

HISTORY
OF THE
THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT
ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,

DURING THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

— BY —
L. G. BENNETT AND WM. M. HAIGH.

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vast crowd seemed to disperse in almost entire silence. It was the last sermon that many a man heard. Was it the shadow of coming events that rested that afternoon upon us?

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.



SOON after the battle of Stone River, I wrote out for a Chicago paper a full account of what I saw and heard during those eventful days. It had a large circulation, was read and commented upon by officers and men at the time, and may, therefore, be regarded as even more strictly correct than any that could now be written from memory. I therefore reprint it, with only such verbal changes as the nature of the case demands. The personal character of the narrative has to be retained, and I know not how to help it.

MILL CREEK,
NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN. }

Thursday, Dec. 25th, 1862.—Rose at six o'clock. Under orders to march. After breakfast, ordered to pitch our tents as before, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Regiments came in from picket and everything looked as before we broke up yesterday. This is Christmas Day, and Santa Claus

has not come, unless he visited the little ones at home. Would give a good deal to be at home to-day. Received a copy of Army Regulations from the Adjutant. Heavy musketry heard out on the lines. Rumors that we leave to-morrow; 89th and the battery are under orders; ours have not yet come. Evening Bible Class; subject, Almsgiving in Sermon on the Mount; very interesting.

Friday, 26th.—Called at six, with orders to march at seven; all is hurry and confusion. The shelter tents were issued; the men had threatened they would not receive them, considering it an imposition to have them substituted for regular tents. A shelter tent is composed of two sheets of cotton, which being buttoned together and propped with stakes, makes a tent of the shape of a house roof, under which two men can lie; being only four feet high of course cannot be used for permanent encampment. They are generally designed for march, to lessen the baggage train, it being intended that wherever the army remains awhile they should have the large tents. This morning many refused them, preferring to be without any, as all the large tents were ordered back to Nashville. I had my tent, trunk and stove packed on the head-quarters wagon, so as to be provided for, but by a misunderstanding which it was too late to correct when I learned it, they were carried back to Nashville, so that I had nothing but what was carried on the horse and in Henry's knapsack. We supposed, however, that we should probably be back next day, as it was reported that we were going to capture a force that had ventured too near our lines. We had not gone far before it was evident to all that this was a movement in force—Johnson's Division filing in from the other pike on to our rear, and Davis going by another road, while Crittenden and Thomas were advancing in another direction. It became a certainty that

89th Ill. Dr. Col. Hotchkiss, Johnson's Division
Willie's Brigade

we were now advancing on the enemy, and were about to have war in earnest. It was at this time that I found my tent, trunk, &c., had been left behind.

We had not gone far before it began to rain, and soon to pour, making the road tedious to the men. We were shortly turned off the pike to go round a creek by a circuitous route, as it was expected that some fortifications had been erected there. A negro was engaged as a guide, who, misunderstanding the General's orders, took us the wrong way; so after wading and slipping through the mud, the artillery cutting deep ruts, we had to return and seek another track, very much to the annoyance of the officers and the disgust of the men. Many remarks were made anything but complimentary to "reliable contrabands." The skirmishers soon came upon a band of the enemy's cavalry, and a brisk firing was kept up for some time. Our regiment being on the advance, we were very near. Our skirmishers were very much exhausted by tramping through the muddy corn and cotton-fields and trailing through the brush.

Having successfully crossed the creek, we again came upon the pike, to find that Davis' Division, which was behind us, had gone on to Nolansville before us, in consequence of our delay in finding the right road. Davis is a fighting man—the same that shot Gen. Nelson—and we soon heard by the cannonade that he had come up with a body of the enemy. After a little delay we entered Nolansville, a dirty, dilapidated place of from fifty to one hundred houses. One shell from a secesh battery had entered a house and exploded in it. Here our boys bought some butter and apples, the people preferring Confederate money to greenbacks, which is the case through all this region. We soon heard still heavier cannonading, and as we advanced, the signs of a fight became thick and strong. All was excitement, and but

for being in the way, I should have ridden forward to see what was being done. We halted for a time opposite a house where there was a large number of negroes—the owner having a negress for a wife.

After a while the firing ceased, our Generals returned and ordered us into camp in an orchard opposite. One of our regiments had made a charge on a battery and captured one gun. One man was killed and thirteen wounded; two more died the next day. The enemy had fled toward Triune, where we expected to find a heavy force within fortifications, and it seemed that to-morrow we must have a general engagement.

The ground was thoroughly drenched with rain, and my prospects were anything but flattering, my tent having been left behind. The boys began to put up their shelter tents, and then it appeared as though those who had refused them were not wise. The Major kindly invited me to sleep in his tent which I gladly accepted. During the night the rain began to pour down in torrents, and it was sad to think that so many of our boys were sleeping out in their blankets, and must inevitably be made sick.

My sympathies for them began to seek a new channel, for the tent being on a side hill and the men having neglected to trench it—as a tent needs in a rain storm—the water began to pour into the tent, wetting our blankets, causing us to draw up our feet to keep them out of the water. Blankets once wet require a good deal of drying, so that altogether this was a little the hardest soldiering I had had.

Saturday, 27th.—Rose at six o'clock; somewhat blue. The rain had stopped, and things did not look so gloomy as I had anticipated. One thing, however, this rain had done, converted most of the boys into friends of the shelter tent. The much abused thing became a real favorite, for those who had taken care

to put them up properly were kept securely from the rain, and the story that they would not shed water was entirely disproved.

Our camp had been upon the side hill; on a high hill in the distance was Davis' Division, while still others were camped in the rear. When all these had their fires lighted at night it was an exceedingly brilliant and gorgeous sight. After breakfast, learning that Johnson's Division was to go ahead of us, I went down to the road and waited nearly two hours for the 89th to pass. It was a grand sight to see such masses of men move on, accompanied by such trains of artillery, and gave me a better idea of the size and thorough equipment of the army than I have ever had before. Ah, me, how many of these strong and hearty fellows are going, never to return! Gen. McCook, Gen. Davis, Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Sill were all together. When Johnson's Division had passed, Sheridan's started. We were in the second brigade. Soon we heard heavy firing, and knew that our advance had come up with the enemy. At a large, brick house, on top of a hill, where it was said Gen. Hardee had stayed the night before, I had a sight of the spot about one and a-half mile ahead, where our batteries were planted. When we had marched some three miles and were about three from Triune, the order came to gather all the ambulances in a field. The prisoners taken said the enemy were in force at Triune, and our Generals were going to make an immediate attack. The order was that the wounded were not to be carried off the field until the battle was over.

The surgeons were to go on to the field with such light appliances as they could carry. We—the surgeons and myself—put everything in order, took the stretchers—a kind of hand mattress on which wounded men were carried—ate our turkey and started after the troops, with the full expectation of an immedi-

ate and bloody battle. At a little distance forward we turned from the road and traversed the fields. The rain, too, began to fall again, and this time in heavy torrents. We came up with the regiment drawn up in line of battle, while yet other lines were in advance of us, on knolls of ground, reaching nearer and nearer Triune. Soon those in advance moved forward, one after the other, and we took their places. Thus the whole army advanced upon Triune. To wade through the almost liquid corn-field was work indeed. Artillery were dragged back and forth, and when our men came to cross their track it seemed as though they would sink. I could not but think how little the people at home, who so many of them sit at their ease and find fault with the army, conceive of the real hardships of a soldier's life. And yet the cheerfulness of the 36th was neither washed away in the rain above, nor buried in the mud beneath. They were full of life and pleasantry, and now and then, when the mud was deeper and the marching harder than usual, one and another would say, "This is all for the old Flag;" while one more poetical in his style than the rest, exclaimed, "O, my country, how much do I suffer for thee!" The lines were brought nearer to the enemy, while we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of them in the distance. "Is it not strange," said I, "that we have to fight men we have never seen, and cannot even now see?"

Soon the intelligence was brought that our Generals had again been misled by false information. Our cavalry had entered the town, and no enemy was to be found; what force they had, had retired towards Murfreesborough, and we were ordered into camp right where we were. But our condition was forlorn enough—all wet and chilled. We sent for the ambulances and hospital wagons, put up the large tents, lighted fires and tried to dry ourselves. After awhile, supper was ready; we had both poached

eggs and butter—strong, but still butter. After supper, what should be brought in but a letter from home, the one I had been expecting on Thursday. This was refreshing indeed, after such a tedious and harassing march. In it was a Santa Claus' present, which was very acceptable, and was much praised by those who happened to be in the tent at the time, and who claimed a sight of it. To me it appeared one of the prettiest morsels I had ever had, so appropriate, so ingenious, and so redolent of home affections and joys. God bless and preserve "the loved ones at home." Prepared to sleep in the large hospital tent; our blankets were damp, but there was no help for it, so we lay down to sleep, grateful that things were no worse. It is astonishing how a man will become accustomed to inconvenience and discomfort until he scarcely notices them.

Sunday, Dec. 28th.—Rose at 7 o'clock. Blankets still damp. The morning was bright and beautiful, crisp and frosty. We lay round for some time expecting orders to march; but as they did not come I began to think that perhaps our Generals were going to obey the President's order about the Sabbath. A man from the 22nd Illinois came over to see at what hour we intended to have service, as some of that regiment desired to attend, they being without a Chaplain. Promised to send them word when the hour was fixed. Col. Greusel appointed three o'clock, provided we did not move.

Abundance of provisions were found in the neighborhood—pork, beef, apples, &c.—and each company had men out to procure what was needed. A large quantity of fine pork in salt was found which looked as if prepared for the secesh army. Each mess secured a share. Blankets, clothes, &c., were hung up in every direction to be dried in the sun, and there was every prospect that a day's rest would prepare the men for a march to-mor-

row. In the midst of all this confusion I sat outside and drew out a sketch for a sermon. I had neither Bible nor Testament, nor manuscript of any kind, all being left behind in my trunk. About one o'clock I went over to the 22nd Illinois, and informed them about service. Some of them came over, and after the battle I found one of them among the wounded. At three o'clock had service—a large attendance. Text, "My word have I hid in my heart that I sin not against thee."

Prayer-meeting in the evening in the large hospital tent; thirty-five present. Slept in tent with dry blankets, anticipating an early start, and a march on the enemy to-morrow.

Monday, 29th.—Called at half-past four o'clock; lay quiet till daylight waiting orders. Company A had procured a seccsh tent, which they lent to me until I shall receive my own. Had it put on the head-quarters wagon. Marched about sunrise, but much disappointed to be turned back as though we were returning to Nashville, and it seemed for a moment that we had failed in our expedition. We soon found that we were only going back a short distance to take a cross road to Murfreesborough, which was now our declared destination. It was reported that Crittenden had taken Murfreesborough; and again that he had found unexpected opposition, and that we were to reinforce him.

This being a cross road and not a regular turnpike—which are excellent for a marching army, both men, wagons and artillery—our progress was slow, many portions very rocky, and others equally muddy, and all very bad for an army. But the country itself presented many interesting features to an attentive observer. One view was especially noteworthy. We emerged from the timber on the brow of a hill from which there was an uninterrupted prospect of the country for many miles. Right beneath us was a belt of open farm land extending, perhaps, one or two

miles across, then an extensive cedar grove, while beyond it another belt of open country, with timber still beyond that. Through the first open land was gliding like some cobra di capello, or—to adopt the Potomac name—"anaconda," a portion of our column, while the advance could be detected winding through the first grove, by the gleaming of arms as the light glanced upon them. But another use could be made of this hill besides affording beautiful and enchanting prospects. About three miles distant, and a little to the right, was another high eminence, from which, with a good glass, an observer might count every regiment and battery as it descended to the plain, and thus form a judgment sufficiently accurate for practical purposes, of the strength of this portion of the army of the Cumberland.

