

Corporal George W. Morris

3rd Brigade (Woodruff), 1st Division (Davis), McCook's Corps

Account of Corporal George W. Morris, Company B, 81st Indiana Infantry
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CHAPTER IV

THE BATTLE OF STONE [sic] RIVER

On December 24, 1862, we heard that we were to break up our camp the next morning and commence another campaign against the enemy. We felt sorry to leave because it was a very nice place, and we had some pleasant times there. A great many of the boys expected to get their Christmas presents from home before they left, but this was Christmas eve and part of the men were out on picket, and those who were in camp did not feel in the best of spirits. Several of our officers and men were sick and excused from duty, and another detail of our regiment was ordered out on picket, and a few hours afterward the whole regiment fell in and marched out of camp, bidding it farewell, leaving behind only those that were sick and others on extra duty. Before the regiment was ordered to march all our camp equipage was loaded on wagons and ordered inside of the entrenchments at Nashville.

How the name of that city sounds to us now! No wonder we felt sad, for from first to last we left more than fifty of our boys at Nashville, who died there, and during our term of service we lost at least one hundred who were killed or died in the hospitals and were buried there.

That individual known as the paymaster was said to be in the vicinity and the boys were looking for him anxiously, as the thoughts of winter and loved ones at home made them anxious for his appearance. Some of the regiments here had not been paid off for six or seven months. The regiment moved with the main army on Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was in position on the right wing when the enemy's forces made their terrible charge at the battle of Stone [sic] River on December 31, 1862. The brigade to which it was attached successfully repelled the fierce onslaught of the enemy, and held its position until the brigades upon both flanks fell back, rendering a retrograde movement necessary. In the desperate battle the Eighty-first lost four killed, forty-four wounded and forty missing, making a total of eighty-eight. The regiment took part in the fighting on the

two subsequent days of that battle and entered Murfreesboro with the main army. There is no report from the commanding officer of the Eighty-first of this battle, but the following is the report of Colonel Wm. E. Woodruff, commanding the brigade, and in speaking of the Eighty-first, he says:

“The brigade was formed at dawn into two lines, The Twenty-fifth Illinois on the left and the Thirty-fifth Illinois on the right in the first line of battle, and the Eighty-first Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake, in the second line in reserve, the extreme left on the right of the turnpike. The Eighth Wisconsin Battery of four guns, was placed between General Sills’ right and my left and in my front, consisting of two companies from the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois. The command pressed forward in splendid order, and soon became hotly engaged and drove the enemy back through the woods and cornfield into their own lines. As we were now far in advance of any support upon the left, I deemed it advisable to halt and wait for them to come up, and therefore took position in the rear of a rail fence, my right nearly at right angles to my line of battle, thereby obtaining an oblique as well as a direct fire, but the space to be occupied by the brigade was so great that the Eighty-first Indiana was ordered up to complete the line, thereby leaving me no reserve. We slept on our arms without fire and prepared for the battle which we well knew would open as soon as day dawned. I examined the line of battle, and found I had no support. I asked General Sills to send to General Davis and tell him the situation, and he informed me I must hold the position as best I could, for he had no support to send me. I then took a position some three hundred yards in the rear in a belt of timber, the Eighty-first Indiana sheltered by a rail fence and were partially protected, who fired with the coolness of veterans. The officers and men of the Eighty-first Indiana, a new regiment, the first time under fire, with but few exceptions, manfully fronted the storm of battle, and gave earnest proof of doing what was expected of them. Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake and Major Woodbury displayed manly courage, and held their regiment firm and steady under a heavy fire. For officers and men young in the service they were worthy of imitation for the manner in which they served on the field of battle amid the storm of shot, shells and bullets, regardless of all save the performance of duty. The casualties of the command were small in comparison to the fire they received and the service done.”

