

STORAGE
HISTORY

OF THE



72d INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

OF THE

MOUNTED LIGHTNING BRIGADE.

A Faithful Record of the Life, Service, and Suffering, of the Rank and File of the Regiment, on the March, in Camp, in Battle, and in Prison. Especially Devoted to Giving the reader a Definite Knowledge of the Service of the Common Soldier. With an Appendix Containing a Complete Roster of Officers and Men.

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CHAPTER XII.

October 6th to October 18th, 1862—General Forward Movement—Trunks Sent Home—March to Shelbyville—First Graybacks—Songs for the Rebels and Darkies—Hard March for Frankfort—Skirmish on Entering the City—First Rebel Blood—Into Camp near the Cemetery—400 Men for Picket—March to Versailles—Capture of Rebel Soldiers.

Arrived at Louisville, October 5th, we found most of the troops gone, and learned that they had marched in the direction of Bardstown. The streets we left so thronged, were almost empty. As soon as we got into camp, orders came to cook two days' rations for our haversacks, to put four days' raw rations into our wagons, and be ready to move early next morning. We had enough of Louisville and were anxious to be off after Bragg, as we heard he was retreating. Our only dread was that horrible Gen. Granger, who had almost worn us out on the Elizabethtown march.

The very important order was also issued that line officers should dispense with trunks, and they all brought carpet bags and sent their "meeting houses" home, steeples and all. One trouble with Buell had been too much baggage train, too few ambulances. We were to have less baggage train and more ambulances from this time. It was a most important step in the right direction.

On October 6th, about noon of as beautiful a Fall day as one ever saw, we shouldered our knapsacks and guns, and marched out on the Louisville & Frankfort pike, through a delightful country. We understood that we were going to Shelbyville, some 32 miles distant. Our march was again very rapid that afternoon, and we made 17 miles before going into camp on Floyd's Fork of Salt River. The water was very bad at this camp. Many men whose feet had been skinned on the Elizabethtown march, had to fall out, but fortunately, now, and for the first time since we entered the service, we have ambulances with us to aid the men in keeping up with their regiments.

On the 7th, the march was resumed, and we reached Shelbyville at 4 P. M., and went into camp on the grounds which a rebel force had occupied a few days before. We found, to our horror, before morning, that the ground was alive with graybacks—the name given by the soldiers to the army body louse. We had seen old soldiers picking them out of the bristles of their hog hair shirts, but we had never enjoyed that distinction, being "too new." After this night we were veterans, having received the finishing touch on that camp

Many of us were so stiff and foot sore, having lain down hot in the chill of the night, that we shuffled along like ducks after over eating pumpkin seeds. We could hardly lift our poor swollen, blistered, peeled feet, from the ground, or step more than 15 or 18 inches.

Soon after we started, the cavalry dashed by, and soon after that we heard the roar of cannon and a slight clatter of small arms in front. Our patriotic hair bristled, our blood had a quicker circulation, and we were ordered to take a double quick step, and did it at a lively rate, forgetting all about our sore feet for the nonce, not from fear but desire for the fray. (Historic lie-sense allows the last statement.) We got in sight of the bridge over the Kentucky River at break of day. It was a long, covered structure; our cavalry had charged upon the rebel pickets as the battery let a few shots fly over the city, and the rebels cut sticks and left "berry sudden," and ran away, leaving a considerable part of their effects behind them.

One rebel was killed in the charge on the bridge, and the blood was dark on the floor and the sides of it. This was the first rebel blood we saw. After sleeping around upon the pavements and cellar doors until about 8 A. M., we were marched to the top of a high hill east of town, near the beautiful cemetery, and went into camp. Our camp ground overlooked the city, which is built on a little table land on the river bank, at the foot of towering hills that fence it in; and we could look right down into the penitentiary walls and see the convicts in their striped clothes at work.

On the afternoon of this same day, October 8th, the Seventy-Second furnished 400 men for picket, and it took so many of those able for duty that battalion drill was not possible until the pickets came back to camp. Our ranks were visibly thinned, and many of those ablest of body when the regiment was first formed, had gone to the crowded hospitals, and some to the grave. Over-marching had done a terrible and sad work. While there was no large force of rebels in that section, there were many small bands, and skirmishing often occurred as we were establishing our picket lines.

On this day also the battle of Perrysville was fought, and though full forty miles away, we could hear the roar of the artillery.

On the 11th of October, we were ordered to get ready to move as lightly as possible, with two days' cooked rations in haversacks. It was now evident that when any rapid movement was to be made, the Seventy-Second had to participate. We were also fully posted as to what these orders to move light at a moment's notice, with cooked rations, meant, and we laid aside every weight, and big knapsacks, which so easily upset us, and, each with a single blanket rolled up as hard as

ground, and you ought to have seen us scratch. From that night we could tell as big a yarn as any veteran, and do as much scratching to the square inch.

On the 8th, we formed and marched up into Shelbyville, where we remained until 1 P. M. While here the boys sang many patriotic songs, to the great annoyance of some bitter secessionists, near whose house we were halted. The one that made them maddest was:

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massah
 Wid de mufftache or him face,
 Go down de road some time dis mornin',
 Like he's gwine to leab de place?
 He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
 Whar de Linkum gun-boats lay,
 He took his hat an' left berry sudden,
 An' I 'spec he's rund away!

De massa run? ha! ha!
 De darkey stay? ho! ho!

It mus' be now de king-um am a commin, an' de yar ob Jubilee!

This song delighted the darkies who had flocked to see us, as much as it exasperated the white rebels, and it was too funny to see the rebels raving in front yards, on porches or at windows, while around the corners of the houses the darkies were rolling their great white eyes, bending their bodies and beating their woolly heads in deliriums of joy and laughter. They at once caught the melody and spirit of the song, and for their sake it was sung about a dozen times, and the tune stayed with them, and most of the words, too.

When the brigade did start it went almost in a run, as if our little Gen. Granger had just aroused from a sleep, and realized that he was some miles behind. On we went over the hard pike at the rate of three and a half to four miles an hour, halting but briefly once or twice until 10 o'clock of the night, when we were ordered to get over into a field, lie down on our arms, and go to sleep, which we speedily did. We knew we were within six miles of Frankfort, and at that place, report had it, we would meet the rebels strongly fortified and be stoutly resisted by them. It is no boast to say that we were willing to meet the rebels, if it was their pleasure, and many expected it would be their pleasure to keep us out of Frankfort, and we knew if they made a stand at that place after burning the bridge, the city would have to be shelled and battered with artillery, as the river and bluffs would make it impossible to charge and take it at the point of the bayonet.

After resting about three hours, we were called up by the long roll, told to see that our guns were ready for action, and hurried off.

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a cable and swung around the shoulders, his gun, haversack, canteen and tin cup, were ready before the order to move came, and quietly resting to the last moment. What a change from the first order to march, at Lebanon, when it took some fifty teams to haul our camp equipage, and when we almost wore ourselves out getting ready, and were tired when we started. Here we all were, in an hour after receiving marching orders, fully ready and serenely waiting, and not a team to accompany us, save a few ambulances.

At 2 P. M., the order "March!" was given, and we moved out on to the Versailles pike and faced for that town. We sailed along at a rate of over three miles the hour on a solid pike and through a splendid country, part of the blue grass region. It was understood that our brigade was to make a dash on the rebel force at Versailles. Before 6 P. M., we entered the town, having marched 14 miles in four hours, and hardly a man fell out by the way. All the rebel soldiers that were able, fled the town at our approach, but we captured 300 sick and convalescent rebel soldiers and paroled them. We mingled with and talked freely to these prisoners, and most of them expressed themselves as glad to be captured. They represented the condition of the South as deplorable. The supply of food and all other supplies in most of the rebel states were about exhausted. Bragg had forced his way north, hoping to invade Indiana and Ohio, plunder food, horses, &c, from them, to get heavy reinforcements from Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, dishearten the North, and compel the Union Government to ask for an armistice and a compromise. Instead of accomplishing his purpose, he was being driven back at every point, and his army, so lately full of vim, courage and expectation, was now on the retreat to the destitute states disheartened and half demoralized. This news was bracing to us, who had a short time before been falling back before this same army, and we felt pretty well, as we were now chasing them before us.

It was Saturday evening as we entered Versailles, and it seemed that all the negroes for miles around had assembled to see us march in. Their demonstrations of joy as we filed by them were enthusiastic, quite amusing and often touching. They shouted, danced, leaped, yelled and prayed for us. One old lady expressed her delight by first yelling out a blessing on us, and then butting a gate post over and over, with all the force of an old ram. The boys asked for corn bread, and the negro women ran quickly and got all they had and brought it to them, and said "If you 'uns 'ill wait we 'uns 'ill go an' jist bake cords uv it fur yeh." But we 'uns could not wait.

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extended our reconnoissance towards Nicholasville four miles, took ten prisoners, returned by the same road through Versailles two miles on the Frankfort road, and went into camp. On this afternoon, the first negroes that ever left their masters and followed us, got down from the fences along the side of the road and joined the regiment. Most of them were returned to their masters. Next morning we returned to camp at Frankfort, but had not more than stacked our arms before we were ordered to draw five days' rations, and be ready to march in the morning. When morning came, we were ready, but marching orders were countermanded. We remained in camp from the 13th to the 18th without incident. The weather was beautiful, and battalion and company drill was the daily routine. As long as we had been in the service, we had never seen a military funeral until the 15th of October. A soldier was buried who was followed to his grave by the fife shrieking out the dead march, accompanied by muffled drum, while comrades followed the slow moving ambulance with reversed arms. When buried, shots were fired over his grave. All who witnessed it were deeply impressed with the solemnity of this unique funeral; and it was especially depressing on those who had a touch of the jaundice and home sickness, and for them the fewer such funerals they witnessed the better.

One day, while lying at Frankfort, Gen. Dumont met a Seventy-Second man carrying a mackerel, and said, "My man, what have you got?" "I have a mackerel," said the man. "What do you intend to do with it?" asked the General. "I'm going to broil it and eat it; I've heard that broiled mackerel is good for the diarrhœa." "Young man," said the General, very gravely, "Go, broil that mackerel well, eat it and report the result to me; if it cures you, I will have a keg of mackerel issued to every man in the Seventy-Second Regiment."

CHAPTER XIII.

October 18th to October 23rd, 1862—After Morgan in Mule Wagons with one Day's Rations—Capture Rebels at Versailles—Find Morgan Asleep Just in the Right Place—Col. Norton, a Military Ass, Wakes Him up with Cannon—Morgan Runs and we Stay on a Hill—Wrath of the Men at Norton—Gen. Dumont a Little too Late for Morgan, but not for Norton—The Seventy-Second Continues the Chase two Days to Bardstown—Draw Rations, Eat Raw S. B., &c., at Bardstown—Return to Frankfort.

On the afternoon of Saturday, October 18th, we had orders to draw one day's rations and get ready to move as light as possible. The word soon got out that it was to be a scout after Morgan, who was said to be in the vicinity of Versailles. We were delighted to get off on such an errand, and the regiment turned out 600 men. We marched out to the road, where we were ordered to get into the wagons, which were drawn up in line. Sixteen men got into each wagon. The Seventy-Second took the advance, and at sun down, off we went at a gallop over the pike. What a noise, what a dust, what jolting! The regiment was in high spirit and merry as robins in spring. 14 miles, 14 miles, 14 miles, onward; 14 miles, 14 miles, rode the 600! The whole brigade was in mule wagons except the 13th Battery boys, who were mounted on their guns and caissons. At 9 o'clock, we dashed into Versailles and captured a squad left there by Morgan to watch and give him notice if Union troops advanced. From these prisoners we ascertained that Morgan had taken the Lawrenceburgh road. We followed immediately and rapidly. Upon entering the ravine, which had very steep banks, leading down to the Kentucky River at Shryock's Ford, the advance guard took another rebel sentinel who was fast asleep.

The brigade was halted, our regiment was ordered out of the wagons, and cautioned to be as still as possible. Just then there was a discharge of three volleys of musketry. Then a pause and deep silence. Then thundered the cannon once, twice, thrice, each one making an echo so distinct in the hills that many thought six shots had been discharged. In the crisp, clear air, the shots were heard shrieking as they sped away. We instantly formed on the narrow bit of road along side of the wagons, and went to the front in double quick. We were ordered to climb up the side of a very steep hill, which we speedily did. Then we were ordered to sit down, or lie down gun in hand, ready to get in line at the command. The hill was so steep that we could not sit on it without slipping down

unless we each took a seat there nursing a gun. Steep as the hills, the horses slipping and sliding like sinners. We saw the rear of Morgan, as well as the horses' feet and caissons. Morgan commanded to dash forward, the cavalry were dispersed, and we heard Morgan's men.

The explanation of the pickets and capture of his camp, where he was moving to Lawrenceburgh brigade on foot, and we were on, come to know would have been better have gotten away. Ohio, who commanded quiet and waiting for to do, and as Col. Norton spoken of above to Morgan and his men. In a voice of the rebel commanding and dashing rebels were gone.

Here was a chance to reap laurels of fame. We could see into the fool commander, Dumont astraddle of the bus, sleep, aroused the enemy.

O, but we were a success. Next morning at 10 o'clock, and when the guns, spurs, sabers, wrath became hot. Norton's head for Gen. Dumont with his feet at the mouth of the ravine minutes after they were there than ever. When I

unless we each took a sapling between our legs, which we did, and sat there nursing a gun between our arms and a tree between our legs. Steep as the hill was, the cavalry began to climb it, the horses slipping and stumbling over the rocks, and the men swearing like sinners. We supposed the cavalry were passing around to the rear of Morgan, as we heard commands, men mounting, the clatter of horses' feet and cavalry swords, and expected we should soon be commanded to dash down on his camp; but we soon learned that the cavalry were dismounted and asleep on top of the hill, while we heard Morgan's men running away.

The explanation of all this is, that we had come upon Morgan's pickets and captured them. We had slipped up to the very border of his camp, where the chief and his men lay sound asleep. Dumont was moving to Lawrenceburg on another and shorter road, with a brigade on foot, and when there would have turned into the road we were on, come to meet us, and between his force and ours, Morgan would have been bagged and doubtless captured, as he could not have gotten away. The great mistake was made by Col. Norton, of Ohio, who commanded our brigade. Instead of keeping perfectly quiet and waiting for Dumont to come up, as he had been ordered to do, and as Col. Miller begged him to do, he ordered the shots spoken of above to be fired into Morgan's camp, which awoke him and his men. In a minute after the first shot, we could hear the voices of the rebel commanders hurrying up their men, hear the men mounting and dashing away for dear life. Soon all was still and the rebels were gone.

Here was a chance for our division, including the Seventy-Second, to reap laurels of fame and take one of the most pestilent rebel raiders. We could see into his camp and almost reach the prize, when the fool commander, Norton, ordered us on to a hill side, set us astraddle of the bushes; sent the cavalry up the same hill to go to sleep, aroused the enemy and let him go.

O, but we were a mad set of men, from Col. Miller to the least of us. Next morning, after many useless delays, we moved at 9 o'clock, and when we came to Morgan's camp and found saddles, guns, spurs, sabers, provisions, clothing, and even pack horses, our wrath became hot as a furnace, and we breathed curses upon Norton's head for his base folly or treason. When we met Gen. Dumont with his force at Lawrenceburg, and found that he arrived at the mouth of the road by which the rebels escaped just thirty minutes after they got out of it, we were more fierce in our wrath than ever. When Dumont found out the facts, put on all his steam,

stood up in his stirrups and cursed Norton for a fool and a rebel with all his fierce invective, we enjoyed it beyond measure. That was one time when swearing was allowed on Sunday, and traveling too.

Morgan had six hours the start of us, was fearfully scared and moved rapidly. All that 19th day of October we pursued him over the roughest roads we had ever traveled, being almost jolted and pounded into mince meat.

One of the incidents of this rough day's drive in a sweeping trot over the breaks of Salt River, was the running away of the mules which drew the wagon in which Capt. Watts, of Company I, and his detachment, were riding. The wagon wheel hit a rock or stump, threw the bed into the air, men and all going up with it towards the moon, looking like the boats and men do in the pictures when a furious whale has hoisted them with its tail. The bed turned upside down and lit on the men. Great confusion all along the lines. The mules brought up against a tree, wiggled their tails and subsided. The wagon bed was lifted off the men, who crawled up, none of them much hurt, except a few square feet of their bodies a little worse bruised than before; the wagon was reconstructed, the mules reorganized and started off on the long trot again. It was a common sight that day to look from a wagon, as we halted on the brow of a hill to give time to teams ahead to get out of the way, and see men tossed three or four feet into the air as the wagons went at full speed down the hills and over the rough rocks—for we were on no pike now, but a common country road. Men were often thrown out of the wagons and considerably bruised. Capt. Pinkerton tried to get into a wagon while it was in motion and got his foot almost pulverized.