In pursuing our journey we had many tedious halts, caused in part by the difficulty of dragging artillery over such rough roads. At one spot on the banks of a creek, we halted for a considerable time until other troops could form a junction with us, it not being considered safe to make the flank movement of to-day without having the columns within supporting distance of each other. Indeed the place where we halted would have been a hard place to be attacked in, and so evidently thought our Generals, for they ordered all fires to be put out, that there might be no sign by which an enemy at a distance could detect our presence.

We passed through several immense cedar groves. The cedar, when as large as in these groves, loses a great portion of its beauty, not appearing bushy as when cultivated, but a huge, bare pole. One peculiarity of these groves is that instead of soil there is very little besides immense rocks, almost making one wonder where the roots find nourishment, many of them being

imbedded in solid rock. In many places it was difficult to ride even on horseback, the track very much resembling broken, slippery, uneven steps, with winding passages between the rocks, which were not a little suggestive of "Fatman's Misery," in the Mammoth Cave, though, of course, considerably wider. But the most unpleasant days have an end, and so have roads. By-and-by we came upon the fine rolling country which is the glory of Tennessee, through which her beautiful pikes run, and in which her vast plantations and stately residences are located. We passed Davis' Division already going into camp, while we were ordered forward about a mile. On our way we began to feel that the air was heavy with rumors and premonitions of the coming conflict.

During the afternoon a portion of Pennsylvania Cavalry, out skirmishing, had been drawn into a trap, and before they could escape, about thirty were killed and a large number wounded. This was enough to convince us all that war is not a thing of parades and shows, but a stern and cruel reality. A number of negroes by the roadside had built a fire of rails. Gen. McCook rode along, and in no very complimentary style ordered them to put it out. We marched down the Wilkinson pike and were ordered into a cornfield, the regiment preserving a line of battle behind a rail fence, but forbidden to build fires, or pitch tents, or speak loudly, or do anything which could reveal our presence to the enemy's pickets. The only indulgence granted was to gather the cornstalks for bedding, that we might not lie in pure mud. The whole brigade and a battery were together and the rest of Sheridan's Division close by. The ambulances and hospital wagon—to which I was to look for whatever comfort I was to have—had been taken into a clean field of grass and trees, a little back on the pike and on the opposite side.

We had just begun to unpack and to congratulate ourselves that we had so pleasant a spot where we could spread our blankets on clean ground and under the trees, when an order came for the ambulances, &c., to be all removed half a mile back. So off we started and found that another muddy cornfield had been selected, and that all the ambulances, &c., of the division were to be brought together. I confess the prospect was gloomy; no fire, consequently no coffee. It was already seven o'clock, cloudy and threatening rain. But there was no help for it. We ate a supper of cold beans, pork and crackers, drinking water. Now the bed. Had we desired to be *imbedded*, we could have had our wish without a moment's difficulty. After discussing the question, decided to make our bed under the ambulance. We plucked cornstalks sufficient—small stakes would have made a good substitute—on them we spread our blankets, and then with great difficulty took off our clothes, which had to be done under the ambulance, our heads knocking against hooks and axletrees, all outside being soft mud of the clay family, and stretched ourselves for sleep.

Soon a new difficulty arose. No less than five horses were tied to the ambulance, while at something less than two horses' lengths off was the hospital wagon, to which were attached six mules. Not content with making their usual noises, which, while insufferable to a citizen, are not supposed to be even heard by a soldier, the horse tied to the wheel close by my head, persisted in taking his hind feet too near the mules, and a general kicking and yelping, together with the violent jerking of the ambulance, were the consequence. This was partly remedied by one of our hospital mess, who had not yet "retired"—if the term is allowable in circumstances suggestive of anything but retirement. But straightway there came another unlooked for dis-

turbance. The horses had by this time pretty well eaten up their cornstalks—all the forage we could obtain for them—and in their eagerness for more they began to pick and pull at the ends of the stalks composing our bed. In addition, the same horse, thinking it a good and appropriate act, laid down in the mud for a good roll, by which he succeeded in fastening his hind legs in the wagon wheel; and finally, as if by one great annoyance to make us forget a great many small ones, the threatened rain began to fall, giving us the prospect of a thorough wetting. It was now necessary to rise—slowly, carefully, amid the hooks and axletrees—and spread my poncho over us, and feeling that we had done all that imperfect human beings could do to make the best of our situation, we strove hard to sleep, rocked by the jerking ambulance and lulled by the pattering rain. After sundry efforts to make our bones fit between the cornstalks, and with thoughts of home, the events of the past day, the strange forebodings of the morrow all mingling confusedly in our minds, “tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” dropped his mild influence on our eyelids and bade us rest; and but for an occasional pull by the horses at the cornstalks under us, or the blankets over us, the remainder of the night we were undisturbed.

Tuesday, Dec. 30th.—Rose about half-past six. It was quite a feat to pull on one’s boots under the ambulance before stepping out into the mud. After a glance at the water, which was about as thick though not as dark as coffee, concluded that I was too clean to risk a wash. A fire being kindled, we had beef, coffee and hard bread. Had expected early orders to march, but they did not come. The whistle of the locomotive at Murfreesborough had been heard at intervals all night, and there were speculations as to whether it betokened reinforcements or evacuation. I had rather inclined to the latter, supposing that the

usual policy of our enemy has been to draw us on as far as possible from our base of supplies, and gain as much time to bring their limited forces to the spot, thus making their smaller army really equal to our larger one. “Well,” said some, “there are many things we shall know to-morrow night that we do not know now”—a remark which received a striking and sad verification.

After breakfast, went down to the regiment and found the men cheerful and courageous after their comfortless night. Alas, it was to many their last night, and to others the first of many nights of discomfort and sorrow. Here, too, they were all speculating upon the probabilities of finding any enemy between us and Murfreesborough. But we were not long left in suspense. The booming of artillery in the front told that our troops were beginning to take up their positions for the day. Orderlies galloped to and fro over the pike, and soon Gen. Sheridan appeared and his division began to move.

There were no braver men in the army than the three officers who commanded the brigades in our division. Col. Roberts led out his brigade first, and I noticed with what feeling he bade adieu to Gen. Sheridan, as though conscious of the perilous work that devolved upon him. Then came our brigade, led by the esteemed Sill, the 36th being in advance, with the “old man” at the head. Our regiment never looked larger to me than this morning, as I sat on my horse at the gap in the fence where they passed out on to the pike, while, as usual, the whole column resounded with fun and laughter.

We had not gone far before skirmishers were thrown out to our right, we marching on until we came to the edge of the timber, when we turned to the right and took up a position on the south edge of it in front of a cornfield, the other regiments of the

brigade being arranged on each side, a battery of artillery being at the left edge of the wood, and another a little to the right. It was not long before the regiment was ordered forward into the cornfield, and the men laid down. The battery on the left began to play, and was occasionally responded to from the woods where the enemy were concealed. Dr. Pierce and I being behind the regiment, were ordered by the Colonel to retire into the woods. Skirmishers were sent out to feel the position of the enemy in the woods in front of us, while we remained stationary for about two hours.

While there, Davis' Division advanced in line of battle across the field, on the right, and entered the thick woods to the right of where our skirmishers were. It was not long before our division was ordered forward, marching down the open field towards the woods, thus joining our right to Davis' left, Johnson having made a similar movement on the right of Davis; the whole line going not due south—straight forward—but diagonally towards Murfreesborough, so as to form when the fighting was over for the night the line of battle.

Dr. Pierce and I started to follow across the cornfield towards the woods. Being a little to the left, we rode somewhat diagonally to come up to the regiment, when the battery on the right opened fire, and of course was right across the track we were taking. A ball cut the tops of the cornstalks so little in advance of us that had we started two or three seconds sooner, or traveled so much faster as to have been a few steps further forward, we should probably both have been struck, for I was slightly in his rear and to the left, and therefore what had struck one would probably have taken both. We immediately concluded that it was but foolhardiness for those on whom the care of wounded devolved thus to expose themselves when they could render no

kind of service. Just at this moment a man from the 22nd Illinois coming up from the woods with his hand shot and needing immediate attention, we rode to a house on the left and took possession of it for a hospital, it being nearest of any to the scene of action.

This building, or rather series of buildings, is what we called "Hospital Harding," and was our place of residence for over a week, where we had the care of upwards of one hundred and fifty wounded. The house was a third rate frame building, with the log cook-house, &c., attached, and surrounded by negro cabins, as is the custom here, while at a little distance was a barn, cotton gin and all the appliances of a cotton plantation. The owner was evidently a man of considerable wealth, owning about fifty negroes, and having an extensive plantation. There were evidences on the premises of considerable refinement, a well cultivated garden and good pianoforte being respectively the external and internal representatives of it. Mr. Harding was at home, and two or three negroes. At the time we took possession they had sought safety in the cellar. But the rest of the family, white and black, had been removed to the other side of Murfreesborough, the secesh commanders having informed him a few days before that the battle would be fought on his land. He looked with anything but complacency upon the Federal army, and indeed there was nothing peculiarly attractive in a body of men taking forcible possession of a man's house, covering his floors, carpets, beds and bedding with bleeding men, and appropriating anything within reach that might be made serviceable.

But I saw him under both Northern and Southern rule and thought it plain that he sympathized with the latter; yet it was equally plain that he had very little human kindness in his breast, and that the claims of humanity were very lightly felt—a remark

#1 In Roberts Brigade to the left of Hills
Brigade

applicable to very few of the Southerners with whom I came in contact. He evidently cared very little for North or South in comparison—I will not say with his family or plantation—but with his household furniture, his chickens, and the most trifling articles of personal property. A marked illustration of this I will give in its proper place.

We had no sooner attended to the wounded man just mentioned, and were preparing to go again on the field, than one and another began to arrive, some riding, some walking, and some carried upon stretchers, but all more or less dangerously wounded. Dr. Young—who, besides being the senior surgeon of the 36th, was also brigade surgeon—had by this time arrived, together with the surgeons of the 88th Illinois and the 24th Wisconsin, and there was work for all. To me was assigned the duty of taking the names of the wounded, their regiment and the location and character of their wounds, and as I went the rounds it was sad to find that a large proportion, nearly three-fifths, were of my own regiment, they having been placed in front. Henry came in, but happily his wound was not dangerous. One young man, who is a professor of religion, and whose name was among those associated together for mutual watch-care and Christian effort, was brought in dangerously wounded, and as I approached him he exclaimed, "O, Chaplain, I am so glad I have my name on your list." While all this was going on, the fight outside became more fierce as the forces came into closer contact; a battery planted near the house convulsed the ground at every explosion, and threatening to dash in pieces every pane of glass.

But by-and-by the friendly night, as if sickened at the sight of slaughter, separated the combatants, and all was still. The result of this short conflict, so far as our portion of the field was concerned, was five killed and twenty-seven wounded, of which there were belonging to the 36th three killed and thirteen wounded.