We arrived in the vicinity of Murfreesboro Monday evening, and the battle soon opened, as the enemy had led a portion of our cavalry into an ambushade, and quite a spirited fight took-place. We were immediately formed in line of battle and slept on our arms that night. The next day about 10 o’clock we formed again in an old cotton field. There seemed a prospect, of some warm work ahead. We stripped ourselves of blankets and knapsacks, as our brigade began to move forward toward a thick wood in which the enemy had posted their skirmishers. Our skirmishers were thrown forward and soon the

work of death commenced. The wood was soon cleared and we were ordered to move still further forward to a position in front of the enemy, along the edge of a cornfield and under a heavy fire from the enemy. Our regiment advanced in splendid style until they reached the fence. When within twenty or thirty feet of it the first man fell which was Lieutenant Samuel Wild, of Company K, who has since died. He was shot through the thigh. Our boys opened fire on the enemy, but as they had retired, with the exception of the skirmishers, it did not amount of much, but the occasional whiz of a bullet told us they were still there and watching us closely. In this position we remained until night, when we were ordered to lie on our arms, without fires, and, as it was pretty cold, you may rest assured it was not a very pleasant job. Early Wednesday morning, as we were thinking of getting a cup of coffee, the enemy made their appearance in large numbers on the opposite side of the field, and soon showed us that other work than eating was at hand. Captain Carpenter's Eighth Wisconsin Battery was soon in position, and opened fire on them with a cheer, but the enemy still advanced and soon the crash of musketry was added to the roar of the cannon. Like an avalanche they came on our boys, pouring into us volley after volley until they had reached the fence when the order was given us to fall back. Reluctantly the order was obeyed, the boys firing all the while. As soon as the order was given to rally, the boys moved forward. And with a cheer our brigade advanced on the enemy. It was in this advance that Captain Abbott, color-bearer of the regiment, fell, pierced with three balls. He was a brave and true man. The enemy was driven back into the fields, but being reinforced again advanced, and after a desperate resistance, and being exposed to a cross-fire on each flank, our brigade again fell back. We soon rallied and with a cheer threw ourselves forward upon the foe, who were unable to stand the onset, again retreated and got back into the field. Our boys followed them up to the fence, when they again rallied, and with a cheer, which was returned with a shout of defiance, they again closed with us. As our support had failed to rally, and despite the heroic work of Carpenter's battery, which had lost several men and its gallant captain, who was pierced by a ball through the brain early in the battle, and had one piece which was unmanageable from the loss of horses, and as the enemy by their overwhelming numbers had succeeded in flanking each wing, we were compelled to fallback, which was done, many of the men firing sullenly as they went, leaving the field some distance in the rear of their colors, which had been borne aloft through all the conflict. We retired under cover of a battery, a short distance in the rear of our original position, under a heavy fire of musketry and a battery playing on us. The officers of the Eighty-first behaved most gallantly, earning the applause and love, of all their men. Too much can not be said in favor of our field officers. On the fall of Captain Abbott, Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake seized the flag and held it aloft, finally handing it to Sergeant Simms, who bore it the balance of the day. Major Woodbury, acting as lieutenant colonel, and Captain Howard, acting as major, bore themselves most gallantly.

