

100<sup>d</sup> Ill.

# FIFTEEN YEARS AGO:

OR THE

## PATRIOTISM OF WILL COUNTY,

DESIGNED TO PRESERVE THE NAMES AND MEMORY OF

# WILL COUNTY SOLDIERS,

BOTH OFFICERS AND PRIVATES—BOTH LIVING AND  
DEAD: TO TELL SOMETHING OF WHAT THEY DID,  
AND OF WHAT THEY SUFFERED, IN THE

### Great Struggle to Preserve Our Nationality.

BY

## GEORGE H. WOODRUFF,

AUTHOR OF "FORTY YEARS AGO."

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,  
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass  
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.—COWPER.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY

### JAMES GOODSPEED.

JOLIET:

JOLIET REPUBLICAN BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

1876.

had at least proved his equality with the white man, in being like him, "mighty onartain."

Some time later in the war, a chap in the 100th was almost as happy in giving a name to the mule, as Gen. Butler was in giving one to the darkey. It was at a time when a great many of our officers were being *breveted*—the brevet fever as the boys called it, was prevailing alarmingly. I suppose no explanation is necessary as to what is meant by being *breveted*. It is a kind of fancy title by which a man is cheaply rewarded for gallantry or meritorious service, without having either the pay or the power of the rank, except when detailed for some special duty. It was however an honor much sought after at one time, and those who got it were happy, while those who did not get it, were envious. Well, one time, when the piazza of a hotel at Nashville was swarming with these *breveted* officers, sporting their shoulder straps, some of them double the regulation length, a high private of the 100th, was riding his mule along past the hotel, when he spied the *breveted* gentlemen. He rode up pretty near the hotel, and commenced belaboring his mule at a terrible rate, swearing at him and exclaiming, "Get up here! get up here! you d—n *brevet-horse!* you d—n *brevet-horse!*"

After the army had crossed the line into Tennessee, they took it for granted that the orders against foraging were no longer in force, and the fences, pigs, poultry, etc., suffered. A march of sixteen miles on the 8th, brought the army through Gallatin, and Sunday they rested three miles beyond the town. On the 10th they crossed the Cumberland, marched twelve miles and camped on the Lebanon and Nashville pike, about twenty miles from Nashville, at Camp Silver Springs, and here the regiment remained some days.

The last part of this march was made after dark. Two of the boys of Co. G, got so disgusted with marching in the dark, and were so tired withal, that they concluded that they would fall behind and take a rest for the night, and catch up with the regiment in the morning. So they dropped out on a favorable opportunity, and made their bed under some bushes, and slept as only tired soldier boys can sleep, dreaming no doubt of home and its delights, until the sun awoke them in the morning. When they

jumped up and looked around, to their no small surprise, they found themselves in a camp, men and horses all around, some still sleeping, and some, like themselves, getting up. Sentinels too are standing guard all around the camp. They have a strange look—who can they be? certainly not their old comrades of yesterday. The mystery is soon solved. The boys are discovered, and are soon surrounded by a lot of rebel cavalry men, John Morgan's famous rangers. Of course they are prisoners. How they cursed, (inwardly) their folly in straggling last night! But there is no help for it. They are now at the disposal, and under the orders of men in butternut. The camp is all astir, and after a hasty breakfast, of which they are allowed a slender share, they are treated to a rapid march of about fifteen miles in the opposite direction to the one they wished to go. Marching to keep up with the cavalry, was worse even than that of the night before. They are all uncertain too as to what was to be their fate. Their captors took delight in playing upon their fears, and even talked of hanging them. But after keeping them three days, they paroled them and let them go. Not, however, without first effecting quite a change in their personal appearance. The rebels compelled them to strip off their good clothes, and to accept in exchange a suit of the hateful and dirty butternut, confiscating at the same time the contents of their pockets. They then made their way back to the regiment, sadder and wiser, and, let us hope, better boys. They put the best face they could upon the matter, as they made their entree into camp at Silver Springs. The shouts and yells of welcome that went up from the boys on discovering who they were, I presume they will never forget. The colonel, however, was somewhat indignant at their course, and threatened at first that he would not respect their parole, but put them in front. He relented, however, and let them off.

This adventure entitled them to an honorable retirement to the *veteran reserve corps*! It is said that a photograph of them, taken while dressed in their new uniform, is still extant, and is the admiration of their friends. The Baptist church at Beloit would hardly recognize in one of them their eloquent and well-beloved pastor—but he was one of the boys!

While at Silver Springs, the weather was mostly cold and

rainy, and the men were worn out with their campaign, and a large number were sick. Some mornings, 100 to 150 would report at surgeon's call. On the 15th, all fit for duty were out on a trip attempting to capture a force of the enemy's cavalry. They pursued them to Lebanon, and then gave up the chase, and returned about 9:30 p. m., having traveled twenty-eight miles, part of the time on the double-quick.

Tuesday, the 17th, was a sad day in the regiment, as they were called upon to bury two of their number, A. Leonard, of Co. E, from Troy, of typhoid pneumonia, and Wm. Sutton, of Co. A, from Wilton, of typhoid fever. They were buried with military honors.

The regiment remained at this camp nine days, the longest stop which had been made since leaving Louisville.

On the 19th, it moved eight miles, stopping about an hour near the "Hermitage," giving the boys an opportunity to visit one of our national shrines, the residence and tomb of "Old Hickory." Many expressed the wish that Old Hickory had been in the executive chair when the rebellion commenced. Next day crossed Stone River, and marched some three or four miles. That afternoon the ambulances were sent into Nashville with seventeen of the sickest ones of the regiment. It was supposed that the army would remain some time at this point, and so the men fixed up their camp in good style, setting out evergreens, building chimneys, &c., and receiving a daily mail from Nashville, and enjoying the presence of a sutler who had driven in from Louisville. But just as they had got nicely fixed up, they moved again on the 26th, going to a point about four miles southeast of Nashville, which was their camp until the advance on Murfreesboro, the 26th of December.

