

Henry Campbell's Civil War Diary
Bugler, 18th Indiana Battery

(Ed. note—The Battery is engaged in chasing Gen. Morgan, a Confederate commander.)

December 26, 1862

Entire Div. broke camp this morning and started for Scotsvill [sic] Ky. on another chase after Morgan. At 10 oclock [sic] it began raining and continued all day, drenching us thoroughly. Marched 15 miles and camped.

December 27, 1862

Moved about 7 oclock.[sic] Raining. The most disagreeable thing in the world to a soldier is marching in the rain. He dont [sic] mind sleeping in it, but to be continually [sic] dripping, knapsack, blanket, rations, and everything else wet, growing heavier and heavier every moment, is the very worst of misfortunes. Reached Scotsvill [sic] about 5 P.M. Still raining, everything soaked.

January 1, 1863

New Years day.[sic] Had the horses harnessed all night last night. Morgan in the vicinity. 17th Ind. took all the mules from the transportation teams and mounted themselves and started after him. Plenty of "Apple Jack" in the country. Nearly every house has a small distillery connected with it. Boys all Jolly.

January 2, 1863

Reported that Col. Woolford, Cav., had overtaken Morgan at Campbelltown and Defeated him with heavy losses. Moved this evening and marched for Cave City, about 6 miles distant. Arrived there after dark. Raining.

(Ed. note—The 18th Battery is sent to reinforce the Union position at Nashville, Tennessee.)

January 3, 1863

Received orders for our Div. to hasten to Nashvill [sic] to Reinforce our troops there. Train started as soon as we were ready. Had a very pleasant ride to Nashvill [sic], enjoyed the scenery hugely. Rode on top of a boxcar going through one of the tunnels and liked to have suffocated from the smoke. Staid [sic] most of the way on the Engine. At Gallatin we found 3 of our men, left there sick, had died. One of them, Anderson, the 1st bugler, died of "home-sick-ness." Arrived at Nashvill [sic] just after dark.

January 4, 1863

Remained in camp. All of our army has achieved a glorious victory at Murfreesboro. Completely whiped [sic] Braggs [sic] Army. Visited the city cemetry [sic], seen over 3000 soldiers [sic] graves, Union and Rebel side by side.

January 5, 1863

The Div. moved this morning for Murfreesboro, acting as guard for one of the largest wagon trains I ever seen. More than 1000 wagons loaded with rations for our army at Murfreesboro, that have been fighting all through the terrible battle of Stone [sic] river with scarcely any thing to eat. At Lavergn [sic] we passed a ambulance train of 250 wagons filled with wounded. Passed hundreds of our wagons burned up by Wheelers [sic] cav. during the Battle.

(Ed. note—Campbell describes the battleground at Stone [sic] River, where the Confederates under Gen. Bragg were defeated.)

January 6, 1863

Rained all night—camp overflowed. Slept on two fence rails over a mud hole. Moved at 7 o'clock [sic], passed over the Battle ground, which plainly showed the marks of the terrible conflict. Moved through town and camped 1 mile out on the Manchester pike. Every house in town has been converted into a hospital. Over 5,000 rebel [sic] wounded in town besides our own.

January 10, 1863

Read a letter from home today, containing some programmes [sic] of the winter exhibitions at Wabash. Chas. Culver died to day, the 11th from the Battery.

January 11, 1863

Took a Ride with Lt. Hartman over the Stone [sic] River battlefield. There is no use for me to attempt a discription [sic] of it. One has to see it to form any idea of the terrible struggle that took place over this once peaceful cotton field. The Rebs [sic] had a strong line of breastworks all along their entire line, nearly three miles long. The most stubborn fighting was done along in the thick cedar [sic] woods on the right of the ground, where our right wing was driven back on the 2d days battle. Large trees nearly one foot in diameter were completely torn in two by the shell and lay in thick profusion all through these woods.

(Ed. note—The Battery's most disabling enemy is the weather. Although not a single man has been lost in combat the death rate increases.)

January 27, 1863

Commenced raining yesterday evening and poured down all night. Tent leaked again, badly. Kept our beds dry by pinning our gun blankets up on the inside of the tent. Turned into snow this morning. Read letter from home. Have turned taylor [sic] for the last day or two. Been lining the cape of my over coat with rubber so that on unbuttoning it off the collar and turning it wrong side out it becomes water proof. Finished it today.

February 1, 1863

Capt. Lilly and the 2d Sec returned to day, bringing with them 2 mountain Howitzers. Boys at work fixing amunition [sic] for the "Jackass Battery" as the howitzers are called.

February 7, 1863

Grey died last night at 12. Bueried [sic] this after noon [sic] by the side of Culver. Whos [sic] turn next?

February 10, 1863

Some cuss stole my bran [sic] new horse blanket off my horse last night. Some body has to loose [sic] one to night.

February 21, 1863

Sent \$25 to Pa. Went over to the camp of the 14th Ohio and bought 2 bottles of Wine and one of Whiskey off their sutler, costing \$4. Was recommended by our surgeon to get a supply of thease [sic] as I have been un-well for some time.

(Ed. note—A deserter from the Union army is punished. A Confederate attack is repulsed.)

February 22, 1863

Fired a National Salute today.

March 3, 1863

On Sunday a Deserter from the 75 Ind was drummed out of the Service in the presence of the entire Div. drawn up in line along the road. His head was shaved and then branded on the right cheek with a red hot iron in the shape of the letter "D" and afterwards marched down the line to the tune of the rogues march.

March 19, 1863

Have drilled every day for the last two weeks and have become quite proficient in the art of Artillery manuevers [sic]. Yesterday we drilled in the presence of Gen. Thomas who remarked "that it was more like an artillery drill than anything he had seen yet."

March 27, 1863

Yesterday, Halls [sic] Brigade of our Division, while returning from a scout in the neighborhood of Auburn, a small village 8 miles from here, was attacked by Morgan and Wheeler with a force of 4,500 men. Hall formed a line of battle across the road on a hill and after a brisk fight lasting 4 hours, repulsed them and drove them through the town, compelling them to abandon all their dead and wounded, which fell into our hands. Amounting to about 100. Our loss was 7 killed and 13 wounded. Capt. Van Buskirk, of the 123d Ill, was killed

(Ed. note—Wilder's Brigade of Hoosiers arm themselves with 7-shot, repeating rifles.)