By the list of casualties it will be seen that the Eighty-first suffered severely as it went into the battle with less than three hundred men. The Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois in our brigade did deeds of heroism and they suffered severely. Shortly after the battle the regiment was called out to support a body of our men who were hard-pressed, by a large body of the enemy, and, although they had to double-quick it for over a mile and forded Stone [sic] River three times, they went on the field in good order under a perfect shower of shot and shell. This position they held for two days, in a drenching cold rain, and were then withdrawn farther to the rear to allow them to recuperate a little. Our brigade had been in the advance most of the time and had a hard time of it. That the boasting Bragg and all the enemies had been routed, and that, too, most effectually, does not admit of a doubt, although at that time the consummation of the event so devoutly wished for by every true friend of the Union looked rather gloomy. But, with General Rosecrans there is no such thing as fail, and with an obstinate, persevering determination he pursued his course, ever ready to take advantage of any point exposed by the enemy or remedy any mishap that might occur to his command. His men had the utmost confidence in him, and were satisfied that if they trusted in Providence, kept their powder dry, and obeyed the orders of General Rosecrans, all, would be right, and the glorious results has fully justified their most sanguine expectations. After the evacuation of Murfreesboro, our brigade had moved forward and was encamped about two miles south in a very pleasant grove, and were busily engaged in making out our pay-rolls, reports, requisitions, etc., in order to get ready for another advance, as soon as possible. Our brigade, on account of losing blankets, shelter tents, etc., was not in order to move without causing a great deal of suffering among the men. It was said an effort would be made to pay us off before we moved, but the boys had been fooled so often that they almost began to despair of ever getting any more pay.

Colonel Caldwell arrived in camp, looking as gay and happy as ever and much improved in health since he left us. He was in command of the brigade.

Some of the New Albany boys made very, narrow escapes during the fight on Tuesday and Wednesday. Sergeant James M. Graham, of Company E (a braver and better soldier does not exist), while out skirmishing, exposed a portion of his body. While drawing a bead on a rebel a bullet cut two pretty little holes in his pants, just grazing his knee. Fortunately he escaped unhurt, although being exposed during the whole of the engagement of the second day. Sergeant Joseph Cole was struck by a piece of shell in the breast, which went through his overcoat, dresscoat [sic], five or six layers, shattering a picture to pieces, and inflicted several gashes. Joe is still knocking around, but says it was rather too close for comfort.

The enemy in many instances stripped all our dead, where they had a chance, if the clothing was new, but if they were old they contented themselves by taking off the buttons. The body of Lieutenant Morgan, of Company B, was found stripped of everything, except his drawers, shirt and waistcoat. He was a brave, fearless and accomplished officer, and well may Company B honor him. He left a host of friends in the regiment, to whom he became endeared by his many noble qualities of heart.

The health of the regiment at this time was very good, much better than would have been supposed from the exposure the boys had undergone. In fact, for some days after the battle we were without a surgeon, but things looked brighter after Doctor Fouts, a very gentlemanly and accomplished surgeon, took the regiment in charge and the sick list was daily reduced. Convalescents and what few stragglers we had after the battle were daily coming in and the prospects of the regiment began to brighten. We were still in camp near Murfreesboro, and how much longer we would stay we could not tell.

CHAPTER V

OUR WAGON TRAIN DESTROYED BY THE REBELS

When the regiment was getting ready to leave Nashville there were some changes, as such a move made it necessary. Corporal Gallagher, of Company B, was appointed ordnance sergeant, and all the old guns, accouterments, etc., belonging to the regiment was turned over to him, as well as the regimental ammunition. Everything was loaded into wagons and ordered inside of the entrenchments at Nashville. There were several wagons in the detail, for they had all the regimental baggage along with the balance. After remaining in Nashville until December 29th they started out for the regiment. While the battle of Stone [sic] River was going on they were experiencing some rough times. The train of wagons numbered about three hundred. The detail from the regiment was Ordnance Sergeant John J. Gallagher, Company B; Neil McClellan, Company B; Assistant Wagonmaster [sic] of the regiment, James Williams, Company A; Sergeant Emery Lahue, Company C, and Melvin Bruner, Company B. When the train left Nashville it was a beautiful morning and everything looked bright and cheerful. They traveled all day until about two or three o'clock, when they reached a little town about fifteen miles from Nashville. Here the train halted and corralled for the night in the town, the inhabitants having left, the houses being deserted. As there were two wagons from our regiment, they drove up alongside of a one-story frame house and the drivers commenced unharnessing the mules. While doing so, orders came to send a wagon back on the road six miles for corn for forage, which was in a camp lately held by the enemy. Sergeant Gallagher was one of the detail to go back with the wagons. The order came from an unauthorized source, but the boys did not refuse to go. When they got out on the pike they found several other wagons detailed for the same purpose, each