The weather became quite cold for that time of year, and we went into camp at about 10 o'clock at night on the south bank of Salt River in one of the windiest, bleakest, coldest, rockiest places we ever saw. We had but a blanket each and no overcoats. It was too cold to sleep, and we gave the whole night to keeping up fires. We were also out of rations, and so sore from bruises that we could hardly walk. But like Mark Tapley, we were cheerful and resolved to come out strong.

We had learned from prisoners taken that Morgan's force broke up into squads, after passing Lawrenceburg, so they might elude pursuit, and being in the rear of our main army the more easily rejoin Bragg. The Seventy-Second and some cavalry were alone on this scout, Gen. Dumont and the other troops having turned back to Frankfort.

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Next day, the 20th, we still pushed on, taking now and then a jaded prisoner who could go no further, and in the afternoon arrived at Bardstown at 3 P. M., out of rations and hungry as wolves. We had learned at Bloomfield that Morgan was 24 hours ahead of us, and the statement being confirmed at this place we found a commissary, drew rations and ate out of all reason.

We had started with one day's rations, and had been on the move day and night for two days, with no time to forage. The pork we drew was very thick and fat, yet the men were so hungry that they did not wait to cook it, although wood could be easily obtained, but bolted it down raw in great quantities, with hard tack. We have never seen so much fat meat eaten as that evening in the hickory grove near Bardstown. The result was a very restless night in camp. In all directions were heard groanings and explosive sounds of stomachs unloading their enormous weight of pork. The next day it was necessary to lay quietly in camp for the men to recuperate from the effects of this gorge. On the 22nd, we started back to Frankfort and camped for the night on Salt River, opposite Taylorsville. On the 23rd, we pushed ahead and reached Frankfort at 10 in the night, tired enough, and slept soundly in our tents once more.

The explanation of this affair, given in Basil M. Duke's history of Morgan's Cavalry, is, that Morgan had been covering the rear of Kirby Smith's column of Bragg's army in his retreat out of Kentucky in 1862, when, at Gum Springs, about 30 miles south-east of Lexington, he started with 1,800 men and two howitzers to raid our lines, and to pass into Tennessee at Gallatin. He arrived at Lexington just at daylight on the 18th of October, and captured the 4th Ohio Cavalry, and left Lexington for Versailles at 1 P. M. of the same day. How Dumont ever learned of his whereabouts in time to do anything, is more than we can tell, unless it was by some of the fugitives from the fight at Lexington, about 30 miles from Frankfort.

The rapid pursuit of Morgan, and the plan for attacking and capturing him, were admirable, and would have been perfect but for the blunder of Col. Norton, and reflected great credit on Gen. Dumont. Col. Norton was arrested, tried by a court martial, and dismissed in disgrace for his incompetency or baseness. Gen. Dumont was given a larger command.

The greatest mischief Morgan did on this raid was the burning of some 80 wagons belonging to Buell's army. He hustled into Tennessee as fast as he could scamper.

This was always referred to as the raid of the mule brigade. We

conclude the account with a quotation from T. W. Milligan, giving an account of his experience in mule driving, as it is a fair specimen of the driving done on that raid.

Mr. Milligan says: "On our return from Bardstown, we called a halt about sunset to take our refreshments. When we were ready to march again, our teamster was missing, and the Lieutenant called for a volunteer mule driver. I was heartily sick of my position in the wagon, and volunteered. No one was aware of my ignorance of how to steer the mules. Darkness soon set in, and I felt rather uncomfortable, seated on the saddle mule, the reins tied fast to the saddle. The mules started up a little brisk, the boys in the wagon told me not to drive so fast; I halloed, whoa! whoa! and they went faster. I jerked the rein and yelled, gee! gee! and pulled haw! haw! whipped them over the head, then over the rump, but all my attempts to halt were a sad failure. I looked back to see how the boys in the wagon were enjoying the ride, and found that the old wagon was bounding like a ship in a storm without helmsman. Lieut. Crick was standing in the front end of the wagon holding fast to the box with one hand, and the other high above his head, swearing that Buck Milligan was no more fit for a teamster than he was for a chaplain. I stuck to the mules like grim death until they were ready to slack their pace, when I slid off and left them to go at will, and they trotted into camp at Frankfort in good order and halted at the proper place. I then and there swore never again to take hold of a string that had a mule at the end of it."

The result of this raid was a very large increase of sickness, both from the exposure and over-eating at Bardstown, where we drew the thickest, fattest, meat, we ever saw, which the men, who were ravenously hungry, ate raw in large quantities. We never saw them eat so much raw s. b. before or since. On our arrival at camp at Frankfort, the diarrhoea raged with increased violence, for the rations were so bad—the meat so rotten and maggoty, and the crackers so full of big white worms—that the boys declared we were using rations Uncle Sam had left over from the Mexican War. To cap the climax, measles broke out among the troops and spread to our regiment, taking to hospital and to the grave some of the best men. No disease in the army was more destructive to the health and life of soldiers than the measles.

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CHAPTER XIV.

October 25th to November 11th, 1862—Orders to March—Striking Tents in the Snow—Cry for Overcoats—Order of March—Hard March Through Snow—Sleeping in Hog Beds and Barns—Weather Becomes Fair and Dusty—Burning Rails—Plenty to Eat but Bad Rations—March Through Bowling Green—Into Camp at Lost River—Reviewed by Gen. Rosecrans—More Graybacks.

After the battle at Perryville, Bragg got out of Kentucky with all speed, Buell was succeeded by Rosecrans, and a vigorous forward movement begun. On Friday evening, October 25th, we were ordered to prepare to march, and were called up next morning by daylight to strike tents, pack up and be off. Snow had fallen rapidly all night and about three inches lay on the ground. As the men hauled down tents and packed up, they cried as dolorously as Pharaoh's locusts, "o-o-o-o-ver coats!—o-o-o-o-ver coats!" The cry spread from camp to camp, until there were thousands repeating the sad refrain. Dumont's division, consisting of four brigades and three batteries, was soon on the Bardstown road moving through the snow. As this is the first time our division had moved together in perfect order, it may be of interest to give the regulations that govern the movements of a division.

Each brigade is numbered according to the seniority of rank of its commander, one, two, three, four. Each regiment in the brigade is numbered in the same way. On the first day's march, the first brigade has the advance, and the first regiment in the brigade acts as advance guard. On the second day's march, the second brigade has the advance and the second regiment in that brigade is advance guard, while the first brigade falls to the rear and the first regiment becomes rear guard. On the third day's march, the third brigade comes to the front, its third regiment being advance guard, and the second brigade falling to the rear, its second regiment becoming rear guard. And so on until all have held the advance and rear. When not near an enemy, each brigade train, together with its Quartermaster's teams, artillery attached to the brigade and ambulances, march just in the rear of the brigade to which they belong. A division of four brigades and three batteries, and all wagon trains, makes a line full five miles long on the road, and presents quite a formidable appearance.

In the vicinity of an enemy, when expecting an attack, the line would be arranged thus: First, infantry; second, artillery; third, infantry; fourth, artillery; fifth, all teams in rear of the division under a strong rear guard.

On this first day's march on that snowy 26th of November, our

brigade had the advance, and our regiment, headed by Col. Miller, was advance guard. We had to break the road, the snow thawed and knotted and balled upon our shoe soles, and towards evening froze on our feet and pantaloons, making marching disagreeable and exhaustive in the extreme, and two-thirds of the men gave out before night and failed to stack arms. The ambulances were all full; some crept to straw stacks or hay stacks, barns, and other out-houses, to screen themselves from the cold while they rested; some found resting places in negro cabins, and some on the floors of the houses of the whites. One man said he drove up a lot of hogs from a hollow tree and took their bed. Corporal Riddell, Company G, crawled into a stable loft and got under the fodder to keep himself from freezing. During the night, a squad of rebel cavalry, which was following our rear, came and took nearly every blade off of him. This was a close call.

On the 27th, which was Sunday, we made but a Sabbath day's journey, eight miles. The snow melted away, the day was beautiful, most of the men came up who had fallen behind, we had a good night's rest, and on the morning of the 28th, started out in good cheer, passing through Johnsonville and Chaplin Hill. We were highly complimented for this and all subsequent days of this march to Bowling Green. On the 29th, we passed through Bloomfield and Bardstown, encamping on the south of the latter place.

On the 30th, we marched to New Haven, went into camp on the south of that place on a fork of Salt River; were ordered to put up our tents and to make out our pay rolls. This latter order was a welcome one, especially to the officers, who had not received a cent from the Government since they had entered the service, and who had been borrowing from their men or drawn on the reserve at home. All haste was made to get the pay rolls made out, but as it is as hard and delicate a piece of work as to make out a muster roll, but few of the companies succeeded before the order was given to march the next day.

On the 31st, we passed President Lincoln's birth place, between New Haven and Elizabethtown, which most of us viewed with reverence, as if it were sacred and classic ground.

About noon of the same day, Corporal Magee got badly hurt. While sitting on a low fence eating his dinner, Corporal Geiger, of Company C, a big stout man, fell out for walnuts. There were plenty on the ground, but he wanted some fresh from the tree, and picked up one-third of a fence rail, walked up a hill, threw it over the top of the tree, thirty feet high, and it fell upon Corporal Magee, the end striking his head, mashing through his sole leather cap crown and cutting

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a gash in the scalp three inches long. This was a "rail" ugly accident. That night we camped at Nolin's Creek, getting in late. The month had been one of great activity with us, but on the whole it had been a very agreeable one to those who kept well, for we had been all the time on chase of the enemy, having captured almost a thousand prisoners, and were now in full pursuit of Bragg's great army, driving it as chaff is driven before the strong wind.

On November 1st, we marched to Bacon's Creek, a short easy march. The weather was glorious Indian summer; the roads were so dusty that our clothing, beards and hair became white with the fine limestone dust of the pike. Water was pretty plenty in pools or sinks in the ground, and pretty good, too. We were holding out well, and could only complain of the rations, which continued to be bad. The worms were so thick in our coffee after we had broken a cracker into it that we had to skim them off. The boys often yelled out, while cooking, that a skipper had kicked their skillet over. We burned thousands of rails each night to cook and warm by; for though the days were pleasant, the nights were frosty, and every morning we would arise with the side of the head that was uppermost covered with frost. What appetites we had! And every day we ate a greater variety than our rations, and fresher food, too.

On the 2nd, we crossed Green River at Mumfordsville, and marched to Horse Cave, where the first mail since leaving Frankfort was received, which caused great rejoicing, for letters from home were indispensable to a soldier's happiness. On the 3rd, we passed Cave City and Pruitt's Knob, and camped at Dripping Springs, having made a hard march all day.

On Monday, November 4th, we marched through Bowling Green, and went into camp three miles south-west of that place at Lost River, having marched 180 miles in 10 days, an average of 18 miles per day. We were highly complimented for our discipline and endurance, both by Col. Miller, our Brigade Commander, and Gen. Dumont, our Division Commander. The latter always had a fatherly pride in the Seventy-Second, at whose birth he officiated.

While on this march, Gen. Dumont had gone home to arrange some private affairs, he having been elected to Congress. A few days before reaching Bowling Green, while we were halted for our noon lunch and were lying at will, we saw a one horse buggy coming up from the rear, and soon a yell went up. It was Gen. Dumont come back. He was dressed in that same old white hat with other clothes to match, and was driven by a very black little negro boy, and had no other attendant. As soon as the Seventy-Second recognized him, they got

on their feet, swung their caps and raised the yell, calling for a speech. The buggy halted a moment, the General took off his old hat, bowed, smiled, and said, "Boys, d—n it, keep still, you bother me," and was off again in a round of applause all along the line.

Our camp grounds at Lost River were unlevel and dusty. The weather became raw and cold, and the wind blew furiously almost every day, carrying clouds of dust into our eyes and cooking food, so each got about a peck of dirt per day plus the worms in our meat and bread. We put up tents, and the officers built chimneys to their tents, which smoked at the wrong ends. The men in their Sibleys were a little better off, but in any of them was a famous place to smoke bacon. In a few days we all had colds, sneezing, with watery eyes, and wishing we could go on another march. The truth is the Seventy-Second never liked camp life and duty. Here we found the 70th Ind., which had been in camp at Bowling Green for three months, and we were veterans compared with them.

Cave Spring, or Lost River, or Mill Spring, near which we were camped, deserves a word, as it was a great curiosity to us Indianians, who had never seen a deeper hole in the ground than a well. It was a large deep stream, three or four rods wide—we never knew how deep—which came out of the ground at the foot of a low hill, ran six or eight rods, ran under the ground again, and finally came out into the Big Barren River some six miles below Bowling Green. Some of our boys, with a spirit of exploration largely developed, followed the stream through all its windings, some eight miles, to the Barren River. The water was then low, but the worn rocks showed that the channel was often quite full.

While in camp in this old dusty field, which had been pulverized by both armies, and the very dust of which was almost all alive with vermin, we learned that Gen. Rosecrans had superseded Buell in the command of this army, and that he was to review us soon. Then we began to scour brass buttons, scabbards, blades, guns and bayonets, and get everything ready for the eagle eye of the great commander.

On the 6th of November, in the cold air and dust of the afternoon, our division was drawn up in splendid order. The Seventy-Second was out with every available man, knapsacks and haversacks on as if to start on the march; guns and bayonets polished until they shone like silver; buttons shone like fine brass—everything in perfect trim. Gen. Rosecrans was making a very careful inspection of his forces, and reviewed by regiments, riding very deliberately around each. When he rode slowly down the front of the Seventy-Second, he repeated several times:

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"Aim deliberately, aim low." As he rode up the rear of the regiment he repeated, "Eat well, sleep well, keep well."

He made us a little speech which we cheered to the echo, advising us to take care of ourselves, become well drilled, and to be cool in action. We find in Col. Miller's notes, made at the time, the statement that Gen. Rosecrans told him that the Seventy-Second was one of the finest regiments he had reviewed for many a day.

When we reached Bowling Green, we found the main body of the Army of the Cumberland, for so it was called now, moving through it marching for Nashville. The 10th Indiana contained many of our home acquaintances, and we had a pleasant time visiting with them. On the 9th, Rosecrans' division passed us moving southwards. On the 10th, a man in the 108th Ohio accidentally shot and killed himself near our regiment, and on Company I was laid the unpleasant duty of burying him. About the same time a man in Company C had a finger shot off. He claimed that a bushwhacker did it, but his bunk mates said he did it himself to get a discharge, but shot the finger from the left hand and failed. A man in Company I was more successful. He had fits, and after he was discharged his messmates said he ate shaving soap to make him froth at the mouth. There are some such frauds amongst the best men that ever got together, and home sickness and dread of battle had a fearfully demoralizing effect on such.

CHAPTER XV.

November 11th to November 28th, 1862—March to Scottsville—Dumont Ordered to "Go Home"—A New Place—Col. Miller's Description of the Natives—Drill School—An Abundance to Eat—Lousy as Lazarus—Trading Lids From Pill Boxes and Cancelled Postage Stamps for Chickens, &c.—The Negro Gallows—Capt. Hanna's Vest Swap—March to Gallatin—Spoon to the Right or Left, at the Case May be—Draw Overcoats at Gallatin—Go Into Camp.

On the 11th, the regiment moved for Scottsville, Ky., 25 miles from Bowling Green, making 18 miles over roads that were little traveled, but well cushioned with autumn and other large forest leaves. On the 25th, we arrived about noon in a driving wind and cold rain, and took up the day in trying to find a camping place, and in building fires and fixing temporary shelters, only to be ordered to another place. Before we settled the camp, a detail of 100 men from the Seventy-Second was made to go back and repair the roads so that rations could be hauled from Bowling Green.

While the regiment was being settled, some of our men built a fire, and a man dressed in citizens' clothing came up and stood warming himself, and finally turned around and gave the fire a kick. This made one of the men who had helped build the fire very mad, and he raved out, "You dashed old fool, what did you do that for? what are you fooling around here for anyhow? I think you'd better go home now, we don't want any more of you."

When the angry soldier stopped his clatter, the old fellow said, with a peculiar nasal that every man in the regiment would know on the darkest night that ever blew, "Well, e-gad, I expect you're about right, soldier, I han't got any business here, and I'll go." As Gen. Dumont stalked away with his old shawl over his head, the laugh was on the soldier who had mistaken his General for some old citizen, and ordered him home.

This Scottsville was a new place. No soldiers of either army had been there before. Situated 25 miles from a railroad, in a hilly, heavily wooded country, the people were intensely rural even in the little town itself. In the woods were chestnuts, hickory nuts, persimmons, haws and grapes, pigs, mutton, sheep, milk—all that heart could wish—and had these things been temperately used, they would have greatly benefited us, as we had been so long on hard army rations that scurvy had begun to appear. But with the soldier it is always a feast or a famine, and most of them ate so much as to make themselves sick. On the day after we arrived, Maj. Carr, who had recently been promoted from Capt. of Company B, a most accomplished drill master, organized a school for the instruction of commissioned and non-commissioned officers in tactics, including skirmish drill. This was of great advantage and improved us rapidly. Squad, company and battalion drill, was pushed every day the weather would permit, and the Seventy-Second was the best drilled regiment in the division, and officers from all the other regiments often came to see us drill.