On the 27th, another member died in camp, Amos Gawthrop, of Co. H, from Wilton. He had been on detailed duty with the battery attached to the brigade, and was sick for some time there, and was then sent to the regimental hospital, where he died, making the fourth death with the regiment. The other boys who had died on the march, had been buried without coffins, but Co. H, determined that Gawthrop should have a coffin. They were camped at this time on the land of a Mr. Jones, who lived near the camp,

and who like a good many others, was a good Union man when our army was around, and the boys applied to him for some boards to make a coffin. But he refused to give or sell them any. They reported the matter to the colonel, who told them to go and help themselves. So they stripped off a lot of boards from his fences, and made a rude coffin, and wrapping the soldier in his blanket, put him into it, and buried him near a brick church, Chaplain Crews officiating. This soldier had two brothers in the 100th, and another brother in the 4th cavalry, and a half brother also in the service. One died of disease, and one was killed at Chickamauga.

Co. A also buried a good man in a similar manner next day, Wm. Birdenstein, of the town of Reed, whose brother died also December 19th. Other deaths had occurred among those who had been left behind in hospitals.

The location of the camp was not a very pleasant one, and the weather was most of the time cold and wet, and consequently there was a good deal of sickness in the regiment, principally measles and lung affections, for which sleeping on the ground could not be very good. Several were sent from time to time into the city, which was now one great hospital.

The men all had some interesting experiences in this camp. Being comparatively young soldiers, they had not yet learned how to make the best of it, had not yet learned all the shifts and devices by which an old campaigner knows how to alleviate the discomforts of such a life, even under the most untoward circumstances. The 100th was brigaded with old troops, and one might naturally suppose that these would stand ready to assist and instruct their new comrades. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, they seemed to find great satisfaction in standing by and witnessing the awkwardness and mistakes of the fresh fish. But the 100th soon learned all the tricks and devices of the camp, and took their revenge by playing the same role with other new-comers; a curious phase of what we call human nature, seen also in college life; when the freshman becomes a soph., he seems to find sweet revenge for the indignities to which he had been subjected, by playing them off on his vealy successors.

On the night of Dec. 1st, the camp had a rough experience.

It had rained hard all day, and in the evening there was a terrific thunder-storm, accompanied by very high winds. Imagine how unwelcome such a storm must be in cold weather, with nothing overhead but cotton cloth, and nothing underneath but the bare ground!

The two assistant surgeons, Harwood and Woodruff, occupied a tent together. About nine o'clock, the ditch which had been dug around the tent, for the purpose of carrying off the water, began to overflow, and the water came into the tent. As the beds consisted of nothing but straw with the blanket thrown over, they soon became uncomfortably moist, and the surgeons had to forsake their downy couch and excavate a deeper cut to carry off the water—not a very agreeable job in the darkness, the wind, and the rain. The next tent was occupied by the senior surgeon and his clerk. They were no better off, if so well, for in addition to the water, the tent pins had got loosened, and the clerk was out trying to drive them in the darkness, and he could only see them when a flash of lightning lit up the scene momentarily, showing also the senior surgeon standing *en dishabille* in the tent door, and most *emphatically* giving directions to his clerk in a composite language, mainly English and German, with now and then a word that ought not to be in either language. I think the old adage, "Misery loves company," was true in this case, and the sub-surgeons drew no little satisfaction from the glimpses they caught of the chief, revealing the fact that he was in a worse plight than themselves. But they got punished for so selfish a feeling, for they had no sooner got settled down again before the chimney fire, where they had drawn the bed, than, without any warning, down came their tent, an irreparable wreck, in the darkness. Hastily gathering up books and papers, they had to retreat to the hospital tent, where they sat up the balance of the night on the boxes, thoroughly disgusted with army life. In the morning they were again comforted to find that the rest of the officers had had similar experiences. The colonel, for the first time since leaving Louisville, had undressed, and was enjoying the unwonted luxury of clean sheets once more, when his tent blew down, and he was caught literally *sans culotte*—whatever that means!

On the 4th, the division was reviewed by General Rosecrans.

Life in camp now moved on with but little to interrupt its monotony. The regiment took its turn occasionally in going out to guard forage trains. The officers and men discussed over their coffee and pipes the rumors and speculations that were rife respecting further movements, and anyone fortunate enough to get news from home, shared it with his comrades. Anything to read was a godsend. Dime novels and illustrated papers found a ready market, and were devoured most greedily. The *Republican* and the *Signal* were especially welcome. Not a few, let us hope, read the testaments which their mothers had crowded into their carpet-bags! And here they remained until after Christmas—the last Christmas many of them would see!

## REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### HISTORY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH REGT.—CONTINUED.

NASHVILLE TO CHICKAMAUGA. SEPTEMBER, 1862, TO  
DECEMBER, 1863.

Signs of Advance—Christmas Eve—Strikes out for LaVernge—On the March—Camps—In Line of Battle—LaVernge—Advances—Captures some Rebs—Incident—Stewart's Creek—Sunday Rest—Battle Opens—How it went—Incidents—Casualties—Night—New Year's Eve—New Year's Day—Night Again—Battle Renewed—Incidents—Casualties—Victory—Jan. 31—Enemy makes Another Attempt—Gives it up—Retreats—List of Casualties—Incidents—Moves through Murfreesboro and Encamps—Visitors from Home—Accident in Camp—Deaths—Plymester Welcome—Reviews—Changes Camp—Fixes up—Foraging—Incidents—A Visit from Joliet Ladies—Forward again—Incidents—Foraging—Storm—Settles at Hillsboro—Month's Stay—Accident—Capt. Munger makes a Good Shot—Scientific Foraging—On the move again—Aunt Emma makes a Sensation—Over the Mountains—Incidents—Down into the Sequatchie—24th Tenn. Inf.—Expedition—Chaplain Resigns—A Story on him—On the March—Peter's Cave—Crosses the Tennessees—Nickajack Cave—A Corner—Moves on—Old Look-out—In Chattanooga—Out to Chickamauga Creek.