March 23, 1863

The 17th Ind., our most interprising [sic] Regt., had all intended buying themselves the "Henry" 16 shot rifle and paying for them out of their wages at 13 dolls [sic] a month. Gen. Wilder is admiring the zeal manifested by this Regiment to make themselves the most effective command in the service. Has just closed a contract with Mr. Spencer, the

inventer [sic] of the celebrated [sic] "Spencer 7" shooting rifle, to furnish our entire Brigade with them, at the expense of each man. Our Brigade had the honor of first using it.

April 3, 1863

We discovered a lot of nice hams, hid away under the straw, which we very quickly appropriated for our own use. Before leaving Lebanon I forgot to mention that we had quite a scare. Rebels were reported advancing on us. Our battery was unhitched and the boys scattered all over town but in five minutes time we had every thing hitched up and ready for action. The infantry was quickly formed in line of Battle and everybody eagerly expecting to see the enemy appear from the woods opposit [sic] camp but it proved to be a company of our men returning from a scout.

[Ed. note—The Battery continues its forays into the country side. Campbell mentions "Bushwhackers" (irregular Confederate guerilla troops) for the first time.]

April 4, 1863

Left bivouac at 6 A.M. Left Sergt. [sic] Lane at Andersons [sic] house. Too sick to be moved. A country Dr. that lives near here promises to attend to him. But it dont [sic] make much difference, because if the disease dont [sic] kill him the Bushwhackers will. We never expect to see him again.

April 6, 1863

Moved at 8 A.M. in the direction of Middleton. Roads very hilly and rough. Turned off on the Landcastle road which proved to the roughest, hilliest, worst, institution to be called a road that we ever had the misfortune to travel [sic] over. All along the road were Old men, Negroes, and women planting corn. Wheat looks fine. Passed the residence of Col. Stokes brother, a rank Rebel. The Col., who was along with us, told the boys to help themselves, that his brother was a rebel and no better than any other rebel. Invitation was acted on with a great deal of alacrity on the part of the boys, who soon cleared the house of all its eatables. Entered a beautiful little valley and followed it up all the afternoon. Camped at dusk still in the valley, which abounds in chickens, turkeys, and other good things too numerous to mention. They haven't had any war out this way before which accounts for it.

(Ed. note—Campbell learns that flattery can be embarrassing.)

April 6, 1863

Have to tell a little Joke which happened to myself here and found way into the newspapers. In the evening, I went over to a respectable looking house about 1/2 mile from camp, thinking I would run my face for a supper. Found quite a good-looking girl, dressed in "homespun," superintending the baking of a "hoe cake", whose delicious fragrance filled every crack and corner of your nose and caused your mouth to water sufficiently to start a small Niagria [sic]. Wishing to make myself as agreeable and entertaining as possible, I turned the conversation to herself, remarking that I had travelled over a great deal of the South but had failed to see a good looking girl until

now. "Pshaw, says she, "Yer [sic] poking fun at me". I assured her I was in sober earnest and told her that she was, emphatically [sic], the prettiest girl in the State of Tenn. "La!" says she, "you Just oughter [sic] seen me afore I had the di-a-ree. [sic]" A huge laugh out side [sic] the open door advised me that other ears had been listning [sic] to the conversation and I immediately vamosed [sic].

(Ed. note—The Union forces press forward. A Rebel guerilla is captured.)

April 21, 1863

Reveille this A.M. at 3 o'clock. Moved at 4, Infantry taking the direct road to McMinvill [sic], our destination, and our Brigade with Longs Brig. of Cavalry taking a roundabout route that approaches the town from the rear. Reached there about 5 P.M. after a fatiguing march over bad roads. 17th Ind. Scouts, who had the advance, captured the picket post and then, without loss of time, formed with the 4th Regular Cav. and led a saber Charge through town. John Morgans [sic] force scattered in every direction without waiting to see what was the matter. The scouts came very near capturing Morgan himself; he escaping by the fleetness of his horse. The 4th Reg. captured Dick McCann, the celebrated bushwhacker. Longs [sic] Brigade, which was sent to the right, captured a train of cars with 75 prisoners, also recapturing a company of Federal soldiers that were on the train as prisoners of war. Col. Wilder burnt the R.R. bridge, Cotton factory, Depot, two mills and all the Railroad shops. Seen Gen. Morgan's wife while riding through town.

April 22, 1863

The 4th Reg. let Dick McCann escape last night. Said to have bribed his guard.

(Ed. note—The Battery is recalled to the base camp at Murfreesboro. Campbell celebrates his birthday.)

May 2, 1863

Moved our camp 2 miles out on the Manchester pike, near the "boiling spring." Have a great deal better location for a camp than our old one, where we were so close to a grave yard that had we staid [sic] there much longer we should have been dug under to make room for graves. The day we left they were digging one in front of my tent door. Turned over all of our large "Sibley tents" to day and drew the "dog tent." The Boys like them very well. They are about as large as a sheet and intended to accommodate two soldiers.

May 31, 1863

John Porr, one of our best Soldiers and Christian men died last Tuesday. One by one our number diminishes. Slowly but steadily we grow smaller and the question naturally presents its self to each one. "I wonder whose turn next."

June 2, 1863

Am 18 years old to day. Weather pleasant, some rain in the morning. Capt. Lilly treated the boys to a barrel of ale this evening, which with the Sanatary [sic] Stores we were

fortunate enough to get the other day gives us quite a bill of fare and no doubt surprises our stomachs [sic] considerably.

(Ed. note—Union forces begin their drive to Chattanooga.)

June 23, 1863

Boys have fixed up their “dog tent” homes in the highest style of art that a soldier can invent with the very few materials he has to work upon. We made “bunks” that out done the Sailors hammock. They were formed by driving 4 forks into the ground the size of your bunk, then running two poles through Coffee sacks and resting the ends in the forks. J. Binford and I, who tented together, made a double bed of this discription [sic] by running a pole up through the middle. It worked very well except when one got out of bed before the other did, it had the disagreeable habit of letting you down on the ground, or if you rolled about any in the night, it stirred the other side of the house up like a wagon on a corduroy road.

June 24, 1863

To day [sic] will be eventful in the history of the “Army of the Cumberland,” as the one in which Rosecrans well planned and finely executed and strategic campaign of Chattanooga began. We had Just got snuglay [sic] quartered in our new camp, when the order arrived for us to march at 4 oclock [sic] this morning with all our Equippage [sic]. I sounded the reveille at 2 oclock. [sic] At 4 we had every thing packed and was on our way.

