

At the Battle of Perryville we were held in reserve and with our  
blood boiling at fever heat for the Rebels had possession of our  
Cumberland as we were by Genl. Buell  
homes, we chafed to be put in the fight and were  
~~erroneously reported to have been a brother in~~  
compelled to stand and see Gilbert's troops, cut  
law of Genl. Bragg, we were compelled to  
to pieces" and not "strike" a blow to find them.  
play wild and sick" with the Rebels un-  
til Bragg was out of Cumberland Gap.  
Then we took up another race with  
his Army for Nashville. This race en-  
ded in Bragg's occupying and fortifying  
Murphreesboro, and our occupying & for-  
tying Nashville. It may be as was claimed in  
the West thing for the cause. But the majority of the purgates  
Our march toward Cumberland Gap  
under him never thought so. Well was the M. G. bellman  
terminated at Mt. Wildcat, near the site  
of the West.  
of the Mill-Spring battlefield. On the  
March from there to Nashville the boys  
were in as fine spirits and full of pranks  
as the P. N. G. in the Braidwood Camp. One  
evening some mischievous fellow  
had put a plug of mud in the tube  
of our Dutch Bugler's trumpet. Great was  
the merriment when he attempted  
to blow the sound the Roll-call.  
A crowd of fun-loving fellows surrounded  
him crying "Blow, blow hard!" and at  
each attempt, while his ruby face  
glowed, with the ineffectual effect, they

An Army of 30,000 men set in a two mass uproar by a pling of  
mud in a Dutchman's flag!

raised a jeering "hurrah." At length  
the whole Regiment took it up and  
made the woods resound with their  
~~hurrahs~~ ~~hurrahs~~ ~~hurrahs~~. Other Regiments took  
up the cry, they knew not why and  
so the shout passed on and on, from  
~~one~~ command to another, from one wood  
to another, over this hill and down  
yonder valley, and taken up and  
re-echoed again by the woody hills  
beyond, while we who had started  
that ~~cry~~ <sup>cry</sup> which now seemed like  
the roar of many waters, forgot our  
merriment and stood listening  
and listening until the last  
sound glided away <sup>miles</sup> in the far,  
far distance. This sound lasted  
nearly two hours and the whole  
Army participated. "Behold how  
great a matter a little fire kind-  
leth." This disorder called forth a  
reprimand from the General in Command.

While lying in front of Nashville, my ~~Regiment~~ <sup>Brigade</sup> being sent out on foraging duty had a sharp skirmish at Dobbin's Ferry. They were attacked by almost an equal force who had forded the stream and gotten into their rear which was only covered by <sup>or</sup> a light picket-guard of <sup>only</sup> a corporal and eight men. This Corporal Frank Morton <sup>of the 1st Ky. Inf.</sup> engaged the Rebel force for half an hour, <sup>and held them in check</sup> until the Brigade could get into line of battle and come to their relief. For this gallant conduct, they were complimented <sup>by Regt. R. H. Rogers</sup>, in a general Order <sup>by</sup> read before the entire army and the corporal was promoted to Lieut. of his Company.

We now moved forward on Murfreesboro, in front of which we fought the memorable Battle of Stone River or Murfreesboro. The Army was divided into three grand divisions besides the Cavalry, on

the right and left wing of the Army. This advance was conducted with masterly skill, with the aid of the signal Corps and the three Battalions appeared in sight in front of the Rebel breastworks precisely at the same moment. The enemy had chosen their position well and had the advantage not only of breastworks but a dense wood on their left wing while we were compelled to take up our position in the open field in ~~open~~<sup>easy</sup> range of their guns.

A great change of views had by this time overtaken our boys. In the close prospect of battle there was a very free interchange of opinions as to whether there would be a battle and how they liked fighting. I was at this time ~~promoted to be~~ Chaplain and mixed freely among the officers and men. Some expressed a very great desire to have a fight, many candidly confessed that they would rather drill

eight hours a day or guard bridges than  
to have to go into battle. Many pre-  
pared for it, wrote their wills and  
sent their money home. Others affec-  
ted lightness and made many a jest  
on it and jeered their comrades on  
their sober faces. Our Major, a man  
with whom I had many years ac-  
quaintance, being strongly disaffected  
and having been the leader in the  
mutiny against the Colonel, spoke out  
in a very daring manner, saying that  
he wished there would be a battle  
and that he would just like to  
receive a slight wound, just en-  
ough to give him an honorable  
discharge. As he said this he  
pointed with his finger to the  
fleshy part of his thigh and  
said "just a slight flesh wound  
you know." Overhearing this I said  
Major that's a very wicked wish.