**A** FEW days before Christmas, the orders received left no doubt in the minds of the men that "Old Rosey" was soon to show his hand. Sickness had reduced the regiment to 600 men fit for duty. On the morning of the 24th, orders came to be ready to move at 7:30 next morning. This necessitates turning out at five, and plenty of hard work to get ready. But at the set hour the tents have been struck, breakfast cooked and eaten, the indispensable "coffee" made and drank, the wagons packed, and every

thing ready for a move. Then came orders to issue two days' additional rations, and repack the wagons, so that two or three should carry all that was indispensable—the balance to be sent to Nashville to be stored. This was also done, and the boys lay around on the ground, dozing and grumbling, until 3 p. m., when they were ordered to pitch tents again, and be ready to move at daylight next morning.

And this was Christmas eve! Every soldier's thoughts go back to the homes they have left behind them, and in many a mind, no doubt, the question comes up unbidden: "Shall I ever join in the Christmas festivities of the old home again?" Pictures of Christmas trees in gas-lit parlors and churches, surrounded by groups of happy children, and dear, dear friends and kindred, pass in panoramic visions through the mind, in strange and startling contrast to the camp, and its groups of soldiery, guns, and warlike preparations. A strange contrast, too, in another respect: There, they are celebrating the advent of the PRINCE OF PEACE; here, we are about to move forward in fierce and bloody encounter, appealing to the God of War.

Very timely, a load came in from Nashville, of thirteen boxes for the regiment, full of those things which were welcome to the soldier. They were quickly opened and contents distributed, and many had a taste of Christmas, a reminder that they were not forgotten, though far away.

Christmas day was passed quietly in the same camp, and on the evening of the 26th, by nine o'clock, the army was finally under way. The division in which the 100th was placed took the road toward LaVerne and Murfreesboro. The day was rainy and the army moved slowly, being stopped occasionally by the enemy skirmishing with the advance. The regiment passed through the deserted camps of other portions of the army, which had preceded them, and five miles out passed the last picket, and struck out for LaVerne. Frequent stoppages were made, to allow the artillery to shell the woods to drive out any rebels that might be lurking in them to pick off the men. As they progress, they see the marks left by the artillery upon the trees, barns and fences. In the advance, a man is seen upon the roof of a house, waving a flag to and fro, and far away to the right is another doing the

same thing. These are the signals from one road to another, by which the movements of the different columns are guided, and which only the proper persons can understand. And thus they move on through the day, and towards night several wounded men are seen carried back in ambulances. The men look at them, and the thought comes up in many minds—such may soon be my fate!

The 100th camped for the night in a wood, in the rain, and without any tents, a mile or two from LaVerne. The night was quiet. Next morning the men were called up at five o'clock, and at daylight are allowed to build fires and cook breakfast. They remained ready to march at a moment's notice until nine o'clock. One piece of artillery opened on LaVerne, without any response, when the brigade moves out in line of battle, the 58th Indiana and 26th Ohio taking the advance, with their skirmishers thrown out so as to protect both flanks, and, about forty rods behind, the 8th Indiana battery, supported by the 3d Ky. on the right, and the 100th Ill. on the left. As soon as the advance came within musket range of the town, they were met by a furious and unexpected discharge of musketry. The rebels were firing on our men from their concealment in the houses. The 26th Ohio had some twenty killed and wounded. But our force soon drove the enemy from the town, and marched on after them on either side of the pike. The battle of LaVerne is set down in the histories as a skirmish, and such it was, but one of considerable importance—one of the brilliant ones. The 100th moved half a mile over an open field, under a heavy fire without a waver, and when within eighty or one hundred yards, charged with a yell on the double-quick, and drove the enemy out of the town. This, too, was the first time the regiment had been under fire. When they were being halted to re-form their lines, Gen. Haskell complimented them on their gallantry, and said: "We are all one now, old soldiers and new."

The march was hard, over rocks, and through dense cedar thickets in line of battle. About a mile beyond LaVerne, the 100th changed places with the 26th Ohio, companies A and B on the skirmish line, under Major Hammond. The rebels annoyed our advance with a couple pieces of artillery, but as soon as our battery opened on them they got out of the way. During their

advance through the cedar thickets, the boys encountered great numbers of rabbits, and somehow they could not resist the temptation to pop them over, and put them in their haversacks for future use. While they were advancing, much of the time on the double thick, and driving the rebel cavalry before them, it was hard to tell whether they were popping at the rebs or the rabbits, and it didn't seem to make much difference with the boys. Gen. Haskell scolded them, telling them they would get caught with their muskets empty when they wanted to shoot a reb; but he didn't say anything more about keeping them from running to the rear, the greatest difficulty he had now, was to hold them back. About noon it began to rain, and continued without abatement until night. Several shots were fired at the brigade from a bridge which the rebels held, but the 3d Kentucky soon dislodged them without loss. While halting here the colonel left the regiment to get orders from Gen. Haskell, where to go into camp for the night. During his absence a squad of twenty or thirty rebel cavalry came charging down a lane on the left of the regiment, and as soon as it was discovered that they were rebels, Co. G, which had been sent to the flank, without waiting for orders, fired a volley into them which brought them to a stand, and they wheeled round and threw up their hands in token of surrender. One poor fellow however kept on, and was shot in the abdomen, fatally. As was afterwards ascertained, his horse was wounded, and he was unable to hold him, and keeping on past the 3d Kentucky, the horse was killed without further damage to the rider, but he had already been mortally wounded. The boys carried him to an old shed, and took every care of him, greatly regretting that they had not understood his design to surrender. He lived thirty-six hours. He was a large man of the name of Cunningham, belonging to the 52d Alabama cavalry.