With over-eating and with the unhealthy location of the camp, and the cold rains that fell about every other day, "home sickness" and physical ailment increased to an alarming extent in the brigade, and touched the Seventy-Second a little. Coughs and colds became fearful, and the picket post could be located for miles around by the incessant coughing of the pickets. Here some of the companies became thoroughly lousy. We had a sprinkle at Shelbyville, a shower at Bowling Green and a deluge at Scottsville. We made a desperate effort to get rid of them, for they are too lively to sleep with. Some scorched their hog hair shirts over the fire, but gray-

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backs hid down deep between the bristles and could stand it better than the shirts could. Some hung their hog hair out on a pole to freeze them out, but you might as well try to freeze Esquimaux. Some seated themselves on logs in the sun, stripped to the waist, and tried to pick them out from amongst the bristles, but you might as well try to pick the drops from the ocean, for the "cattle" bred faster on one shirt in the sun than five skillful nigger cotton pickers could pick them off. Some borrowed big kettles from the natives and put their shirts in them and boiled them all day and all night. This process killed most of the graybacks, and it drew up the hog hair shirts until they were not large enough for a doll baby's dress; and many of them fell apart like sand as soon as the "stiffening" was out. These wretched vermin got into every stitch of clothing a man wore. When a company set about it in earnest, they could keep them pretty well subdued, but always retained enough in a dormant condition to seed the whole regiment in a few days of favorable neglect and dirt. The boys had a saying that if there ever came a time when a grayback could not be found in a company, some one in that company was going to die, sure.

We called these pestiferous vermin "graybacks" because we called the rebels that name, and because we got them from the rebels, and because there was no other creature on earth as mean as a rebel but a body louse. But we have lo(u)st the subject and must return.

A country is a pretty sure index to its people. This country was poor and the people were also, and the most ignorant of any we had yet seen. Col. Miller says in his notes of November 15th:

"Went to town to-day and saw a lot of the natives. They are of the real butternut stock. The men are long, gangle-kneed, and look as though they had lived on raw persimmons all their lives; while the women are just as scrawny, but seem to have children by instinct, intuitively, or some other process."

One day while out on picket, we saw "Limber Jim" of Company F buy five roasted chickens and twenty pies for \$20 in confederate money, and get \$2 good money back in change. Web. Reed, of Company F, bought a basket full of corn bread with the lid off of a tin pill box. This was about the time that postal change came into circulation and the natives were not well posted as to its appearance, and we have seen the men on picket buy any amount of corn bread, apples, potatoes, chickens, &c., with canceled postage stamps which had been carefully removed from old letters. Of course we did not endorse this method of putting down the rebellion, but

as faithful chroniclers of events gives these facts as examples of Yankee shrewdness over Southern chivalry.

There was one picket post south-east of Scottsville about two miles on a lonesome country road which lay through a deep forest. The picket post was on a little branch which crossed the road. In a small opening near the road and branch, stood a large upright post from which projected a great beam, at a height of about 10 feet from the ground. Through this beam was bored a large hole. This was the negro gallows. We learned from an aged negro man many facts about this gallows and the victims hung on it. He said the gallows had been standing for several years, and that many negroes had been hung on it. "Da is deir graves, massah," said he as he pointed to some graves near the gallows. The graves had all been covered over with rails, but on many the rails had rotted and fallen into the sunken graves. Some of the graves were not more than a year old.

"What were the negroes hung for?" we asked.

"O, I dunno. We black 'uns done neber knows nuffin 'bout sich 'fairs. But we feels purty sartin most ob 'em was hanged case day was ole."

He proceeded to explain that often when a negro became old and worthless, some sort of charge was trumped up against him in the courts, and if the master could get the court to allow a fair price for the negro, he was hanged, and the master got the cash for him. We do not know that there was the least truth in the statement. He said a young negro was condemned to be hung, and his master, "A big man," got him "loose" because the price fixed on him was not enough.

Capt. Hanna, of Company H, was detailed as provost marshal of Scottsville. As there was an abundance of apple-jack in the country, the Captain was soon "hail fellow, well met," with all the leading citizens, and one day while in his balmiest mood, he traded his military vest with one of the largest citizens for a home spun home made vest of dark material with red stripes running across the breast. It was a wonderful garment, reaching from the Captain's chin almost to his knees. The vest trade passed as a good joke until we got to Murfreesboro, and the Captain one day reported to Col. Wilder for duty. The eye of the doughty chief scanned the vest and blazed with indignation, and he roared, "Captain, how dare you come into my presence with that vest on! You know that is not the regulation garment. Leave me at once and do it quick!" The Captain went away and remarked, "I don't believe

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Wilder likes my vest a d—d bit from a few remarks he made about it.”

Several men deserted at this place. The country around being sparsely settled and heavily wooded, was a good place in which to hide. While here we did more and better drilling than ever before or afterwards. At this place Adj. Rice was promoted to be A. A. G. on Gen. Joseph J. Reynolds' staff with rank of Captain, and to our regret left us. Sergt. Maj. William K. Byrns became acting Adjutant of the regiment, and was subsequently commissioned as Adjutant, and made a very excellent officer. Captain Hiram B. Collins, Company K, was made Adjutant of the Brigade, and Lieut. John B. Crick, Company G, was made Brigade Inspector. Our 13 days at this place were quite remarkable. We had more to eat, more drilling, more sickness, than at any other camp in our service. More than half the regiment were sick and many died.

On Tuesday, November 25th, we struck tents and took up the line of march at 7 A. M. for Gallatin, Tenn., 35 miles south-west. Little of interest occurred on this march. The weather was quite cold of nights, freezing the ground two inches deep; and as we had only our summer clothing, neither overcoats nor blankets, we suffered intensely. On the night of the 25th, we camped at the Rock House. The night was so bitter cold that the men, to economize blankets, slept six in a squad or pile. They pinned two blankets together to lie on, and pinned four others together to cover with, thus giving every man the benefit of three blankets. This is not the most pleasant way to sleep, but it is better than freezing.

The men, in such a bed, have to all lie with their faces the same way, which makes it very warm for the four between the two outside men, but cold for the two on either flank. All had to turn over at once, and when some fellow would lie until the lower side was almost freezing from the cold ground, he would yell out, "Spoon to the right," and all six would flop over on to their right sides. About the time one got sound asleep, some one else would call out "Spoon to the left!" and over would go the pile on to their left sides. And thus, upon the frozen ground, the night would be worn away. That night many sheltered themselves in the leaves of the forest on the hill, and many others in the clefts of the rocks which projected from the hills. That night some Company I men who could not sleep determined to forage a little. They lit out and soon found a plantation that promised plenty, but nothing that could crow or squeal was found. After scouting about the premises awhile, they heard a chicken crow, which sounded as if under the house, and

inspection proved that it was there with others. The question was how to get them out, as a large family was in the house, not yet gone to bed. Part of the boys agreed to go into the house to warm and others agreed to go under the house and get the chickens while those within talked, laughed, and clattered their feet upon the carpetless floor to drown the noise of the chickens. The plan worked like a charm, and the chickens went into camp.

Next morning, 26th, just as we started from the Rock House, two cavalymen rode up to the house from which the Company I men had taken the chickens. One of them dismounted and took after a turkey, which ran under the house and he after it. Just then the old woman came out with a big heavy split broom, and as the fellow undertook to come out with the turkey, she belted him over the head. After making two or three unsuccessful efforts to get out, he drew his cheese knife (saber) and began to tickle her ankles, and cried out, "If you don't get away from there I'll cut your old legs off." She fled, and the scamp having overpowered the broom with the sword, galloped away with the turkey. On this morning, as soon as the men got up, they began the old and dolorous cry, "o-o-o-vercoats, o-o-o-vercoats," and kept it up all day. Especially when over Quartermaster, Lieut. Dewey, passed, the shouts for overcoats were deafening, and in disgust he put his spurs to his horse and ran to Nashville, got our overcoats and brought them to us speedily.

On that same 26th of November, we passed the Tennessee line and camped at Gallatin, late at night. On the night of the 26th, a soldier named Geo. W. Dodd, of Company B, who had marched all day, died in his tent.

On the morning of the 27th, we went into regular camp, pitched tents and had a grand jubilee, drawing our blue, long forked tailed, heavy caped, horse hair overcoats. Every fellow got a fit. The coats of the tall men reached to their calves; the coats of the short men reached to their heels or swept the ground. They had no pockets in them, but the boys soon inserted a pocket on each side as big as a bag, and some put a big breast pocket on each side. When a fellow stole from one place all he could carry away in his overcoat pockets, there was little left but the women and babies.

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CHAPTER XVI.

November 28th to December 25th, 1862—March from Gallatin to Castillian Springs—Go into Camp—An Exposed Position—Rumors of Morgan's Threatening Movements—Fortifying—Rain and Snow—Attack on Hartsville, and a 10 Mile Run to that place—Scenes on the Fiery, Bloody Battle Ground—Removal to Bledsoe's Creek—The Great Battle Approaching—The Emancipation Proclamation—Wilder Assumes Command—Move Camp again—Go in Swimming on Christmas Day.

On the 28th our brigade moved from Gallatin about 10 miles southeast, to Castillian Springs, and camped in the most beautiful place we had yet occupied. The ground was high and rolling, covered with beautiful timber and blue grass. This place is about half way between Gallatin and Hartsville, the latter being the extreme outpost on the east of Rosecrans' army. We moved to Castillian Springs to support Col. Moore's brigade of our division, which was at Hartsville. Bragg's army had made a stand at Murfreesboro, 20 miles due south of Hartsville; hence both Hartsville and Castillian Springs might be attacked at any time.

We devoted the first few days in this camp to fixing everything up in neat order, having hints that we would most likely remain in it all winter. The inevitable drill was again instituted. On the 30th we had our first brigade inspection, and invoiced to the satisfaction of Lieut. Crick. He simply remarked that some of the men were careless in numbering their knapsacks, and that if he were not well acquainted with the character of the Seventy-Second for taking care of their property, he would be led to think by some of the numbers that somebody had stolen something. But as he found other regiments afflicted with the same carelessness, it was not best to attempt to correct the mistake.

On the 29th of November the 10th Indiana marched from Hartsville and camped near us, having been relieved at that place by Col. Moore's brigade of our division, consisting of the 106th and 108th Ohio infantry, the 105th Illinois infantry, and two guns of the 13th Indiana battery. The infantry were so largely composed of Germans that we called them the Dutch brigade. When the 10th left Hartsville they told the Dutch brigade that Morgan would get them inside of a week, if they did not look a "leedle out." We shall see what we shall see.

On December 6th P. S. Nowlin died in camp of congested measles, which he took at Frankfort. He was the first man in the regiment, and, so far as we know, the only one, buried with the honors

of war. The poor fellow was a loyal Tennessee refugee, who lived at Carthage, only 30 miles from where he died.

Rumors of Morgan dashing hither and thither are in the air again, and again our blood is up, as we remember how near we were to the old fox once, and every man is on his mettle to prevent a surprise. Every gun is quietly loaded and ready. We begin to fortify our camp with big log breastworks, the pickets are doubled, videttes thrown well out, and every man ordered to remain in camp, where he can seize his musket and fall in at the sound of the long roll. Lieut. Ruger, of Company C, while working on the breastworks was ruptured, and resigned on December 1st.

It was hourly expected that Morgan would cross the Cumberland River at the ford between Hartsville and Castillian Springs and attack one or the other of the posts, but no one knew which he would choose. On Friday, the 5th, it rained, hailed and snowed. On Saturday, the 6th, it was cloudy and quite cold, with three inches of snow on the ground, under which was a crust of ice.

On Sunday morning, the 7th, just at daylight, we were aroused by the sound of cannonading in the direction of Hartsville. Instantly every man is up and all know that the post at that place is attacked. The men of the various companies seize their arms and fall in without orders from their officers; the officers buckle on their swords and join their companies without orders from the Colonel. In five minutes from hearing the first gun, the regiment is ready to march. Col. Miller dashes over to the tent of Col. Harlan, commanding the brigade to which the 10th is attached, and tells the Colonel that Hartsville is attacked, and suggests that as Harlan is the senior Colonel, he take the lead and march at once to its relief.

Col. Harlan replies, "Yes, I guess it is attacked; and you, Col. Miller, had better march to its relief, and I'll follow as soon as I can get my men up."

Col. Miller says, "No, you have been there, know the ground, and can go quicker."

"My men are not up yet; you go on and I'll soon follow," replies Col. Harlan.

All this time the cannon roared louder on the crisp morning air. Every minute was an hour to the Seventy-Second, and a fatal delay for the attacked post. Col. Miller dashed back to the regiment and shouted, "Forward, march!" and we were off on double quick, in less than 25 minutes from the firing of the first gun, through the snow, moving for Hartsville.

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rough with stones, many of which were flat and loose, and would turn and slip under our feet. As the sun came up the snow began to melt and clogged on our feet, and the road became sloppy and slippery. Some times we marched with lines extended on either side of the road, upsetting fences as we came to them to get them out of the way, for the ground was new to us, and once or twice word came that Morgan's force was dashing down upon us. When five miles from Hartsville, a force of the enemy's cavalry are seen up the road, and we suppose the attack will be made. Our line of battle is quickly formed, a shell or two thrown amongst the rebels, and they put out for Hartsville with all speed. When we saw these rebels, we were commanded to load, (though most of the guns were already loaded) and Capt. LaFollett commanded, "Attention company; load by the nine commandments—load!" The men knew what he was driving at and drove their balls well home. Then falling into column in the sloppy road, we hurried forward again, the field officers exhorting us to greater speed. Close to Hartsville we meet a squad of darkies bare headed, bare footed, and almost naked, their clothes in ribbons. "Where is Morgan?" we shout to them. "Da—da—da!" they reply as they point their fingers towards Hartsville.

On we go—on! on!! on!!! until many a man falls headlong from utter exhaustion and can not get up. We are at the foot of the hill near Hartsville. "For God's sake, hurry up, do hurry up!" shouts Col. Kirkpatrick, as he gallops along our column. We see a great smoke burst from the woods above us, and make another desperate effort to go faster. Capt. Pinkerton, in running up the hill, steps upon a rock, his foot slips and he is sent forward upon his hands and feet, and finally flat into the slush, but the brave fellow gathers up, seizes his groin with his hand, and is off again. We run through a thick wood, burst into an open field, and behold! the tents are on fire, the flames shooting high into the air, and the dead are strewn so thickly on the ground that we stumble over them. The cries from the tents attract our attention and we begin to rescue the wounded and sick from the flames. The Seventy-Second is called upon to support two pieces of Capt. Nicklin's artillery, which command the Cumberland ford, and which open fire upon Morgan's forces as they hasten over the river, and one shot sends one of his wagons high into the air and makes his forces scamper off at full speed. His artillery send two or three shots of grape and canister back, but soon limber up and get out of the way of our artillery. Once more we see Morgan running from us.

The Seventy-Second had made 10 miles in two hours, getting in ahead of Harlan's veterans full a half hour, though they made remarkably good time.

To explain. This was one of Morgan's dashes. Half his force crossed the Cumberland between Castillian Springs and Hartsville, and quietly surrounded the camp in the night on the west and north. The other half crossed above Hartsville, and came quietly in on the north-east, and when the attack was made others crossed at the camp. So noiselessly was this done that the camp was completely surrounded before the attack was made. The attack began at daylight. The pickets of Col. Moore's forces were thrown out but a little distance, and when the attack was made, there was little time to form and make resistance, as the rebels came in on all sides with their fearful yell and volleys of musketry. The Illinois regiments made out to form a line and make considerable resistance; and the men of Nicklin's two guns had made a brave fight. One of the Lieutenants lay dead where the piece stood, with his six shooter in his hand, the chambers empty and several rebels dead around him. He had sold his life dearly. On the west of the camp there had been hard fighting, and the lines of battle of both forces could be traced by dead rebels and dead Union men. The whole affair was the result of a sad piece of carelessness in not keeping the picket force strong and thrown well out from the camp, and not keeping videttes well out, and all around. Not a particle of fortifying was done, and the camp was exposed on all sides. Some of the wounded men told us that on account of the nights being so cold and snowy, it was thought impossible for the enemy to move, and there was but a very light camp guard on.

Some of the rebels who were wounded and fell into our hands, said that Morgan had intended to attack Castillian Springs, but on reconnoitering, found the picket line so heavy, well advanced and wide awake, and found the fortifications so strong, that he concluded to fall upon the careless fellows at Hartsville.