containing a guard. They went the six miles in a sweeping gallop back toward Nashville, one of the hardest wagon rides they had ever experienced, and they all felt as if every bone in their bodies were broken. They arrived at the camp and drove into the field, found the corn in large quantities, posted their pickets at the proper distance, and commenced loading as quickly as possible. In a few moments their wagons were loaded, and they drove out on the pike and hurried back to camp. In a short time supper was ready, and, having a good appetite from their pleasant ride, they did full justice to it. They soon retired to rest, taking up their quarters in the wagons. Of course, they did not sleep much. They were up early in the morning and found a drizzling rain falling, making everything look miserable. It made the boys feel gloomy, but after breakfast everything was gotten ready to move in case an order came to do so, but they laid there hour after hour and no order came. Of course the boys could not account for it. They could hear of no fighting in front, yet there was no order to move. The dinner hour arrived, so they sat down to dinner, and after dinner wandered around and smoke their pipes to help pass away the time. Still no order came to move. About two o'clock some of the boys went to the wagons to lay down and take a nap. As they were fixing to make themselves comfortable, they looked out from the back of the wagons toward the road and beheld a sight that caused their hearts to beat quickly, for as far as they could see there was nothing but the enemy's cavalry galloping about, dressed in the well-known butternut clothing, hooping, yelling and rushing around like madmen in every direction. The boys seized their guns and ran to the nearest house and breathlessly awaited further developments. No one seemed to have any command or authority over the men or train. In the midst of the excitement some of the boys found they had no caps on their guns, although when they started they had their pouches full. They were soon furnished with plenty of caps. They were huddled together on the porch of the house, having full view of the enemy, who were yelling and going in every direction and firing at the wagons of the train. Some one in the party counseled prudence and not to fire, as we were so largely out-numbered, and it would go hard with us if we did so. Before we could decide what to do, a company of the enemy's cavalry came dashing down upon us with pistols and carbines in both hands, pointing at us and yelling like fiends, ordering us with curses to surrender and march out from where we were posted, and do so as quickly as possible. All this took place in less time than it takes to write it. We were ordered, in no very polite manner, to march quickly up to a hill a few hundred yards in our front. Our men could be seen in running in all directions, and we could see the enemy in every direction galloping about, showing plainly that we were surrounded before the charge was made upon us. While we were hurrying toward the hill we were stopped by several rebs [sic], who demanded to know if we had any pistols about us, as they were anxious to get them. They did not make much off of us in that line. When we were first taken prisoners we were ordered to throw down our arms, but some of the boys did not hear the order at the time, and were carrying them with them toward the hill