Major Gen. Crittenden in his report says of this little affair, "And the counter charge and capture of twenty-five of the enemy by a company of the new regiment, the 100th Illinois, when charged by the enemy's cavalry, are worthy of special notice" Gen. Wood also refers to the exploit in his report, mentioning the fact also that twelve horses and equipments were taken.

The adventure supplied the officers of the 100th, with extra

horses, and made all the boys, especially Co. G, feel pretty good.

The regiment encamped at Stewart's Creek, where the enemy had tried to burn the bridge, but did not succeed. The next day was Sunday, and the regiment remained quiet. The enemy's cavalry could be seen across the creek, and the skirmish line kept up some firing through the day. Monday, the division was not in front, but moved slowly along the pike. It was however a brisk day in the front, and the noise of artillery and musketry could be heard nearly all day, but not much damage was done, not more than 150 killed and wounded in the entire army. Late in the afternoon the division was thrown into line on the left of the pike to support the advance, but nothing was done. The brigade went down to the bank of Stone River, and as it was dark, stacked arms, and all hands were preparing to camp for the night, when a sudden whistle of bullets, and rattle of musketry, gave notice of the presence of the enemy, and the regiment moved back and to the left, and went into camp. No one was hurt, although some of the bullets were imbedded in the rails which the boys were gathering for their fires. The whistle of the locomotives in Murfreesboro, about three miles distant, could be plainly heard, and the boys wondered whether the rebels were leaving, or being reinforced. They found out which it was in due time. Next day, (the 30th), the regiment was called up at four o'clock, and by daylight had breakfasted, and was in readiness for anything that might turn up; but the day passed quietly with the brigade. The General, (Rosecrans) did not wish to bring on an engagement, as McCook's corps was delayed, and had not yet come up. While riding over the field, superintending the placing of his forces, his chief of staff was instantly killed, his head being shot clean off.

On the evening of the 30th, everything being in readiness, orders were given to put out all the fires along the line, and that everything should be kept as still and secure as possible, allowing the men ample time to rest. Johnson's division of McCook's corps was ordered to advance as near as possible, without revealing its position, and to lay on their arms through the night, with a heavy picket force in advance, and if not attacked by nine o'clock next morning to advance upon the enemy. Next day the sun

rose clear and beautiful upon the last day of 1862—alas! it proved to be the last day of life to many a soldier on either side.

The enemy did not wait to be attacked, but opened the ball themselves very early, with their usual tactics, attacking Johnson on our right, with three divisions, and rushing on with such force and rapidity that they were upon him almost as quickly as the pickets, to which the enemy had paid no attention. Johnson made a desperate resistance, but two of his best batteries were soon taken, though bravely defended, the men being bayoneted at their posts, and he was obliged to retire before the massive columns of the enemy, and his worsted men, though as brave as any who ever carried muskets, turned and fled, resistance being unavailing. Meanwhile Davis' division vainly tried to form, and assist in staying the progress of the enemy, but they were in a cedar brake, where one-half of a regiment, could not see the other, and the terrific yells of the rebels, which could be heard above the roar of cannon, so terrified our faltering force on the right, that they were driven over two miles, leaving their dead and wounded thick upon the field.

Thus ill-fared the day upon the right. Let us look now at the center, in which the Will county regiment bears a part. About nine in the morning, the regiment was ordered to fall in on the double quick, which was done promptly, although the men felt, notwithstanding the cool and seemingly careless air of their colonel, that all was not right. The regiment was formed in a cedar grove, and very soon the noise and rattle of the musketry drew near, and the wounded began to pass by, leaning upon their fellow soldiers, or carried on stretchers. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, and division after division, was seen filing by to take their position on the field. Generals, colonels, and their adjutants ride along the lines and get their men into position. Wagons are moving rapidly, and bullets are whistling by all the time.

Not long does the 100th remain idle spectators. It has a part to play now with the brigade, in the fierce conflict which is to be known in history as one of the fiercest and most memorable. They move now in one direction, and now in another, and then halt in

a cornfield where they are are dressed on the color line, and then ordered to lie down, lest a rebel battery should get the range and open on them. While here, a regiment in sight falls back in disorder, and its colonel seizes the colors and tries to rally them, but succeeds only partially. But the sight has no effect upon the 100th; it looks on with indifference. The 3d Ky., being ordered to the right of the railroad, their colonel, McKee, meets a glorious death. But the major, though twice hit, sticks bravely to the regiment. The sound of musketry comes nearer. The 100th is in danger of being flanked. It is ordered to change its position to avoid this new danger. It comes upon another regiment, which proves to be the 110th, Col. Casey's. The men exchange cheers as they ascertain that two Illinois regiments are together, and feel inspired with new strength and courage. This position must be held, for it is one of great importance. After a little, a regiment in the rear is withdrawn, and the two, 100th and 110th, are left alone. They move forward to the edge of a cotton field. The enemy try hard to dislodge them, but here they lie, hugging the earth, while they are treated to a brisk cannonade, and our own batteries are replying over them. What terrific music! The shrieking of shells, the thunder of artillery, the crash in the tree tops overhead; and here they lie, unable to do aught but hold on—the most trying position in which men can be placed.

But now the order comes to "fall in," and just as they are doing so, a solid shot comes along which takes off the head of Giles L. Greenman, of Co. K, and strikes Lieut. Worthingham, of the same company, in the breast, killing him instantly. Five poor fellows yielded up their lives at this point, and about thirty were wounded. The regiment is moved across the railroad, when knapsacks are unslung, and it is formed along the railroad. Meanwhile the bullets fly thick and fast, and with telling effect upon the ranks, and one after another of the men limp by to the rear. They lay down on this line. Soon an American flag was seen in front, and a regiment marched in by the flank, on the south side of the cotton field, and it was, of course, supposed to be one of ours, as they had on U. S. overcoats. But soon the boys saw the "butternut," and gave them a volley. They went over the fence, and down the hill, like a lot of sheep. Lieut. Mitchell, of Wilmington,

here receives the wound which proved mortal three days after. The men lie and listen to the grim music of the shot and shell flying over their heads, and cutting the cedars, anxiously waiting for the result on the field at large. They know that the right wing has been discomfited; they have heard the exultant shouts of the rebels while they have driven it from point to point.