Among the wounded was Lieut. Davidson, aid to Gen. Sill, who had been struck by a ball evidently aimed at Col. Greusel, but which glancing by, severely wounded the Lieutenant. After dark Gen. Sill came in to see him. The General was at once a fearless and able soldier, and a kind and modest gentleman—a man whom foes might fear, and friends could not but love. It was a great comfort to the wounded man to have his General take such interest in him. Just before leaving, he stood for awhile leaning on his sword, wrapt in deep thought, and I imagined a shade of sadness on his fine face. The next morning, when he was killed almost instantly at the opening of the battle, I wondered whether some sad presentiment of his fate was not passing through his mind as he stood the evening before, gazing silently upon his wounded aid.

The question of the morning was now solved; the enemy in force was before us; and as we spread our blankets on the floor and composed ourselves to rest, it was with the full conviction that to-morrow would witness one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the war.

Wednesday, Dec. 31st, 1862.—Rose between four and five o'clock. There was no water to be had, nor anything to put it in, so that another day I had to go unwashed. For breakfast had fat pork and hoe-cake, made of corn meal and water. An order had come during the night to have all the wounded removed to a house two miles in the rear, as the ground on which the hospital stood was expected to be hotly contested. With them I sent Henry, in charge of my horse and blankets, thinking I should be so busy during the day that I could not attend to private property. It was very fortunate I did so, or horse and equipments would have fallen into secesh hands. By the time this work was accomplished, day had dawned. A few of us occupied the leisure

moments in examining the grounds, the line of battle at the edge of the wood below us, and in hoisting a red flag on the roof, that the house might be spared by both armies. Dr. Griffiths, Division Surgeon, called and told us that the heaviest fighting would be on this ground, and that if the fire became too hot we had better retire.

He had scarcely left us when a big gun sounded from the woods opposite our division, giving notice that the fearful work of the day was beginning. It was significant also that the first gun was fired by the enemy, showing that the policy of the day before—waiting to be attacked—was not to be continued to-day, but that he had assumed the offensive, and was about to hurl upon one of our wings all his available force. This first shot was quickly followed by others, and the various regiments of our division were soon on their feet, prepared for action. Shot and shell began to fall very near our house, while a battery on the hill behind us opened fire, thus placing us in imminent danger from both sides.

We concluded the time had come to obey Dr. Griffith's order, but loth to give up the house so conveniently situated for our regiment, and not doubting for a moment that our troops would speedily advance and drive the enemy before them, thus placing our hospital out of range, we decided to retire for a short time to the woods in the rear, from which we had advanced the day before. There was no time for delay. Dr. Pierce mounted his horse, while I started on foot, and made all haste across the corn-field, bearing constantly to the west, to keep out of range of the battery, until we reached the edge of the woods, I thoroughly exhausted with tramping through the mud and minus one spur. Here we stayed a short time, until we were joined by some of the 36th who had just been wounded and needed immediate

*Grison's
also called
Grison's*

attention. It being madness to return to our old place, we took them to another house—Grison's—further to the west, where were gathered several hundred wounded, chiefly of the previous day, but increased every moment by fresh arrivals from the field. Finding it impossible to obtain accommodations in the house, we had to content ourselves with giving them places on the veranda, and went vigorously at work, Dr. Pierce performing the necessary operations, and I holding the instruments, bandages, &c.

It was while we were thus engaged that we began to suspect our line was falling back. The firing, especially the musketry, was unmistakably drawing nearer. An orderly rode up hurriedly, to have all the ambulances driven to the rear as fast as they arrived. The surgeon in charge ordered a man to hoist the red flag. One of our men whose wound had been dressed, and who having the use of his hands, had just been sent by Dr. Pierce to build a fire—wounded men are always chilly—returned, saying he was wounded again, a shot having struck his arm. It was evident, therefore, that not only was our line retiring, but that already we were within range of the enemy's musketry.

Now what shall we do? was the question. Shall we make our escape while we can, or remain and care for the wounded, especially those of our own regiment, which we had already learned from those who had come in, was fearfully cut up? We both felt that to flee would be dishonorable both to our profession and to our humanity. "I shall stay," said the Doctor. "So shall I," said the Chaplain. Immediately every man whose wounds did not unfit him for traveling was ordered to escape to the rear; our retreating army made its appearance, and the fields and woods around us were alive with men and horses, all hurrying away from the advancing enemy. But grasping the halter of Dr. Pierce's horse we again commenced our work among the

suffering. In a moment "whisk!" came a shell right through the yard, quickly followed by another and another. In the confusion the old red flag had not been hoisted according to order, and here we were in the full range of a battery! We hastily retreated behind the house, taking with us both the wounded men and the horse, and crouching down as low as possible we pursued our work. Those moments were terrible, while shot and shell rained thickly around us, and we felt that every breath might be our last.

One man was shot on the platform close to us. But neither of us regretted that we had stayed behind, and many a time afterward, when we were surrounded by wounded and dying men at Hospital Harding, we expressed our gladness and gratitude that we had kept the path of duty, which in this case certainly proved to be the "path of safety."

But on came the Confederate columns, cheering as they advanced, and sweeping through the yard, fairly enclosed us in their lines. Every man with arms laid them down, and we passed into Dixie without an effort, and without for a moment ceasing to dress wounds. We had scarcely time to breathe freely in our new situation before another danger arose.

Our line had found a rallying point and planted a battery, and "whisk!" came a shell through the yard from them. We were destined to be a target for friends as well as foes. This was peculiarly unpleasant, for if we were to be shot at all, we preferred that it should not be by our own army. So gathering all up again, and still holding on to the horse, who had no relish for his strange position, we hastened to the other side of the house, and behind some log out-buildings, seated ourselves on some timbers and resumed our work. But by-and-by, our batteries and our

line receded, a second line of the Confederate army marched up and we resigned ourselves to our fate.

In all my anticipations and forebodings of the day, no such *denouement* as this had any part. I looked for a fierce and bloody contest equal to any since the war began; for the thundering of artillery, the roll of musketry, and worst of all, for the masses of dead and crowd of wounded and dying; but the thought that our line would be driven back, and I should find myself in the Southern Confederacy, never for a moment crossed my mind. I could scarcely credit my own senses when the stubborn fact stared me in the face. Why was all this? We both thought we could discern the cause, and subsequent inquiries and developments confirmed our suspicions. The truth was, we were surprised, and "Shiloh" was the word we exchanged when we had time to reflect. The enemy had played his old game, and successfully, too, of massing his force suddenly upon one wing of our army, and partly by the weight of his columns, and partly by the surprise of the attack, we had been driven back. I cannot say that the Generals had taken me into their confidence, but as "actions speak louder than words," I will tell you what from their actions appeared to me to be the plans of the Generals on both sides, and from facts learned after we were once more within our own lines, I think I am not far from the truth.

Our line of battle on Tuesday night extended about three miles, Johnson being on the extreme right, near the Franklin pike. Next came Davis' Division, then Sheridan's. These three divisions constituted McCook's corps, or right wing. Next to him was Thomas' corps, and then Crittenden's on the left. On the two pikes in the rear, and protected by our line of battle, were our trains of ammunition and army stores. Rosencrans' headquarters were several miles back on the Nashville pike.

I do not believe it was Gen. R's design to attack on Wednesday morning with his whole line, for I listened anxiously to hear Crittenden's cannonade, hoping that a movement on the left might relieve us on the right. But I listened in vain, and I think it was not designed that Crittenden should advance, until it was found that our attack on the right was successful, when he should march into the town and complete the rout of the enemy. But they also had their plan, which was to hold back on Tuesday until our forces were brought forward and something of their strength could be ascertained, and then leaving a small force to threaten and check our left, hurl their available strength on McCook's corps, drive him back, take possession of the two pikes, thus securing not only our trains of supplies and ammunition, but effectually cutting us off from Nashville. This would compel us to retreat to some point on the Cumberland river, and by harassing our rear and attacking us in detail, they could weary out and demoralize our forces. In accordance with this plan, their cavalry had attacked and burned an immense train on Tuesday, at Lavergne, on the Nashville road, and at the same time the attack was made on our right, a heavy force of cavalry was sent around to our rear, and while McCook was falling back our whole train of ammunition and supplies was falling into the enemy's hands. I am glad to say, however, they did not keep it above twenty or thirty minutes.

It is simple justice to a brave foe to admit that their plan was admirably conceived and well executed, and for a time seemed certain of success. But it must also be said that there were circumstances in our army which favored their plan, and helped materially to carry it out. Chief among them was the mode in which they fought the previous day. The mass of their army was concealed behind the woods, and it was only by the continual

advance of our skirmishers and lines that we could find them at all. Our Generals, or at least some of them, never dreamed but what the same mode of fighting would be adopted on Wednesday, and that nothing would be done until they made the attack. When, therefore, the enemy who had been slightly massing his troops all night, started as soon as it was light, and charged heavily along our whole line, driving in our pickets and stopping at nothing, he found our troops on the extreme right, the most important part of all, entirely unprepared. They were not in line of battle, their arms were stacked, not a few were in their shelter tents, others cooking and fetching water, while the horses of at least one battery were off watering, and the battery was captured without firing a single shot. Of course they retreated in confusion, by which Davis was not only attacked in front but also on his right flank, and nothing but retreat could save him from destruction. This brought Sheridan into the same position, and desperately did his division seek to turn the tide. They fought until it was useless to stand longer, when they were ordered back—Rosecrans himself saying that Sheridan had saved his army, but at what a fearful cost! Let the silent voices of three brigade commanders, and two hundred killed and wounded of my beloved regiment alone, reveal.

But you will be anxious to know more particularly the part the 36th performed in this deadly struggle. When we left the regiment the afternoon before to attend to the wounded, they continued their march to the woods, bearing towards Murfreesborough, in the direction of the line of battle. They were ordered to lie down, while a battery placed below the hospital fired over them into the woods, where was the far-famed Washington battery, of New Orleans. After a while the regiment was ordered up and to fix bayonets for a charge on the battery, seeing which

charged to the edge of the woods, but fresh columns of the enemy were advancing, the regiment on our right, too, had given way, so that the 36th fell back to its original position, and again poured its volleys into the advancing foe.

It was now that Gen. Sill fell mortally wounded under the left eye, while directing the movements of the battery, and the enemy pouring in upon the right as well as front of the regiment, thus obtaining a raking fire upon it, company after company was compelled to fall back to escape utter destruction. A rally was made at Schaffer's Brigade, which was in the rear, but the ammunition of the men was expended, and by order of Gen. McCook they fell back to replenish.

The record of this deadly struggle can be read not only in the fearful list of our killed and wounded, but in the trees among which it took place. No part of the whole field showed more plainly the awful storm that raged around. Trees were, there with numerous bullets imbedded in each side, and one more conspicuous than the rest, two and a-half feet through, was completely pierced by a cannon ball, and others were torn to splinters by shells. As we gazed upon these silent evidences we wondered how any man escaped with life.

As it was, we had forty-five killed and one hundred and fifty-four wounded, not a few of whom have since died, and others cannot recover.

Well might the regiment use in sad sincerity the words spoken in jest as we waded through the mud at Triune, "O, my country, how much do I suffer for thee!"