He repeated his wish with an oath and a Lieut. ~~Hardee~~ standing by re-echoed it as his own wish also. As seriously as I could say it, I said, "Gentleman God sometimes answers even such prayers as that."

The first man shot in our Regt. was the Major in the very spot upon which he had placed his finger and that Lieutenant received a similar wound in both his legs. They went home horribly discharged, cripples for life.

Col. Donice will  
find it in the  
front? The fight at Blue River began on our extreme right, where Genl. Johnson & McCook were surprised and pounced upon by almost the whole Rebel force. We were on the extreme left of the Infantry and after two days fighting we found ourselves in the form of a washed horse-shoe. The Rebels were ~~on~~ our left, in front and on <sup>behind us</sup> the right, had possession of the road, to Nashville and had destroyed a train of about 400 wagons with supplies. The question of

retreat was freely discussed among the generals in Command and a council of war held. The majority were for retreat. When Genl T. L. Crittenden our Corps commander was asked for his views, he replied, "You may retreat if you please gentlemen, but I'm going into Murfreesboro, if it ~~is~~<sup>has</sup> to be as a prisoner of War." This decided that we should give battle once more. Bragg comprehended the issue and prepared for a final onset. Singularly enough their right was commanded by John C. Breckinridge under whom were many fellow Kentuckians & ours by Genl Crittenden with many others of the same state. Many <sup>and kindred</sup> of our school-mates, acquaint

Our Command was pushed out across the River up a beautiful slope to the crest of a wide upland, and was really meant only as a decoy. It succeeded, for Breckinridge reinforced by those from the centre came

down like an avalanche from two directions, slightly angling, with his men 5 columns deep, and our two lines were swept <sup>like chaff</sup> before him.

Our loss at that time was not very great, as being below them, they over-shot us. But the escape across the two fords, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile apart, was under the most galling fire both from cannon and musketry.

All at once there was a lull in the storm, for our men had crossed, ascended the bluff about 30 feet high and were now out of range of the enemy who by their furious onset had thrown themselves into confusion.

I had escaped with my command and lay down at the root of a grand old oak tree at the lower ford. When that lull came, I arose to see what the enemy were doing. They were still advancing and trying to get into <sup>or looking around me I could</sup> order. <sup>by seeing a flag & get</sup> <sup>and there in the burrows of the cornfield, whether alive or</sup> <sup>earth for four hours</sup> <sup>dead I could not tell.</sup> I fell to the

burst forth the most deafening roar  
of cannon I had ever heard. Gen<sup>l</sup>  
Kosenovans had parked all his  
52 pieces so as to cover that great  
settling mass of human beings I  
saw before me and in 17 minutes  
1700 of those poor fellows were wounded  
and dying. The rest were flying.

When I ~~stood up~~ comprehended the  
turn which now affairs had now taken I  
leaped to my feet, Chaplain though I  
was and standing on the brow of that  
river bluff <sup>as yell that would have gone credit to an Indian,</sup> cried with all my soul  
"Rally men, they are running; Rally,  
Rally," and before I had finished  
the sentence there were more than a  
thousand men right and left fighting  
with a perfect fury.

A couple of my comrades were just  
at that moment wounded and seeing, by my  
shoulder straps, that I was a chaplain, beg-  
ged me to see them back to the field hospit-  
al. As this was my duty, ~~I reluctantly~~

did so. It was several miles to the hospital and all the way we were in danger of being shot in the back, especially by the cannon, which were belching forth grape and Shrapnell, <sup>as it seemed to us</sup> by the bushel. As those small shot came sifting through the woods, tearing up the earth at our feet or twisting off the limb of a tree and bending it down in our faces, the emotions we felt are utterly indescribable. As one of my comrades had a flesh wound in the calf of his leg and the other was faint from an arm wound, our progress was slow and it was well-nigh dark when we reached the Hospital and dressed their wounds.

That very hour Bragg began to retreat and we were left in possession of the field to take care of the wounded and bury the dead.