(Ed. note—Colonel Wilder’s Brigade completely surprises the Confederate forces at Hoover’s Gap, most of whom were being reviewed by General Bragg.)

June 24, 1863

Nine miles out our advance the enemys [sic] pickets, charged, capturing one and driving the remainder down the pike. Column advanced briskley [sic], supporting the Scouts who followed the rebel pickets so closely that they did not rally behind the breastworks that protect the entrance to Hoovers Gap. Captured the Signal station at the entrance of the Gap—instruments and all. They had hastily been deserted, barely having time to signal to the station on top of the hill that the yankee [sic] cavalry were coming before they were on them. Moved up the gap about 1 mile to a small creek without any opposition. Here we could distinctly hear the long roll of the rebel drummers. We had taken them completely by surprise. The scouts dashed across the creek over into the rebel camp, captured and brought away 7 wagons loaded with corn. All this right under their very noses. Wilder’s sudden and unexpected advance took the Rebels so completely by surprise that before they were aware that we were comming, [sic] we had possession of all the hills and were in line of battle on the very ground they had chosen for the defense of the gap.

(Ed. note—Gen. Braggs’ Confederate troops attempt to regain their position at Hoover’s Gap.)

June 24, 1863

About 1/2 hour after we were in position, the pickets, posted along the edge of the woods in our front, began a brisk firing and in a moment afterwards we could see the rebel line of battle advancing toward us. The mountain howitzers of the 72d Ind. were the first to open on them. We were ordered to shell the advancing columns. We opened out on them and had only fired one round when—whizz—came a shell from a Rebel Battery. The shell passed above us and glanced down the road where the reserve forces lay, and killed the Chaplain of the 72d Ind., J. R. Eddy. The Rebs [sic] opened out on us with a 6 gun Battery from a good position on a hill, hidden from our view by the woods and undergrowth. The rebels were discovered charging across the field to our right. Lt. Scott threw around his guns, loaded them with thribble charges of long range canister and waited until they had almost reached the hollow in which the 123d Ill. lie concealed and then let them have it. This checked them and before the smoke cleared away the 123d rose up and poured a continuous volley into their already thined [sic] ranks. This sent them back over the hill with severe loss and told them we were something more than a mere hand full of cavalry as they first supposed.

(Ed. note—The 18th Battery engages in their first artillery duel of the war.)

June 24, 1863

The rebel Battery kept belching forth a perfect shower of shot and shell all this time, but had done us no damage, every one of their shot going above us or striking the ground in our front and glancing over our heads. This was our first fight but the boys were all cool, no excitement. The gun corporals sighted each gun and dropped the shells thick and fast around the rebel Battery. Our shots soon began to tell on them as their fire began to slacken and, in about half an hour, they withdrew some of their guns. They moved two guns away round to the right and opened out on us from a small hill just across the open field, thereby gaining a severe cross fire on us from three different positions. We finally silenced their guns at their first position. Their fire from the other two positions was very wild. I was stationed on a little rise on the right of the Battery, and whenever I seen the flash of the rebel guns would call out—"down" and the Boys would lay flat on the ground, thus avoiding the pieces of shells that flew up in thick profusion all about the battery.

(Ed. note—Confederate infantry charge the Union position at Hoover's Gap and discover the firepower of the Spencer repeating rifle.)

June 24, 1863

At 3 oclock [sic] the enemy made his last and most desperate effort to dislodge us. They formed one brigade 4 regts. [sic] deep and advanced with a yell and with a determination to capture the position or die in the attempt. The 17th Ind. held their fire until they reached the bottom of the hill and then let drive one continuous volley from their seven shooters. At the same time we poured double charges of canister into their

flank, raking them from end to end. This terrible hail of balls staggered the rebels but they rallied, filled up their ranks from the rear and started up the hill again. The regiments in the rear pressing those in the front to advance. The firing now was terrible, one continual roar, no stopping to reload. The rebels couldn't understand it. They advanced to within 50 feet of the 17th but still the Indiana boys never faltered, but poured in one continuous sheet of lead. Nothing human could stand such a storm of destruction as this and the Rebels broke and fled in all directions. The ground was covered with dead and wounded; they lost fully 1/3 of their number in this charge. The Spencer Rifles Saved the day.

(Ed. note—The first day's battle at Hoover's Gap ends at dark, with the Union forces still in position.)

June 24, 1863

The rebels made a final attempt to dislodge our battery by a concentrated fire from eight pieces. We replied, and for about 20 minutes the roar was tremendous, [sic] shot and shell filled the air. The rebels overshot us as usual, their shots just passing above our guns and coming uncomfortably close to our heads. Our gunners replied with percussion shell, exploding them right among their guns—finaly [sic] dismounting one. The rebels concluded it was too hot and withdrew. This occured [sic] about dark and the Battle ended, except picket firing, which would occasionally break out all through the night. At 8 oclock [sic] we were relieved by the 21st Ind. Batt., after having been 8 hours under fire. Camped for the night in an old barn yard on the side of the road. Fed our tired horses from the supply train. The boys made coffee and then lay down in the mud and rain, sleeping as soundly as if they were in their camp at Murfreesboro. I found an empty "hog trough" and slept in that. Only one man in the Battery was wounded, a detail from the 17th Ind. by the name of Bicken. Afterwards died. Several of the boys were stunned by the explosion of Shell near their head, but none were severely injured.

(Ed. note—The defeated Confederates retreat during the night, leaving their cavalry to harrass [sic] the Union advance.)

June 26, 1863

Nothing going on except picket firing between the skirmish lines. Remained on the hill all night. This evening before it was quite dark, the rebel Batteries opened a rapid fire on our line. Our Batt. replied and rained shot and shell in on them like hail. They got out in a few moments. They evidently opened out to cover their retreat for on the next morning nothing was left but Cavalry. About 2 oclock [sic] we moved down the hill into the road and joined our Brigade, which was drawn up in line of march along the road. The Infantry advanced in line of battle over the creek, to the hill occupied by the rebels, but they had fled last night, leaving a rear guard of Cavalry which retreated as our skirmishers advanced. Heavy firing can be heard over to the right in the direction of Shelbyville. About half past two we moved out on the Manchester pike. As we passed the position of the rebel Battery I rode over to the spot. Found several dead horses had

been killed by our shells. The trees under which their Batt was placed were all cut to pieces. Our shells going entirely through some that were 2 ft. thick.

(Ed. note—The Battery arrives at Winchester and hears of Union victories.)