I will pause here in my personal narrative to insert the description given by Major Miller, to his friends at Aurora, on his release from captivity in Libby Prison. He says:

From Nashville we advanced towards Murfreesborough slowly, as the mud was knee deep, and skirmishing all the time. The

Schaffer's

day before the battle of Murfreesborough, the 30th, we encountered the enemy in strong force—their infantry continually opposing our advance; skirmishing most of the time, and skirmishing is the prettiest way of fighting in the world. We advanced till we had to rest for the day. Soon the rebels opened upon us with five or six pieces of artillery, and if I was ever under a heavy artillery fire, it was that afternoon. I have always entertained considerable regard for the ability of the being called Lucifer to make hideous noises, but I don't think he could get up anything to compare with the horrible screeching, hissing and moaning of grape, shell and shrapnel from artillery. But the danger to which you are exposed is not to be compared with that of musketry. The minnie ball may go by without being noticed, but a shell that weighs from six to thirty pounds makes a noise that sends a thrill of horror to your very soul. That night was cold and dreary, and we could not stir without a ball whizzing by. They would not come over to talk, but would send over little messengers. It was absolutely necessary for every man to keep still. Dared not go to the fire to warm; could not get up and dance around unless you went to the rear, and if the Colonel found you there, you would go back without ceremony. It was generally understood that we were to attack, until informed that the enemy were to attack us. Under these circumstances we were ordered to fall back slowly, and the left wing was to fall upon Murfreesborough. At daybreak we had just finished our breakfast when a continued fire of musketry was heard. Very soon our skirmishers were falling back, and when you get the Elgin boys with their Enfield rifles and those fellows down here with their Springfield rifles, you may bet your life they come into line of battle very suddenly, and some work is soon accomplished. They were not slow of action upon this occasion. On came the rebels, the 24th Wisconsin waiting to receive them. The divisions to the right were driven back. We knew nothing of the fate of those to the right or left. It made no difference to us; our instructions were to hold that point. The enemy's attack was the most terrific I have ever witnessed. I have heard officers who were in the battles of Shiloh, Antietam, South Mountain

and Richmond, assert that they never saw such an impetuous attack—an attack which it was so utterly impossible to resist. When troops are all formed, one brigade in the rear of another, moving in a perfect column, the opposing line must give way somewhere. The enemy's force struck our line, which was single and not backed up by supports, as they could have been, somewhere near the center of Davis' Division.

Some held their positions long enough to fire eight or ten rounds at the enemy. With such furious onslaught they moved on, taking full batteries before the horses were harnessed. The enemy advanced in splendid style, their first lines coming up closely upon each other, until within range of our boys, who gave them such a warm reception that not over half of them went back again. Some went back, and in a great hurry, too. One regiment on our right, composed of just as good materials as any regiment in the service, as their works on that day proved, the officers did not command with the most implicit confidence. That regiment broke, and in attempting to rally it, Gen. Sill was killed. Another regiment took its place, and when the order was given to charge upon the enemy, every man was up for the fray, and they administered to the first line terrible punishment. We had hardly left our position for the charge when the word came, "Gen. Sill is killed!" It shocked me terribly, for if I ever loved any man, that man was Gen. Sill. He was a man to love. He loved every patriot, and every patriot loved him.

The second line of the enemy was upon us. We first charged, then fell back to wait their attack. They were upon us before we were fairly formed. The place upon our right had been refilled by new regiments. They could not hold their position long, and when it was absolutely impossible to do so longer, they fell back. I cursed until I was hoarse the men who left the field in such disgrace.

You don't know how intensely you can love or hate a man until you have seen him on the battle-field. The second line of the enemy had been whipped and every regiment was about making another charge. The enemy prepared to advance the second

line coming up and waiting for their approach, when a tremendous roar came and nothing could be heard but the terrible crash of musketry. The surrounding scenes if I could describe, I would not attempt to.

When the third line of the enemy came up, further resistance ceased to be a virtue—it was a useless waste of life. The galling fire of the right was more destructive than any other, and not having seen a superior officer for some time, I gave the order to retreat, and never felt so proud as when I saw the little band run as fast as their legs could carry them. They were only going a little further, to welcome them on for a more deadly conflict. Just there I bade the regiment “good bye.” That was the day before New Years. I never felt so perfectly satisfied that we could whip them three to one, if they would come straight in front.

To me, the light of that day was darkness and despair. The showers of tears that poured over me as the corporals asked if they should not carry me to the hospital, was a strong contrast to what I heard two minutes afterward; “Oh, you d—d Yankee, we’ve got you now!”

An eye-witness describes the progress and final checking of the enemy on the Nashville Pike thus:

To Gen. Sheridan was left the task of repelling the hitherto successful onset of the foe. Never did man labor more faithfully than he to perform his task, and never was a leader seconded by more gallant soldiers. His Division formed a kind of pivot upon which the broken right wing turned in its flight, and its perilous condition can easily be imagined, when the flight of Davis’ Division left it without any protection from the triumphant enemy, who now swarmed upon its front and right flank.—But it fought until a fourth of its number lay bleeding and dying upon the field, and both remaining commanders, Col. Roberts and Col. Schaffer had met with the same fate as Gen. Sill. Then it gave way, and as in almost every instance of the kind, retreat was changed into a rout, only less complete than that of the troops of Johnson and Davis.

Schaffer
 Col. Fazilo A. Harrington 27th Ill. succeeded
 Col. Roberts. He was mortally wounded. He was
 succeeded by Col. Luther P. Bradley of the
 51st Illinois

All these divisions were now hurled back together into the immense series of cedar thickets which skirt the turnpike and extend far over the right. Brigade after brigade, battery after battery, from Palmer’s, Negley’s and Rousseau’s Divisions, were sent into the midst of the thickets to check the progress of the foe and rally the fugitives; but all in turn were either crushed outright by the flying crowds, broken by the impetuosity of the foe, and put to confused flight or compelled to retire and extricate themselves in the best manner that seemed to offer.

The history of the combat in those dark, cedar thickets will never be known. No man could see even the whole of his own regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought the bravest and they who proved recreant to their trust. I know, too, that there was shown by many officers and regiments as lofty a heroism as that which distinguished and immortalized the followers of Godfrey or the Cid.

But in spite of heroism and devotion, in spite of desperate struggles which marked every fresh advance of the foe, in spite of an awful sacrifice of life on the part of the officers and soldiers of the Union army, the Rebels still steadily pushed onward and came nearer to the turnpike. Nearly two and a-half miles the right wing of the army had been driven, and a faintness of heart came over me as the destruction of our whole army seemed to stare us in the face. But the word went forth from Rosecrans, the flower of the left wing and centre were hurried over toward the right, and massed, rank behind rank, in an array of imposing grandeur, along the turnpike, facing to the woods through which the Rebels were advancing.

The scene at this time was grand and awful as anything that I ever expect to witness until the Day of Judgment. I stood in the midst and upon the highest point of the somewhat elevated space between the turnpike and the railroad, which formed the key to our entire position. Let the Rebels once obtain possession of it, and of the immense train of wagons parked along the turnpike, and the Union army was irretrievably ruined. Even

its lines of retreat would be cut off, and nothing would save it from utter rout, slaughter and capture.

And yet each minute it became more and more plainly evident that all the reinforcements which had been hurried into the woods to sustain and rally the broken right wing and check the progress of the enemy in that direction, had proved inadequate to the task, and had in turn been overthrown by the great mass which was struggling in inextricable disorder through the woods. Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars were enough to appal with terror the stoutest hearts. The roar of cannon, the crashing of shot through the trees, the whizzing and bursting of shell, the uninterrupted rattle of thirty thousand muskets, all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sound, as though all the thunders of heaven had been rolled together, and each individual burst of celestial artillery had been rendered perpetual. Above it could be heard the wild cheer of the traitorous hosts, as body after body of our troops gave way and were pushed back toward the turnpike.

Nearer and nearer came the storm; louder and louder the tumult of battle. The immense train of wagons, parked along the road suddenly seemed instinct with life, and every species of army vehicle, preceded by frightened mules and horses, rolled and rattled away pell mell in an opposite direction from that in which the victorious foe was pressing onward. The shouts and cries of the terrified teamsters, urging their animals to the top of their speed, were now mingled with the billows of sound which swayed and surged over the field.

Everything now depended upon the regiments and batteries which the genius of Rosecrans had massed along the turnpike, to receive the enemy when he should emerge from the woods in pursuit of our broken and flying batallion. Suddenly the rout became visible, and ten thousand fugitives, representing every possible phase of wild and uncontrollable disorder, burst from the cedar thickets and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Amongst them all perhaps no half dozen members of the same regiment could have been found together.

Thick and fast the bullets of the enemy fell among them, and scores were shot down; but still the number increased by reason of the fresh crowds which burst every moment from the thickets. It was with the greatest difficulty that some of the regiments, which had been massed together as a sort of forlorn hope, to withstand and if possible drive back the victorious cohorts of treason, could prevent their ranks from being crushed or broken by the mass of fugitives.

From my position, upon the elevated ground between the railroad and the turnpike, I could view the whole scene, and with an intensity of interest and tumultuous emotions which I have no language to express, I watched for the result when the desperate soldiers of the rebellion should enter the open space. A tempest of iron was whistling about my head; but for the first time since I began to participate in the transactions of this fearful war, they whistled and burst unheeded. I make no pretensions to extraordinary physical courage. He who says that amid the horrors of a battle he experiences no feeling of awe, and sometimes shrinking awe, is a falsifier, an idiot, or a madman. But at this time I could not have retired even had I been so inclined. My feet were rooted to the spot; my gaze was fascinated and fixed upon the quartier where I expected the enemy to appear, and had an earthquake rent the ground before me I could not have moved from the spot, until I knew from the testimony of my own eyesight whether or no the troops, upon whom rested the last hope of the Union army, were to be, like the rest, beaten and overthrown. It was not in consequence of superior physical courage that I remained there, but of the mental impossibility of doing otherwise.

With cool courage, Gen. Crittenden awaited the coming storm, and conspicuous among all was the well built form of the commanding General; his countenance unmoved by the tumult around him, but expressing a high and patriotic hope, which acted like an inspiration upon every one that beheld him. As he cast his eye over the grand array which he had mustered to repel the foe, he already felt himself master of the situation.

At last the long lines of the enemy emerged from the woods, rank behind rank, and with a demoniac yell, intended to strike into the souls of the "Yankees" who stood before them, charged with fearful energy almost to the very muzzles of the cannon whose dark mouths yawned upon them.

A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the Union forces. An awful roar shook the earth; a crash rent the atmosphere. The foremost lines of the rebel host were literally swept from the field, and seemed to melt away like snowflakes before a flame. Then both armies were enveloped in a vast cloud of smoke, which hid everything from the eye.

In the still visible ground between the pike and the railroad, the tumult redoubled. Not knowing what would be the result of the strife which was raging under the great canopy of smoke that concealed the combatants, the flight of those in charge of wagons and ambulances became still more rapid and disordered. Thousands of fugitives from the broken right wing mingled with the teams, and frequently a mass of men, horses and wagons would be crushed and ground together. Every conceivable form of deadly missile whizzed and whirled and burst among the crowd, and terror and dismay ruled uncontrolled. The whole disordered mass rushed down as fast as possible toward the river, into which it plunged, pushing and struggling to the other side.

The combat under that great cloud of smoke was somewhat similar to that in the woods. No one knows exactly what occurred. There was a shout, a charge, a rush of fire, a recoil, and then all for a time disappeared. For ten minutes the thunder of battle burst forth from the cloud. When our batallion advanced they found no Rebels between the woods and the turn-pike, except the dead, dying and disabled. There were hundreds of these, and their blood soaked and reddened the ground. Since the annihilation of the "Old Guard" in their charge at Waterloo, there has probably not been an instance of so great a slaughter in so short a time, as during this repulse of the Rebel left at Murfreesboro, and it will hereafter be celebrated in history, as much as is the fiery combat which crushed forever the power and prospects of Napoleon.