But where was my brother? This was the question which filled me with anxiety now. But as Captain, my duty was to do for

whether Rebel or Union

every wounded and dead man, as if he was my brother. For nineteen days with scarcely an average of four hours rest per day, we were busied in amputating limbs, dressing wounds, writing wills and letters and washing and burying the dead, all who died in hospital were washed clean as to face and hands, dressed as neatly as possible, wrapped in their blankets & buried with a head-mark and a register of name, date &c strictly kept.

Tom Scott was now, Hospital Steward, and my inseparable companion. Often & often would he come to me and with a deep sigh would say "Old boy, you'd see a man poor boy, that medicine will not do any good. If you've a word to say to him, you'd better be about it." Why friends if you could have seen the tenderness, the womanly tenderness of that man, and his thoughtfulness for all the needs of those suffering men, you could not have helped but admire him.

On about the 3<sup>rd</sup> day after the battle, a man

named George Montgomery came in from my Regiment to Cook for us and help in the Hospital. The first word I could say to him was, "do you know John Gunn?" "John Gunn, why yes, who don't know him?" "Why he saved our flag when Hockersmith had thrown it away in the River!" "Well, well said I is he alive, was he hurt in the fight." "Why no he wasn't hurt a bit, but he was the bravest fellow I ever saw. Why when the Rebs, ran us across the river, Hocky you see was so fat, he couldn't get away with the flag so he threw it on to a sand-bar in the middle of the river and was about the last that climbed up the bluff & as he came up John saw him and said, 'why Hocky where's the flag?' "Down there on that sand-bar" said he pointing to the river. "Go back and get it, shortcut John." "No sir said he, you may go if you want to but I won't." Instantly Sergeant Gunn reversed his musket and stuck

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It in the ground, leaped down the face of that bluff waded the river, got the flag and ~~stuck~~ <sup>placed</sup> it flying beside his musket. This drew a furious fire from rebel muskets & cannon and the old flag as it is now kept in the Capitol at Frankfort has a hole made by a shell, is riddled with balls and is marked with a proclamation of the Governor of Kentucky by order of the <sup>Legislature</sup> <sup>stating these facts.</sup> & an order for the promotion of Sergeant John T. Gurn.

Mr. Montgomery also narrated other scenes in the battle closing with the capture of a section of the Old Washington Battery. One piece was spiked and shoved down into the river by the rebels and just as the other was about to be fired in the faces of our men, my brother rushed with the spear of his flag upon <sup>the cannonier</sup> <sup>his</sup> who's others of our men whirled the piece about and fired it at the fleeing enemy and the last I heard

John just then was that he was seen sitting astride that cannon, waving his flag and yelling like an Indian.

My business was now of the most serious and solemn sort. I can only locate a spirit here and there. Not being a Surgeon my first experiences in assisting the Surgeons are worth recording.

The first case was the amputation of a man's arm who was shot in the left fore-arm. My part was to administer the Chloroform and hold the arm as it was being amputated. My first step was to swoon. But on being shaken a little by Tom Scott and told to have a good nerve I stiffened up my heart for the work. Our subject Samuel — now a one-armed Sheriff of a central county in Illinois, had recently been married and as we began to put him under the influence of the Chloroform he broke forth "Oh! La Mia, Sam's coming back to you with only one arm. This poor fellow has done his last plowing."

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I have to leave him on the battle-field, but I don't regret it. Oh! La Misa, I'll be just as true to you with one arm as with two and I know you'll think no less of Sam if he has one arm less. Oh! La Misa, Oh! La Mi- " he was asleep. I held his arm. Dr. W. took it off in a few seconds and dressed it, while Sam lay on the side of that old Wheat-fan which we had turned into an amputating bench, asleep as sweetly as an infant in its mother's arms. I took the hand away and hid it and stood beside Sam as he awoke. "Oh! La Misa, Oh! Lammira;" began he, and twitched up his amputated arm, and with astonishment exclaimed, "why Dr. W. took it off, ain't it. Where's my old friend, my old left hand that served me so well. Oh! Dr. let me see it just once more." At first we all refused, but as he insisted, I went and brought it. Sam took hold of the yet warm but stiffening fingers and said, Farewell

old hand till the resurrection, you've been a faithful friend to me. Farewell," More than one eye grew wet at this and I hastened to lay that old friend in a spot unknown to all except myself - until the resurrection.