when they were stopped by the rebs [sic], who informed them, in their usual polite style, that if they did not drop their guns they would soon hear from them in another manner not pleasant to our feelings, and of course the boys, not wishing to put them to any trouble on their account, threw the guns down, and their accouterments also. On arriving at the top of the hill we came upon a line of our men drawn up in two ranks. We were ordered to fall in with them, and a rebel harangue was made to us by Colonel Hawkins, C.S.A. The speech was made in a quick, excited manner and we were ordered to hold up our right hands and swear that we would not take up arms against the Southern Confederacy until honorably exchanged. As soon as this was done the men broke ranks and scattered in every direction. Everything was done in the midst of excitement. Rebel horsemen kept yelling and riding in every direction. By this time all of our trains were fired and burning rapidly. We asked permission from a Confederate officer if we could go down to our wagons and secure some of our things. Our request was granted, and we flew, not having time to run, but found them all in a blaze. One of our wagons contained our headquarters, baggage and equipments [sic], together with the adjutant's desk containing the books and papers of the regiment, as well as the regimental state colors. All of which were destroyed. We endeavored to save our knapsacks, but found them laying by the side of the wagons torn open and contents confiscated by some lucky reb [sic], leaving behind only some blankets, and other little notions they did not want. While we were picking up these a reb [sic] came along and was going to deprive us of them on the supposition, we supposed, that to the victor belongs the spoils, but with some little persuasion we were permitted to keep them but it was very little benefit we derived from them after all. While packing them up we were ordered by a petty, saucy-looking "reb" [sic] to go and catch a mule, and be quick about it, too. As some of the boys did not wish to misunderstand him, they asked him what he wanted, when he informed us in a style not to be misunderstood, with a volley of words not necessary to mention here, that we had better hurry, or we should hear something (the enemy had a very polite way of speaking to prisoners during that time). So looking around, we saw several of the men catching mules and mounting them, and not wishing to trouble the gentleman any more we ran to where some mules were tired and unloosed them, threw our blankets on them, and, after several attempts, mounted them. It being the first time some of us had the honor of appearing on a mule, some of the mules having nothing but halters around their necks, we had quite a time to manage them, as we had no chance to get a bridle. After we were mounted it took some time to get his muleship [sic] to start, but after sundry and repeated kicks, vigorously applied with our heels to his sides, given under the greatest excitement of mind at the time, we got them to move out toward the pike, where we found a number of our men halted under guard and all on mules, waiting for further orders. A gloomy feeling crept over us by this time, for we saw, a fair prospect of a long ride with the rebs [sic] and perhaps Andersonville prison in the end, which was under the circumstances, calculated to make

us feel gloomy. Some of the boys never having rode a mile on horseback in their lives, they could not help feeling that it would go hard with them galloping through woods and fields on the back of a mule without saddle or bridle, surrounded with rough men, and enemies at that. Shortly after we jointed the prisoners we were ordered forward under guard toward the head of the column. As far as we could see there were enemies in every direction. They were at halt while we were moving forward. Some of them were in crowds in the woods, around boxes of plunder taken from our trains. Clothing was being distributed among some of them, and in every direction could be seen broken trunks, valises, etc., that belonging to our officers, laying scattered over the ground as we rode along. We ran across some pretty rough rebs [sic]. We were cursed every once in a while, and what little things we had were taken from us. There was no help for it; it was useless to appeal to their officers. Every few minutes the officer of the guard would shout out, "Close up prisoners!" when we would all start off in a gallop for a short distance, and then dwindle down to a slow trot. At last we arrived at the head of the column, when we were ordered to halt.

We could not help but smile at some of our crowd, for they looked so ridiculous. Sergeant Lahne, of our regiment, was a very tall men - over six feet and very lean. He had unfortunately mounted a very small mule and the consequence was his feet nearly touched the ground, and his whole attention seemed to be engaged in steering clear of stumps and trees. While we were halted some of the rebs [sic] talked with us and asked us what we came down there for, and if we thought they had horns growing out of their heads. They said we were being whipped all around, that we could never subdue the South, and a lot of other stuff. We answered several questions, but as several more of their companions joined in we thought it best to dry up and say nothing. One of them wanted to buy Neil McClellan's boots, but he said he did not want to sell, for if he had he would have been compelled to take pay in Confederate script. A great many of them were dressed in citizens' clothes, which caused us to, suppose that a number of the citizens in the immediate vicinity of Nashville had purposely joined this gang to war upon our trains in the rear, of our army men who no doubt bore a good loyal name on the books of the provost marshal at Nashville. Our supposition proved to be true in some respects, because the next day, whenever we passed a home, the men in citizens' clothes would drop from the ranks, ride up and dismount and that was the last we would see of them. There was no honor among them; they were a perfect set of cutthroats; nothing was disgraceful with them as long as it benefited their cause.