July 4, 1863

Our National Birthday. Very foggy in the morning but cleared away towards noon and promised to be a dry day. Roads are worse than ever. Managed to get through them by bridging the worst places with small trees laid down corduroy fashion. Pioneers kept constantly at work all day. About 12 o'clock [sic] Gen. Rosecrans rode down the line and announced that Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg, which was received by the troops with prolonged cheers. Went into camp about dark, two miles from Winchester. At last we are through the everlasting bottomless Barrens and welcome the rough mountain country as a great relief [sic] from the flat sandy country that we have been lost in ever since we left Hoovers Gap. In the evening the Battery was ordered out to the hill above camp and fired a Salute of 35 guns in honor of the 4th of July.

July 5, 1863

In the evening the news reached us that Vicksburg had been captured. Fired a Salute of 13 guns in honor of victory.

July 6, 1863

News reached us this morning of Ge. [sic] Meads [sic] triumph over Lee. Battery ordered out and fired another salute of 35 guns. The last two days has brought us glorious news and raised the spirits of the army wonderfully. [sic] Some of the boys have even packed their knapsacks, expecting the war to be over in a week or two.

(Ed. note—The Union army continues its march toward Chattanooga.)

August 19, 1863

Left camp at 5 A.M. Last night the rattle snakes were so thick that we were obliged to sleep up on the ammunition [sic] chests. About noon we reached the edge of the mountain and got a glimpse of a most beautiful little valley that we were about to descend [sic] into. Road down very bad. Obligated to stop every few moments to repair the road sufficiently to get our guns over. The valley of "Sequatchie" is one of the most beautiful [sic] and picturesque little places that I ever had the fortune to gaze upon. Brigade captured a large lot of horses up and down the valley. Corn crops splended [sic]. Enjoyed a grand feast on green corn, with ripe peaches for dessert, served up in genuine cream. Quite a relief [sic] from "hard tack." Wouldn't mind staying here for some time.

August 20, 1863

Moved this morning at 6 a.m. All of our baggage, knapsacks, tents, and every thing that would possibly lighten the teams was left here with the wagons. Only suit of clothes allowed, those on your back. Expect to live on the country. I have command of this train. Clayburn is my aid. He leads the mules and does all the work.

(Ed. note—The Union army shells Chattanooga, to the surprise of General Bragg and his Confederate troops.)

August 21, 1863

This day the guns of the 18th Ind. Batt. opened out upon the rebel stronghold of Chattanooga, right in the face of the whole of Braggs [sic] army and to the consternation and surprise [sic] of that great chief himself, who was enjoying himself in fancied security when the shells of our guns awoke him to the truth that his boasted stronghold was no longer safe for his person, as his hasty removal of HdQrs. [sic] afterward testified. Left camp about 6 A.M. As the column moved down the valley, numbers of the Union people came down from the mountain sides, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, to watch us as we moved by. These people had been hiding in the mtn's [sic] dodging the conscript officers for two years and their greeting, that "we'uns" [sic] mighty glad to see "youens" [sic] told more in the expression of their faces than their words conveyed. At 12 oclock [sic] we arrived at the foot of Stringers Ridge, from the top of which the City of Chattanooga is plainly visible, distant about 1 mile. The town is situated on the bank of the river, very beautifully situated, and is almost hidden from view by the numerous shade trees that are thickly strewn all over the place.

(Ed. note—The 18th Battery shells Chattanooga from their position on Stringer's Ridge. Confederate artillery answers.)

August 21, 1863

I was sitting down just in front of No. 5 gun watching the effects of the shot with the captains [sic] glass. No. 6 had just fired their gun, and at the same instant exactly that the report of our gun rang out through the air, and while everyones [sic] attention was engrossed in watching the shot strike, the Rebels fired a shot from a 32 lb. James Rifle that they had been mounting during the time they were silent. The shell whizzed over my head, under the axle of No. 5, striking the ground near the trail just at the spot where Corp. McCorkle was lying asleep, cutting his leg entirely off below the knee, ricocheting, struck the right lead horse of the limber square in the breast, passed entirely through him endways, striking the next horse just above the chest, passing clear through, hitting the next horse in the throat, splitting his backbone from one end to the other, making its exit just above the tail. The wheel horse in the rear escaped by having his head down close to the ground eating grass, but his mate had his head around in the rear of the off swing horse and the shell struck him in the side of the head, just below his ears, carrying his brains entirely out, then passed over the Caisson, struck a tree and fell to the ground.

[Ed. note—Confederate forces are reported to be evacuating Chattanooga.]

August 23, 1863

Two deserters from the 18th Tenn. staid [sic] here tonight. Deserters report that they are evacuating Chattanooga.

August 25, 1863

This afternoon myself and some of the boys ascended the mtn. just in the rear of our camp. After a very hard and fatiguing climb of one hour we arrived at the top, 2,000 feet above our camp. Was richly paid for our toil by the magnificent and beautiful view that lay spread out before us. As far as the eye could reach, mtn. after mtn. loomed up one after another until the eye tired of looking so far. Mountains of North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama can be seen and on clear days the celebrated [sic] Stone mountain of Atlanta (distant 150 miles). The Tennessee [sic] river gracefully wends its way, through the beautiful and fertile valley of the same name, glistening in the sun on one side of the valley, then hidden by the woods, bursts forth on the other, a bed of molten Silver. Bending around Chattanooga it seems to end abruptly against Lookout Mtn. and is lost from view. Far beneath us is a most gorgeous landscape, a vast checker board of green and yellow fields, dotted here and there with what seems to be little white specks but in reality the houses of the inhabitants.

(Ed. note—The 18th Battery remains outside of Chattanooga. No attempt is made to attack the town.)

August 31, 1863

Went up on Stringers [sic] ridge with the Capt. to take a survey of the rebel forts and the hills they command. Behind the town a heavy cloud of smoke overhangs the valley, obstructing the view. Supposed to come from the camp fires of the enemy.

September 1, 1863

All quiet to day. [sic] One year ago this day we left Ind. for the war. Wonder who will be alive to see this day next year?

September 6, 1863

Last night about 11 o'clock [sic] we were aroused out of our sleep by the report of volley and immediately afterward we heard that the rebels were across the river and advancing up the valley on us. Battery was harnessed and hitched in a moment, tents struck, wagons loaded and started up the mtn. in a great hurry. Everything was gotten out of the way as if the entire rebel army was on this side of the river. Batt. and troops moved down the road toward the crossroads but no enemy could be discovered anywheres [sic]. All returned to camp about 2 o'clock. [sic] The alarm was caused by one of the 17th Ind. boys hanging his cartridge box on a log that had a camp fire built against it. During the night the fire got up to the box and heated the copper cartridges and they shot off like a small volley of musketry.