But meanwhile Rosecrans has not been idle. Seeing that the fate of the day would depend on the center, he has ordered up all the available batteries, and placed them along the railroad, so as to cover the only ground upon which the enemy can charge with any hope of success, while the brigades of infantry are placed in front and rear. The sound of the battle now comes nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, until the cedar swamp is enveloped in smoke, and over all the noise and tumult of battle, the yells of the pursuing rebels are heard as they drive the broken and disordered ranks of the right wing in their retreat behind the center corps. On come the enemy, flushed with success, through and out of the woods, over the open ground, never dreaming of the reception they are to meet. One rebel flag after another is seen waving defiantly, until they are too many to be counted; on they come, yelling their unearthly yell, expecting to sweep all before them. Our forces are silently awaiting them—a solemn, ominous silence—for a few brief moments only, and then a little puff of smoke is seen to rise from full fifty pieces of artillery, followed by a roar and a shock as of an earthquake; a continuous roar for thirty minutes, and when it ceases, and the smoke rolls off from the field, nothing is seen of all that proud array of advancing, and till then victorious rebels, but a few scattered battalions plunging pell-mell into the cedar thickets, from which they had a little before emerged so buoyantly. Our artillery follow up, and fire upon the retreating enemy. It was a grand, a glorious sight. Our batteries drove them back over nearly the same ground over which they had driven the right wing. Scarcely had this advantage been gained, when Palmer's division began to shell the woods in the rebel center, and fortunately got the range of a battery, supported by two brigades, that lay concealed in the woods, killing great numbers of them. Irritated at this, the rebel commander ordered a charge across a field in plain sight. They came on, a brigade eight rows deep,

with fixed bayonets in splendid style. But our boys stood their ground, and gave them such a reception as made them falter. Their officers tried to rally and lead them on again, but our grape and canister mowed them down, and a few well-directed volleys of musketry finished their repulse. They turned and fled, our men pursuing them until getting into range of their artillery, they fell back to allow ours to reply, and thus was now kept up an artillery duel until darkness closed the scene.

At dusk, when the regiment fell back, the colonel noticed that one man in Co. C did not get up with the rest, and when an officer went to see the cause, he was found dead, killed instantly by a piece of shell, and so quickly that he had not stirred, and the man who lay next to him did not know it. This was John Hopkins, of Homer. The regiment lay all night on their arms. After dark, a detail went out to the front in command of Lieut. Williams, with an ambulance in charge of Surgeon Woodruff, and here found the enemy taking care of the dead and wounded, our men mingling with them in a friendly manner, both sides taking care of and assisting the wounded of each army.

Here occurred a little incident worth relating. John O'Kief, of Co. I, went out with the boys on the battle field, and shortly after was heard coming in, and yelling out as he passed the pickets, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, it's John O'Kief on a d—d good rebel horse." He came in riding a very fine horse, with saddle and bridle and a large pair of saddle-bags, which seemed to be well stuffed. He at once looked up the colonel, and told him that he had brought him a fine horse. The colonel inquired where he got it. O'Kief replied that he got it on the field, and that it was a rebel surgeon's. The colonel's sense of honor would not allow him to accept of the present from O'Kief; but, instead, he ordered him to take it back to the surgeon, with the compliments of the colonel. O'Kief did not like the colonel's view of the matter, but he had no choice but to obey, and accordingly took the animal back to the rebel surgeon, who was equally surprised and gratified at recovering him, and sent his name, residence and regiment back to the colonel, with the assurance that if he, or any of his officers or men, should be captured by his command, they should be well cared for. But our surgeon at Chickamauga did not get quite so

generous treatment, as we shall see in due time. But before O'Kief returned with the horse, the major of the 100th, whose conscience had become somewhat dulled by the cravings of his stomach, confiscated the contents of the rebel surgeon's saddlebags, which were found to consist of cold chicken, ham, biscuit, &c., &c., which, with the colonel's aid, rapidly disappeared,

"—like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white, then gone forever."

The 100th regiment fared much better than could have been expected. Up to this time, only 10 were killed and 30 wounded, and nearly as many missing. Some other regiments lost 50 per cent. of their men. Six men from each company were detailed for pickets. Says one who was of this number: "It was a terrible night. The constant groaning of the wounded that lay within a few feet of us, the ghastly upturned faces of the dead which lay in our path, made the relief which came after our six hours' vigil, doubly welcome. And this was our New Year's eve!"

January 1st, 1863, dawned upon the field of Stone River, as well as upon the rest of the world. But what a strange New Year to the men of the 100th regiment! To those who had survived the carnage of yesterday, how different from any other New Year, whose light they had ever hailed! And how much greater the change to those who had gone where years no longer divide existence!

At 3 o'clock in the morning, the regiment was relieved by another, and moved back a little. It had held an advanced and exposed position all night, without fire or blankets, and the relief was welcome. The men anticipated a breakfast, but no rations were issued. Here they lay in the mud all day, but were permitted to build fires. There was no fighting of any amount done, both sides seemed willing to rest. At night the regiment was ordered into a beautiful cedar grove, and anticipated a good night's rest; but the men had scarcely got into a doze, when the order came to "fall in," and although so tired and sleepy that they could hardly keep their eyes open, or move, yet the boys obeyed the unwelcome order, and relieved another regiment, on the other side of the railroad, and were once more drawn up in line of bat-