Tom Scott seemed ubiquitous; his keen eye had found a lad, whose life he had saved after the battle of Perryville, where that lad had lost an arm. He was now wounded again, this time in the back of the head. A telegram brought the boy's uncle from Frankfort, Ky. That uncle & I went to his assistance and we & Tom Scott watched him till he died.

The Hospital finally was removed to Nashville. Friends came to search for their dead. It was my privilege to point out to some of them the spot where they could find them. An old acquaintance came for his brother. He expected when exhumed to find his face smeared with <sup>earth</sup> dust and blood. As we removed the earth from

over his face and I removed the blanket and revealed his features clean and calm. The brother fell down upon his knees, stopped and with streaming tears kissed ~~his~~ <sup>the face of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> dead brother. "Oh," cried he the bitterness is half gone since I ~~found~~ <sup>see</sup> he had a decent burial. Mr. Gunn you shall never be forgotten." "Why sir," said I, it was nothing more than duty, and I am glad your fears about your brother's body have been removed."

I cannot tarry to recount the various fortunes of our command nor of the Army between this and the ~~Chattanooga~~ <sup>Chattanooga</sup> Campaign. One or two incidents must suffice.

One day we captured a great, stalwart, pork-marked, sandy-haired Reb. who professed to be a deserter. We kept him under guard some weeks. According to his own account he had been forced into the rebel service and now was willing to volunteer on our side if we would receive him. We applied all the tests we knew how and I exhibited him in my camp.

pany, for my commission as Chaplain had  
proven invalid, <sup>as the Army Regulations required, that I be</sup>  
I, ordained, & I was only a licensed preacher.  
I, and Commander of the Company,

Sam Hathaway, for that was this deserter's  
name, had left St. Louis in 1860<sup>or</sup> to erect  
a mill in Little Rock Ark. leaving his wife  
and 4 or five children in St. Louis. And before  
his contract was fulfilled was drafted  
into the Southern Army. Against this he  
revolted and refused to serve. They put  
him under arrest and held him for mil-  
itary trial. The guards over him were  
very severe with him and often berated  
him for not yielding to their views.  
His <sup>sententious</sup> ~~laconic~~ reply was: "Any body can lead  
a horse to water, but it takes a smart  
man to make him drink." At another  
time when they were boasting that one  
Rebel could whip five Yankees, he  
replied: "Yes, kill one fly and a  
dozen will come to the funeral."

For these treasonable sentiments he was  
condemned to wear a ball and chain  
and work ~~at the~~ <sup>as</sup> blacksmith's trade.

One day while we were marching  
over Waldron's Ridge Tenn. Sam came  
running to me, "See here Lieutenant,  
here's the very stump where I work-  
ed with the ball and chain for 8  
months!"

~~Early in 1864 our Regiment 2<sup>nd</sup> Ky.  
re-enlisted for three years in the war. We  
had~~ I was now placed permanently  
on staff duty as Top Engineer & Aid to  
~~Gen. Walter Whitaker~~ <sup>Col. Barnes</sup>. The Battle of  
Chickamauga came off in September.  
It is very difficult to describe. The En-  
emy's Army under Rosecrans was stretched  
out some 25 or 30 miles from right to left  
while the enemy were in a body mak-  
ing around our left for Chattahoochee.  
With great celerity our forces were con-  
centrated, between Godwin's Mills & Res-  
ville. McCook was on the Right, Thomas  
in the centre and Crittenden on the left.

It was Sunday morning. We had had several severe skirmishes right and left but no general engagement. That morning Genl Rosecrans contrary to all his previous practice began the battle on the Sabbath. Genl Thomas advanced the centre and a part of Brittendens command were placed in reserve to support him. Other parts of the same command were ordered right and left so that Genl Brittenden finding himself without troops retired into Chattanooga.

We were sent to the support of Genl Reynolds and maintained our position at his left until night-fall. Our battery for some reason did not come to our support. The Adj't Genl of our staff was sent for it but did not return. Then I was sent and as I

raced swiftly along parallel to our lines  
on my milk-white horse, I had the pleas-  
ure of a constant string of shots aim-  
ed at me all the way, from sharp-  
shooters in the trees.