(Ed. note—Union artillery shells Chattanooga and receives no answer. Chattanooga has been evacuated by the Confederates.)

September 8, 1863

Heavy cannonading heard this morning up at Friers island. Proved to be the rebels shelling the island to keep our troops off. Entire Batt. moved out. Fired several shots but got no reply. One gun was sent down opposite the foot of Lookout and shelled the rifle pits there. Soon found they were empty. Kept up a shelling all day at different points, but got no answer anywhere. All was quiet except a few sharpshooters that scattered up and down the levee. All the Artillery was undoubtedly [sic] gone and to all appearances the troops had left, leaving a rear guard of Cavalry to hold the works and cover the retreat. Sharpshooters prevent us from getting possession of the boats lying along the opposit [sic] shore or we could cross and take possession of the town this evening.

September 9, 1863

Chattanooga Evacuated!! To day [sic] the Union troops entered the boasted stronghold of the West without the loss of a man. The 92d belongs to our Brigade and they had the honor of first planting the stars and stripes on the works of the deserted town. Our Brigade had the honor of first opening out on Chattanooga, also the first to enter it. Our Battery fired the first and last gun at the town, fired over 600 rounds altogether.

(Ed. note—The Battery advances on Ringgold, Georgia. Retreating Confederates make a stand.)

September 11, 1863

Left camp this morning at 8 for Ringgold, Ga. Scouts that were out last night captured a wagon load of tobacco which was divided among the troops. Within one mile of Ringgold, the Advance ran into the Rebels posted across the road in the edge of the woods. 3d Sec. was placed in position by the railroad and soon shelled the rebels out of the woods. They fell back toward Ringgold with the loss of several killed and wounded. Moved on to Ringgold. Nice town. Moved through town and followed down the Railroad toward Dalton. Passed several railroad bridges, burning, set fire by the Rebs [sic] as they retreated. About 2 miles from town we were shelled by a rebel Battery while crossing a small stream. Rebels slowly falling back. Half mile farther on we met the enemy strongly posted across the narrow valley with their artillery in position. The Rebel Battery opened up a rapid fire on us. We replied and a hot artillery duel was kept up for half an hour. The 2d and 3d Sec's. were now placed across the creek in such a manner that it gave us a cross fire on them. They couldn't stand this and soon with drew [sic] from the hill. In a short time their entire line fell back, leaving us complete possession of the field.

(Ed. note—Confederate resistance stiffens as the Union force returns to Ringgold.)

September 12, 1863

At 6 oclock [sic] this morning we moved back to Ringgold instead of attacking the enemy. About 10 miles from Ringgold, while passing through a thick woods, the scouts

suddenly ran into an ambush that the rebels formed by hiding in the underbrush on each side of the road. All barely missed capture. By a hard hand to hand fight with revolvers they all got out but one. The 17th Ind. dismounted two co's. [sic] and drove them a short distance but found them in strong force posted Indian fashion behind trees. The 72d dismounted and charged, pouring in heavy volleys from their Spencers, slowly forced them back step by step, contesting every inch of the ground. Capt. Lilly hunted all over the ground for a position for our guns but the woods were so thick that you could not load a gun without clearing away the trees. Rebels opened out with a battery, shelling the woods, but done no damage. The 72d continued slowly to advance, fighting from tree to tree, until after about 2 hours hard fighting they drove them out of the woods into the open fields beyond. They retreated toward Lafayette. Our loss was very severe. 6 killed and 11 wounded and several captured.

(Ed. note—Wilder's Brigade escapes a trap by means of a bluff and a night march.)

September 12, 1863

Col. Wilder, seeing a column of troops way over to the right, sent a scout over to them with dispatches. Scout never returned. It was Pegrams [sic] Div. of Rebels and we were ahead of them. Way over the open fields to the left of us could be seen a long dark line of battle, arms glistening in the setting sun. Artillery in position, every thing ready to receive the charge of an entire corps instead of the little Brigade that was in front of them. No time was to be lost. We were almost surrounded, rebels were between us and our troops. Fortunately it was nearly dark and if we could keep up appearances that we were in large force and intended to fight we might yet get out all right. Soon after dark men were sent into the woods in our rear, where they built up large quantities of camp fires to delude the enemy into the beliefs that we had camped for the night. About 8 oclock [sic] we started across the fields, over ditches, hollows, fences, stumps, and every thing in the way of obstructions. Passed within 300 yds of the Rebel pickets. Stationed a man every short distance so the column would not loose [sic] the road. Got out of the situation with out the loss of a man except the one Wilder sent to what he supposed was Crittendens [sic] Corps.

(Ed. note—The tension increases as the Battery takes its position near Chickamauga Creek.)

September 13, 1863

This morning, just after the bugles sounded water call, the enemy made a sudden attack on the pickets in front of Crufts Brigade. Kept up a brisk fire for a short time and then retired. Got a view of the enemy in force from the top of a high hill. The advance skirmished some, but the commanding Gen. don't want to bring on a general engagement. Heavy cannonading way down to the right. About 3 P.M. we crossed Chickamauga creek at Gordons Mill, moved down the road one mile and went into camp in a corn field, on the same ground that we afterwards fought over. Things begin to look dark. The rebels are evidently receiving reinforcements or they wouldn't make a stand in such open country. All our officers have felt uneasy ever since we left Ringgold.

September 14, 1863

Capt. Lilly put his horse in the teams yesterday, in place of one that gave out.

September 16, 1863

Quit messing with the Capts. [sic] mess. Have been messing at the Capts. [sic] table for more than a year and am very thankfull [sic] for the kindness and interest he has shown me by taking me to his mess and treating me more like a brother than a common soldier. The enemy seem to be in heavy force at the end of the valley a few miles farther on.

(Ed. note—Hungry soldiers raid a potatoe patch but a Provost Marshall steps in to claim the spoils.)