The rebels captured some 2,000 prisoners, and almost all the arms of the brigade, including two guns of Nicklin's 13th Indiana Battery. Morgan's force in this action consisted of five regiments of cavalry, two infantry regiments and one battery. The rebel loss was 125 killed and wounded, 40 of their dead and some wounded being left on the field. The Union killed and wounded were considerably more.

As soon as the enemy is gone and the fire extinguished, we proceed to the burial of friend and foe, digging long graves and

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laying in each six or eight side by side, wrapped up in their blankets; when it was possible to find a man's name, we wrote it on a pine stick, in large plain letters, and carefully wrapped it up to preserve the pencil marks and put it in his blanket. We ascertained the names of most of the Union soldiers, from letters or memoranda on their persons, but we could ascertain the names of but few of the rebel soldiers, for they had few letters or memoranda on their persons. We laid the Union soldiers in graves by themselves, and the rebel soldiers in graves by themselves. This work occupied the whole day and until after night. The wounded were cared for as far as possible, and removed to Gallatin. There was one poor fellow through whose head a ball had passed just behind his eyes and thrown both eyes out upon his cheeks. He was perfectly conscious. A little rebel, in a neat butternut suit, lay with his face on the ground, his hands spread out, and in the right hand a common hunting rifle, with wooden ramrod, while about his shoulders was the home made powder horn and shot pouch. We turned him over to carry him to his grave; on his fair young face was the enthusiastic smile he bore in the charge when a ball pierced his heart. He was a mere boy, with flaxen hair, and had no doubt furnished his own arms from his father's gun rack. In front of him lay a young Adjutant of an Ohio regiment, also on his face, his head pierced with a ball, his revolver in his hand. Little doubt these two had fired simultaneously and each killed the other. Another poor fellow had one fourth of the top of his head shot off with a grape shot or piece of shell; he had crawled to the side of an old stump, where he sat shivering with cold, and singing and talking in wild delirium. He was alive the last time we saw him late in the afternoon.

The rebels left behind them an old country doctor, with long red tangled hair and beard. He was dirty, ignorant and bigoted, a fine specimen of back-woods butternut rebel. We made him our prisoner and treated him kindly. As he walked over the battle field he came to a place where lay a number of dead Union soldiers who were pierced with balls, their blood coagulated in pools in the mud and snow. He halted, lifted up his hands, and said, with an expression of great delight: "Thank God for this! It has been a glorious day for the Southern cause." Several guns were leveled at the old brute's breast, and but for the interposition of an officer, he would have been shot dead in his tracks. He had to be taken out of sight to be kept from death.

This was our first experience on a bloody battle field, where fire and sword had done its work; where the blood was smoking, the wounded

groaning and writhing in agony; and to tell the truth, it had a very serious effect. We all concurred in the sage remark of "Buddy Burns," Company G, the big mule driver, who solemnly said, "Well, boys, too see sich a sight as that, makes a feller feel danged glad that he's religious."

About 8 o'clock at night, we started back to our camp at Castillian Springs, as tired a set of troops as ever tried to march. The night was cold and the road icy and slippery. Some got back about midnight, but many others did not get in until daylight. We spoke of Capt. Pinkerton slipping and falling. He ruptured himself seriously in that fall, but the brave fellow kept up and did duty all day in burying the dead, and marched back to camp, and was severely attacked by erysipelas next day. The sick list was largely increased by this trying affair.

On the next day, the 8th, all was quiet, but a sharp lookout was kept. On the 9th, we began in earnest to fortify more extensively, as Morgan, flushed with success, might dash down upon us.

On the 10th, Gen. Dumont, who had been with us for six months, was relieved by General Joseph J. Reynolds, and went home. We were sorry to lose the brave, wise and witty Dumont. We shall never see his like again. He carried with him the warm affection of every man in the division, and especially in the Seventy-Second. He had been elected to Congress, where he did as noble service as he had done in the field.

Before the witty and gallant General leaves, we must tell his last passage at arms of wit. One day, Lieut. Col. Kirkpatrick, who commanded the regiment while Col. Miller was commanding the brigade, was directed by Gen. Dumont to take the Seventy-Second to a certain place on the line. The Colonel rode up to the regiment, which stood at an order arms and faced to the front, and without ceremonies said, "Attention, boys! follow me to the place the General has pointed out;" and started to ride to the place himself. Gen. Dumont said, "Colonel, had you not better command your battalion to shoulder arms and right face?" Col. Kirkpatrick said, in a good natured, careless manner, "It don't make a d—d bit o' difference, General; don't you see they are coming all right? they know just what I want 'em to do, and will do it, too." The Colonel was correct. The regiment had promptly shouldered arms, faced about, and was at his horse's heels when Gen. Dumont spoke. "Well, if there's a mutua understanding between you, it don't make a d—d bit o' difference, sure enough," said Gen. Dumont, with his inimitable squint and nasal, and rode quietly away, fully satisfied that the Seventy-Second and her

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brave Lieutenant Colonel understood each other in plain English, and were not going to balk over a pebble of tactics in the way of duty. There is more than a mere witty passage between the General and the Colonel in the above. It illustrates the secret of the strength and discipline of the volunteer troops of the United States. They were not long in the field before intelligent officers comprehended what should be done and how to do it properly; whether they understood the language of the tactics or not, they made their intelligent soldiers understand them; there was 'a mutual understanding' and hence a unity of action and effective execution. The Seventy-Second always understood the gallant Col. Kirkpatrick, as the sequel will show.

On the 11th, we were called up and formed line of battle long before day, stacked arms and went to work on the fortifications. Hall's brigade, of our division, and Wolford's cavalry, reported to Col. Miller for duty. Since the fate of Hartsville, we are on the extreme left of the army, and the way into Kentucky *via* Hartsville is open to the enemy. On the 12th, we were still under arms. On the 13th, Gen. Reynolds visited the camp and pronounced it untenable, there being some high points from which, he said, the rebels could shell us out in two hours. We hardly thought so, and hated to lose all our hard work, but we must obey our General, and he ordered us to move about two miles west on to higher ground, near Bledsoe's Creek, to which place we removed camp on the 14th of December. Here we lay without fortifications, being often called up in the night to form line of battle and lie for hours on our arms; and frequently we could hear the clatter of the hoofs of the rebel cavalry on the pike in the vicinity of our camp. On the night we left our old Castillian camp, rebels came into it. They were hovering about thick as flies in August watching their opportunity to pounce down upon us.

On December 14th, Sergt. McClure, with 36 men, was put on picket between our present camp and the one just vacated at Castillian Springs, and they formed a part of a chain picket on that and the south side of our camp. They had a corn field in their front, and after night were ordered to fire on (with halting) anything that approached from that direction. About midnight a movement was heard in the field, and the men began firing and kept it up at intervals till morning, when, just at daylight, Capt. Hanna, who was officer of the day, came tearing out to see what was the matter and to cheer us up, when we found out in the field a gang of jacks and jennels quietly feeding on the corn stalks.

It seems amusing now, but we failed to see the fun then.

The main topic amongst the soldiers was the advance of Rosecrans

from Nashville on Bragg's army at Murfreesboro. We all knew that a great battle was soon to be fought there. It was in those days of folly when the Generals of our great armies told ~~all~~ the newspaper correspondents what they were going to do, and how they were going to do it, and thus notified the rebels in advance of all our movements. This was very convenient for the rebels, but death on Union soldiers. This battle was approaching, and day by day we could hear the firing of the artillery skirmishing of the two great armies, and day by day we expected to be ordered to the front. Another topic of conversation was the 100 day emancipation proclamation which was to go into effect by the issuance of another on the next New Years, now almost come, proclaiming all the slaves of rebels free. Would the President adhere to his purpose, or would he recede? Some thought he ought to recede, as the attempted enforcement of such a proclamation would only make the rebels resist more desperately to save their millions of dollars' worth of slaves. Others held that the President should be firm in his purpose, and as the slaves were the property of the rebels, and a source of strength to the Rebellion, he should confiscate them and put them in the Union army to work and to fight. What he did, the world knows, and the world and Heaven approves his noble act.

On the 20th of December, Col. Woolford made a reconnoissance towards Hartsville and found the rebel pickets occupying that place. At this time it had been quite well ascertained that when the battle should begin between Rosecrans' and Bragg's armies, Morgan would be sent with a heavy and fleet force to play havoc in the rear, destroy trains, capture and destroy supplies, cut the railroad and telegraph, and interrupt communication in all possible ways.

On the 22nd of December, Col. Wilder, of the 17th Ind., joined our brigade and took command. The Seventy-Second always regarded this as an insult to Col. Miller, who had commanded the brigade from the time we left Frankfort, and had commanded it well, being liked and trusted by all the regiments of the brigade; but rank was rank, and Col. Miller came back to the regiment, which had been commanded all this time by the brave and generous Lieut. Col. Kirkpatrick.

As soon as Wilder assumed command, (25th,) he ordered us to move camp further south-west on to the top of the hill in the woods, which was, we think, a good position.

On the 25th, Christmas day, it was as warm and pleasant as a May day. The birds sang, the spiders, flies, gnats, mosquitoes, and all their kin folks, were out in force, and several of the Seventy-Second went in swimming, and reported the water very pleasant.

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CHAPTER XVII.

December 26th, 1862, to January 8th, 1863—The New Reveille—Ordered to March—Forced March Through the Rain to the Rock House and Scottsville—A Two Days' Wade—Frozen in the Mud—Clothes up and wade Big Barren River—We may Forage a Little—At Glasgow—Fresh Mutton and Pork, Chickens and Apple Jack, and a Regimental Spree—To Bear Wallow—Mule Brigade that Didn't Chase Morgan—To Cave City and the Storm that Upset Tents—News from the Great Battle at Stone River—A Victory on the Emancipation Proclamation—March to Murfreesboro—On the Battlefield—Limbs Found in Tents, Bodies in the Waters, and Devastation Everywhere—What's de Matter, 'Dah?—Into Camp at Murfreesboro on the Hickory Flats.

Up to this time all our movements had been regulated by fife and drum. On the morning of the 26th, just before day, a bugler at Col. Wilder's headquarters blew reveille. The men bounced up at once at this new sound, supposing it might mean that the rebels were coming in fury upon us. Before fully dressed, the breakfast call was blown, and before breakfast a furious blast was blown which we were informed, meant to strike tents and prepare to march. Breakfast was not half eaten, but we arose and promptly hauled down tents, and before we had them ready, the regimental teams came up in a sweeping trot. Something was up we knew. Before the wagons were loaded, the drums rolled out orders to fall in, and before the sun was up, we were moving out to the pike, wondering whether we were to go to the main army now advancing on Murfreesboro, or to Hartsville and attack Morgan.

At the pike we were halted and company commanders ordered to send every man not able for a forced march, to Gallatin. Many were really sick, and many who were not sick were not able for a long forced march; and some few played sick and fell out, which left each company about 50 men—half the number at muster-in. Of the number who fell out and were sent to Gallatin Hospital, 27 died. What a terrible mortality!

We were to chase Morgan once more, and turned our faces northwards. Reynolds' whole division was in the column. Just then a cold rain began to fall and continued all day. We moved directly north to the Rock House and went into camp on the ground we had occupied just a month before. The marching had been miserable, the mud ankle deep, water often knee deep, and we went into camp wet, muddy and very tired.

On the 27th of December, we moved on to Scottsville, that famous

rural town. We marched all day in rear of our train, and the rain came down in torrents. We had to march much of the time right up little branches through water from six inches to a foot and a half deep, and through mud from three inches to a foot deep. When we went into camp at Scottsville, many of us were so coated with mud to the waist, that we waded into the creek where it was two feet deep and washed the mud off our clothes. The whole regiment wore shoes, and as we had marched 40 miles in two days through rain, mud and water, and over sharp stones, the condition of our feet might be better imagined than described. Some of us had worn our shoes out, and our feet were raw and bleeding at every step. Almost every one's feet were very much blistered and sore. With but little cooked rations—for it was difficult to get wood, everything was so wet—we wrapped up in our blankets to spoon to the right or left, as the case might be, until morning. During the night it turned cold, the rain turned to snow, and by morning the ground was frozen an inch deep.

It was hard to pull out of the frozen earth on the 28th and resume our march; but it had to be done, and we struck out early on the Glasgow road, tarrying not in old Scottsville. We made another 20 miles that day, which was clear and cool, but quite muddy. About an hour before sundown, we came to the Big Barren River, where we were commanded to strip and wade. The river was swollen, and ice an inch thick had formed along the shore. We stripped off our pantaloons and began to yell, "Close up!—close up!—close up!" With pants, shoes and socks, gun and haversack, elevated in air, we waded into the water and modestly elevated our hog-hair shirts as the water encroached on the lower borders thereof. The water was almost to the armpits of the short men, and cold—booh! Just as we were wading in, a smart orderly rode up and called out, "Col. Wilder says for you to close up here." Some fellow who had his shirt up to his neck yelled out, "Bear my compliments to the Colonel and tell him I can't get clothes an inch higher without tearing them off." There was many a slip and tumble in getting into the bluff banked stream, and the officers and orderlies formed a line below to catch those who might be washed down by the water, which ran as swift as a race horse. We crossed without serious casualty, though many got handsome duckings and wet hog skins.

As soon as we crossed the river, we went into camp, where dry rails were abundant, and if we didn't burn thousands of them that night, then we are no historian. And if the country round about was not foraged thoroughly for something to eat, then we were not

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On the morning of the 29th, before we marched, Col. Miller told us that as our rations were out, we might forage some, but to be moderate and discreet. We had anticipated him a little, but cheered as though it was a new born privilege. We availed ourselves of it during the day but little, as we moved rapidly, making 20 miles through forests, over hills and rocks. We crossed the Little Barren River on a log in the forenoon, and went into camp near Glasgow late in the afternoon.

When we got to Glasgow, our rations were utterly exhausted, and we had to forage. Some of us remained in camp and built fires while others went out to bring in something to eat. They found sheep, hogs, chickens and turkeys, in abundance, and also "bought" large quantities of meal, corn bread, biscuits and flour, from citizens. A mill was pressed to grind meal and flour for the boys. Soon the camp smelled as savory as Jerusalem of old on burnt offering day. Hundreds of fires smoked with fresh meats. Mingled with this odor of meats was one never smelt in Jerusalem—the odor of apple jack. The boys had found a still house full of this jolly Kentucky beverage and almost every man in the regiment got drunk. Of course there were exceptions, but it was called a general and glorious drunk by the oldest judges of that article. 'Twas a night of feasting, frolic, fun, song and dance. Every fellow seemed to forget his sore feet, his tattered shoes, and all his ills, and go in for a good time. Those that were not drunk laughed themselves almost outside in. This was always referred to as the general drunk of the regiment. There were times afterwards when two or three companies would get well filled, but this is the only time when every man in the regiment, who would indulge, got "three sheets in the wind." Yet, be it said to the credit of the regiment, there were many men who could, under no circumstances, be induced to touch a drop. And the boys didn't get on much of a high, after all. The fiddler of Company I felt pretty well, and to his music hundreds of the boys danced in their tattered shoes and stockings until there was scarce a bit of either left.

We remained at Glasgow all day the 30th, and on the 31st we started north again before daylight. We marched 15 miles to a place called Bear Wallow, a mere sign of a cross-road town, getting there just after noon. Here it first became known to the men generally that we were after Morgan, who had been raiding upon the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, our main line of communication in Kentucky.

On January 1st, while at Bear Wallow, we learned that Morgan was making his way back into Tennessee. That evening, just after sundown, the long roll beat, and we were just three minutes forming line, being in line several minutes before any other regiment. The enemy did not come and we lay on our arms all night. The movements of Morgan were closely observed and reported by scouts, and we knew he was hovering around us and measuring our strength and position.

On this very evening of January 1st, 1863, near night, when firing was heard north of us and the report came that Morgan was passing around our right flank, Col. Wilder, anxious to give chase, attempted to mount a lot of men on the team mules of the division. The mules were brought out in great haste, each one shaking his tail as if he knew there was extra duty demanded. Not more than one mule out of six had ever had a man on its back, and never wanted to have. The order to mount was given, and the bold men and officers each leaped upon his mule; each mule gave a bray, brought his head between his fore feet as his heels flew high into the air, and each man also flew high into the air and flopped down in the mud. The mules wiggled their tails, shook their heads, and became as demure as Quakers. The brave men picked themselves up out of the mud and each went for his mule again, and sprang upon their backs. The mules turned a hand-spring as before, sending the men tumbling into the air. Scarcely a man stuck except those that got on to the saddle mules. Soon the mules seemed to understand the game and began to jump on to each other's backs, some of them climbing on behind the men that had stuck and knocking them off; some ran under the bellies of other mules and hoisted them from the ground, and in a minute they were as badly tangled as a den of snakes, braying piteously, shaking their tails and kicking up and down, right and left. In vain those holding the bridles while others tried to mount shouted, "Who-o-o-a!" with a chorus of mill dams, coffer dams, and all sorts of dams. It was worse than a battery of grape and canister, and the mule line had to be abandoned, upon which they untangled, shook their tails, and were soon at their respective wagons eating hay as solemnly as hypocrites. The Seventy-Second had no part in this farce except to do the laughing. The 17th did the swearing.