At length I reached, <sup>unhurt</sup> the foot of  
the Ridge, where we had left the battery  
but could not find it. Just then came  
on the first desperate surge of the  
battle and I sailed up that steep  
hill followed by our retreating lines  
and the great surge of Longstreet's  
Corps. Arriving at the top of the hill I  
met our Adj't. Genl, who reported the  
battery lost. I told him I was going  
back then. "No said he, here is Genl  
Thomas, I have just reported to him  
and he advises that we had better  
not try it. The lines have now clos-  
ed and you cannot possibly get  
back," so ~~I also reported to Genl Thom-~~  
~~as~~ ~~and~~ there we stood on our horses  
all that long day, helpless spec-  
tators <sup>of the Lion-like heroism of Genl. Thomas &</sup> of the fiercest battle yet seen

Up & down that steep hill-side surges  
and resurged the tide of battle, now  
and then sweeping a whole line  
of our men to the very summit &  
dashing a spray of stragglers  
and wounded men beyond.  
Time after time we ran up and  
down along the crest of that ridge  
as self-appointed airds to rally  
the men and have them march back  
to the contest.

The sun was fast declining when  
there came a dreadful lull in the  
storm. A cloud of dust reaching  
cloud-high arose in the air, away  
in our rear. What does it mean?  
who are they? It was a time of  
breathless stillness and suspense.  
Field glasses were brought to bear &  
Genl Thomas sat on his horse as  
calm as if he were contemplating  
the beautiful scenery which spread  
out miles before him. This calmness

made all others calm. A half an hour  
we waited till the well-known banners  
clothes & guns were recognized and  
the Reserves from Rossville under Grainger  
deployed into line and prepared  
for the final shock. Again the surging  
rose & fell, rose & fell till nightfall  
brought to a close one of the severest  
contests of the war.

We now began to fall back to Chatta-  
noga. As we crossed the Ridge and fell  
into the main Rossville road, we met with  
McCook's corps who were retreating in utter  
Confusion. Gen<sup>l</sup> Thomas covered the retreat  
with his men well in hand. And as that  
seething stream of humanity rolled its  
tide along, every man shook his head  
and said, "we are not whipped  
yet."

The forces from Chattanooga were thrown  
out to form a line behind which to  
re-form. Such confusion as prevailed that  
night I hope never to witness again. But  
by daylight we were well-nigh re-organized.

As morning dawned we expected the attack to be renewed. The fact that it was not, satisfied us that the enemy were as badly crippled as we. In a few days more we gradually fell back into & fortified Chattanooga.

Time would fail me to follow up the course of events, the moon-light fight of Joe Hooker in Lookout Valley, the siege of Chattanooga, the Battle of Lookout Mountain and the battle of Mission Ridge and the raising of the siege of Knoxville.

But I must hasten. We now had a resting spell of a few months and during this time Sherman being placed in command, my regiment re-enlisted for another three years.

We returned to Louisville and were furloughed for 30 days. During that time like many others I married and after a very brief honeymoon, returned to the front.

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About May 4<sup>th</sup> Sherman began his advance into Georgia. The steady and systematic movements of his army were most brilliant and for 100 days the sound of cannon and musketry scarcely ceased for an hour. This is what is commonly known as the "hundred days' fight." The desperate encounters at Dallas, Rocky-Face, Resaca and Kenesaw Mountain are all too well known for me to attempt to describe them.

A few personal matters are all that we can now recite. When we left Kentucky in March a plan was laid out for the return of Gen<sup>l</sup> Whitaker & staff, <sup>to which I belonged</sup> to Louisville. As the campaign progressed the plan was matured. Papers were received and the day set for our return. But the scene waxed hot before us. We were pressing the Johnnies and they were feeling our superior force. As we stood at the foot of Pine Mountain a bevy of Rebel Officers rode out into an open space in full view of our Army. What a target. Our

Artillerist saw it and it was too tempting a mark. He trailed one of his sweet guns upon the spot and the next instant the shot was fired that slew the Rebel Major Genl Polk - formerly Bishop of New Orleans. The next day noon I was to start for home. At sunrise however a special order came for an advance and I was ordered out on special engineering duty. Before dinner I was a prisoner of war. - But well save that story for another time. Its time for "laps."

Road to Memphis Aug 14. 1917

M.C.