September 17, 1863

A large Potato patch was discovered near camp. I took a coffee sack and in company with some of the mess boys started over to gather in a harvest of Potatoes. While we were busily digging, the Provost Marshall came along and arrested all that were in the field. Several men were making off with their hats and arms full when the Officer directed them to empty them into our sack, which was fully capable of holding a good many such additions. After all the men had added their mite, a big Corpl [sic] of the 72d was ordered to “tote” the sack and all to follow him to Hd. Qrs. As we marched along, every one watched his opportunity and dropped off so that by the time the reserve Picket post was reached, but two or three were left in the procession. Mr. Provost Marshall ordered the man with the sack to halt here, while he went after a guard. As soon as he disappeared, I told Orderly Sergeant Miller the fate our sack of Potatoes had met. He, seeing the situation of affairs and the probability of our scanty dinners, marched boldly up to the Sack, just as if he had been ordered, shouldered and marched off with it. Picket post, seeing the joke, never said a word and when the Provost returned he was so completely sold out that he made tracks with his guard as soon as possible. We had plenty of Potatoes all thro [sic] the three days fighting that followed.

(Ed. note—Skirmishing breaks out at Chickamauga Creek.)

September 18, 1863

Just as we sat down to dinner to day, about 12 oclock [sic] some of the men, who had been out across the creek to a vineyard, gathering grapes, came running in, reporting the Rebel cavalry advancing up the road. Battery was ordered to harness, and hitch immediately, and a lookout sent up one of the high trees. He reported a huge column of dust visible on the LaFayette [sic] road. From all appearances the Rebels were advancing on us in force. Brigade was formed in line along the bank of the creek. 72d on the left holding the bridge. 1st section of the Battery in position near a log house and the 98th on the right. While the Regts. [sic] were forming a courier came from Col. Minty stating that he had been attacked by a heavy force and would be forced back if not reinforced. (Col. Minty commands a Cavalry Brigade, and was posted along Chickamauga creek 2 miles father to the left of us.) Col. Wilder, knowing our position

was insecure in case Minty was driven back, sent him two Regts [sic], 72 Ind. and 123d Ill. This left us only two Regts [sic] to hold our own line.

(Ed. note—Confederate sorties test the strength of the Union positions. Campbell has a narrow escape.)

September 18, 1863

Soon after the line had been formed, a column of Infantry issued from the woods, passed across the fields on our front, and formed line of Battle reaching from the road on the left to the woods on the right. We opened out on them with considerable effect, sending percussion Shell right through their line. Soon after they placed a Bat. of 2 guns on a slight hill directly opposit. [sic] They only fired 4 times. We made it so hot for them that they left in a hurry. Their first shell came very close to gun No. 2. It struck the ground out in front, ricocheted and struck the corner of the log house, in front of which the gun was standing, falling down among the cannoneers with the fuze [sic] still burning. Sidney Speed, seeing the danger, with great coolness picked the shell up and threw it away before it exploded. I don't think I will ever forget the awful, unearthly screeching that shell made as it approached us. It seemed as if it never would strike it was so long coming. I was standing near gun No. 2 and with four or five of the boys doubled down behind a little bit of a sapling not big enough to stop a small bullet. We all knew, from the sound of it, that it would strike some place close by, and it was a great relieve [sic] when it crashed in the logs above our heads.

(Ed. note—Confederate troops attempt to force their way across Chickamauga Creek.)

September 18, 1863

The enemy pressed down along the edge of the woods by the road and charged the picket post stationed beyond the bridge, driving them across the creek with the loss of several men and horses. The firing down by the bridge began to get very heavy, Rebels endeavoring [sic] to force a crossing. Out in our front they remained very quiet, evidently afraid of our guns. Several charges were made to drive our men away from the bridge, but none succeeded, the 17th driving them back after each attempt. Seeing their only chance to dislodge us was to get possession of the ford, they massed a heavy force in the woods to turn our left. The 2d and 3d Sec. (In position back by a church) cleared away the trees that obstructed their range in order to shell the woods where the rebels were forming. They opened out hot and made the shell fly through the woods, driving the rebels and greatly relieving the 17th who had time to strengthen their position. Far down the LaFayette [sic] road, great clouds of dust were still rising, indicating the constant arrival of troops.

(Ed. note—Under cover of night, the Union Army moved to protect their flank and to keep clear the route to Chattanooga.)

September 18, 1863

Rebels shelled our old position for some time before they advanced their Infantry and found us gone. This gave us plenty of time to form in good order before they again

made their appearance. Advancing very cautiously, they felt our line all along and then charged, yelling furiously. Our line repulsed them handsomely and as they turned to run, followed them, driving them way into the woods. Firing was almost continual until 9 o'clock [sic] P.M. About 9 o'clock [sic] we moved back across the Chattanooga road, and went into position in the edge of the woods on the west side of the road. Troops are constantly passing to the left, Thomas Corps with Crittendens [sic] after it. Occupied the entire night in passing. They are hurrying to the left to prevent the Rebels from getting between us and Chattanooga. The night was dreadfully cold, no fires allowed, no supper, no feed for our horses, the monotonous tramp, tramp, of the passing troops, the rumbling of Artillery carriages and the ominous thoughts of the morrow. All combined, rendered it a miserable night.

(Ed. note—Confederate troops force the Union army to retreat to stronger positions.)

September 18, 1863

Our small force was already opposed to more than 3 times their number. With our other two Regts [sic] we could have held the ford against all their force till after dark, but about 4 o'clock [sic] Minty sent word that he had been driven from his position. This left our left flank exposed, and we might expect the rebels down on us at any moment. During the lull that followed the shelling of the woods, and while the rebels were getting their batteries in position to rake us, we quietly withdrew, down toward the Chattanooga road, the 98th Ill. marching on the flank and the 17th Ind. bringing up the rear. We had hardly gone 1/2 mile, before the rebels opened a furious cannonade from their batteries, raking our former position in every direction. Lt. Drury of Wilders [sic] Staff while attending to the falling back of the 17th Ind. had his foot shot away by a shell. Just before reaching the Chattanooga road, we formed line of Batt. in position on a slight hill in a corn field, Regts [sic] forming in the woods in front of us. Just as we got in position the 72d Ind and 123d Ill. joined us from Minty and were placed in line on the left.

(Ed. note—The Battle of Chickamauga begins as Confederate troops charge the reorganized Union lines.)

