of the 28th, when suddenly we noticed that the had turned their guns and were firing in the opposite direction at the advance of General Hooker's Eleventh and Twelfth Corps that were marching to our relief via White side from Bridgeport. The Eleventh Corps took position at Wahatchie and the Twelfth moved further down the valley and camped in front of our position. Our "cracker line" to our base of supplies was now opened by the short route and full rations and reinforcements were assured. On November 3 we moved to Shell Mound near Bridgeport where we remained till the 23rd. The advance of Sherman's army reached our camp November 17, and during the next three days the army of the Tennessee was passing our camp. On November 23 we fell in at the rear of Sherman's train. We crossed Raccoon Mountain, passed down Lookout Valley and camped near Hazen's pontoon bridge at Brown's Ferry at 7 p. m. The recent rains had raised the river and made it very dangerous crossing. During the night, the bridge broke and made it impossible to join our division at Cha-



The Zetavern German Reformed Church, Built in 1851, Now Abandoned for the Church in Bolivar

as they did on the 19th, but soon after the middle of the day the famous break in our line occurred which was the result of a misunderstanding of orders by General Wood. General Longstreet with eight brigades from Lee's army had arrived at Ringgold at midnight of the 19th, had moved promptly to that battle ground, and had taken command of the left wing of Bragg's army. He decided to attack our lines at Widow Glen's, and, as it happened, his attack was made a few minutes after Wood had vacated his position towards Reynolds. Longstreet's attack was led by General Stewart who moved through the gap in our line and marched rapidly toward Snodgrass Hill. While this disaster was happening on the right, we were quietly lying in line of battle in the woods on the left of Baird, awaiting another attack by Breckenridge. We could tell by the sound of battle that our right was rapidly falling back toward Snodgrass Hill. Baird, Johnson, Palmer and Reynolds held their positions on the east side of the Kelly farm. Brannon and Wood fell back to Snodgrass Hill and formed a new line at a right angle with their former line. Hazen's brigade was placed on the low ground between Wood and Reynolds. Sheridan's and Davis' divisions while moving to the left to close the gap caused by Wood's withdrawal were attacked in front and on their right and here is where General Lytle, "The Poet Soldier of America," was killed. This right wing composed of five brigades, was cut off from the center and left and moved back to McFarlin's gap. While Brannon and Wood

tanoga. At daybreak on the 24th we joined a division of the Twelfth Corps, moved back to Wahatchie and formed for an attack on Lookout Mountain. We crossed Lookout Creek on Light's dam and immediately began the ascent of the mountain in two columns. We were ordered to march straight up the slope to the palisades. The slope of the mountain base at this point is twenty-two and one-half degrees and the distance from the lower base to the palisades about three-fourths of a mile. When the ascent was made the position of the Fifty-First was near the palisades and perfectly safe from the fire from the enemy on the summit. From the palisades to the river the rebels had a strong line of works built with stone. Directly after the ascent, we changed direction and moved along the slope of the mountain towards the rebel works. Both columns soon blended into one, and we climbed around among the rocks and ravines, seemingly in a disorganized mass. All this time our artillery down at the river was busy shelling the mountain slope near the Craven house, and this led the enemy to believe that the attack was to be made from that direction. When we came in sight of their works, our right wing next the palisades had reached a point above their line, so that we had a good flanking fire. Suddenly our musketry opened all along the line, and almost as suddenly they threw down their arms and awaited our advance and surrendered. Their second line made but slight resistance, and fell back around the end of the mountain, and rallied among the rocks not far from the Craven house. We moved up, formed a line and opened fire. By this time the fog had become so dense that it was impossible for us to see but a few yards in our advance. At 4 p. m., our supply of ammunition was gone and we were relieved by the Ninth Indiana. At daybreak the next morning, with our cartridge boxes well filled, we moved out to the front line and built a line of works with stone. At 8 a. m. it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated the mountain and at 10 we moved down the slope on the east side and turned towards Rossville. The Confederates had burned the bridge that crossed Lookout Creek, and we were detained several hours in crossing. At 4 p. m. we charged the west end of Mission Ridge at Rossville Gap. The position of the Fifty-First Ohio was on the extreme left of the front line. We went up with a rush, and when we gained the crest the rebels were in full retreat on the opposite side. The vigorous attack by the Army of the Cumberland on Bragg's center had caused the rebels to withdraw their support from their left and this made Hooker's attack an easy victory. We followed Bragg's army to Ringgold where we remained three days when we returned at 2 p. m., December 2, to our old camp at Shell Mound. We remained at Camp Shell Mound until January 26, 1864, and during this time the War Department realized the importance of re-enlisting the organizations of '61 so that the veteran regiments could be retained for a longer term of service. Accordingly an order was issued by the department granting a sixty day's furlough to all veterans who would re-enlist for another term of three years. February 10, the regiment reached Columbus, Ohio, on its way home on veteran furlough and April 10, it connected with its division at Blue Springs, Tennessee. It brought with it three hundred recruits and the next three weeks were spent in drilling for the Atlanta Campaign. This hardest fought struggle of the war commenced May 3, 1864, and on September 1, Atlanta fell. The distance from Ringgold to Atlanta, is one hundred and twenty-one miles, and the time spent in securing this great prize was exactly one hundred and twenty-one days. There was no time during these long four months that we were not within hearing of the booming cannon, the bursting shell, or the whizzing minie ball. The loss in the regiment during this campaign was twenty-five killed and died of wounds, and eight died on the way as a result of the hardship of the campaign. The company with which the writer was connected left Blue Springs with forty-two men, and when we marched through the deserted streets of Atlanta we had fourteen. Three were killed, two were taken prisoner and twenty-three were sent back to the hospital with wounds or disease. A camp rest of twenty-five days at Atlanta fitted us again for active service. When Hood made the gigantic blunder of the rebellion in removing his army from south of Atlanta and in starting for Nashville, Sherman's "March to the Sea" was unobstructed and made practicable. We moved north from Atlanta in pursuit of Hood on October 3, and by easy stages reached Nashville in time to take part in the battle of Nashville, December 14 and 15. We then pursued Hood to Lexington, Alabama, and from thence marched to Huntsville, Alabama, and on January 5, 1865, went into winter quarters. On March 20 the regiment moved to Strawberry Plains and thence to Bull's Gap, Tennessee. The next move was by rail to Nashville, where we remained till June 16. We were then taken to Indianola, Texas, where we arrived July 25. Thence we marched to Blue Lake, and thence to Victoria, where the regiment was mustered out of the service October 3, 1865, by reason of the close of the war, and the abatement of all fears of encroachment by French troops then in Mexico.