It is said that this attempt to form a mule brigade to chase Morgan was the conception of the idea which resulted in Col. Wilder having the brigade mounted some months afterwards. We had been chasing Morgan's force, which was mounted on the best blooded

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horses of the South, in mule wagons and on foot, and the Colonel seeing the futility of such chases, determined that he would try and have a brigade mounted so as to travel as rapidly as Morgan could. So the attempt to form the mule brigade was prolific, if not successful at Bear Wallow.

When Hartsville was abandoned, the way was left open into Kentucky, and Morgan, with 6,000 cavalry, eight pieces of artillery and two howitzers, marched rapidly on the 24th of December, for Bowling Green, tore up the railroad, and did a great deal of mischief; but being assailed in front, rear and flanks, he fled towards Tennessee. Reynolds' division had been hurried forward to intercept him, but although we marched 20 miles a day, the old fox flanked around and got away. An old Kentuckian who came into our camp to protest against our burning his rails, was treated with marked civility by officers and men. He was asked why this place was called Bear Wallow. "You see that thar pond up yander, don't you?" We said, "Yes sir." "Well, long time ago, when I fust settled hare, b'ars used to come an' waller in it; and when the Post-office was made at these cross rods in my house, we called it B'ar Waller."

While we were on this march, the great battle of Stone River was being fought, and but for the chase after Morgan we would have participated in it.

January 2nd, in the afternoon, we moved some 14 miles from Bear Wallow to Cave City on the L. & N. Railroad, to take the cars for Nashville. We were very anxious to learn the result of the battle of Murfreesboro, and also of what had come of the emancipation proclamation, as we had heard nothing from the world since the 25th. We moved through woods and fields, over a mere country trail, to Cave City, arriving in the night and rain. Our wagons were there and tents were hastily put up to keep off the rain. Just before daylight, a most terrific wind and rain storm struck the camp. The tents flopped and rattled; men jumped up to hold them down, some with no garment on but their shirts, which cracked and popped in the storm like vollies of musketry. Hallooing, braying and confusion was in the air, and down came almost every tent. The air was full of hats, caps, breeches, drawers, and everything that a mighty wind could move, chased by men in their shirts. It was the most ridiculous scene ever witnessed in the regiment. Men were hunting pantaloons and other articles for some time after daylight. It was the first night for over a week that we had an opportunity to sleep like white folks, and to be raided by a rebel wind in that style was too vexatious.

The sun came up bright and warm, and gave the men a chance to dry blankets and clothing. Near our camp was a peculiar cave, the mouth of which was funnel shaped, 50 feet across at the top, just as deep as wide, a deep pool in the centre of the bottom, where a hydraulic ram worked and pumped water to a railroad track a mile distant. From the pool, a cave ran to the north-east no telling how far; some of us followed it a mile. We had to get into the cave by passing over some slabs that lay over the pool. Some of the 17th Ind. men squatted down on the slabs, and as we attempted to pass them Capt. Watts, Company I, accidentally pushed one of them in, which made lots of fun, and lots of cursing, too, from the fellow that got ducked.

We lay at this camp until the 5th of January, during which time we heard that Rosecrans' army had gained a great victory over Bragg, compelling him to evacuate his works at Stone River, leave Murfreesboro, and flee for Duck River. This gave wonderful cheer to the troops. We also learned that the President had issued his emancipation proclamation. While we lay here the inevitable drill was attended to for part of each day, and getting wood the other part of the day. One day Maj. Carr was drilling the battalion, and Capt. Hanna, getting a little tangled, disputed the correctness of one of the Major's commands and refused to execute it. This astonished every one, for the Major was very bright in the tactics. After some parley, Capt. Hanna, who was notorious for knowing very little of the tactics, executed the command under protest. After going off drill, the Captain went to the Major's quarters and offered an apology, saying that he was wrong and the Major was correct.

"Well, why didn't you say so on drill?" asked the Major, with warmth.

"Why, do you suppose, Maj. Carr, that I'm such a dashed fool as to acknowledge before my company that I am wrong?" replied the Captain with solemn emphasis.

On the afternoon of the 5th, we began to pack up and put our equipage on the train to go to Nashville. The hardest things to load were the mules, many of which had to be literally lifted up and shoved into the doors despite their kicking and braying. We ran to Nashville that night, and it was a miserable duplicate of the ride from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville. It was a box and flat car train; the artillery was put on the flat cars and half our regiment on top the box cars. It was our fortune, as usual, to be put on top. The first part of the night was bitter cold, and about midnight it began to rain, and soon we were wet to the skin. We were so overcome with fatigue that we could not resist sleep, and taking our gun slings we strapped ourselves to

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the foot-board to keep from rolling off, and were thumped and banged until daylight, when we arrived at Nashville, running 100 miles in a little over 14 hours. The miserable old train just flew down some of the grades and crawled up others.

That morning, (the 6th), we marched through the muddy streets of Nashville, and to camp three miles south-west of it, expecting to stay a few days, but that very night, we got orders to draw clothing and prepare to march in the morning. As we had not drawn any clothing since we enlisted, except overcoats, and as we had just had one of the muddiest marches soldiers ever made, we were dirty and ragged beyond description, and as previously hinted, some were a little graybackish.

The whole regiment drew a complete new outfit, except dress coats, and we also drew new gum blankets. This work was not finished until midnight, and yet there were several men in each company for whom there were no pantaloons big enough, and a special requisition had to be sent to Nashville to get harness they could work in. There were five sergeants in Company I, whose combined weight was 1,000 pounds.

At 2 A. M. of the 7th, reveille sounded. We got up in the snow and took breakfast at 4, got into Nashville by dawn, and learned that we were to go to Murfreesboro with the 17th Indiana and 19th Indiana Battery, as advance guard for a train of 3,000 wagons that were loaded with rations for the army at that place. There was a thin snow on the ground, which melted as the sun arose and made walking sloppy. We had all drawn new shoes, the pike was torn to pieces by the movement of heavy artillery over it, and full of sharp stones and immense mud holes. The shoes pinched and blistered our feet—for a pike is far worse than a dirt road to march over—we moved very rapidly, and before night, almost half the men had fallen out of ranks. We marched 35 miles that day, including three miles from camp to Nashville, and the last 10 of it was exquisite torture. Blisters formed and bursted upon the feet that day by scores. But the brave victors at Stone River needed food, and we would not halt as long as we could move one foot after the other. Many of the teams gave out, and several mules smothered in the mud holes in which they fell exhausted. The poor mule is odd, but he has never had a proper eulogium pronounced up his service, his sufferings and his patriotism, and we are sorry to say there is no space in these pages for so great a spread.

We went into camp three miles from Murfreesboro on one of the

battle fields, every foot of which had been fought over. Indeed, all the way from Nashville to Stone River was scarred by the great struggle, but as we neared that river, the evidence of the fearful conflict became more ghastly and startling. Many pages could be taken in describing the ravages of the battle. In many places the hedges and underbrush have been mown down like weeds by the leaden storm of musketry. In other places great trees were torn limb from limb, and some even blown up at the roots. One large tree had been perforated by seven large shells; huge pieces had been torn out of it, but it still stood like a scarred veteran. The ground in the forest was covered by limbs cut from the trees by cannon shot and shell. Hundreds of horses lay upon the ground torn and mangled. It was after dark when we got into camp; when we built our fires, a man's leg was found in our quarters—cold comfort. A Company C man picked up a rebel canteen and threw it in the fire, and in a few minutes it exploded and wounded a man seriously. This was hot comfort, and convinced us of the truth of the statement we had often heard, that rebel soldiers had gun powder and whisky furnished to them to make them fight furiously. Indeed, we afterwards picked up many a rebel canteen which had gun powder in it and smelled of whisky, which leaves no doubt of the fact in our mind.

In hunting for water, we found a pond and filled our camp kettles and did our cooking with the water. Next morning we went to that pond for more water, and found two dead rebels lying in it frozen in the ice. We went to Stone River, nearly a mile away, to get water, and when we got to it, there lay another dead rebel in the edge of the water. The reflection that we had drunk coffee made from the wasting of dead rebels was not pleasant. But such is war. Many men from that bloody field were buried hurriedly in out-of-the-way places, and often not very deep. We know of several instances where wagons would pass over the bodies, and the head, hands or feet, would fly up out of the soft ground as ghosts rising from the earth. We shall never forget a horrible incident where a wagoner accidentally drove over one of these shallow graves and a man's hand flew out of the ground. "Look at that fellow grabbing at my wagon wheel," roared out the rough soldier.

On the 8th, we started late and moved leisurely over the battle field of the second day's fight, noting with curiosity and deep interest the many scars and seams of the terrible carnage. After crossing Stone River, we went into an old field on a high ground to rest. The pioneer corps were very busy felling trees, just north of

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us, to be used in building a bridge. A lot of teams were waiting to haul away the timber. A negro who drove a team had lain down in his wagon and gone to sleep; a large tree began to fall near his six mule team, creaking and crashing as it came down, the mules sprang forward and began to run at full speed; in 10 rods the front axle hit solid on a big stump, every mule broke loose, faced square about and stood still as if amazed; the wagon bed flew 10 feet into the air and came down with a crash. We expected the negro was mashed into jelly; but he "kind 'o" roused up a little, looked around and said, "What's 'a matter da'r." When our regiment roared with laughter, he looked at us with a bewildered expression, as if we were all fools.

We moved through Murfreesboro, a mile east on the McMinnville pike, and went into camp south of the road, in a very flat piece of ground heavily wooded—hickory flats, that's precisely what it was. This was a week after the battle, yet everything was in confusion. We were now encamped in line by brigades along with all our division, and were for the first time regularly incorporated into the Army of the Cumberland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From January 8th to February 19th, 1863—Recapitulation of Result of First Six Months Service—Resignations, Deaths, Discharges and Desertions—Our Sick and Dead Left all Along our Line of Hard Marches—Hard Duty and Short Rations at Murfreesboro—The Endless Chain of Mules—Tardy Repairing of the Railroad—Officers Dismissed—Scouts to Franklin, Liberty and other Places—"A Hoss! A Hoss! my Kingdom for a Hoss!"—Talk of Mounting—Capt. Pinkerton's Prayer—Discouraging and Encouraging Letters—The Power of our Heroic Women—Testing the Seventy-Second by Two Paces to the Front—A Hypocrite and Spy Shot—Deserter's Head Shaved and Cheek Branded with a Red Hot Iron—First Pay Day—An Incident—Move Camp from the Old Death-Pit Into an Open Field—The Seventy-Second Sent for a Little Lumber and Brings in a Saw Mill—"Surrender! you d—d Yank—Surrender! you d—d Reb!"—The Rebels Attack Hall's Brigade and are Defeated—Imposing Funeral Ceremonies.

We have now been in the service five months from enlistment, and this point marks an epoch in the history of our regiment. From the day of our entering Camp Tippecanoe, and our muster at In-

dianapolis, we have been constantly on the move, hardly staying long enough in any one place to get our camp fitted up and our clothes washed. Here we begin a season of camp life which lasts almost six months. It seems but yesterday since we left our homes of peace and plunged into the midst of the strife. But let us take a brief retrospect and we shall see what sad changes have been wrought in those short—to us long—months.

Adj. Rice, who, if not the father of the regiment, was a father to it, has been promoted to Adjutant General on Gen. Reynolds' staff; Maj. Samuel C. Kirkpatrick to the Lieutenant Colonelcy; Capt. Henry M. Carr, Company B, to the Majority, and Capt. Jesse Hill, Company I, to the Chaplaincy of the regiment. The following had resigned: Capts. Henry Wilson, E; Robert LaFollett, D; First Lieutenants, Ira Brown, I; George Ross, K. Second Lieutenants, George Ruger, C; George W. Ward, H; James H. Whitcomb, K; David H. Ashman, D; a total loss of nine commissioned officers, one of whom, Capt. Wilson, had died after resignation.

The losses of non-commissioned officers and privates by death, discharge and desertion, for the same period, were as follows:

	Died	Discharged	Deserted
Company A.....	2	4	1
" B.....	5	2	1
" C.....	6	1	1
" D.....		2	
" E.....	4	5	1
" F.....	10	1	1
" G.....	4	4	3
" H.....	3	2	2
" I.....	4	6	1
" K.....	5	2	4
Totals	43	29	15

Making a loss of nine officers and 87 men, a total loss of 96 in five months. But this loss of one-third of the commissioned officers and one-tenth of the men is but a faint representation of the terrible suffering and losses which our short service had caused. We had left our dead all along the line of our marches, and our sick and exhausted in every hospital. Many were lingering in the hospitals at the date of this recapitulation who died afterwards from the effects of the hardships of our first five months' service. To prove this, it is only necessary to go back to the starting point and note the deaths in the various hospitals: Two died at Jeffersonville; seven at New Albany; 13 at Louisville; two at Frankfort; two at Bardstown; seven at Bowling Green; six at Scottsville; 27 at Gallatin; four at Nashville; 24 at Murfreesboro, making a total of 94 who died within six weeks after we got to Murfreesboro. That is, 43 men had died

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by January 8th, 1863, the date of our going into camp at Murfreesboro, and 51 died in the next six weeks!

The Hartsville run and the Morgan chase had in six weeks been more fatal than all the battles our regiment was ever in. In the first six months of our service, three times as many men died as were killed during the whole three years service of the regiment.

We have no data from which to calculate the number finally discharged for disability contracted before we reached Murfreesboro; but assuming that the rate of discharge was the same as the death rate, the result is 70 discharged; a loss of some 189 men and 10 commissioned officers, a total loss of 199—one fifth of the regiment—as the result of the first five months' service. Had this rate of loss been continued, the entire regiment would have been dead or discharged in 25 months. Few will differ from the statement that the severest period on the health of the regiment had been almost passed.

Gen. Rosecrans' whole army of 47,000 was lying in and around Murfreesboro, and with all speed the proper points were strongly fortified and all approaches were picketed. There were details for fatigue duty on fortifications, and hard work for many days after we pitched camp, in those miserable hickory flats. The question for getting rations forward from Nashville, a distance of 35 miles, was a very serious one. The railroad had been torn up by the rebels during the late battle and was in a painfully slow process of repair. Every day 300 wagons loaded with rations, each wagon drawn by six mules, left Nashville for Murfreesboro; every day 300 such teams left Murfreesboro for Nashville, to be in their turn loaded and sent back with rations. Thus an endless chain of mule teams was moving on this pike all the time, drawing supplies for this great army; and as it rained a great deal, no wonder that the pike became next to impassable. Teams were three days regular, and often four days, on the road from Nashville to Murfreesboro. It required a long time to get enough provisions up for full rations for the army, though the teams at first brought in 2,000 loads a week. It took about three months to put the railroad in running order, and five months to accumulate military stores sufficient to move on Bragg at Shelbyville, Tenn., who, during this delay, had grown stronger than ever before. What a contrast between the manner in which the army was supplied at this time and during the last two years of the war, when Sherman would have had the cars running in two days, and his men would never have lost a ration, as he did on the Atlanta Campaign. All this time we were hard at work on fortifications and picket duty, and in addition scouring and scraping the country for

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forage, and the rebels were bolder and more defiant than every they had been before, and hardly a day passed that they did not attack some post or foraging party, and often with success.

The first day we were at Murfreesboro a detail of 100 men from our regiment was sent on picket, Capt. Watts in command. He was ordered to picket in front of our division, and to connect his lines with the pickets on the right and left. It was very dark and rainy, and he could find no lines to connect with, but posted his men the best he could and waited for daylight to find the other pickets. We were very short of rations, and Capt Watts had none at all, except what the men of his company gave him. Just at daylight, he went to a house to get something to eat, and while gone, the officer of the day, the Major of the 17th Ind., came and found him off his post, and as soon as he returned put him under arrest and subsequently preferred charges against him for which he was dismissed on the 20th of January, by order of Gen. Reynolds.

Col. Miller says, "this was all wrong;" and it was so regarded by everybody in the regiment, as by it Company I lost its best officer. We may also here speak of Lieut. Orrin E. Harper, Company F, who was dismissed the service on March 2nd of the same year, and of whose dismissal Col. Miller says, in equally emphatic terms, "It should never have been done." And Hornada, of Company F, says that "Lieut. Harper was at once father and brother to the company."