I will now return to relate our adventures after being enclosed in the enemy's lines.

A Provost-Guard was immediately placed around all the buildings. In a few minutes Gens. Hardee and Cheatham, with their staffs, rode up. Gen. Hardee has a very dignified and intellectual countenance, and, what rather surprised me in a Southern chief, was remarkably placid. No one can see him without feeling that he is a man of unusual ability. Gen. Cheatham was more demonstrative, and answered more nearly to the character attributed to Southerners. It was the judgment of more than one that day that he was intoxicated. While they were near the house, the body of Gen. Rains—one of their commanders at Pea Ridge—was brought in on a stretcher. Those who stood by said that Cheatham wept freely when he saw that his friend had fallen. One of Hardee's staff soon called out all the Federal soldiers who could walk, and ordering them to take off their hats, administered to them the oath not to take up arms until regularly exchanged. At first I was a little surprised at the haste with which this was done; but when I saw the cautiousness their generals manifested in advancing their troops, I concluded they were not by any means sure of their position and thought it best to secure as many as possible of our men, lest our line should return. All who could walk to Murfreesboro, except a few detached as nurses, were then marched off under guard, and as they shouted their "good byes" to their comrades, I wondered what strange and perhaps sad scenes they would pass through before they would meet again. Of course we knew that we could not be paroled or treated as prisoners of war, so we continued without intermission the care of the wounded, paying no attention to the call for all Federals to fall in. Just before the rest were marched off, the officer called for Dr. Pierce, who

informed him that he and I had remained to care for the wounded. "Very well," he replied, "you and the Chaplain will do what you can for the interests of humanity." So to work we went again—now and then attending to a wounded secesh as well as our own men.

We listened anxiously, to judge if possible the fate of our army, but farther and farther went our columns, and the cannonade grew fainter and fainter. At last there was evidently a stand—our men obstinately refusing to be driven any further—and then commenced such a roll of musketry as I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It made us both pause in our work, and raise up, and wait, looking in the direction from which it came, and my heart sank for a moment, as I thought of the awful slaughter that must ensue; for in a battle, it is such musketry as that which cuts down men. Happily such fighting never lasts long—one side or the other must give back. This time it was the enemy. Our columns were evidently advancing—the firing came nearer—the last line, with its battery, that had gone past us, came back, and formed very near us, as though to cover the retreat of the advance line, and finally a friendly cannon ball from one of our guns came whistling over our heads, and by our looks, and remarks uttered in a low voice, we began to congratulate ourselves that the day was not as disastrous as we had supposed, but that perhaps we might yet sleep at night within our own lines. But no more shots came over us; our columns had evidently ceased their advance, and we worked on to alleviate the mass of suffering around us. But as hour after hour passed by in this labor, it seemed as though nothing had been done, so constantly were we met with the cry, accompanied by such a piercing look as only a wounded man can give, "O Doctor, won't you do something for me?" Go where we would,

on every hand, in that spacious house, in the numerous tents and outhouses, and laid all over the yard, were the suffering, the mutilated, the dying and the dead.

Exhausted, we sat down to rest a few moments. In my pocket I found some hard bread, which was duly divided. Dr. P. objected against my robbing myself, but I insisted that in our captivity we should share alike. It then became a matter of interest to find how much money could be raised between us, for who could tell how long our captivity would last? But again the suffering soldiers called for help. After this, Major Pickett, Inspector General on Hardee's staff went round, taking the names of the wounded soldiers for parole. Dr. Pierce inquired of him as to the prospect of our being able to return to our former hospital, where we supposed we should find the wounded of our own regiment, for whom we felt the greatest responsibility and interest. He replied that at any time we desired to go he would furnish us with a pass. We continued at work about an hour longer, still uncertain whether all this ground might not be fought over again. But at last, being convinced that for that day, at least, all likelihood of such a thing was past, Dr. Pierce procured the requisite pass, and he on his horse and I on foot, retraced the ground we crossed in the morning.

The field was strewn with dead horses, saddles, harness, parts of artillery carriages, and not a few of our soldiers, who had died where they fell. In a few moments we arrived at Hospital Harding, and if there had been any lingering doubt as to our duty, it would have been instantly dispelled by the hearty welcomes which made the old house ring. To every wounded man the well-known face and voice of Dr. Pierce, in whose skill every one that knew him had confidence, was peculiarly cheering. It was now as we passed from room to room, that we began to real-

ize the fearful slaughter which the obstinate struggle of the 36th against overpowering numbers had cost. It was sad, too, to conclude that many of these must die. The slightly wounded had either escaped before the enemy came up, or had been marched to Murfreesboro; those that remained being nearly all severely, and many of them mortally wounded. Dr. Pierce declared their wounds the worst, as a class, that he had ever seen. In a corner of one room was a ghastly sight. Three men lay dead and another was dying. They had been brought in from the field and laid there and their wounds given some attention, when a cannon ball from one of our guns struck the house, piercing the siding and washboard just above the floor, crossing the corner of the room, and glancing on the washboard of the other side, broke off two legs of the pianoforte. In the corner, between the two washboards, lay the four men, who all lost their lives by that one shot. The old man of the house, on having the sight pointed out to him, remarked, "It is a great pity to have the piano broken!"

But there was no time to be wasted, for with the utmost despatch, many hours must elapse before all of them could receive even slight attention. I devoted myself to handing water to the thirsty, and in preparing the men to have their wounds dressed; as it commonly takes much more time to take off clothing, &c., than to dress the wound itself. At the time we were enclosed by the enemy at the upper hospital, there stood a box nearly filled with sanitary goods, chiefly such as were necessary for the wounded; this box, of course, became Confederate property, there being great lack of such stores in Secessia. We thought there would now be a general lack for our wounded, as we were effectually cut off from all our supplies.

Dr. P. seized the opportunity to step up to the box and take from it a small bundle of lint and a large piece of cotton cloth,

which, whilst assisting him, I employed myself in tearing into bandages, and having made them into rolls, filled my pockets with them. They were now found of great value. One of the surgeons of the 21st Michigan was present with his medicine case. It was necessary, also, to send out parties to bring in the wounded, who in large numbers still lay where they fell. Another party, at the head of which was Chaplain Thomas, of the 88th Illinois, was engaged in preparing soup from such scraps of meat as could be found in the house and in the haversacks of the men. And thus the work went on.

As the afternoon wore away, straggling officers and men from the Confederate army began to gather in the yard, partly to see us and our sad charge, to talk about the battle, give vent to their feelings generally, and to see what could be picked up in the way of loose property; for U. S. was known to clothe and "fix up" his army pretty well, and C. S. found it profitable to make various requisitions upon him. At this time an officer drew a valuable horse. "Prince" was a noble animal, bought by Dr. Pierce in Kentucky. For a long time after the enemy came up he was held by the halter for fear some one would take him off. On bringing him down to our hospital, he was hitched to one of the outbuildings. A Colonel came round inquiring where he could find a horse, as he had two shot under him during the day. His attention was soon directed to "Prince," but no one could give any information about him—except ourselves. Dr. P. removed the saddle, carried the blankets into the house, and tried to make some arrangements with the owner to have him stabled. In a little while the Colonel returned—the old man had told him who owned the horse—insisted on receiving the saddle, also, and then rode him off. Subsequently Dr. P. had his blankets and overcoat taken; nothing seemed safe from

their thieving hands. With me it was "blessed be nothing." I had only my overcoat that could be stolen, and that I kept on all the time I was not asleep.

About sundown, wearied and hungered, we looked for something to eat. The cooks had found a small quantity of corn meal and fat pork. So there was pork and mush for supper. We had about twenty wounded soldiers as nurses and helps, and it was evident that a more thorough organization was necessary in order to an equal division of labor, and that nothing might be neglected. I therefore suggested that Dr. Pierce, who was the ranking surgeon, should be placed in charge, and that we all should consider ourselves under his command. This was at once acceded to, and Dr. Pierce immediately called together all the nurses, &c.; stated to them their duties, divided them into reliefs, and placed a non-commissioned officer to see that every man performed his assigned duty. For the first twenty-four hours they worked almost incessantly, waiting on the wounded and also bringing them in from the field—stragglers from the Confederate army continually coming in to tell us where our men were lying. At last, when we could do no more, and every building was full, fires were built in the woods, and the remaining wounded were carried and placed near them for the night.

In the evening, while busily engaged with the wounded, we were visited by some officers connected with a battery stationed in the cornfield above. After a little conversation about the condition of our wounded men, they commenced a discussion upon the points of difference between the two sections. This they were all anxious to do on every possible occasion that offered. I do not know but the same was true of our officers with the prisoners that fell into their hands. I am very much of the opinion of "Autocrat," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "It is fair

"to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man. "But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him "is NOT fair."

On this occasion they commenced by assuming that the whole purpose of the war was the destruction of slavery, and that it originated in the unwillingness of the North to allow them their rights under the Constitution. I explained to them my own position; that I regarded slavery as a local institution, to be regulated by the people of each State for themselves, and that I never had any disposition, as I believed I had no right, to interfere with slavery in the States where it was established, and that the masses of the Northern people regarded the subject, before the breaking out of the war, in precisely the same light, although interested newspapers and politicians had succeeded in making the Southern people believe otherwise. That Mr. Douglas—whom none could accuse of prejudice against the South—declared in his last speech that the rights of the South were never so safe as they were at the time of the rebellion, and that this was corroborated by the fact that according to the census of 1860, fewer fugitive slaves had escaped from those States between the years 1850 and 1860, than during the previous ten years.

These statements they did not deny, but replied that we had refused them their just rights in the common Territories. To this I answered that whether slavery should or should not be admitted into Territories belonging to the whole nation, was not decided by the constitution, but like thousands of other questions arising under it, must be decided by the votes of the people; that when the voice of the people has been made known in proper form, their decision was binding on the whole until it was changed by the same authority; otherwise there was no free government. That a majority at the election in 1860 decided that

slavery should not be extended into the Territories; that if the position of the South was correct, they ought to have striven to enlighten the nation and influence public sentiment, so that at some future election the verdict might have been reversed. But when instead of this they sought to break up the Government itself, the question was changed. It was not so much whether slavery shall or shall not be tolerated in the Territories, as whether the voice of a majority, constitutionally expressed, shall be binding upon the minority—that is, whether we shall have a free government at all, for it can only exist on the principle that the will of the majority, constitutionally expressed, must prevail.

To this argument they not only made no reply, but attempted none, going of into another vein—that the South thought it more to her interest, and could acquire greater wealth to separate than to continue in the Union.