The history of the regiment extends from September 9, 1861, to October 3, 1865, and from Canal Dover, Ohio, to Victoria, Texas. "The general course of the march during its most arduous service was almost directly south from the start to the capture of Atlanta in Georgia, which may justly

be called the line of the center of the Union Armies. The losses of the regiment, largely from Tuscarawas, were:

Killed and died of wounds, ninety; died in hospital during the war, one hundred and seventy-two; died in rebel prisons, eighteen; drowned, two; perished in explosion Steamer Sultana, three; discharged on Surgeon's Certificate of Disability, two hundred and thirty.

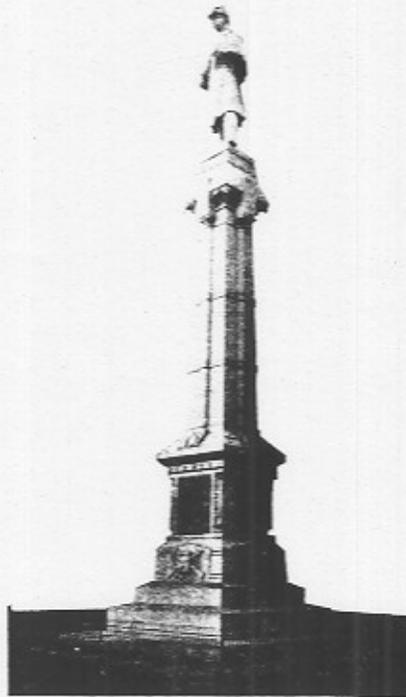
Our last loss was John R. Richmond, Company H, who died at Camp Stanley, Texas, September 12, 1865, and was interred at Galveston, Texas.

End of the sketch

By SERGEANT SAMUEL WELCH.

The thrilling story of those who served in the Fifty-First Ohio had a beautiful sequel twenty-two years later.

That war is always wrong and peace forever right is a theme for mental gymnastics which has but slight respect in this world, where political existence is the survival of the bravest. If the cause had been less sacred or even unworthy, there can be no doubt of the influence of their devotion which offered all the sweetness of life for the good of others; and if no others had gone from Tuscarawas than the brave six hundred that made her part of the Fifty-First Ohio, their example of sacrificial service would alone be sufficient reason for perpetual remembrance. In considering all that was done by all who marched beneath the banners of Tuscarawas



ERECTED TO MY BRAVE AND GALLANT COMRADES
OF TUSCARAWAS COUNTY
WHO FELL IN DEFENSE OF OUR GLORIOUS UNION
BY A MEMBER OF THE 51st OHIO VOL'S.

1861

DEDICATED MAY 19, 1887.

1865

The Soldiers' Monument in New Philadelphia
Sub-Base Twelve Feet Square, Total Height Thirty-Five Feet

the admiring gratitude of her citizens has found delightful expression in monumental forms of which our pages present pictured testimony. With such reminders of the glorious story of her noble defenders, patriotism is prevalent in Tuscarawas. The badges of service for the Union are proudly worn by those upon whom fortune has otherwise frowned, and are an envied adornment of the prosperous. On occasion, the air is vibrant with the music of the Union that marks the march for the soldiers of long ago and for the helping women followed by happy children and grateful people. The most cheering of all the sights in the frequent processions of liberty is the long array of the gallant Sons of the Valiant Veterans whose silken flags spangle the brave display of a Camp that outnumbers all but the largest in Ohio. The stranger seeking a reason for such controlling sentiment will find the central square of the County Seat adorned with a splendid pile of granite surmounted by a graceful sentry of heroic size that preserves the pose and character of the youthful American Soldier of the Union.