tle. They can see the rebel picket fires burning brightly, but are allowed none themselves. They were in a cornfield where the mud was so deep that they could not lie down, and they could only rest by leaning upon their muskets. Some, however, became so fatigued, that towards morning, they lay down in the mud, and the weather growing colder, they could hardly tear their blankets from the frozen mud in the morning. It had turned very cold, and many of the wounded suffered much, some having hands and feet frozen. The morning too was accompanied by a wind that seemed to go through the frame, and make every one shake as in an ague fit. When the morning haze has cleared away, the long lines of the enemy can be seen moving to the right and left, some of them mounted, which are conjectured to be artillery. While the 100th, which has occupied the front all night, is being relieved by another regiment, the enemy seeing the movement open upon them. Getting into place as quickly as possible the men lie down, without being very careful to select their beds. And now, the thunder rages again, worse if possible than before. And here they lie, trying to keep from being seen by the enemy, whose sharpshooters are concealed in the cedar thickets. These become so annoying that a body of skirmishers are sent out about 10 o'clock to dislodge them, which they succeed in doing, though many a poor fellow falls before their deadly aim. But our men did not flinch, and were reinforced. The enemy then direct their artillery fire upon them, and they fall back to give our batteries an opportunity to reply. And then followed an artillery duel between Loomis' Michigan battery, and Stannard's Ohio battery on our side, and the rebel batteries. Our regiment is lying in the mud between, without any protection. Soon the rebels get the range of Stannard's battery, and it is soon put *hors du combat*, all the horses being killed, and many of the men. But they rally, and draw the guns off by hand. Fifty per cent. of the men of the battery are killed or wounded. The Loomis battery had guns of longer range, and being further to the rear, and behind a hill, are not so much exposed, and they keep up the fight. The bursting of their shells in the ranks of the enemy could be seen to scatter them like autumn leaves. But the enemy got the range of the 100th, and solid shot came ricocheting past them.

Shells bursting, and grape falling thick around, make the place hot and uncomfortable. Geo. H. Atkins, of Co. K is killed, his right arm being torn from his body. The battle seems to be renewed. From the woods on the right, and in the rear, cheering is now heard, and soon a magnificent spectacle is seen. A division bursts from the timber, and sweeps into the open space behind the 100th; with colors flying, horses proudly prancing, the lines move steadily and firmly forward. A battery comes dashing along with them. An officer with hat off, urges on his men. This is Rosseau—the game cock of Kentucky, as Prentiss calls him. The battery is soon ready for action, and now the fight rages fiercely. But it is not long before the enemy is silenced. But here in the mud, for by this time the ground has thawed, the 100th regiment is obliged to remain, while the forenoon passes away, and part of the afternoon, with little fighting except by the sharpshooters on either side.

While this advantage had been gained in the centre, two brigades of VanClevés' division, crossed Stone River, and sent from the main body a small force to reconnoitre, with orders if attacked to fall back on the reserve, which was concealed behind some brush work. They obeyed their orders, and were met by a large rebel force before which they gave way, steadily at first, but being hotly pressed by superior numbers, they were forced to retreat behind the reserves, closely followed by the enemy. At this juncture the reserve sprang up, and a couple of well directed volleys checked the rebels and held them back.

And now the battle rages again, and blood flows freely. The rebels outnumber the Union force, but they hold their ground until Negley sends them help. When reinforced, they make another charge which forces the enemy to retire. From the point occupied by the 100th, every movement could be seen, both of our troops and of the enemy, and alternating feelings of joy and fear filled their minds, as the one side or the other, seemed to be getting the advantage. But soon a man comes riding furiously along the ranks in the rear—like John Gilpin, hat off, and coat tails flying behind him. He shouts a few words which the 100th cannot hear, but they know that it is good news, for the boys throw up their caps, and give volley on volley of cheers. Soon the

word reaches our boys, "the enemy is being driven," and they are to follow them. Up they jump to their feet, and are moved over to the left. But the fighting has ceased, and they pass on crossing the ford, which they were guarding the other day, and here they stumble upon the dead, and hear the groans of the wounded and dying, but they are mostly rebels. After various manœuvres they are anchored at last in a hollow, and allowed to rest, and build fires for the night. And, despite the groans of the suffering, despite the rain now pouring down, the tired men sank down to a sound sleep, until the next morning, when they awoke to find themselves in a grave yard, the corpses still unburied. The slaughter here must have been terrible. The wounded have been removed during the night. How ghastly the dead men look, their faces washed by the rain!

Private Bolton who was one of those whose lot it was to go upon picket duty on this night writes thus of the scene:

"The battle field, what a sight was here! Behind almost every tree was the lifeless form of some poor soldier, mostly rebels, and strewed over the ground were legs and arms, and mangled bodies, masses of flesh and bones, so mutilated that not their own mothers could recognize them. Some yet living, having lain out in all the rain and cold,—no one to care for them, and dying alone amid the crowds of dying and dead. The trees were literally full of bullet holes. Guns, knapsacks, canteens, blankets and haversacks, were scattered all around, and the soil was cut up with the tracks of horses and artillery. The whole made a picture on which I hope never to look again.

"Both of these days, Dec. 31st and Jan. 2d, we were constantly exposed to the most galling fire, and that we came out with the loss of so few men, was greatly owing to the care and judgment of our colonel. In the midst of the heaviest fire, when shot and shell flew thickest, he would pass up and down the lines ordering his men to lie low."

January 3d, the regiment lay all day behind intrenchments without any demonstrations on the part of the enemy. The continued rains made the movement of artillery impossible. At even-

ing, under cover of the darkness, they attempted to dislodge the pioneers, but they were repulsed with heavy loss, and they plunged into the river, making no further demonstrations, and that night retreated through Murfreesboro, and the next morning, the Union forces were in possession of the town, and the battle of Stone River, the seven days' fighting was over. Such was the baptismal battle of the Will county regiment.

The following is the list of casualties in the 100th regiment during these seven days.

## KILLED:

Lieut. M. Worthingham, Co. K, Joliet; Lieut. Charles F. Mitchell, Co. A, Wilmington; Andrew Theil, Co. B, Jackson; John Hopkins, Co. C, Homer; Fred'k Rahn, Co. C, Mokena; Geo. W. Hess, musician, Co. D, Plainfield; Giles Greenman, Co. K, Twelve Mile Grove; Geo. H. Atkins, Co. K, Joliet; Corp. Peter Wagner, Co. C, Lockport.