Just at this point the calls of some wounded men required my attention, and when I returned, our visitors thought it necessary to return to their quarters, and bade us good evening. When we had made all necessary arrangements for the night, detailing nurses for each room, &c., the Chaplain of the 88th and I spread some borrowed blankets on the floor and tried to sleep. But for a long time sleep fled my eyes; the past day seemed more like a month, when measured by events and especially by the contrast between my feelings and anticipations in the morning, and our actual condition at night. This was New Year's Eve, such an one as I had never before seen. Our army, from which so much had been confidently expected, had not only been checked, but if the report of the enemy's officers could be relied on, was in imminent danger of total destruction, being entirely cut off from Nashville, and its immense train of stores captured. Coming

as this did closely upon the heels of the Fredericksburgh disaster, from which the people had not yet recovered, what despondency might be expected to fill every loyal heart, and what exultation the hearts of traitors! Would it be surprising if foreign nations, after waiting to give us time to bring our augmented army into the field, should now conclude that the work we had attempted was too great, and that the South had fairly earned her recognition? And then it was the eve of the day appointed for the President's Proclamation; would he issue it? And if he did, would it not, under existing circumstances, injure the cause it was designed to help? A mighty weapon when proclaimed by a victorious army, would it exhibit anything but impotent rage when heralded by disaster and defeat? These were the questions that would rush through my mind, pressed home by the events of the day, and made increasingly emphatic by the groans of the wounded, which never ceased for a moment through all that sad and restless night.

But knowing how much depended upon our husbanding our strength, I strove hard to banish these intruding thoughts, an effort which for a short time proved successful. For three or four hours I forgot alike the sorrows of the past and the forebodings of the coming day.

Thursday, Jan. 1st, 1863.—At home my ears would have been saluted by the cheery welcome, "Happy New Year!" but this morning, the only sounds I could hear were the cries or suppressed moans of wounded men. On rising, the first information I received, was that nine men had died during the night. I received into my care such articles of value as had not been taken from them by the enemy on the field, and which their friends would prize highly if we should ever be so fortunate as to return to our own lines. I succeeded this morning in finding

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because of my shabby appearance generally, for when they took me prisoner every convenience for personal adornment was left within our lines, and the enemy very unceremoniously allowed me no opportunity to procure them. I was, therefore, "not to put too fine a point upon it," decidedly shabby, and perhaps for that reason, if not for my lean and professional look (!), was taken for one of themselves, their army as a whole being more remarkable for some other things than for its external appearance. I carefully studied the ground as I went along, to judge of the degree of difficulty we would have found in entering Murfreesboro, had our right wing maintained its position, for it would have fought over this precise ground. The country presented but a continuation of the same features as that which constituted the battle-field—alternate strips of timber and open country, each of which probably would have been stoutly contested. On reaching their picket line I presented my pass, and although it was given for an entirely different purpose, it was not questioned, but the officer gave me all the information in his power. On arriving at Stone river I found the bridge destroyed. Rails were thrown in on which footmen could cross, but the ford for teams was very bad, the banks on each side being steep and rocky.

This position could have been stoutly held against our men, as it would have been very difficult to cross with artillery, and the opposite bank, beside being steep, was covered with huge rocks, forming a natural fortification, behind which sharpshooters could operate with almost perfect impunity. Just before entering the town itself, I came upon a line of rifle-pits, prepared to defend the approach from this side. On the opposite side of the town there were no defenses at all, and it is evident that Rosecrans was fully informed of all this; hence his decision to swing his

left into Murfreesboro, while the right was simply to hold the ground, and thus make the advantages the enemy possessed on the route I have been describing of no effect. His plan was admirable, and richly deserved success.

After passing the rifle-pits, I came upon an encampment at the edge of the town. Thinking this would be a good place to find a surgeon, I enquired, and was pointed to one immediately. I told him frankly my situation and errand, and asked for any directions which his knowledge of their army regulations might enable him to give me. He treated me with a good deal of courtesy, told me to apply to Major Hillyer, Chief Commissary on Bragg's staff, who, he assured me, would not fail to make every necessary provision for our wounded.

After a little desultory conversation, he insisted on my remaining until he could make me acquainted with their Chaplain. We had a few moments of very pleasant interchange of thought. He was a Protestant Methodist, and I should judge a sincere and conscientious man. Despite, however, all our efforts to steer clear of the painful subject, the conversation would turn on the war and the battle of yesterday. I found that some of their best men had fallen, particularly the Colonel of the 5th Georgia, whose body they were just preparing to send home. Considering that the victory was already won, they stated, what probably they would have been less ready to say could they have foreseen the final result, that Bragg's reputation had suffered a great deal since the battle of Perryville and his evacuation of Kentucky; that in consequence he had determined "to whip at this fight, or lose the last man;" that all the Generals and men under him felt as he did, and even the citizens partook of the same spirit, hence the victory of yesterday. I have often wondered since how they felt when Bragg, after fighting, was com-

elled to abatement of Tennessee, precisely
ter Perryville, Kentucky.

The crushing grief was felt at the South after
surrender of M^{rs}, however, that my acquaint-
ances reflected illing public sentiment.

At the time the doctor, the camp table was spread
for breakfast. I went away and hastened forward
down, the hour about nine o'clock), my tedious
walk, the sharp (been a keen frost), with perhaps
a few grains of combined on an empty stomach
form in me, I question—shall I tell you what
is?—that if I had a Confederate officer in a pen-
n similar to that of King, I would certainly ask him
to dine with me.

Murfreesboro is a pleasantly located city of a few
thousand inhabitants quite an important place in the
South, but not one of the thriving towns to be
found on the line, of which Sandwich might
be named as an example. The most important building was a new
substantial one the public square. It was built
of brick, surmounted with a clock attached. The
tower stood on a hill of which ran a creek, and close
was the railroad. As I passed up the hill in
the afternoon, I met many wounded men who enquired of
me to the desire to be removed probably
to Chattanooga.

On arriving at night I found a long line of men
who had been marching off, probably to the
Chattanooga depot. The yard was also full of them
soon as I could be heard by the cry, "Why, Chaj
n, are you a prisoner? I approached to find what num-

ber of boys was there, but the guards interfered, and would
allow no conversation. My mind was too much absorbed in
the urgency that brought me to town to allow me to pass
so, exhorting the boys to "step up good art," I passed

Who had time to reflect upon it, I sincerely regretted.
I had used a little of that genuinity which soldiers know
to practice and thus ascertain the names of the prisoners
needed in the regiments in our own division, which would
have enabled me to relieve the dreadful suspense of friends
reading that some loved one was missing."

After some inquiry, I found the quarters of Major Hyl
Just as I stepped in he was calling to some friend in the
room to look at the line of prisoners as they passed by. "S
said he in a gleeful tone, "what a string of niggers!" It
was somewhat embarrassing to induce myself to business at
an unpropitious moment, but I must do the Major justice to say
he appeared quite as much embarrassed by this circumstance
as was, and at his readiness to forward my object, and the
attention he showed me throughout, went to atone for
the seeming lack of military courtesy. (It is a point of honor
for fine military men, to abstain in all appearances of triumph
from those ways so unfortunate as to fall in their hands.)
He said he would be glad to supply me with food necessary for
the hospital that it would be necessary first to procure an order
from Brigadier-General Brown, Commander of the Post, and that I could
find him in the court house.

In a moment I was in the General's quarters, and again
presently passed and made known my errand. The General
said this soon as the matter was now pending was decided, that
it would be permanent provision for the undisciplined, that
I hoped to have a supply of bread, rice, &c., and so

food as was most suitable for the sick ; that in the meantime if we could make such rations as they issued to their soldiers answer our purpose, he would supply me with enough for one day. I told him the wants of the men were urgent, and therefore I should accept whatever he could do for them. His Adjutant made out an order for one hundred rations, and finding I had no means of transportation, he told me that if the commissary could not supply me with a team and wagon, I might return, and he would make provision. Returning to Major Hyllier, he countersigned the order and sent me to the Post Commissary at the depot. I had some difficulty in finding the officer, and my attention was thereby directed to the conclusive evidences that everything had been arranged beforehand for an evacuation, should it prove to be necessary. The rooms occupied by all the officers I had yet seen were bare of furniture, and had the appearance of being used only for a temporary purpose. No one seemed able to inform me where the Post Commissary's office was, and when found, it proved to be the warehouse of a business firm, used only temporarily. The supply of provisions on hand for such an army was very small, and a large portion of it was on the cars, on the track, ready to be run off at a moment's notice. Close by were also a number of cars, loaded with brass field pieces and carriages, while the haste with which the slightly wounded and the prisoners were being taken off was also suspicious.

I read in all this that they had not been by any means sure of their position previous to the battle; but I did not suppose that they would yet be obliged to use all these facilities for making their escape. And yet I noticed particularly that while the citizens were very jubilant over their victory, the military invariably spoke of the conflict as being undecided.

The Commissary received me courteously, and seemed anxious to do all in his power to help me. While waiting to have the

order filled, a citizen entered the store with a copy of the morning paper, "Murreesboro *Rebel Banner*," about the size of a tolerable hand-bill, the paper being what we would think rather inferior wrapping paper, and only printed on one side. It professed to give an account of the previous day's battle. It seemed that military men were not allowed to subscribe for a copy, and as it was only published for civilians semi-occasionally, the people did not suffer very keenly the evils resulting from a free press.

Those in the office gathered around, the citizen reading aloud. He had read just about far enough to give the number of killed and wounded on their side, together with the general effect of the battle on themselves, when I noticed one whisper to him, evidently informing him that a "Yankee" was present. He immediately stopped, and it was amusing to see the expedients he adopted to find out which was he. He asked some, and having ascertained which were not, naturally concluded that I was the person.

He was anxious then to see the order I had brought, which was lying on the desk, and on finding out its purport, wondered (loud enough for me to hear) "how' long such things were to last." At intervals he gave us a piece of his mind, gloating over Jeff. Davis' proclamation against Butler, just issued, and longing for the time when the hanging on the first limb should commence. All this, of course, was for my particular benefit, and I could not resist the conviction, as he every little while looked askance at me, that it would have afforded him extreme gratification to make me the first victim. I simply folded my arms and *took it*, but I inwardly rejoiced that I had dealt with principals instead of subordinates, and thus was safe from all interference. The Commissary found it impossible to provide transportation. I therefore reported the fact to Gen. Brown.

I could see that it was extremely inconvenient to spare a team at that time, when all their resources were taxed to the utmost—but he nevertheless gave me an order on the Quarter-master for a conveyance. While the order was being written he made a few enquiries as to what State I was from, &c., and remarked that he had two relatives in the Northern army, one a minister, and, I think, a Chaplain. On reporting to the Quarter-master, I was again an object of curiosity to the hangers-on, but my order was imperative, and in a few minutes a six-mule team, with an officer to accompany me, was at my disposal. We returned to the Commissary's, loaded the rations, and started for the hospital. The wagon was marked U. S., and had evidently been captured at some time from our forces, and that not long since, for inside were pieces of hard-bread, showing that it had been used for carrying provisions. The sight of the hard-bread was really pleasant, reminding one of our old friend, Uncle Samuel; and the taste, to one who had not broken his fast, was not bad. The officer who convoyed the team was a true gentleman. On the way we had quite an interesting conversation, and I found him both candid and reasonable, more so than any one with whom I came in contact while within their lines. He performed his duty so pleasantly that I shall always remember him with gratitude, and have only regretted that I did not learn his name.

Our blockade was so strict that they were cut off from all articles of fancy manufacture, and even their officers smoked pipes made of wood, corn-cobs, or roots. Among the articles belonging to boys who were dead, were some rather neat pipes which we had no means of preserving, but which would be stolen by stragglers. I selected the best one, and gave it to this gentleman, as the only article within reach by which we could express our appreciation of his kindness. He received it with much pleas-

ure, and when we parted he extended his hand with all the warmth of old friendship.