September 19, 1863

All of Crittendens [sic] and Thomas Corps marched past us last night. This morning instead of being the extreme [sic] left of the Army, we occupy a position on the right center, at the extreme [sic] right of Thomassess [sic] Corps. McCooks [sic] Corps arrived after daylight and joined on our right. Breakfasted on sweet potatoes which we roasted in a small fire. Our horses got 2 ears of corn each. The sun rose bright and clear, as if to enjoy the horrible butchery that was to follow its appearance. Contrary to all expectations, the enemy did not attack at daylight. It was 8 o'clock [sic] before the awful [sic] deathlike stillness that preceded this terrible battle was broken. Then it began, far away to the left, a low distinct rumbling, gradually [sic] approaching, like a distant hail storm, as Div. after Div. became hotly engaged repulsing terrible charges from three times their number, without faltering or flinching in the least, and as the case with Thomas Corps, actually drove three times their number for more than one mile. We

did not get engaged until 10 o'clock [sic] when the enemy charged us furiously several times, but they were rolled back with heavy losses each time.

(Ed. note—The 18th Battery repulses a Confederate charge. The first day of the Battle of Chickamauga ends in a stalemate.)

September 19, 1863

The roar is perfectly awful, [sic] nothing can be compared with it. If ten million pieces of sheet iron were all shaken at once it wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. The artillery shots were few, compared to the musketry, because the woods were so thick very few positions could be found for the Batteries. About 3 o'clock [sic] the Rebels made a furious charge on us, drove the skirmishers back from the ditch our front, and occupied it. Capt. Lilly moved forward two guns on the left to a position where he would rake the ditch from end to end, opened out with thrice [sic] charges of canister down the ditch, which compelled the rebels to retreat in confusion. The ditch was literally full of killed and wounded and proved to be a self made grave for hundreds of them. Brigade made one charge, driving the rebels back in disorder for at least 1/2 mile. The tremendous and unceasing roar began to check up as the shades of evening appeared, and ceased entirely about 7 o'clock. [sic] All through the forepart of the night, it would occasionally break out, up and down the line in an angry roar, as if the troops were afraid of one another advancing.

(Ed. note—The Union army braces for the second day of the Battle of Chickamauga.)

September 19, 1863

Longstreet's [sic] Corps charged us just before dark, but we repulsed them with heavy loss. Fired our guns with thrice [sic] charges of canister, each discharge would open out great gaps in their ranks. Boys would carry up canister from the caisson by the arm load. Used all the canister shot we had. Rebel sharpshooters tried their best to pick off Capt. Lilly, who rode his horse all day and carried canister up from the caisson on horse back when the rebels charged us. Sergt. [sic] Crouse received a shot through the rear of his saddle, passing through his blanket, overcoat and portable writing desk, and lodged in his coat tail.

September 20, 1863

Both armies rested on their arms in the same positions they fought. Each soldier, as he prepared to catch what rest he could get, thanked God that he had lived through such a day of hell. No fires allowed and consequently no supper, except hard tack and raw bacon. Thankful to be alive to eat that. Watered the horses by detachments from a pond near by. They have been standing in harness since Friday morning and are nearly worn out.

(Ed. note—The Union Army falls back to higher ground and the second day of battle begins.)

September 20, 1863

A great many badly wounded men of both armies lay between the lines that are unable to get away or be moved on account of the rebels shooting at every thing they see moving between the lines. The cries and groans from these poor fellows is perfectly awful, they are more dreadful than the storm of bullets that showered on us all day. Friend and foe, lying side by side, the friends of each unable to assist, in the least. Soon after daylight the line of battle fell back about 1/2 miles and stretching out more to the left occupied the crest of a small range of hills running north and South. This position is more advantageous than the one occupied yesterday, being elevated it gives us a chance to use our artillery. Soon as our places were designated the troops made rude breast works of logs, rails, and stones, anything that would assist in turning a bullet. Battle began about 9 A.M. like yesterday, away on the extreme [sic] left, gradually rolling down the line in one continual peal of thunder, like the approach of a storm. Rebels hurled brigade after brigade against our lines, with a total disregard for the lives of their men.

[Ed. note—The Confederates are victorious in the Battle of Chickamauga and drive the Union Army back into Chattanooga.)

September 20, 1863

Brigade withdrew from the field reluctantly. We were ordered to go to Chattanooga. Gen. Thomas, with the 14 corps and Grangers Reserve Corps, still hold the Enemy in check, although pressed at every point by overwhelming numbers. Reached Chattanooga and camped near town about dark. All stragglers and troops are put to work on the forts around the town as fast as they arrive. Gen. Rosecrans arrived about dark leaving the army in charge of Gen. Thomas.

September 21, 1863

Crossed the river on a trussel [sic] bridge and moved up 5 miles to Friers island and camped on the same ground we occupied before fording the river on the 9th inst. The 98th Ill. started to Bridgport [sic], as guard for 2000 prisoners. All the wagons of the enemy are parked on this side of the river.

September 22, 1863

Continued and Heavy firing in front of Chattanooga which lasted all day long. No definite news as to the results of the great battle yet. The most reliable of the numerous camp rumors says our army has fallen back into Chatt. [sic] and are busily fortifying the place. The rebels occupy Missionary Ridge. They were so used up that they could not follow us after the battle at Rossvill [sic] until the next day.

(Ed. note—General Bragg's Confederate army surrounds Chattanooga.)

September 25, 1863

Heavy cannonading last night about 12. Rebels were shelling some point to prevent our troops from fortifying. 2d Sec. was returned from the hill and placed in reserve near Hd.

Qurs. [sic] Our line of fortifications have been completed entirely around Chattanooga. The rebels occupy Mission Ridge and Lookout Mtn., thus holding a chain of natural fortifications entirely around the town from the river on the right to the river on the left and are very busy fortifying their position with the intention of starving us out. They got their fingers burnt and are afraid to attack us.

September 26, 1863

Wakened this morning by heavy volleys of musketry—nearer to us than usual. Rebels made their appearance on the other side of the river. Some came down to the bank and hallooed across to the boys stationed in the redoubts. They agreed not to shoot at one another and to permit horses to be watered in the stream.

September 27, 1863

Rebels over the river very friendly. Talk with the boys continually. [sic] One from each side wading [sic] out in the middle of the stream. Want to trade whiskey for coffee. Wrote a letter home.

(Ed. note—Wilder's Brigade is ordered to destroy a force of Confederate cavalry that is harassing Union supply lines.)