## WOUNDED:

Major Hammond, slightly; Lieut. George Bez, Co. C, Mokena; Lieut. J. S. McDonald, Co. C, Lockport; Lieut. John A. Kelly, Co. K; Sergt. Maj. Wm. P. Harbottle, Wilmington; Sergt. Wade McFadden, Co. Co, severely, (died Jan. 4th), Wilmington; Sergt. J. W. Taylor, Co. D, Joliet; Corp. John Fellows, Co. D, Plainfield. Co. A—Benedict Wenger, slight, Wilmington; Alonzo Jones, slight, Wesley; Michael Worthy, slight, Wilmington; Henry Kellogg, slight, Florence; James Dowling, slight, Wesley; George Doro, slight, Wesley; Constant Bruechet, slight, Reed; John Haines, severely, (since died) Wesley. Co. B—Wm. Cludas, severely, Joliet; Stephen J. Rake, slight, Jackson; Philip Scheer, slight, Joliet. Co. C—Michael Sullivan, Lockport. Co. D—Edward Highland, severe, Plainfield; E. Anglomirot DuPage; Pat. Martin, Plainfield; Alfred Cartor, Plainfield. Co. E—John McDonald, New Lenox; Henry Stolder, (died Jan. 23d), Channahon. Co. F—Samuel L. Treat, Homer; Selah Spaulding, Homer. Co. H—John C. Gent, Peotone; Wm. R. More, Wilton; James Selzwick, Joliet; Jno. Shoemaker, Joliet. Co. I—James Tidball, severe, Reed; Dennis Smith, Wilmington. Co. K—Eli Haradon, severe, Green Garden; William Munday, severe, Joliet; Erastus Rudd, Samuel Haradon, Green Garden; D. C. Elderkln, Jackson.

Major Hammond was grazed by a ball. A shell burst over Captain Gardner's head, paralyzing him for a few moments, and when he recovered, he found the man by his side had lost his head.

The following is from the official report of Brig. Gen. Haskell, commanding the brigade:

"I should have remarked that the 100th Ill. regiment, the other regiment composing my brigade, which was in reserve during the first engagement described above, had, under instruction of Gen. Hazen, moved to the front

on the left of the railroad, and taken up a position at right angles with the railroad, where they fought splendidly in all the actions that took place on the left of the road. There was no formidable attack upon them, but they were almost constantly under fire of greater or less severity, particularly in shot and shell, and suffered quite severely in killed and wounded. Lieut. Morison Worthingham, of that regiment, was killed, while gallantly sustaining his men, and six other commissioned officers, including Maj. Hammond, were wounded. Their conduct, from Col. Bartleson down, was such as to leave nothing to be desired. Enlisted men, five killed, thirty-three wounded."

Such was Gen. Haskell's *official* report. He is said to have made an *unofficial* one, to-wit: that "if there was a flock of turkeys the other side of Murfreesboro, and he should tell the 100th to take them, they would go through all h—ll to get them."

Gen. Hazen, commanding the 2d brigade, 2d division of left wing, to whose assistance as above noticed the 100th had been sent, says: "I am under many obligations to Col. Bartleson, of the 100th, for valuable services."

Mention has been made of the fact that Major Hammond was slightly wounded. A piece was gouged out of the calf of his leg by a shot, which also carried off the tail of his coat. Col. Bartleson told him he had better enlarge the wound with caustic so as to produce a respectable eschar, and to preserve the mutilated coat as a trophy, and that when he got back home he could run for any office and be sure of success. Thus even on the grim field of battle the little colonel loved his joke. Well, the major did get a good, fat office on his return, but I should be unwilling to say that he owed it to his having lost his coat tail. The wound, though not serious, I presume was sufficiently severe to satisfy any hankering the major had in that direction. As we have seen, it did not unfavorably affect his appetite.

A curious instance of fight on the part of the animal creation at man's doings was exhibited on the field of Stone River. Turkeys, birds and rabbits were so paralyzed by fright at the terrific cannonading and musketry, that they sought the protection of the men as they were lying behind their breastworks, the rabbits actually creeping under the legs of the men, in their terror.

The battle of Stone River was one of the bloodiest and fiercest engagements of the war. It was the first in which the 100th was engaged, but it did its full share, and gave its friends no occasion

to blush. The victory finally terminated on the side of the Union, but the cost was fearful. The field was one vast cemetery. Murfreesboro was converted into one vast hospital. The rebels left their wounded to our care. No business was transacted, and nothing was done except caring for the wounded of both sides.

When the right wing of our army was driven back on the morning of the 31st of December, the field hospital was for a time in the hands of the rebel cavalry, with the surgeons and all their attendants, among them Surgeon Heise, Steward Stumph, and others of the 100th. The scattering which was made among the surgeons and attendants, and the manner in which many of them became suddenly invisible is said to have been something wonderful, if not miraculous. The rebel cavalry did not make a long stay, and when they retired, surgeons and attendants were to be seen emerging from all conceivable hiding places. It also happened that Dr. McArthur, of Joliet, was at this time on a visit to his old friend and partner, Dr. Heise, and when the alarm and confusion consequent upon the visit of the cavalry occurred, he mounted his horse, intending to return to Nashville, being entirely satisfied with the glimpse he had got of the elephant. But this was not so easily done. The roads were entirely blocked up with army teams and the demoralized right wing of the army. He tried to go across lots, and is said to have performed some most astonishing feats of horsemanship and high and lofty tumbling in his hurried efforts to get through. Finding egress impossible, he returned to the hospital, now recovered, and rendered valuable professional assistance.