As the stranger views the majestic memorial with increasing pleasure and reads the touching inscription, curious at attention will grow into wonder that the name of the donor is not told. There is a joy in being kind without being known that is beyond the belief of those who blazon every emotion to the careless throng. To do good unseen is in accord with the beneficence that scatters blessings when recompense is not possible. A vaunting desire for applause often defeats the purpose, while modest merit shrinking from publicity obtains the rarer reward of affection. The name of him who gave the beautiful monument in New Philadelphia to the memory of his comrades was omitted from the dedicating tablet through no fastidious sentimentality, but because of his broad sense of the brotherhood of the service. The space would not admit their names, and his name should not, must not be carved there alone. He had shared their perils and survived their dangers. He knew their valor and believed them worthy of all acceptance. Fortune prospered him more than others, and the duty of commemorating their virtues was accepted not for a vainglorious display of wealth but as a priceless privilege of manifesting and perpetuating the all pervading comradeship that formed his choicest recollections. Animated by such sacred impulses and sincerely desiring to avoid all appearance of selfish motive,

HENRY KALDENBAUGH

began the work of building a tribute to the Fallen Heroes of Tuscarawas County. Many talks were had with comrades and others about the most acceptable form for the monument, by which he learned their preference without anyone suspecting his purpose to assume the entire cost. Many pictures, designs and estimates of memorial architecture were gathered and carefully compared. Hesitating to build the work while living, he consulted much with his family, and, on January 31, 1883, made a will for their guidance. Unexpected death some three years afterward left later conclusions so perfected that the plans were at once placed with a committee by his executors, Amanda Kaldenbaugh, his widow, and Edward D. Kaldenbaugh, his brother. In accordance with the will, they selected Lieutenant Charles C. Welty, Captain Daniel Korn, Solomon Stocker and Colonel Oliver P. Taylor, being one member each from the Fifty-First, Eightieth, Thirtieth and One Hundred and Sixty-First Ohio for that committee. Under their direction the work was completed, nearly within a year, and the dedicating ceremony set for Thursday, May 19, 1887, which dawned and passed with balmy airs and perfect sky. Tuscarawas County has had no day more replete with melancholy pleasure. Ten thousand visitors rejoiced with all the citizens of New Philadelphia. Captain George W. Bowers marshaled the procession which alone numbered five thousand souls. Twelve Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic and five Camps of Sons of Veterans enlarged by troops from other Posts and Camps, guarded by armed battalions and escorted by civic Lodges, all marching to the music of many bands, paraded the flower decked and flag crowned streets and then gathered as a sea around the platform in the center of the Public Square, where the Mayor, Captain Daniel Korn, presided over the celebrating multitude. Major William McKinley, with his mighty fates unknown, came down from his modest home in Canton and made an address that for those who heard has ever since been a model for comparison. While every eye was fixed on the unveiled beauty of the massive gift, the giver was remembered in words fitly spoken by the eloquent John A. Bingham, than whom, in his prime, "none higher sat" in the council of our Nation. As the crowds passed by and away and left the sentry to his ceaseless vigil over the departed, it was easy to fancy, if aught that is dead can smile, that the Fallen of Tuscarawas lifted viewless hands in glad salute to the comrade that forgot them never.

The military service of the man who rendered this magnificent tribute to his comrades deserves a record that we are pleased to place on our pages with belief that it will be considered justly due to him who gave the eloquent "Sermon in Stone" for the good of all who should teach or learn the lessons of noble patriotism.

Henry Kaldenbaugh, then not quite twenty-five years old, entered the Union Army on July 2, 1861, as a private soldier in Company B of the Fifty-First Ohio Infantry. On April 20, 1862, he was promoted Sergeant Major. On June 30, 1862, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant and assigned to Company B. On January 31, 1863, he was promoted from Second Lieutenant to First Lieutenant. On February 1, 1864, he was appointed Regimental Quartermaster, but, upon declining that position, he was transferred on the same day to Company A. He was attached to the Tenth Brigade of the Fourth Division of the Army of the Ohio, to July, 1862; then to the Twenty-Third Independent Brigade of the Army of the Ohio to September, 1862; then to the Twenty-Third Brigade of the Fifth Division of the Second Corps of the Army of the Ohio to November, 1862. He was detached from the Regiment and ordered to duty as Aid de Camp on the Staff of Brigadier General Stanley Matthews Commanding the Third Brigade of the Third Division of the left wing, in the Fourteenth Corps of the Army of the Cumberland to January, 1863, and in the Third Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-First Corps of the Army of the Cumberland to June, 1863. He was then ordered to duty