My prolonged absence had given rise to the suspicion that perhaps I had been "gobbled up." My return, therefore, after a successful mission, was a pleasant surprise. It was certainly time for breakfast, being noon, if not after. Some fat pork was fried, and pancakes made of flour and water, which were eaten with a relish. I am happy also to say, *a posteriori*, that I suffered no harm therefrom, a result which, *a priori*, I should scarcely have considered possible, for if you suppose that they were anything like what usually pass under the name of pancakes, you are certainly mistaken. They were only equalled by some biscuits which we had for several days, and which it was suggested should be tried by some one before the rest ventured on them, for fear of fatal results. It is saying a great deal for that wonderful organ, the stomach, when I announce that we all survived the hazardous experiment of eating them. During the day an additional number of the wounded were brought up, and as there was no more accommodation in the building, they were wrapped in their blankets and laid in the yard, and large fires built near them. It was now absolutely necessary to take a list of the names, as several had died already whose names we could not find. This work devolved on me. In addition to the name, regiment, and location of the wound of each man, I determined also to take the name and post office address of his friends. It was indeed a laborious task. The condition of many made it very difficult to converse; many were foreigners, whose pronunciation of names it was sometimes impossible to understand, and required the aid of an interpreter, while many seemed so confused with their sufferings that even such simple enquiries were answered with difficulty. One man could not remember for some

the Southern army was encouraged to believe in the ultimate triumph of their cause. Admitting the simple truth would dispel a large share of their illusions.

Friday, January 2nd, 1863.—Rose at daylight. Several more had died during the night. After breakfast, resumed the work of taking names. Before noon a number of officers came in, telling us with great glee that our train was certainly captured, that Gen. Davis was killed, and that our forces had been repulsed at Vicksburg and driven back to their boats. Indeed our situation appeared more and more gloomy. At the same time we judged from occasional firing that our forces were moving more to their right, and were certainly not retreating, which to us was unaccountable. Officers rode around, some of whom held council with Harding, the owner of the house, and for several hours he was busy gathering up whatever loose property he could, and manifested great anxiety to get away, as he said, to Murfreesboro.

During the day, movements of the enemy's lines seemed to us to indicate falling back, and had we known the exact condition of our army it would have been easy to interpret the different occurrences of the day. About noon a Confederate officer arrived to parole in due form all of our men, whether wounded or not. On the first afternoon they had been required to swear not to take up arms, but according to the terms of the cartel it was necessary that each man should receive a printed parole as evidence of the transaction. Assisted by one of the surgeons, this work proceeded all the afternoon, and was not completed until twelve o'clock at night. At the time it appeared strange that the work was thus hurried when we were entirely in their power. In the sequel, however, their haste was perfectly intelligible.

time the name of the place where his friends lived, although he knew quite well the county and State. One case was peculiarly painful. In due course I came to a young man who evidently could not live long. He gave me his name, company and regiment, then his father's name. He hesitated about the post office address; I asked him again, but he gave no answer. I looked up; he was dying; he had spoken for the last time, in a few moments he was gone.

In the evening the officers who visited us the night before came again, accompanied by others. They were in high glee. Their forces were certainly between us and Nashville. Wheeler's cavalry, which we had seen go out in the morning, was operating on our rear; our provision trains, numbering hundreds of wagons, had fallen into their hands! the victory was certainly theirs, and they should enter Nashville at once! External appearances favored these reports, and we began to credit them, and supposed that we were in for a lengthened captivity. We imagined that the force which still kept up occasional firing with the enemy was a strong guard to hold them in bay until Rosecrans could draw off his main force, or else to-day's comparative rest was preparatory to another vigorous and probably decisive struggle to-morrow.

Again our visitors commenced the discussion of our sectional differences. Their new companion, also a captain of a battery, took the most prominent part. He was evidently a well educated man, and a fluent speaker. He was principally to be remembered for his fierce denunciations of Gen. Butler, whom he named, as did the South generally, "Beast Butler," and whom he could scarcely tolerate that we should call by his official title.

For hours that night I laid awake imagining the dread disasters which this unfortunate campaign had brought upon our cause. In fact I experienced, in their full effect, the measures by which

About three o'clock I finished my list and myself together. The intense excitement of the past few days was subsiding, our hospital was gradually assuming an air of order, and I began to realize that I was flesh and blood. For the first time I sat down and rested awhile. About four o'clock commenced a most fearful cannonade on the left of our lines, accompanied with heavy musketry. If Rosecrans was cut off and his army well-nigh destroyed, it was evident that his spirit was undaunted. Indeed, all his movements were mysteries to us. The furious fighting continued until after dusk. In the evening, just before dusk, a number of us were standing out in the yard, when a ball from one of our Parrott guns came whistling over us. What could it mean? It was evident that our lines were advancing, and were probably not much more than a mile away. At last we concluded it was a friendly message, telling us to keep up courage and all would yet be well.

My time had hitherto been almost exclusively occupied in efforts to supply the temporal wants and alleviate the sufferings of the men. As occasion presented, I had spoken to one and another of the precious Savior, who alone could give true comfort; but anything like connected effort was out of the question. And yet something must be done. That evening, therefore, I went into some of the rooms, where it was most convenient, and spoke a few words of earnest invitation to come to Christ and accept his pardoning mercy. May they prove to have been words in due season.

This evening the officers from the battery gave us another call. They seemed quite perplexed with Rosecrans' movements. They said that Gens. Polk and Hardee and others had been all day on an eminence whence they could overlook our lines, and they reported great activity on our right, wagons moving and troops

marching. Indeed their Generals were as much perplexed by the movements of our army as we were. According to all accounts their provisions were cut off, and according to all the ordinary rules of warfare Rosecrans ought to have been looking for his "lines of retreat" and "base of supplies," instead of which he was holding on desperately to his position, and refused to retreat. Our visitors had evidently an inkling of what was passing in their own lines, for they said it would not be surprising if within the next twenty-four hours we should occupy this ground. "We may retire," they said, "but if we do, it will only be to fight you again when you are still further removed from your supplies, and still more open to attacks in your rear."

One of our number unwisely allowed himself to be led into a dispute as to the barbarities said to be committed by both armies. Such discussions at best are unprofitable, for often things occurred which no man of integrity would justify, and any attempt to arrive at the merits of the question in dispute by bringing up the conduct of either army was simply foolish. Crime, lawlessness, cruelty, are the inseparable concomitants of war, and those who, by striking down the national emblem, brought on this war, should have counted beforehand its fearful cost. In the heat of the dispute, while "Beast Butler" was unmercifully condemned by the one and Gen. Butler was upheld by the other, a personal encounter seemed for a few moments nearly inevitable. But by-and-by the subject changed, the works of nature and art came up for discussion. The principal speaker was a well educated man with a good deal of taste and refinement, and the remainder of the evening was passed as pleasantly as though we had all been friends for years and were gathered in some social parlor.

To give you a clue to the *animus* of the South, other portions of the conversation may be worth recording. While the wordy

duel was going off, and some statement was made by one and denied by the other, said the disputant on our side, "I will bet you a can of oysters on it, and you will be coming some time to Detroit and then we will eat them."

"I come to Detroit?" was the answer, "never, sir, unless I go there as a prisoner of war. No, sir, we do not want to have anything to do with you. Give us our independence, and we will never set foot on your soil."

It is impossible to describe in language the utter contempt they (the officers) feel for "the Yankees," and their furious determination never to have anything more to do with them. We enquired whom they called Yankees.

"We call all Federals Yankees, now; but strictly we do not include Northwestern men. Yankees really are the men from New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and we think that one of our men is as good as three of them, any time."

"What do you think, then, of Northwestern men?" we said.

"Oh, we find it hard enough to take man for man of them. We have great respect for the N. W. men."

All day the wind had been blowing from the South, threatening a rain storm. We had about forty of our wounded laid out in the yard, with huge fires to keep them warm. It was evident that some other arrangement must be made. By re-arranging the various rooms, removing furniture, &c., the largest part were put under shelter, and for the rest we gathered all the shelter tents we could find. We had scarcely finished setting them up when the storm fairly set in. It contributed no little to a quiet night's refreshing sleep to know that the poor fellows were not lying in the drenching rain.

Saturday, Jan. 3d, 1863.—The rain which had been falling all night still continued, giving everything a gloomy and com-

fortless appearance. But "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and even this storm proved a blessing. It supplied us with good, soft water. One of the greatest disadvantages of our position at this hospital was the want of good water. There was a well, to be sure, but the enemy's battery camped near by appropriated that to themselves, leaving us no alternative but to draw our supply from a pond at a distance, which, besides being so far off and thus taxing the overworked nurses to procure it, afforded only the poorest description of water. So much, too, was required to quench thirst, that much washing was out of the question. This morning, however, we had a large barrel of pure, soft water; the battery had disappeared during the night, leaving us the undivided possession of the well. The nurses, as the result of their being regularly relieved, were recovering from their fatigue, and were now contemplating plans for the permanent rather than (as heretofore was necessary) the temporary comfort of their wards. The first thing done was to have every man wash, at least his hands and face.

The moral effect of this was remarkable. Men with an arm broken or injured began to practice what would be to many of them, poor fellows, a life-long lesson, of helping themselves with the other, and felt better by the effort. Their attention was occupied and turned off from the contemplation of their pain and misfortunes, and as a consequence they became more cheerful and contented. Some of the wards, where the nurses were particularly hopeful, were completely transformed, and though my heart was weighed down by sorrow, I strove in every way to cheer up the men and strengthen their courage. But when every improvement possible was made in our situation, I came, unconsciously to myself, to feel that it was a happy lot when men were killed outright upon the field, and thus saved the lingering tortures and

numberless trials of an extemporized hospital within the enemy's lines. By dint of crowding, and several having died, we succeeded in getting all safely under cover, and the yard for the first time was clear.

During the forenoon Gens. Polk and Cheatham called at the house. They conversed for some time with Dr. Pierce. Speaking of the battle and of the army opposed to himself, Gen. Polk remarked, "I have had the honor of fighting Gen. McCook before; I think he will have reason to remember me." They enquired if we had everything we needed; if not, they would do their best to supply us. Dr. Pierce replied that our small stock of medicines was giving out, and we needed an additional supply. "Oh," said he, "your people have blockaded our ports so that we cannot obtain medicines. You ought to have thought that you were liable to fall into our hands, and might need them." We heard very little those days about a "paper blockade."

About noon, by order of these Generals, twenty-five men were brought from a hospital about a quarter of a mile off, and placed in the barn and cotton-gin. They had been from one to three days on the battle-field, and then been removed to the hospital yard where they had lain ever since. Most of their wounds had not been touched, except what they had done for themselves. A considerable part of the time they had been without food, and to complete the sad list of their sufferings they had been out in this soaking rain all night and so far of the day. As I looked at them, shivering with cold and writhing with pain, vainly striving to gather a little warmth from their soaked blankets, I could but wonder that they lived at all. Indeed, some did not. One was dying as he was lifted from the wagon, and another never manifested consciousness, but died in a few hours.

The place to which they were brought was enough to fill them with despair. The barn was built of huge logs, without chinking, and the cold wind rushed in while the rain leaked through the roof. The cotton-gin was a dryer but even colder place, and in either of them an Illinois farmer would think it hard for his horse to stand on such a day. Dr. Pierce summoned his assistants, and they proceeded at once to dress every man's wounds, while I took his name and description. They were chiefly from Negley's Division, Indiana and Kentucky troops. A number of Confederate soldiers crowded around, some of whom gave them a portion of their none too ample rations, while others piled cotton upon those who suffered most from the cold. One nurse was left with them, while Dr. Pierce and I started off to the large hospital to procure additional nurses, and some food more appropriate than any we had for men in such reduced condition.