While this was happening, the surgeons who were on the field (Drs. Harwood and Woodruff,) were at a loss what to do with the wounded, who were fast accumulating on their hands. Finally, in company with others of the same division, they were carried across the creek to the left, where there was a fair-sized house, all the available room of which, as well as the adjoining yard, was soon occupied. While busy in attending to the wounded, these surgeons and attendants heard the wild, unearthly yell of the rebels, and in a moment they were surrounded by rebel cavalry, who ordered the surgeons, ambulances and nurses to fall into line and go with them. A few obeyed, but the surgeons, and most of the

others, kept out of their way as much as possible and attended to their business, and soon one of our batteries opened on the rebels and they found the place too hot for them to hold, and left. In the afternoon the surgeons recrossed the river and sent the wounded to the division hospital, which had been recovered, and was again in order.

On the fourth day of the battle, (January 3d), when our boys were pretty hungry and rations scarce, a smoke-house was discovered between our picket line and that of the rebs, but much nearer the latter. The boys all knew that a southern smoke house meant plenty of bacon, and they determined to clean that one out, and accordingly they charged, captured the contents, and returned with the spoils. But it took some nerve to do this under a sharp fire from the rebs, who were not a little astonished at the boldness of the exploit, and chagrined at the loss of the bacon. One man was hit by a sharpshooter.

Lieut. Bartlett, also, with the quick eye of a professional, spied a cow in the distance, and got permission to go into the butchering business. It was soon brought in by the hungry men, slaughtered and dressed "*secundum artem*," and very soon there was nothing left but hoofs, horns and hide.

After the close of the battle, on the night of the 3d, the 100th regiment and the brigade recrossed the river, and camped back of the first day's battle field. The river was rising rapidly, and the main body of the army was on the north side of the river. Next day, the 4th, they heard that Murfreesboro was evacuated; but the division staid at this place until the 7th, lying on the rocks, and in the mud, without shelter, and short of rations. Some went hunting in the groves, and helped out the scant rations with squirrels and rabbits, and I presume, an occasional pig. They then moved to Murfreesboro, camping on the Manchester pike, and the next day the wagons came up and tents were pitched. On the 9th, the camp was again changed to the left of the town, in a low, wet place. Everyone was tired out, and many sick, and the Spence House, near by, was temporarily used as a hospital. Those who were able to work were put upon the building of fortifications made with trees and dirt.

On the 13th, the regiment was gratified with the sight of some

familiar faces from home, Chas. Weeks, O. W. Stillman, and Otis Hardy, of Joliet, and Dr. A. W. Bowen and Franklin Mitchell, of Wilmington, who had started on the reception of the news of the battle. Mr. Mitchell arrived too late to see his son alive. They remained with the regiment three or four days, giving the boys the news from home, and carrying back messages from them.

On the 21st, the brigade was ordered out to guard a forage train. After going two or three miles on Liberty Pike, they learned that a train of thirty-five wagons from Rosseau's division, with a very small guard, had been captured just ahead two or three hours before. The brigade started in pursuit, but infantry chasing cavalry is a long race, and not often successful, and it was not in this instance, and was given up after a few hours, and the wagons were filled with forage, and the brigade returned to camp.

About this time Colonel Bartleson left the regiment for a brief visit home.

On the 22d, Henry Stolder, of Co. E, one of the wounded, died at the Spence House.

On the 25th, the regiment lost three officers by resignation—Asst. Surg. Harwood, Lieut. Letts, of Co. E, and Lieut. McConnell, of Co. I,

On the 28th of January, a fatal accident occurred in the regiment which cast a greater gloom over the men, than even the greater losses by battle. Some of the men were felling a tree which stood in camp, which, contrary to all their expectations, fell across one of Co. K's tents, in which were four members of the company at the time, entirely unsuspecting of what was in store for them. John Fitzpatrick was killed instantly, and Meredon Davis so badly injured that he died in an hour. Another, Lisle Tanner, was so severely hurt, that for a long time it was expected that he would die, but he ultimately recovered. A committee of investigation decided that the choppers were not to blame, as according to all rules of propriety, the tree ought to have fallen in any other direction than the one it did. They should have brought a verdict of guilty against the tree, and recommended it to the mercy of the court!

On the 30th, the camp was changed to higher and better ground. The regiment now had a rest from everything except

routine duty, and occasionally taking its turn in going as guard to forage trains.

On the morning of Feb. 8th, they were routed out at 4 a. m., and ordered to stand at arms, as the rebels were reported advancing, but they did not come. Next day the guns were laid down, and the boys took up spades, working on the forts. The same day (9th), Wm. Maltruffey, of Co. F, died, and on the 12th, James Taylor, a fine, bright boy of sixteen years, musician in Co. D, also died. Occasionally prisoners are captured, and refugees come in frequently.

On the 18th, the regiment went through a new experience. It was one for which they had long been looking. The boys had now been in the service almost six months, and had as yet received no pay, except the moral satisfaction of doing their duty. This is all very nice, and not to be despised, but still it would not help in buying those little extras which were needed to eke out their regular rations. It would not pay the old darkey mammies for doing their washing, or buy the tobacco to fill their pipes. Hence the appearance of a United States paymaster, with his clean new greenbacks, was welcome indeed. No man who could stand up, failed to answer to the call to muster for pay. Chaplain Crews kindly took home the spare money of the boys, and had a narrow escape from capture. The day after, the train was captured by rebel guerrillas, and Col. Buell, of the 58th Indiana, was taken with \$17,000 of the money of his regiment.

March 19th, there was a grand review of the corps by General Rosecrans.

In order to have the different regiments in the brigade near each other, another change was made in the camp about the 25th of March. This time the boys fixed up their camp in splendid style, laying it out with streets and avenues lined with evergreens. They also built awnings of evergreens before their tents, and a nice chapel for Dominic Crews, their worthy and highly esteemed chaplain, to preach in, and kept the grounds nicely policed. The regiment went out often with the forage trains, gathering the corn from the fields where it was still standing, and the stacks of "fodder," as the corn tops cut while still green, and cured, are called. The boys also foraged for themselves as well as for the horses and