On the 23rd of January, our regiment went out fifteen miles in the direction of Franklin, to guard a forage train. We became aware that the enemy was making a movement for our capture, and began a speedy return to camp, bringing in our train all right, and making a 30 mile march. Just as we got back, we met a force going out to our relief, as Gen. Reynolds had been apprised of the movements of the enemy and feared we would be cut off. That was as brisk a march, especially returning, as the regiment ever made, except when it ran to Hartsville. In going out, before danger was apprehended, we passed through a section where things were pretty plenty, and the boys managed some way (bought them, we suppose,) to get hold of hams, shoulders, fresh side meat, cabbage, chickens, geese, turkeys, &c., &c., which were stuck on to, or hung on to, thier bayonets. And, although the return march was very rapid, not a man would part with any of this newly acquired property, and brought it all into camp. We have known of soldiers throwing away, blankets, clothing, knapsacks, and even guns, on occasians, but who ever heard of a soldier throwing away a ham, a chicken, a cabbage head, or any such thing? Very few.

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It will be impossible to mention all the scouts we made while lying at Murfreesboro, and therefore we select the most important ones.

On the morning of February 3rd. Reynolds' division started to Liberty, the object being to make a forced march and surprise the enemy at that place. The division moved briskly to Auburn, near which one of the enemy's pickets was captured, and it was learned that the rebels had a force of about 1,500 at Liberty. On Wednesday, the 4th, it was clear and cold. We got ready to move on the enemy at daylight, the first brigade having the advance, and moved so cautiously that it took all day to march seven miles; and when we got to Liberty, we found the enemy had been gone some time. We might as well have surprised and captured them. When we got to Liberty, we marched eight miles in pursuit on a road the rebels did not take, and camped at Alexandria. It was a very severe night of rain and snow. On that night two of our brigade were captured by the rebels.

On the 5th, we moved 20 miles, the rebels following in our rear closely all the time to pick up any unfortunate man who could not keep up. or any stragglers. On the 6th, it was clear and cold; we passed through Lebanon, Tenn., and went into camp at Bird's Mills, on the Murfreesboro road, six miles from Lebanon. On the 7th. we got on the road early, Hall's brigade taking the front, the wagon trains following, and the Seventy-Second some half mile behind the train. While passing through a dense cedar thicket, which had once been infested by robbers, but now by guerrillas, the latter swarmed out from the thicket and attacked the train furiously. The train would have been captured, too, had it not been for some men of Company I, who being foot-sore had been permitted to start in advance. They were right at the place the attack was made and opened fire on the assailants, driving them into the woods. The Seventy-Second quickly formed line of battle and came to the rescue, and Lilly's battery shelled the woods, which were too dense for troops to penetrate in any sort of order. The rebels lost two killed and five captured in this little affair.

Sergt. Sam. Taylor, of Company I, played a clever piece of strategy on this occasion. His feet were so crippled that he could hardly walk at all. He had strapped his gun on his knapsack, and with a cane in each hand was moving along with the greatest difficulty; but when the rebels attacked the train, he threw both canes away and ran like a buck back to the regiment. When the boys raised a great laugh at this sudden cure, he said: "Well, what the deuce could I do but run; my gun was strapped to my back so I could not get it

off, and the way the Johnnies were peppering them old wagon boxes, I was afraid they might hit me." "But how about your feet?" asked the boys. "O, they don't hurt me a bit now; I don't think I shall need a cane any more to-day," he replied. Taylor was a good soldier, and ever after was always ready.

Another little incident to show the spirit of the Seventy-Second. When near Murfreesboro, late in the evening, something obstructed the movements of Hall's brigade, and our regiment had to stand in column until their legs ached and their patience was exhausted, moving a rod or two and waiting. When they reached the obstruction which had so long detained them, they found it to be a big mud hole, over which Hall's brigade had passed single file on a rail. When our men saw what it was, they called out to Col. Miller, "If your horse can go through it we can." The Colonel rode through it and the mud and water was only knee deep to the horse. At once the men raised the yell that they used on charging rebel works and dashed through it double quick, four abreast. We crossed Stone River on a bridge of wagons drawn up side by side, and got into our camp at Murfreesboro at 10 o'clock at night, muddy, tired and ravenously hungry. The result of the trip was 50 prisoners and three rebels killed.

During this month there began to be considerable talk about mounting the regiment. At first there were a large majority of men and officers opposed to it; they said they had enlisted and been drilled as infantry, and they didn't want to become cavalry. But the many scouts we had to make through the mud and over the hills, fording mud holes and streams on foot, brought us to the conclusion that if we had to do cavalry duty, we would prefer to have horses to ride. This was especially the case on a scout begun on February 17th, and continued to the 19th, towards Trinne, about 12 miles from Murfreesboro. It rained very hard, the streams became high and the roads desperately muddy, and the cry of Richard could be heard all along the line at every stream and extra bad piece of road, "a hoss! a hoss! my kingdom for a hoss!" This trip was prolonged to the 19th, on account of the high waters, and when the men got back to camp they were for mounting by a large majority.

After arriving at Murfreesboro, there were some who expressed dissatisfaction with the President's emancipation proclamation. One day a Lieutenant visited the headquarters of Company G, was invited to stay and take dinner, and accepted. Dinner was spread on a table made of ammunition boxes in the little tent; the outlay was plain and the beans not over done. While eating, the question of the

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proclamation came up. The visiting Lieutenant said, in a fretful, complaining spirit :

“ Well, if I were living here in the South, and such a proclamation should be issued, I'd feel like fighting the Government forever before giving up my property.”

“ You don't quite approve the proclamation, then ?” quietly suggested some one.

“ No sir, decidedly I don't. I think it an outrage upon the rights of property—”

Capt Pinkerton could stand it no longer, and brought his fist down with violence upon the table, knocking a tin platter of beans and s. b. to the top of the tent, as he said with such emphasis as to blow the beans out of his mouth until they rattled like musket balls against the side of the tent: “ Lieutenant, I say any man who will talk that way ‘damn him!—damn him!!—damn him!!!’ (hitting the table to emphasize each damn.) I'm not swearing, now, either, I'm praying!—I'm praying!!—I'm praying!!! Such disloyalty is contemptible.”

The Lieutenant didn't pursue the subject, but did very soon pursue his way from that tent of earnest, pointed prayer, not caring to be prayed for after that fashion. In this connection we mention that there were many discouraging letters sent to many of the men by those at home who opposed the Administration. The emancipation proclamation, and the talk of arming negroes, were seized upon to encourage desertion. Some men received letters telling them if they would desert and come home they would be protected against arrest and punishment. But we say, with pride, that these letters were almost universally spurned. Many of them were handed over to the officers, and some of them sent home to be filed with the county officers of the counties from which they were sent. In this hour of peril to the Union cause, many thousands of the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, of our soldiers wrote them letters exhorting them to be firm, gallant and hopeful; to not waver in the least degree in facing all the dangers and hardships of field and camp. These letters were a power for good which can never be fully measured. We have many such letters before us which show what heroines our women were in those fiery, bloody days. Had not the women been brave, and ready to suffer privation with patience and courage, we are candid in saying that the Union cause might have failed. We speak from personal knowledge when we say, that many a soldier was led to desertion by letters from wife, mother, sister, or some lady friend. Others who were too honorable to violate their oaths became heart-broken, and died of home sickness—pining away in unutterable

anguish—dying by inches. We know of such cases and mention a few. One day we were asked to walk with a noble soldier; we had been in the field but four months. When some distance from camp, he pulled a letter from his pocket which he asked us to read. It was, indeed, a pitiable document. The wife of the man had written it, and filled it with the most agonizing entreaties for him to get off, in some way, and come home. She told of how she dreamed of seeing him dead when she fell asleep, and awoke screaming with anguish; how she wept by day and by night; how her three little children joined in her sorrow and refused to be comforted. The poor fellow sat on a log and shook with emotion. We told him to write her cheerful letters; to insist on her believing that he would come out all right, and that he was not in half as much danger as she supposed. "I have done all that," he replied; "I have written to her over and over, but to no purpose. She began to write me in this way as soon as I had left for the front, and twice a week, on an average, I have such letters." The letters grew worse; his wife became so weak from grief that she was bed fast. The poor fellow could not get home; he became melancholy, took sick and simply perished—slain by grief.

Many similar instances we knew, and give one more. A young man entered the service as a line officer, leaving a young wife at home. For two years she wrote him brave, cheerful letters. The fearful campaigns of 1874 came on; the line officer had become a field officer; his wife read in the papers of the fearful carnage, and her heart became heavy with an awful dread that her husband's name might be in the next list of killed. She began to write the most depressing letters to her husband. Her health was delicate; the officer idolized his wife. His courage failed; he became cowed if not a coward; he was now in command of the regiment, but he rode at its head no more. He was not sick enough to be in hospital, he was not well enough to be in the front. He lost reputation amongst those who had admired him for his courage, and went out of the service almost in disgrace, and quite in contempt of his command. It is proper to say this officer was not a Seventy-Second man. Wonderful was the power of a brave, sensible wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart, over a soldier in the field! Such women could make first rate soldiers of men who, without such a power over them, would have been very poor military material, if not worthless.

Good letters from home would often make a sick man almost well. It was a reply often given, when one soldier would say to another

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who was not well, "How are you to day?" "O, I'm almost well; I got a bully letter from mother, or sister, or wife, to-day; it does me good all over." At the risk of being tedious, we give a few quotations from letters. A mother, who had been left with five little children, in a log house on a rented farm, in the forest, writes to her husband, who was a private:

"Well, when you left home you know we both promised that we would tell each other, once a week, if possible, all that had happened. I have your last letter, and I thank our Father which art in Heaven that it is so well with you. When I think of your exposure and hardships on these cold nights, and your dangers beside, I know that I am blest with ease and comfort, and feel that I have hardly any right to so much ease, when you and others have so many hardships. It snowed hard last night, and when I got up in the morning I found snow three inches deep all over the floor. Little Mattie looked out of the bed, from under cover, and said, 'Mamma, do 'oo fink it 'nowed on papa last night?' She is so sweet! Frank said, 'No it didn't either; for he's got a tent and God covers him up with a blanket every night.' I had sent to mill for meal three days ago, but hadn't got any yet, and I had but little breakfast for the children and myself, but we all ate it with thanks, only hoping that you had as much and as good. I am now at uncle's and we are all right. I walked through the deep snow and carried Katie on my shoulders and the baby in my arms; the other children walked. We pray for you all the time. We think you will come home. Be cheerful and happy about us, take care of yourself. I know we will conquer, and am glad we are doing all we can," &c.

While passing through a hospital, one day, a soldier boy called to us to come and read a letter from his mother. The letter was written by his mother after the reception of the news of the loss of her son's leg in battle. It was as full of consolation as the famous dialogue of Hugh and his mother, in the old school readers. When we had done the reading, he eagerly asked, "Isn't that a good letter?" To this we replied affirmatively, and he said, "I tell you I feel proud of my mother, and I just wish I had a dozen legs to lose in the defence of my country, just because she loves it so well. She has always written me the bulliest letters you ever read. I have a big stock of them, and when I used to get cowardly or blue, I would take one of these letters and read it, and I'd be all right again."

A sister wrote to her brother in almost these words: "Well, Scott has finally gone to the war; he got into the 73rd Indiana some way or other; he must have told a fib about his age, as he is not old enough

by at least 18 months. You know Seth and Taylor went into the 7th Indiana Zouaves; John went into Col. Coburn's regiment; James went into the 143d Indiana, and you into the Seventy-Second Indiana. This takes the six boys—every boy in the family. We all thought father would be greatly broken down when his last and youngest son left him, but it is not so; he really wants to go himself so much that he can hardly sleep. If he could get in by a little fib about his age as easily as Scott did, I really do think he would hardly hesitate to tell it. He now puts his age five years younger than he did before all his boys went into the army. I really believe that he is prouder of these six sons in the army than he would be of a big bag of gold. We women folks help father do the out-door work, and we will do our part gladly, and pray for you all, and send you all the little favors we can. We know "the time has come when brothers must fight, and sisters must pray at home—and work as well as pray."

The following is part of a letter written by his sweetheart to a member of the Seventy-Second, Company I: "*Dear Friend:*—It may be that we shall never meet again on earth, and that I shall never again see your dear face, or hear your words assuring me of your affections. It may be that your body, enervated by disease, weakened by privation or smitten by the enemy, shall be left to moulder on the battle field, or in a strange land; yet in your last moments—though left to die on the cold ground, pierced by the enemy's balls, with no friendly voice to soothe your last moments, no kind hand to close your dying eyes—I know your last thoughts will be of her who writes these lines to you. Such a fate would indeed be hard, and would cause me unutterable pain and long sorrow. Yet, she who wishes you happiness and prosperity on earth, and a home in heaven, writes to say that with all her love for you, with all her desire for your safety, she thinks it is better for you to go and fight for your country, share the toils and hardships of those who are in the field, and the worst fate that could possibly befall you, than to remain at home with kindred and friends, and all that the heart holds dear, and see the old flag trodden under the feet of traitors, and our splendid Government destroyed. What are home and friends without liberty? I love you all the more because you are a patriot soldier. The braver you are the more will I love you. Be assured that the few hours we have passed together will never be forgotten by me, whatever befalls you. If you die like a brave soldier, I will ever hold you sacred in memory. If you return safe from the field, having done nobly your duty, I will receive you with delight."

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While we lay at Murfreesboro, some time after the battle of Stone River, Col. Miller got a hint that there was considerable discontentment in his regiment. He could have no patience for a soldier who made the course of the Government a pretext for not fully doing his sworn duty. He therefore determined that he would "sift out the souls of his men." Accordingly, one evening on dress parade he made a short statement to the regiment of what he had heard but did not believe. He said he would ask—not command—those who were determined to stand honorably to their oaths and do their sworn duty, to step two paces to the front; if there were any in the regiment who desired to violate their oaths they might stand still, that he and all others might see them. He then requested all who were determined to stand by their oaths and do their duty to step two paces forward. The whole noble old Seventy-Second bounded two steps to the front, with a promptness and energy that satisfied its brave Colonel that there was not a man in it who was less than a whole loyal man. The Colonel said he knew he was not disappointed in his regiment, and that this action gave the unanimous d—d lie to its slanderers. The Colonel, like Capt. Pinkerton, and sundry other officers and men, prayed a little sometimes, and this was one of the times.

Shortly after we went into camp at Murfreesboro, there came into camp a strange kind of man, dressed in citizens' clothing, who pretended to be very religious, saying he had been sent by the Christian Commission. He carried a good supply of paper, stamps, envelopes and other notions, which we very much needed, and gave them to all who could not pay for them. For a time he came into our camp nearly every day, talked, sang and encouraged us to be good men and soldiers. His manner was to get upon a stump and sing patriotic songs, many of his own composition, about Morgan and Bragg, Rosecrans' great victory over Bragg, and other epics. He had a good voice, a pleasant address, and we enjoyed his visits. The regiment would gather around him in large numbers, hear his songs and exhortations, receive his notions, and then he would go to the next regiment and repeat; and so he put in his time. After keeping this up for about two weeks, Gen. Negley had him arrested on

suspicion of his being a spy. He was put into the provost guard house in Murfreesboro, which was a long store room. One dark, rainy night, the guard fell asleep and the fellow slipped by him. A Seventy-Second man who was present gave the alarm and told the guard to go after the fellow and bring him back. The guard was afraid to leave his post, and the rascal would soon have escaped had not the Seventy-Second man seized a gun, ran after and bid him to halt; but he would not halt, and the soldier shot him dead. On examination of the body the next morning, a complete map of the fortifications about Murfreesboro was found on it, even to the positions of the various regiments. He was one of Bragg's spies and met a spy's fate.

On Sunday, March 1st, a man in the 75th Indiana who had been tried by a court-martial for desertion and an attempt to kill an officer, received the execution of the sentence. Reynolds' whole division was drawn up in line, without arms, on the McMinnville Pike, to witness the deed. The condemned man, hand-cuffed, was marched to the front and centre of the division, where a fire was burning briskly. He was seated on a stool near the fire. A barber lathered his head until it was white as snow, and then proceeded to shave it until it was as bare as the palm and as slick as an onion. This done, his head was firmly held, while Col. Wilder took a red-hot iron from the fire and pressed it against the right cheek—a sizz and jet of steam—the iron is withdrawn, and there is a large red D upon the cheek. The bands all began to play the rogue's march, while the deserter was taken to the extreme left of the division and marched along its front, bare headed, the great D showing fiery red, two soldiers following him with bayonets pointed at his hips; a drum and fife in rear playing the rogue's march. Stripped to the waist, with a single blanket rolled up and swung about his shoulder, a canteen of water and one day's rations—the wretch shivered as he passed along before us, and most of the men will say that during their service they never saw a more revolting, pitiable spectacle. He was taken beyond the Union lines, north of Murfreesboro, and set adrift with the assurance that if ever he came back he would be shot.

This was severe, but it became necessary to preserve the discipline of the army. Others, in other corps, were treated like this man. Some were shot and others hung, and yet there were still some cases of desertion and criminal conduct.