When we halted we were placed in the center of the column. There were about forty-six prisoners altogether, mostly teamsters. For a while we moved pretty rapidly through the woods. After we had ridden about two hours our legs became very painful. We came across one man from Northern Alabama who said that he held out for the Union as long

as possible, but when his State seceded he went with her, and now he felt sure the South would succeed. He seemed to be a Christian man, and from his conversation we thought a kindhearted man, and, although we were enemies, we could not help but respect him. Most of the time we rode very fast, but just a little before dark we came to a halt. Our companions told us to look through the timber and we would see something, as they were about to make a charge. We did so, and could see a small town (which we afterward learned was Nolinsville [sic]), and near it were five or six United States army wagons. We could see the boys in blue walking about, and some of them appeared to be getting supper. Presently a long yell was given and a long line of rebel cavalry charged down upon them and their wagons. They ran in every direction, but it was in vain, for what was a handful of men against thousands of the enemy. No doubt the enemy felt glorious over such a charge as that, and some of them did, too, because shortly afterward we saw several of them under the influence of whisky taken from a sutler's wagon that was captured with the rest. These wagons were all burnt the same as were ours; and with a small addition of fresh prisoners we took the road again. When we got on the pike, we started off on a regular gallop, which continued for some time, then we wheeled into the woods again and rode some distance, it being by this time nearly dark. Just about dark we arrived at the camp they had picked out for the night. The night was very cold and quite a number of fires were burning in every direction. In a few moments we were told to march up into a field a short distance and dismount and build fires. A guard was detailed to watch us for the night. Some of the men got rails, and our fires were soon burning. All the mules were tied to a fence close at hand. Most of the boys were nearly famished for water. This was certainly the most exciting day we had spent in the army so far; we felt so stiff and sore from riding that we could hardly move about. We had eaten nothing since dinner and our present surroundings did not give us any appetite. We did not have much for supper; a few crackers and a little piece of bacon, that was captured from us, was all we had. Some of the enemies that were dressed in our clothes came and talked with us to see what they could find out, thinking that they could deceive us because they were dressed in blue, but they were mistaken. General Rosecrans soon afterward put a stop to it by issuing an order that all rebs [sic] caught in our uniform would be hung, which was, a good thing at the time. We laid down by the fire and tried to sleep, the night being very cold, and, having no blankets, we felt chilly. About the time we began to doze, an order came to jump up and be ready to March; so we got up, feeling so stiff we could hardly move. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the last day of the year 1862.

There was continued firing of guns all night on their outposts, for what reason we could not find out. We began to feel interested in what they were going to do with us. Some said we would be paroled and others said they would send us to Richmond, Va. We were kept in a state of suspense until the order came to mount a mule and march out.

When we got out on the road we halted, and stayed there several hours. Finally the order came to move forward. Some of the boys were so sore and stiff they could not ride on the sharp backs of mules. When daylight came, Sergeant Gallagher asked an officer, who seemed to be in command, if he could not get a saddle as he was notable to ride in his present condition. He said he would not. After riding for several miles, he got off of his mule and tried to walk, but as soon as he got on the ground, he was ordered, with curses, to mount again, and as his mule was gone he could not do so, but just then Mell Bruner came along and took him up on his mule behind him. That relieved him some, and of course, being with one of his own company and from the same town, he felt more like he was at home, or, at least, among friends; but they did not fare so well. Bruner had to get off and walk, so that left him on the mule by himself. In a short time he felt so badly that he had to get off of that mule, but no sooner was he off than he was cursed and given orders to mount again, and that quickly. Not having any mule to mount, one was brought to him. He got on it and soon caught up, but in a short time he was feeling so badly that he could not stay on him. He got off again, another mule was brought and one of the toughest rebs [sic] in the gang took charge of him. After cursing him for some time, he ordered him to mount. He told him he could not, as felt too weak. They came to a house and he ordered one of his men to get a bridle and saddle. After it was put on the mule he was ordered to mount, telling him if he got off again he would give him the contents of his gun. He did not ride over five hundred yards before he felt so badly that he fell off of the mule on the side of the road. One of the officers came back and asked what was the matter; they told him that a prisoner was keeping them behind. The officer proved to be General Wheeler, their commander. Just then another mule came along, and he mounted him and managed to catch up with the other prisoners. They were all glad to see him, especially Bruner. They all rode until about 11 a.m., when they came to a large farmhouse. A halt was made and they were brought into a large yard and ordered to dismount and bring corn for the mules.