On the way we picked up a good frying pan off the battle-field, and as we needed cooking utensils very much, we were glad to carry it along. On arriving at the hospital it was with difficulty we could persuade three men to undertake the care of our new cases, until one, finding that I had a list of the wounded, inquired very earnestly after a brother, who he knew was wounded, but whom he had vainly sought in every direction. On referring to my list, I found that his brother was one of the unfortunate ones just brought into the cotton-gin. He was overjoyed at the information, and gladly volunteered, with two others, to accompany us; and I must say that they did their duty to their charge day and night, alleviating suffering not a little. After procuring a few pounds of hard-bread, which was all within reach, we returned to our quarters, and night settled down upon us, with the rain still falling, but the wounded better cared for than before, indeed, better, for the facilities we had, than any hospital in the vicinity.

During the day I had several interesting conversations with some of the wounded, whom I found under, as I believe, real conviction of sin, which had burdened their minds long before the battle. Such cases were very common in the army, and should encourage Christians both to pray and to labor. One of the cases I met was a young man whose mother was a Christian, and as I spoke to him the tears began to flow, and he told me he had been anxious for some time, and if it could only be told his mother that he was a real Christian, it would be all his desire. But both he and another, notwithstanding their religious training, were seeking to fit themselves to come to Christ, and scarcely seemed to credit the thought that they must come *then* and come as sinners; and yet their evident sincerity led me to hope that this error, so natural to a sinner under conviction, would be quickly laid aside, and they would embrace Christ as their all-sufficient Savior.

Sunday, Jan. 5th.—The rain stopped during the night, and a beautiful day, such as gives us some idea of the "Sunny South," broke upon us in the morning. The first fact which attracted the attention of all was that the rebels had entirely disappeared. Those who had been awake all night said that their wagons and artillery had been moving for hours, and just at break of day Wheeler's Cavalry filed past, going towards Murfreesboro, and from that time not even a straggling soldier was to be seen. We thought this was a "change of base," but did not allow ourselves to be sufficiently elated to suppose it was an actual retreat. And yet all the morning we kept remarking to each other how quiet everything was, and how strange that not a single Confederate was left.

On rising that morning I resolved, if possible, to hold a short religious service in each room, that those who were capable of

attention might be benefitted. With this view I revolved in my mind a few thoughts suggested by the wounded Israelites looking to the brazen serpent, which I hoped might prove in season to some of these afflicted ones. Dr. P. also encouraged the effort, but in going the rounds, I found that the care which every man needed in having his wounds dressed once a day, would make any services impracticable until afternoon. And as there was nothing to be done for the men that others could not do as well and even better than myself, I felt that the time had come when, without neglecting public duty, I could seek to relieve my anxiety for the fate of my brothers. I had confidence that Henry, having my horse, and being an old soldier, would be able to take care of himself; but there were two others belonging to the Railroad Regiment, in Johnson's Division, about whose welfare I felt a painful anxiety. The day before, when such a number of shivering, wounded men, all soaked with the rain, were brought into the cotton-gin, I could not but think, what if my two brothers had been lying day and night exposed to this storm, and perhaps neglected by some inhuman surgeon! And yet I could not reconcile it with my duty to leave those who had a right to look to me for help, until I saw them as well cared for as under the circumstances was possible. But this having been done, I seized the first moment to start in search of the hospital and ground near which Johnson's Division had operated. The large house to the northwest, with rows of tents surrounding it, was occupied chiefly with the wounded of Davis' Division, while Johnson's were in houses and barns still farther to the west. After careful search, I found one man from the Railroad Regiment there, who could answer many of my inquiries and who assured me of the safety of both my brothers. This information afterwards proved incorrect with regard to one of them, who was taken pris-

room, cookhouse, storehouse and general rubbish receptacle, and had begun to eat what was set before us, when one of the boys ran in with the exciting intelligence that our cavalry had emerged from the woods and were advancing towards us. Dinner was left, and out we went to see the sight, and sure enough, there they came, deployed as skirmishers, advancing slowly and peering in every direction to find the retreating foe. Murfreesboro was evacuated! But still, though we could understand the disappearance of the enemy from all about us for the past twenty-four hours, yet how Bragg, who, according to what had been told us, had been operating so successfully in our rear, capturing our trains, and every few hours doing some new and wonderful thing in the way of damaging Rosecrans, should find it necessary to retreat, and Rosecrans, who had been harassed at every hand, who was without food and ammunition and well-nigh destroyed, should be the victor, and march unopposed into Murfreesboro, remained to be explained.

But on came the "blue coats," and in a few minutes we exchanged glad greetings with our Union brethren. Who they were or from what State they came it mattered not; they were the representatives of our country, of all that was dear to humanity in the present, and hopeful in the future. And none can tell how good for the eyes and the heart was the sight of the lovely stars and stripes, and the blue uniform of our men, to those who had been compelled to see flaunting in their faces the emblem of tyranny, and to meet at every turn the loathed and detested "butternut" uniform.

Our line was only about a mile away from us, and in a few minutes several boys had started for the regiment to tell of our condition and learn the news. The excitement among the wounded was most intense, and men forgot their sufferings in the

oner, but for the time my anxiety was allayed. In going from tent to tent I found the list of wounded more precious than gold, as I was able to answer the inquiries of not a few, and my book was looked upon by the boys as though there was a charm about it. Before the day closed I came to the conviction that next in importance to feeding these poor fellows and dressing their wounds was the procuring of a correct and minute list of all who came under one's care. Finding that some of the 89th with whom I was acquainted were dangerously wounded and were lying in buildings further to the west, I set out to find them.

Leaving the house, I started in the direction pointed out, which led me over a portion of the ground occupied by Davis' and Johnson's Divisions. Near by was a long row of dead, gathered during the last few days, and an immense grave was being dug for their burial. Every moment I came upon fresh evidences of the fearful storm that had swept over these fields and through these groves.

Mangled horses were strewn in every direction, while the dead, more or less stripped of their clothing by the enemy lay where they fell on that fatal morning. After searching for a long distance and failing to find the hospitals to which I had been directed, I concluded that my informant was mistaken; and as the time I could be spared had nearly expired and I was unmistakably weary with my tramp, I retraced my steps as quickly as possible to Hospital Harding. A circumstance we all thought very noticeable was, that I had not seen a single "butternut" the whole morning; but the time had arrived when the mystery which hung over, not only the conduct of the enemy, but the operations of both armies since our capture, was to be suddenly and delightfully dispelled. We had just seated ourselves at dinner in an outhouse, which served the manifold purpose of dining-

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it contained the whole of that beautiful hymn. This I placed in his hands just before he was lifted into the ambulance. I have not seen him since.

When Mr. Harding removed his family from the plantation, just before the battle, he took his negroes, numbering about fifty, leaving two or three to preserve what they could. The negroes were quite shrewd, and took care not to commit themselves except where it was safe to do so—but none could doubt for a moment their hearty sympathy. One of them using in my hearing the expression, "our army," "I pray which is your army?" said I. "Oh, de Norf," said he, "we's all for de Norf." To show their spirit I cannot, perhaps, do better than give you a conversation which Dr. Pierce overheard. He entered the cabin known among the black people of the place as "Aunt Car'line's house," and among us as Ward No. 5. He found an interesting and exciting colloquy in progress which had been started by Tom, a wild, rollicking boy of about twelve years, with important orders. He said he was stopped at Murfreesboro, as he was coming back from the other plantation, where the servants of Mr. Harding had been sent for safety, by the order of Col. Somebody, who had detained all the rest of the company and sent him for those who were at the old place.

"La me," said Aunt Car'line, "I never was in sich botheration in all my life. I'se been brought up in sich a kinder gub'nment dat I hates to be gwine off till I'se seed all de parties. Now ef I could only jes' see ole Missus, and she was agreeable, I'd go quick enough. To tell de truf, I dun know what to do."

"Well," says Tom, "dem's de orders. De Kurnel sent me up to tell you'ns to come down to town; dat you wer'nt to work any more for ole Massa Harding, 'case he's secesh."

"O la! what shall I do? What will become of ole Missus? her as I used to nurse—if she was only agreeable. I tell you

I'se not dat kind of pusson dat runs away from her ole missus." "Look'e here," says an old man, the husband of Caroline, a patriarch among the darkies, and, by the way, the intellectual head of the Harding family. "Look'e here; don't ye see we's prisoners of war? We must do what dem tells us as took us prisoners. Yesterday all round here was dese Rebels; now ebery one has 'treated, and de Union soldiers, God bress dem, has come on, and we's in de hands ob de Union—we's prisoners ob war. Now don't you see we wont run away from Massa Harding, but we only obeys de orders ob dem as took us prisoners. I told ole Massa long time ago dat he better be on de side ob de Union, dat God would bress de Union yet; but he only git mad, and cuss, and say de Souf will whip every time. You see ole Massa wants to be allers on de side dat whips. Dat's de kind ob man he is."

"Oh, oh," said Caroline, "I'se nebber in sich trouble in all de born days ob my life. I'se completely frustrated. I don't like to leave ole missus, I don't."

"Do you think you're gwine to stay here when you get your orders, and de whole army what made de rebels skedaddle close by to force de orders? 'Pears to me you han't got good sense to-day, Car'line."

"Well, 'pears to me I don't know nothin' at all. I never seed sich times afore. I allers said I'd stay with missus while I last, but 'pears like I must go now." And the old couple proceeded to gather up their earthly goods to leave. If this should ever meet the eye of the white Mr. Harding he has my testimony that his negroes did not run away.

During the forenoon Gen. Sheridan called, making inquiries for the body of the lamented Sill. By his orders a detachment of the 36th, under command of Captain, now Major, Sherman, of

Scotfield and Joel Wagner, Company E; William Curtis, Stephen Cummings, Edwin Dopp, William A. Haggett, John Jordan, Anton Myer, Lewis Oleson, Alfred Tomlin, Albert H. Wulff and William Thompson, Company F; William Goold, Robert B. Horrie, Daniel Kennedy, Peter Bradt, William Chamberlain, Joseph Hebert, Robert Jordan, George W. Moody, Wilbur Roseman, William F. Severans, Peter Buchanan, Frank Small and Milton G. Yarnell, Company G; Charles Crawford, Jackson Conroe, Jerome Ford, John Sackett, David D. Warwick, Myron Harris and Munroe Throop, Company H; Frederick Witzkey, William Varner, John Roth and Anton Miller, Company I; John Gordon, Eldridge Adams, Frederick Hazelhurst, Sydney Wauzen, Henry Buten, Charles Miner, Owen Wood, Henry Hogue, Lemuel Grundy, John Peterson, Paul Van Wicklin, Eugene Albso, Harlem Sanders and Lucien Button, Company K.

PRIVATES MISSING.

Isaac N. Miner, Edwin H. Robinson, Albert Shan, John F. Scott, Company A; Elnathan Weeden, Adam Campbell, Jacob Winn, Carl Eckhart, Joel Wilder, Company B; Frank Henning, Oliver Edmond, Company D; William Woolenwiber, Company E; Canute Phillips, Company F; Jesse Brown, Company G; Robert Kee, Company H; D. M. Carry, Company I; Allen Bursse, Edward Reader, Joseph Leurman, George Gates, Company K.

Jacob Winn died in Rock Hill