On the 3rd of March, our division started on a scout towards Woodbury, taking nine days' rations, and the first night out, camped at Reddyville. The next day we went out on a forage

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scout and got forage off of ground where never before had forage been got without a fight for it. While taking forage, we saw a soldier undertake to get a horse from a house in the hills—for it was a very hilly country. He had bridled the horse and was leading it away, when a young woman of the house got a hickory gad and belabored him so unmercifully over the head that he had to let it go. The brave girl seized a 10-year-old boy, threw him on the horse and told him to "skip out quick," and in a twinkling he was out of sight. This brave act of the girl was greeted by rounds of applause by our soldiers. On the 5th, our brigade remained quietly in camp at Readyville, while Hall's brigade foraged.

On the 6th, we marched rapidly to Woodbury to surprise a rebel force, a detachment of Morgan's command, the Seventy-Second in advance. We left on our advance and escaped, as was usually the case when infantry undertook to capture cavalry. There was a heavy rain during that day and a furious storm at night, resulting in much suffering and subsequent illness. The expedition returned on the 8th to the old camp at Murfreesboro, with 500 loads of forage, with blistered feet, shouting "a hoss! a hoss! my kingdom for a hoss!" They were wet, muddy, tired, hungry and generally out of fix. At this time some of the 17th Indiana had been mounted, and the Seventy-Second had become convinced that it was "easiest walking when a man has a horse in his hand;" and as there seemed a determination to use us as horses, we decided to have horses to help us out.

While absent on this march, a lot of Indiana troops were captured at Franklin, including John C. Coburn's brigade, of which we heard when we returned to camp.

Pay day came at last, and for the first time, on the 10th of March. It rained the whole day, and many of us got soaking wet as we waited patiently about the pay-master's tent. We were paid to the end of the year, December 31, 1862.

The men and officers settled all their bills to that date with the Commissary and Quartermaster. And what was of most importance to the men, the officers paid them all loans. This left the men in funds and most of them happy, especially those who had families and who needed money very much to send home for the actual wants of their wives and children.

We here mention what one of the officers wishes spoken of, (but does not want his name used) that had it not been for the generosity of the privates and non-commissioned officers, who got a bounty and advance pay, many of the commissioned officers could hardly have remained in the service, for it would have given them much trouble

to have gotten uniforms and swords on entering the service, and provisions to this date. There never were a more generous lot of men mustered than were those of the Seventy-Second. There was scarce a man so mean that he would not pay his debts on pay day.

There was a wonderful amount of settling and balancing all round to do that night, and it was after midnight before the adjustments were made and the men lay down to rest. The chuck-a-luck men didn't lay down at all—they ran all night and almost perpetually until the greenbacks were exhausted.

On March 12th our regiment furnished 300 men for picket, and it took almost every well man in camp.

On the 14th of March, we moved out of the camp in the hickory flats into the field near the pike, about two hundred yards north, on to the ground for a long time occupied by the 18th Indiana Battery. Although this was but a very slight move, it was like passing from one world to another. It is putting it gently to say that that old hickory swamp camp was a death-pit. It rained much while we lay in it, and the water could not be drained off, and the best policed tents were often overflowed. And the sinks—excuse us, comrades, for naming those horrid pools of putridity, surrounded by those treacherous poles in treacherous wooden forks, and the more treacherous earth at the edges; those horrid pits in which many a luckless soldier has received the baptism of total depravity—sent up their noxious vapors day and night to poison the air. Often in that camp at night, while lying with the ear near the ground, have we heard a chorus of “grave yard coughing,” as the men called it, in which three to four hundred men joined. This camp, with the hard scouting, picket and fatigue duty that had to be done, broke many an iron constitution and sent many to the grave and hospital. The strong will and frame of Col. Miller could not stand it, and he was very ill for a time. The memory of that camp is a misery. Men often died in their tents who were able to get about a little; and many died suddenly in hospital. Camp diarrhoea in its most malignant form prevailed; men would pass from their bowels from a pint to two quarts of bloody matter, or pure blood; their bowels literally decomposed. Many comrades, who have survived to this day, (February 1882,) almost 20 years, still suffer from disease contracted in that camp, and which will yet take them to the grave. Many a brave man and officer was forced to leave us that would have given “half his head” to have gone through the service with the regiment.

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On the 17th of March, the Seventy-Second was sent out after some lumber and brought in a saw mill. Men were dying very rapidly, and there was not lumber enough in the army to make them rough coffins. When we got out to the mill, the thing looked so small and so handy, that we just thought we'd put the lumber on our wagons and borrow an ox cart and bring in the mill, which we proceeded to execute in neat style. While the mill was being loaded, one of the pioneers felt the power of the sun—or the graybacks in his hog hair shirt felt it—and he slipped off into the woods, sat down on a log, drew off his shirt and began to "skirmish for graybacks." While thus intently engaged, one of Morgan's mounted graybacks rode up, covered the half naked pioneer with a pistol and demanded, "Surrender, you d—d Yank!" Of course the pioneer could do nothing but comply with his order, and threw up his hands in token of surrender. But the tables turned on the rebel just then and there. Just behind the fence Corporal H. W. Monroe, of Company H, lay with a squad of six men, and they all raised with rifles cocked and leveled at the rebel, and Corporal Monroe sung out, "Surrender, you d—d rebel!" which he proceeded to do without parley, to the great delight of the pioneer. The rebel said his first impulse was to run, but when he looked into the muzzles of six guns covering him at short range, he thought he'd better climb down and stay awhile.

On March 19th, Hall's brigade of our division made a scout to the vicinity of Liberty, where they were attacked by and had a hard fight with Morgan. Our brigade was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march to the relief of Hall at a moment's notice. His brigade repulsed Morgan with a loss of six killed and 40 wounded. The dead and wounded were brought into Murfreesboro, and the dead buried with the honors of war. The whole division turned out to take part in the solemn ceremonies. The division, massed by regiments, formed a hollow square around the large grave in which the dead were buried. A funeral sermon was preached by one of the chaplains, to at least 10,000 men, before the bodies were covered with earth. After the bodies were covered, the battalion, formed of details taken from the regiments to which the dead belonged, fired three rounds over the fresh made grave of their comrades. This was the heaviest firing by volley we ever heard; and taken all

in all, was the grandest funeral we ever saw. There was scarcely a day passed without some one being killed. Soon after the above funeral, a Colonel of cavalry was killed and buried with the honors of war, a full brigade band taking part in the services. We never heard such music before or since. Smith's march was played; each instrument played a solo and played in response to each other; and when all joined in the full chorus, the outburst was grand and thrilling, going to the very fountains of the soul. A detail of men bore the Colonel's body on a catafalque slowly to the grave, and just behind it came the Colonel's horse saddled, bridled and equipped with his revolvers, boots, spurs and sword; the horse followed without any one leading him, and the noble animal seemed the saddest mourner in the funeral train. It was truly such a funeral as the poet speaks of:

And when the hero dieth—his comrades in the war,
 With muffled drums and arms reversed,
 Follow the funeral car.
 They tell the banners taken, they tell the battles won;
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute gun.

CHAPTER XIX.

March 17th to June 24th, 1863—To Horse! Mounting and Incidents—Scouting for Horses, Mules, Negroes, &c.—Two Seventy-Second Men Captured and Cruelly Shot—First Fight and Flight after Mounted—Capture and Escape of Dick McCann—Filth and Sickness—Scouting Improves Health—Sibley Tents Exchanged for Shelter Tents—Various Scouts—The Lightning Brigade Draws its Lightning Guns, the Spencer Rifles—Description of the Spencer Rifles—Bold Reconnoissance—Scouts to Readyville, Woodbury and Liberty—Last Scout North east of Murfreesboro—That Section Utterly Impoverished—Wilder's Report of Operations of the Brigade—Ordered for the Forward Movement of the whole Army—Chaplain Eddy's First Sermon—Writing Home Before the Battle—Reflections.

On or about the 17th of March, the Seventy-Second voted for and against mounting, and decided in favor of it. The 17th Indiana had already voted for mounting, and had drawn part of their horses. We proposed to cease peeling the bottoms of our feet on Tennessee and Kentucky rocks, and ride from this time forward. The 75th Indiana voted not to mount and was put into Hall's brigade, and the 123rd Illinois, of that brigade, voted to mount and took the place

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of the 75th Indiana. The brigade, after this most important epoch of mounting, was composed of the 17th and Seventy-Second Ind., 98th and 123rd Illinois Regiments, and Nicklin's 18th Ind. Battery. These four regiments remained in the same brigade to the close of the war, and were as solid in attachment and action as brothers.

After deciding to mount, the next thing was to get horses to mount. One or two companies were mounted on convalescent horses—a feeble sort of animal—which they drew on the 18th of March. For a few days we were occupied in details necessary to the great change which had taken place in our military mode of locomotion. We drew cavalry uniforms, but cut off the yellow stripe from the legs of the pants and jackets so that we might not be taken for regular cavalry. We were a new branch of the service; simply mounted infantry.

On the 26th, our division was reviewed by Gen. Reynolds and made a very imposing appearance; and on the 31st of March, the whole corps was reviewed by Gen. Rosecrans. By the 1st of April, the brigade was all mounted except Companies H, I and K, and that day it started on another raid, backed by the rest of the 14th division, which was joined in the vicinity of Carthage, Tenn., by Stokes' Tennessee Cavalry. Companies H, I and K, of our regiment, who were not yet mounted, were commanded on this expedition by Capt. Hanna. We camped that night on the banks of Stone River. On the 2nd of April, we arrived at Lebanon, county seat of Wilson County, Tenn., and found the mounted portion of our brigade there. Capt. Hanna took command of the three dismounted companies as a provost guard and made his headquarters in the Court-house. Near Lebanon the mounted men captured a lot of rebel prisoners, which they turned over to Capt. Hanna at this place.

On the 3rd, about 4 P. M., an alarm was sounded and we got rapidly into line of battle. Capt. Hanna was one of those men who could not see fighting going on without his taking part in it. On seeing the brigade rallying for a fight, he mustered his provost guard, prisoners and all, and marched out to the front to participate. To the great relief of the prisoners he was ordered back to his provost duties. "O, d—n it," said he, "I thought when there was a fight going on a fellow had a right to take part in it." There was no fight.

On this same day, a detachment was in the vicinity of Taylorsville, Tenn., assisting to destroy a lot of commissary stores, wheat, bacon, &c. Capt. Herron, Company B, was on picket duty with part of his company. He threw out Elma P. Wright, Wm. P.

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Montgomery and John W. Vance, as videttes. A superior force of rebels made a dash at them with the object of cutting them off. They were on a by-road leading off at an angle of about 20 degrees from the main road, and the rebels came down the main road, horses in a full run. Vance and Montgomery were cut off; but Wright, being in advance, urged his horse to utmost speed, hoping to reach our picket at the forks of the road before the rebels should cut him off from the post. The "Johnnies" rode after him furiously, pressing him hard and hallooing, "Halt! halt! you d—d Yank." But Wright halted not, but only struck the rowels deeper into the flanks of his horse, which was flying before the foe. when the poor animal ran its head against a tree and fell dead; Wright shot through the air like an arrow some 20 feet, lit on his feet, never halted nor looked back, jumped a fence, ran with all speed and saved himself. The exploit was hailed with applause and laughter by his comrades, who were galloping to his relief, and the rebels were compelled to turn and fly to save themselves.

But what of Vance and Montgomery? Let Vance himself tell the bloody story, and then let the reader say, whether in any civilized country its wanton cruelty has been surpassed. Their comrades made a long and anxious search for the captured men that night and the next day, but in vain, and supposed they were taken to Southern prisons. After returning to camp at Murfreesboro, the facts which follow were ascertained from Vance himself. They were taken to Lebanon that night, and the next morning were ordered to be taken out and shot. They were led out of the town by men who tied them to a tree, and heeded not their manly protests that they were prisoners of war, and should not be murdered in that cruel manner. They were only answered that they were d—d Yankee dogs, and ought to be hanged. Finding protests vain, they met their fate with brave resolution, commending their spirits to God.

When the ruffians had tied them hand and foot to a tree, two rebels stepped close to them and each rebel fired three shots into their heads. When they were untied, both fell forward on to their faces; but their fiendish foes, not being content, came up to their victims, placed their revolvers to the backs of their heads and sent another ball through each, and then left them for dead. The first three balls had pierced the head of Vance, and the fourth shot entered above the left ear and came out at the left eye, tearing the eyeball out of the socket. When Vance fell from the tree on to his face, he was still conscious, and had so much presence of mind that he tried to control his muscles and lie as still as if dead. He heard the murderers talk, and heard them

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determine to give both himself and Montgomery another round; then the revolver was pressed to the back of his head and he expected to pass into eternity. He heard the pistol almost in his ear, felt the ball crush through his head and tear out the left eye ball and throw the dirt in his face, and yet, to his astonishment, he retained consciousness, but it was as in a troubled dream of terrible pain. He still lay perfectly quiet. The bloody devils who had perpetrated this heartless work muttered curses upon the bodies and souls of their victims, and mounting their horses dashed away, leaving the bodies to "rot and be eat by buzzards and hogs," as they expressed it. As soon as Vance was sure they were gone, he attempted to raise his head, which was honey-combed by bullet holes and clotted with blood. After much effort, he succeeded in cleaning the mud and blood from his face, so he could look about him. He saw no one near and heard no sounds. The first effort of the noble soldier was to ascertain whether his comrade, Montgomery, was alive or dead. He crawled to the body, examined it, and found, alas! that life was extinct. Not being able to do anything for his comrade, he affectionately pressed his feeble hand upon the head of the noble dead, and began to crawl away, bleeding profusely, to a place of concealment, near the road on which he had left his comrades, the pickets, the night before. He expected every moment to die from loss of blood. After lying by the road for some time, he saw a white man on a load of wood, and lay down till he passed by; for almost every white citizen was an enemy. After a while, a negro came along, and as every negro was the Union Soldiers' friend, Vance succeeded in attracting his attention. The wounded soldier was not mistaken. The old negro compassionately and tenderly helped him to the Murfreesboro pike, and there he was taken up, the same day, by the Union Cavalry, carried to Murfreesboro and cared for. Notwithstanding his terrible wounds, and that all thought he would die, he got well—almost miraculous—and 12 years afterwards he served two terms as Recorder of Tippecanoe County, Ind.

Remember, kind reader, that this was but one of hundreds of similar atrocities committed by the heartless creatures known as "bushwhackers," who were really rebel robbers and murderers; but they were countenanced and encouraged by the regular rebel troops and the rebel civil authorities. Remember, too, that this act of kindness by that truly Good Samaritan, the old negro, who helped Vance to our lines at the peril of his life, is but one of thousands of such deeds of kindness which will shine as the stars forever, and which prove the

manly grandeur and tenderness of the African race. Thanks to God that the North gave such a people freedom.

Major Adam Pinkerton says: "This almost incredibly cruel affair gave us of the Seventy-Second to understand with what fiends we had to contend. Prisoners taken by us, in open fight, were treated as kindly as if they were brothers; but after that barbarous atrocity, "Bushwhackers" were turned over to Co. B, the company to which Vance and Montgomery belonged, and the Provost Marshal's list was never cumbered with their names."

One can very well understand, after the above relation, why the members of the Seventy-Second dreaded being captured. We were a terror to the natives and as widely known as the command of Morgan. It was our business to scout for supplies, not only for ourselves but other commands, and also to destroy supplies when we could not take them. Hence we were dreaded and hated, and liable to cruel treatment if captured by rebel home guards; but they got very few of us, while we got many of them.

On the night of the 3rd our regiment camped on the farm of the rebel Gen. Anderson, and got enough horses in the neighborhood to mount one company; and also took away seven negroes. The next morning we moved to Rome, Tenn. On this march large amounts of tobacco, forage, horses, mules and slaves, were captured. We were now right in the muscular part of the rebellious ham, carving out large slices. Many incidents are related by the various members of the regiment, of the efforts the people made to hide and save their horses. There was not a noble man in the regiment but regretted the necessity of taking the property of these people and leaving them in destitution. But "war is cruel at best," and we very well knew that the rebels would use all these things for their own troops, and our object was not only to supply ourselves, but to impoverish the country. Horses were found hidden in the woods, in ravines, in caves—every place that they could be secreted. On this scout Lieut. Glaze and Corp'l Fisher, of C, found a horse in a lady's back parlor, and a noble animal he was too. He was tied to a bed post and standing on a pile of straw. It is impossible to draw, with pen or pencil, a sketch of the rebel lady's wrath when the noble animal was found, led out and taken away. If "the powers that be" heard her prayers, then, from that day to eternity, no Yankee will "enter in through the gates into the city."

On the 5th the brigade moved to Carthage, which was garrisoned by Crook's brigade, of our own division, and to him all prisoners and surplus were turned over. We went into camp about two

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miles from what is called the upper ferry. At this post we drew five days' rations and were joined by Speer's brigade of Negley's division, which had come via Liberty, where they had, in connection with a heavy cavalry force, attacked Morgan and driven him to Snow's Hill, where he made a stand and where he was given the neatest whipping he ever got, according to the rebels' own account of it.