While they were there, an officer came to some of the boys and took them into the house, where they found a lot of rebel officers and some of our men. An officer asked if any of them could write, and they told him they could. So he gave them a copy of a parole and told them to write some copies off for the men, and he would sign them. After they had written about a dozen they took them to the officer, whose name was Hawkins. While the paroles were being signed, some of the boys both Union and rebel, were in the cook house, where a Negro woman was cooking some corn dodgers for them. On each side of the stove were Union and rebel soldiers watching closely the cakes and before they were hardly done, either one or the other would grab them and run off. The old cook would sometimes slap their knuckles with her ladle for being so smart; the Union boys thought that she generally favored them.

An officer came out and told them that General Wheeler's orders were that they should give up their overcoats and blankets. They did not like that order very much, so some of them played off sick and got to keep them.

They were then ordered to fall into line, and a speech was made to them, informing them they were regular prisoners of war and that they must respect their paroles or suffer the consequences, and that they had better remain at home than to comedown [sic] there burning and pillaging; that they could never conquer the South. They were then told that they had better march back to Nashville and that they had better have a white flag ahead of them, as the road was full of guerillas, who, if they did not see the flag, might fire on them.

While all this was taking place the battle of Stone [sic] River was going on, for they could hear firing in front. Several rebel horsemen rode up, their horses covered with foam, and said the Confederate Army was driving Rosecrans, that Cheatham was driving his right wing back, and before night the whole Yankee Army would be in Nashville.

Our men were ordered to move out on the road to Nashville. When they started, a drummer boy fixed a white handkerchief to a pole and marched ahead of them, and they bade a glad farewell to the rebel cause. Before they left they noticed quite a commotion among them, which they supposed was caused by some news they had gotten from the battlefield. Our men had been with them twenty-four hours, and they said there was more misery and suffering crammed into that short space of time than they ever endured in all their lives. Wheeler's cavalry numbered about a full division. The Federals were taken prisoners about 3 p.m., December 30, 1862, and up to the time they were paroled had ridden sixty miles.

After getting out on the pike they found there were forty-six of them, all told privates, teamsters, wagonmasters [sic], drummer boys, non-commissioned officers and a captain. They formed themselves in company order, and, with the white flag flying before them, took up their march to Nashville, some thirty miles away. They could still hear the sound of the battle that was going on at that time. Toward night they stopped at a log house on the road and stayed all night, some of the boys going to a neighboring straw stack and getting straw, which made comfortable beds. The night was pretty cold, but they had a good fire in the fireplace.

The next morning, New Year's Day, they were on the road again, and arrived on the outskirts of the city in due time, but were stopped by the pickets. They stated to the guard who they were, and were ordered to report to the provost marshal, who ordered

them to report to the barracks, which was a large brick building, known as the Zollicoffer House. While they were in Nashville they had a visit from two members of the regiment, James LeClare and Peter Bohart - who were, wounded at Stone [sic] River, and shortly afterward Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake called on them. They were sent North from Nashville on January 24, 1863, and arrived at Louisville, Ky. the next morning. They then went on to Indianapolis, Ind., where they stayed until June 3d, when they were ordered to join their regiment and leave for the front. In a few days they were back to the regiment, which was still in camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn., remaining there a few days. They were ordered to return North as they had not been properly exchanged, so on June 22d they started for Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio. After being there a short time they were transferred to Indianapolis, where they remained until October 7, 1863, when they were ordered to join their regiment, then in camp at Bridgeport, Alabama.