October 1, 1863

Began raining last night at 10 and rained all night. The first drop of rain we have had since the 16th of Aug., 44 days. Wheeler's cavalry is reported to have crossed the river at Blythes ferry, 8,000 strong, with the intention of getting in Sequatchie valley to cut off our wagon train and force us to evacuate Chattanooga by cutting off our supply of rations. Our orders are to intercept and destroy them if possible. Started about 3 o'clock. [sic] Horses pulling badly, constantly baulking. Did not reach the foot of the Ridge until dark, which came on sooner on account of the rain, which is falling constantly. Road up the mtn. very steep, slippery, and bad. Horses stalled [sic] frequently. Doubled teams on the first gun and succeeded in getting it about half way to the top of the first ascent [sic] when it became so dark that we could go no farther without danger of rolling gun, horses, and all down some of the ravines. Under the most favorable circumstances it would have been a difficult task to get the Battery up the Mtn. at this pass, but with balky horses, slippery roads, pitch dark, and raining hard, it was an impossibility. So we returned to the bottom and camped. Wet, tired, and hungry [sic].

(Ed. note—Wilder's Brigade attacks retreating Confederate troops.)

October 3, 1863

Left camp at daylight. About 3 o'clock [sic] the Advance overtook the rear guard of the rebels. Rebs [sic] retreated after a short resistance. Column advanced slowly down the mtn. for fear of an ambush. About 1/2 mile from the foot of the mountain we met them in force, posted along a slight ridge across the road behind rail barricades, where they made a determined stand. The cavalry failed to dislodge them. The 17th Ind. was dismounted, sent to the front, and charged, pouring in a continuous volley from their 7 shooters. The rebels, after a short stand, fled down the valley in confusion, leaving their

killed and wounded on the ground. By this time it was so dark that any farther pursuit was dangerous, and the Regts. were ordered to camp. After a great deal of waiting, moving around in the dark over Regiments, fences, ditches, etc, we finally found our Brigade and went into camp in our old corn field, so full of rocks and stones that it was with difficulty you could clear a place to sleep in. I finally found a soft place in a briar patch where I slept as well as one could, not having anything to eat all day. Orderly Miller offered 50 cts [sic] for a "hard tack" but failed to get it at this price.

(Ed. note—Wilder's Brigade advances steadily in an effort to keep Confederate troops on the run and the supply lines open to Chattanooga.)

October 4, 1863

Reached McMinnville at 3 p.m. Rebels just left town. Moved thro [sic] on a trot. 1/2 mile out, met the enemys [sic] rear guard. 4th Reg. Cav. was sent to the front and drove them along at a trot without stopping the column. We kept up a running fight for 6 miles, the advance driving them as fast as we could keep up—part of the time at a gallop. We were after them so closely that their rear guard was driven in upon their main body and they either had to fight or have a rout. About 6 oclock [sic] they made a stand in the edge of the woods, with a wide level stretch of clear ground in their front which would expose us to a severe fire without any couver [sic] to advance through. Column halted and we moved the Batt. into an orchard on the left of the road, 1/2 mile distant from the rebel line. Opened out with percussion shell, dropping them in the edge of the woods. The 72d and 17th dismounted, formed line on each side of the road, and charged across the open space. The rebels fell back in the woods. While endeavoring [sic] to mount and get out of the way, our boys over took them and drove them until it was too dark to go any farther. Camped in the woods, made 30 miles today.

(Ed. note—Confederate forces, under General Wheeler, attempt to ambush the Union advance.)

October 7, 1863

Reached Shelbyville at 7 o'clock. This is the only union town in Tenn. All the citizens out waiving [sic] their handkerchiefs and cheering the column as it passed thro [sic] town. Had hardly gone 1/4 mile when the 17th ran into the rebels lying behind fences and in the brush. 17th dismounted, formed line and charged. So sudden and irresistable [sic] was the attack that it took the rebels completely by surprise. They resisted stubbornly at first, but the 17th charged furiously, pouring in a dreadful hail of balls as they went. The rebels, leaving their dead and wounded, were forced back. The 17th followed them closely at the double quick. Rest of the Brig. following in close column, pouring in a constant shower of balls upon the now panic stricken rebels, killing, wounding, and capturing whole companies of them. Nearly all of the lead horses of the dismounted men fell into our hands. These rebels, finding their horses gone, threw away their guns, knapsacks, etc, and started down the road on foot as hard as they could go. 17th and 98th followed, pouring the shot unmercifully [sic] into the retreating rebels until they were obliged to stop for breath—having run about 3 miles. A running fight was kept up all day.

(Ed. note—Wheeler's Confederate army makes a determined stand at Farmington, Tennessee.)

October 7, 1863

Rebels vainly endeavored [sic] to check our advance. We scattered their rear guard every time they made a stand. About 4 o'clock [sic] we had driven the enemy to within 1 mile of Farmington. Here the rebels made their last desperate stand, with their entire force in line. The 17th Ind. dismounted and formed on the right, and the 123d on the left. They advanced through the woods and were soon engaged with the enemy. The fighting became general and the firing terrible, one constant roll, the 7 shooters carrying death and destruction into the rebel ranks. The woods were so thick that the lines approached within 30 yds. of each other. Rebs [sic] stood bravely, holding their position in spite of the dreadful fire. After 2 hours hard fighting, the 17th rose up from the position where they were lying and charged the rebel battery, which they captured, and broke the rebel line. Regts. [sic] charged all along the line, driving, capturing, and killing the rebels as they broke in confusion. Had we only one more hour of daylight we could have captured half their command, but it was too dark to follow any further. We camped on the spot the rebel battery occupied. Slept among the dead bodies that lay thick all over the small clear spot where the guns stood.

(Ed. note—The Union army presses the Confederate rearguard. A running battle ensues.)

October 9, 1863

Moved at daylight on the Lambs Ferry road. Pushed forward with all the speed our tired horses would admit of so if possible to overtake the rebels before they reached the river. 3 P.M. the advance (5th Iowa Cav.) found the rebel rearguard posted across the road behind a barricade of rails. The 5th formed column, drew sabers, and charged right over their barricade, capturing every last one. The chase now commenced. Column moved forward in a brisk trot with the Cavalry in front, charging, capturing, killing, and scattering the rebels that were left to retard our advance. Reached the river about 5 P.M. Main body of the Rebels had got across with all their wagons and plunder. They marched all of last night, while we were laying at Pulaski. Scattered their rearguard all through the woods. Our cavalry in the rear are scouring the woods and bringing them in by the dozens. Their officers, finding they couldn't get across the river, ordered them to take care of themselves. Moved into camp about 2 1/2 miles from the river, in a log "school house", a very scarce article in Tenn. Came 45 miles to day.