On this same day some members of company D, got after some rebels, and while A. M. Cory and John B. Davis were chasing them down hill full tilt, Davis' horse turned a complete somerset, pitching him more than ten feet, and he came down sprawling in the road. This was fun for his companions if not for him; for everything that did not kill outright was always taken for fun, even though the effect might subsequently cause death. On this day company E captured two rebels and brought them in.

By the 6th enough horses had been pressed to complete mounting the brigade, and were turned over to the dismounted battalion of the Seventy-Second, at New Middle Town, a town on the road from Carthage to Liberty. As we had few saddles and bridles, and that few of the citizen pattern; and many of our horses were untamed, we had a gay time riding the "brutes." Bridles and saddles were improvised of gun-straps and blankets, and for the first time the Seventy-Second was fully mounted!

That night we encamped in the Alexandria, Tenn., Fair grounds. The fence around the grounds was supposed to be high enough to keep our stock inside, and they were not very well fastened; as the night advanced they began to get loose and wander about. We were sleeping on the ground, inside the same inclosure, and in the midst of the night some of the stock were stampeded and ran over some men who were sound asleep, and they sprang up yelling, "Rebels! Morgan!!" alarming the whole camp. The moon was shining, the real cause of the alarm was soon seen, and with a hearty laugh, the men were soon sound asleep again.

On the 7th we proceeded towards Liberty. The mounted force proper were going by a route east of us, which would strike a road leading from Liberty to Smithville, on which they would approach Liberty opposite to the road we were on. A brigade of infantry and the Seventy-Second constituted the force advancing from Alexandria. As we neared Liberty the advance was opposed by rebel cavalry. The officer in command thought the proper thing to do would be to send cavalry after cavalry; so he ordered us front, and such another performance as was then enacted never occurred again during the war. We were ordered to move quick; but equipped as most of us were—

a strap tied around the jaw of our steed and no saddle—made it “mighty uncertain” whither we should go when we started. We were almost a match for the Bear Wallow mule brigade. Nevertheless, we all “lit out” at a sweeping gallop, and with a grim determination, some of our horses going side-wise and some behind-wise. This terrific charge was sufficient to scare the enemy into falling back on Liberty, where they made a stand. As soon as we came up we dismounted, formed on foot, moved into town and found the enemy also formed on the opposite side of Dry Creek. We opened fire by volleys; on the second round they broke and ran away on the road towards Smithville, meeting our mounted force previously mentioned as coming on that road, got into a trap, and a company of fifty men and two commissioned officers were taken.

Just here an affair occurred which might have counterbalanced our success. The officer sending us ahead failed to inform us that another Union force would enter the town opposite to where we entered it; and before we began to retire on the column, which was now moving towards Murfreesboro, we saw a column of troops approaching upon the Smithville road, upon which the enemy had just retreated. We naturally supposed the rebels had been reinforced and were bearing down upon us to make a vigorous attack; the dust they raised veiled them from sight and imagination did the rest. We opened fire on them, but they neither halted nor changed formation, but advanced steadily in columns of fours. We began to fall back, but on they came; once more we fired, still on they came, only a little faster—at least we thought so. The order was given, “boys, to horse, and get out of this!” The scene which ensued beggars description. Our saddles having no stirrups we could not mount encumbered as we were with arms and ammunition. The efforts we made were truly ridiculous failures. Jumping upon our horses, our breasts would rest almost on their backs, and down we would go, flat upon the ground. All this time that awful column was advancing like an avalanche. We could stand the pressure no longer, for our fear was as intense as was that of Icabod Crane, as the headless Hessian bore down upon him in the darkness of the night. The clatter of the hoofs of the horses, and the clash of the swords of the advancing column, were in our ears; we abandoned our horses and skedaddled—men and horses mixed and mingled, and it is averred that no man let a horse get ahead of him; everything that we could throw away except arms, was abandoned in the flight.

Soon we came to a gorge in the hills, called a gap, and here formed and determined we would hold the gap. We sent back to the main

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column for reinforcements Just then a flag of truce was displayed at the head of the advancing column; a parley ensued, and the fact that our supposed enemies were friends was discovered. We learned from them that they had captured part of the rebels we had driven out of town. Of course we proceeded to get together our stock and stuff, like a joint snake that had been knocked to pieces with a club, with a sense of meekness over what had happened, and a conviction that some means of more certainly and speedily mounting, when pressed, was an absolute necessity.

On this same day company A captured ten rebels, who said that Morgan had sent them to examine our picket posts, get the position of pickets and report to him. They saw the posts but failed to report.

On the 8th, the brigade returned to Murfreesboro. The result of the trip was 196 horses, 110 prisoners, 35 slaves and a large lot of forage. On the 9th, companies H, I, and K drew saddles and cavalry equipments, and the regiment was now fully mounted; and we may remark, what no doubt the little affair of confusion at Liberty has suggested, that while we were well drilled as infantry, on our un-drilled horses, we were little less than a mounted mob for a little while; but we soon gave our horses a saddle, bridle and spur drill which led them to understand pretty well what we were up to.

On the 11th, we were called up at 2 a. m. and moved at 4 a. m. We went towards Lebanon and then returned towards Levergne, crossed Stone River at Buchanon's Mill and taking a by-path we came suddenly upon some rebel cavalry, emptied some guns at them, captured two, but the others scattered into the dense cedar thicket. We camped six miles from Levergne.

On the 12th we moved via Levergne and Nolinsville, to Franklin, Tenn., and on the 13th, returned to Murfreesboro again.

At this time our assistant surgeon, Dr. Wm. C. Cole, as brave and noble a man, and as good a surgeon as was ever in the service, who had been detailed at Castillian Springs, by Gen. Dumont, December 13th, 1862, for duty at the Gallatin hospital, returned to the regiment. On his way from Gallatin to Nashville he came near being gobbled by John Morgan. As Dr. Cole was so well known and highly esteemed in his regiment, and indeed, in the brigade and division, we deem it proper to give him a fuller introduction here. In the course of the history you will often meet him, always in the line of his duty at his post; always kind, always brave, always skillful.

W. Carnahan Cole, M. D., was born July 16th, 1828, in Washington, Daviess County, Ind., of English and Scotch-Irish ancestry.

In his 18th year, enlisted in New Orleans, La., in the regiment of Mounted Rifles, Smith's brigade, Twiggs' division, and with that command, under Gen. Scott, participated in all the battles in the Valley of Mexico, entering the city September 14th, 1847, and remaining until the close of the war. Discharged at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Graduated in Medicine from the Medical College of Ohio. In August, 1862, he assisted in recruiting company H, Seventy-Second Indiana, and was elected First Lieutenant. On the arrival of the regiment at Indianapolis, Dr. Cole was commissioned by Gov. Morton Assistant Surgeon; and after a little over one year's service in the field, and in charge of Hospital No. 5, Gallatin, Tenn., he was commissioned Surgeon of the regiment. Serving during the last year of the war as Surgeon in-Chief of Wilder's brigade of Mounted Infantry; and at the close of the last campaign, while at Macon, Ga., he was detailed with Dr. Groves, of the 98th Illinois to accompany the 4th Michigan in pursuit of Jeff. Davis. Dr. Groves was present at the capture of that noted individual.

He was mustered out at Indianapolis. The Doctor is a member of the American Medical Association, Indiana State Medical Society, and Fountain County Medical Society, of which last he is an ex-President. He is also a member of the National and State Associations of Mexican Veterans. The Doctor is a man of splendid physique, with a lofty but not ostentatious bearing. His mind is large and well cultured; in his profession, as in his citizenship and among his comrades, he stands very high and above reproach. His views are comprehensive and liberal, his heart large and warm. All who know him love and admire him. He was always with us, and of all the officers of the regiment he kept the only complete diary; it is very full. As we have never had access to morning reports of companies we are under obligations to Dr. Cole for most of the information in regard to the sick and wounded, and feel sure that it is accurate.

From April 14th to 20th the regiment was constantly on picket and fatigue duty.

On the morning of the 20th the Wilder brigade and a large force of infantry, accompanied by cavalry, moved east of Murfreesboro to Readyville.

On the morning of the 21st we were in Woodbury by sun up. The regiment took a by-road and was in the rear of McMinnville shortly after noon, but found the place already in possession of Union troops, the balance of the command having moved directly on the place. We quote from comrade John Davis, company D:

"On that afternoon our force had a lively chase after Morgan,

capturing Morgan's staff, a horse loaded with provisions, 2 hogs, and whisky. We crossed the road bridge, and Sergt. Stevens was missing him one of the

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 gan's staff, a wagon train loaded with bacon, 130 prisoners, a train of
 cars loaded with fat hogs, 300 woolen blankets, 30,000 pounds of
 bacon, 2 hogsheads of sugar, 3 hogsheads of rice, and 8 barrels of
 whisky. We also burned a large grist mill, a train of cars, a rail-
 road bridge, a cotton factory and 2 bales of cotton."

Sergt. Stewart, company A, says: "the next morning McCann
 was missing and when the guards were asked what had become of
 him one of them sang out,

Oh, he went up the rope.
 And came down a slope,
 Into the happy land of Canaan.

But the truth is, McCann's guards had got their canteens full of
 apple-jack during the day, and when they were put on guard they
 were afraid the officers would take the tangle-foot away from them.
 McCann being aware of their fears sympathized with them and pro-
 posed that they give their canteens to him, and they did so. During
 the night the sly rebel gave the guards liquor as often as they wanted
 it, and each time pretended to drink with them. Before morning the
 guards were so drunk that they could not tell McCann from a two
 dollar dog, and the rebel slipped out and got away. That is the his-
 tory given of McCann's escape in Basil M. Duke's history of Morgan's
 Cavalry. The Seventy-Second had nothing to do with McCann at that
 time; Minty's brigade captured him and the 4th Regulars guarded
 him. Sergt. Records says that at Peach Tree Creek he fell in with
 one of the men who guarded McCann, and he admitted that they
 were so drunk on the night he escaped that they didn't know they
 had ever had him. The only connection the Seventy-Second had
 with the McCann affair was that we passed the place where the
 rebels had been whipped a few minutes before, and Will Harvey, com-
 pany I, got McCann's hat, and it never got away.

On April 22d we moved to Smithfield. No fires were allowed,
 consequently no supper. On the 23d we moved so early that we
 took no breakfast, marching via Snow Hill, we reached Liberty, where
 we fed the horses and took dinner. At this place we destroyed a
 large flouring mill.

While company D was getting corn out of a large bin they found
 some nice hams; this led to further search and two rebels were found
 under the floor. We camped that night near Alexandria, and here,
 again, the enterprising John Davis and Jimmy Hall, of company D, suc-
 ceeded in getting more hams, and as they were running off with them
 the landlady exclaimed, "there, the villains are carrying off my meat!"

On the 24th we stayed near Alexandria and scouted eight miles east, capturing a rebel team and wagon, and also some horses, mules and some stragglers from the enemy. On the 25th the command moved to within eight miles of Lebanon, scouting parties scattering all over the country, bringing in cattle, horses, mules, slaves and rebel prisoners.

On the 26th we moved on to Lebanon scouring the country, as yesterday, with liberal success. Company I got nine rebels. We again quote from comrade John Davis, of D: "Here a detail was made to hunt the body of Montgomery, who was captured and shot by the rebels on the 3d of April, (the particulars of which have been given). While Vance and Montgomery were being led through Lebanon a certain tavern-keeper shouted out, "hang the d—d sons of b—s, I'll find the rope." The detail did not find the body, but proposed to hang the tavern-keeper to make him tell where it was, and it is presumed they did their duty.

27th. The same duty as yesterday with varied success. A heavy rain storm, and picket firing at night.

28th. The Seventy-Second started for Murfreesboro with all the captured stuff, horses, mules, negroes, rebels, etc., arriving in the evening, but the brigade did not get in until the next day. This was a long and successful scout during which the men were in the highest spirits and best of humor. We quote from Dr. Cole's journal of April 15th: "Sickness in the regiment prevails to an alarming extent; average attendance at the sick call, 100, and perhaps 100 more are not fit for duty. This army of 40,000 men is encamped on a space so small that it is utterly impossible to keep the camps clean. Thousands of dead horses, mules and offal of every description, literally cover the whole face of the earth inside our picket lines; and each emits a thousand stinks, and each stink different from its fellow. The weather for months has been almost one continual flood of rain, and now, as the sun comes up more nearly straight over us, and pours down his boiling rays on this vast, sweltering mass of putridity, the stinks are magnified, multiplied and etherealized until the man in the moon must hold his nose as he passes over this vast sea of filth."

On the 29th of April Dr. Cole says, just after the scout above mentioned, "the health of the regiment has rapidly improved on the scout, owing to a change of air, and from salt army rations to fresh diet."

On May 1st we turned over our Sibley tents and drew French Shelter tents, called by the men "dog tents," on account of their smallness and lowness. These were stout sheets of duck canvas, six

feet square, and so arranged, with buttons and button-holes along the edges, that any number of pieces could be buttoned together, either forming long strips, or large square sheets. Perhaps these tents, as much as any other mechanical convenience began immediately to contribute to the health of the army. We quote from Sergt. Records, May 1st: "The stench of this great encampment is becoming utterly unendurable, and these scouts are hailed with delight. The health of the regiment is rapidly improving, and the morale and discipline of the brigade are in a high state of perfection."

On the 2d we moved our camp two miles north-east of Murfreesboro, near the picket lines, and close to the boiling springs. We were delighted when the wind came from the north-east; we could then get a breath of fresh air.

On May 6th we moved to Levergne through a heavy rain, and remained there until the morning of the 9th, when we moved on by-roads in a north-east course, passed through Silver Springs and camped on the Lebanon road. About 10 a. m. the column was fired upon and company D was detached to give the rebels chase, which was an exciting one, resulting in the capture of a few prisoners. In the evening of this day Madison Barton, company E, accidentally shot himself in the knee, and his leg was taken off by Dr. Cole. The accident to this faithful soldier, and his loss to the regiment were deeply regretted.

On the 10th company I went across the river, north-west, as a guard for a supply train and took Barton, the wounded man, with them. He got well. In the afternoon the command went to Lebanon, and on the 11th returned to Murfreesboro.

We were now well mounted, and our rapid movements soon gave us such notoriety that we were called "The Lightning Brigade." It was part of the original plan that when mounted we should be armed with repeating rifles; accordingly, on the 15th of May, we turned over our old companions, the Springfield rifles, and drew the famous Spencer repeating rifles. These rifles were of so much importance in all our subsequent movements, and were so conspicuous in making the brigade distinctive and successful in the service, that we here give a description of the Spencer, and compare it with some other repeating rifles. Up to the breaking out of the rebellion, all the armies of the world, so far as we know, were armed with a muzzle-loading, single shooting gun. The percussion cap was a great improvement over the flint; yet a gun using the flint could be loaded as quickly, fired as rapidly, would shoot as far and as accurately as a gun using the percussion cap. Citizens of the United States were not a

fighting people, hence her inventive genius had never been pressed to produce anything better than the common sporting rifle, used in hunting game. There had been some improvement in projectiles—The minnie ball, with a hollow, expansive base that would catch and hold all the force of the powder, was a vast improvement over the round bullet that permitted one-third of the force of the powder to spread around the ball, and even to get past it before leaving the muzzle—But as before stated, when our war broke out, our soldiers were armed with the same muzzle-loading gun with which our forefathers fought the battles of the Revolution. With these guns it was impossible for the most experienced soldier to load and fire more than twice per minute. This, for a *fast* people like the Americans, was entirely too slow. And acting upon the principle laid down by Sherman in his "Memoirs," that "the more destructive you can make war the more humane it is," genius began to invent guns that could be more rapidly loaded and fired. A gun was greatly needed that would shoot accurately at long range, that could be fired a number of times without stopping to load, and that would not get out of repair. To invent such a gun many unsuccessful attempts were made. Among the first of these attempts was "Colt's repeating rifle," which was made with a barrel of the usual length of army rifles. Instead of loading at the muzzle it had a revolving cylinder at the breech containing five chambers, into which as many loads could be placed; but it took quite as long to load one of these chambers as it did to put in a single load from the muzzle, so that there was no *time* gained in loading; but after the chambers were all loaded they could be fired very rapidly. But as there was a possibility of two or more chambers being discharged at once, thus crippling about as many of those using them as of the enemy, few regiments were ever armed with them. They were very heavy and clumsy to handle, and were soon abandoned.

The next candidate for favor was the "Henry rifle." This was a vast improvement over the "Colt." It was short in the barrel and light in the breech—on the under side of the barrel was a chamber into which could be placed 16 metallic cartridges. In order to get these cartridges into the barrel of the gun, a light lever which was also a guard for the trigger was thrown forward—this threw the breech-pin (we call it that for the want of a better name) back far enough to admit one cartridge to pass up opposite the hole in the barrel, and as the lever was pulled back it was pushed in ready for firing; the usual motion of hammer and trigger completed the work. Every time the lever was moved it also threw out

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