



**JOHN SHERMAN,**

COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO;  
UNITED STATES SENATOR.

Organized the Sherman Brigade at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield,  
Ohio, September to November, 1861.



**CHARLES GARRISON HARKER,**

BRIGADIER-GENERAL, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS;  
COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO;

CAPTAIN, FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.  
Killed in Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, June 27th, 1864.

upon that bloody field of strife, and fifteen thousand more were pierced and mangled by bullet and shell! After twelve months in the field, we were at last fronting the embattled lines of the foe. On that Wednesday, the last day of the year 1862, the men of the Sherman Brigade were to prove of what stuff they were made.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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### THE FIRST DAY OF STONE RIVER.

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THE MEMBERS OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE SHOW THEIR METTLE—WE "GATHER AT THE RIVER" TO CROSS AND ASSAIL THE ENEMY—BRAGG STRIKES FIRST, A MIGHTY BLOW—THE UNION RIGHT BROKEN—WE ARE ORDERED TO ITS ASSISTANCE—AWAY AT DOUBLE-QUICK—A SCENE OF WILD CHAOS—"INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL"—FIERCE AND DESPERATE FIGHTING—COMRADES FALL BY SCORES—BOTH FLANKS ENVELOPED—HARKER'S BRIGADE FALLS BACK—RALLIES AND RENEWS THE FIGHT—TWO GUNS OF THE BATTERY CAPTURED AND QUICKLY RETAKEN—THE REBELS HURLED BACK—OUR SADLY DECIMATED RANGERS GATHER ABOUT THE COLORS.

**L**ONG before daylight, officers and orderly sergeants moved quietly along the line and aroused the soldiers. There was no sound of drum or bugle, as the men seized their muskets and took their places in the ranks. For an hour they stood waiting and watching for the dawn. Each man had forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box and forty more in his pockets, a haversack well filled with rations, and a canteen

of water. Nearly all had blankets, but thousands of these were flung away during the day. The confronting lines were about three miles in length. Stone river, by a sharp bend, cut the Confederate line, so that the main body of the rebel army was on the same side as our own. At the extreme Union left the river flowed between us and the enemy under Breckinridge.

In accordance with the orders of General Rosecrans, Van Cleve's division crossed Stone river at the lower ford and moved in battle array to assail the Confederate right. Our division (Wood's) was to cross at the upper ford, connect with Van Cleve's right, and join in the attack. Wood's leading brigade (Hascall's) was already in the stream and ours (Harker's) was at the brink prepared to follow. No opposition had been encountered, and thus far all was working well. As the sun rose we could plainly see the glistening guns of a rebel battery posted on high ground half a mile from the river, but up to this time they had given no sound.

Now the storm burst with the greatest fury upon the Union right, under McCook. In furtherance of his plan, Bragg had massed at that point two-fifths of his army, and a sudden and most impetuous assault threw McCook's flank into immediate confusion. His position was faulty and the consequences well nigh proved fatal. Many of the troops were not in line but were at breakfast, while the horses of some of the batteries were not even harnessed. Johnson's division, the extreme right, was swept in disorder from the field, after a brief resistance, losing nearly all of its artillery. Davis's division, next in line, was also disrupted and streamed to the rear, a mass of broken battalions. Next was the division of "Phil" Sheridan, and that officer and his men, breasting the tide with superb heroism, checked the onward rush of the enemy and gave priceless moments for General Rosecrans to make the new dispositions demanded by the unexpected onslaught of the Confederates. It is not my province to write a history of the battle, but only of our part in it. I have said thus much to recall the alarming aspect of affairs at the time a staff officer dashed up on a mad gallop and delivered an order suspending our movement across the river, and recalling the division of Van Cleve.

"Attention—Battalion!" and away we went at double-quick

toward the cedar thicket upon the right, whence came the unceasing roar of battle. Immediate succor was needed, and Harker's brigade—soon followed by others—was ordered to the point where the stress was greatest. Just as we started from the river bank the rebel battery, of which mention has been made, opened upon us with shell. One of these missiles struck Company B, of the Sixty-fifth, and burst, killing Joseph Bull—the first man of the Sixty-fifth to fall in battle—and wounding several others. Our rapid movement soon carried us out of range.

On and on we went, at the greatest possible speed. Every man was in his place, his nerves wrought up to the highest tension, and none thought of weariness. We passed through a large space of open ground, which presented a scene of the wildest excitement and chaos that can be conceived. Demoralized stragglers from the right wing were seeking safety at the rear, while officers, mounted and on foot, shouting and cursing, were endeavoring to stay the tide of panic; teamsters, in a delirium of fright, lashed their mules into a furious gallop, as they sought to reach the pike with ammunition, supply and baggage wagons; bodies of troops were hurrying forward to meet the advancing and exultant foe; generals and staff officers gathered here and there giving their orders; while shouts and yells and the braying of mules filled the air with a hideous din. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Through this mass of frenzied men and animals we threaded our way, still on the double-quick. We saw many wounded making their way to the rear, unaided, or borne upon stretchers or in ambulances. This was indeed war; the crucial test was before us. Every man clutched his musket with a tighter grip and nerved himself to face the storm, already so near that we could feel its fiery breath. There was no sign of flinching, and yet I may safely say that we hardly felt that raging desire to plunge into the blazing vortex of death, which had so often found expression on our weary marches and around the camp-fires, during the previous year. But the truly brave man is he who realizes the danger and willingly faces it at the call of duty.

Still on, and a shell from a rebel battery bursts above us and the fragments hurtle around us. The droning buzz of

bullets is heard. We hastily form in line of battle, connecting with the right of a brigade of Van Cleve's division. "Forward!" and the line moves steadily on. Two hundred yards in advance of us are Union troops fiercely engaged, whom we are ordered to support. The need is not immediate and we are directed to lie down. For a long time, as it seems to us—probably about twenty minutes—we remain prone upon the earth awaiting the issue. A staff officer dashes up to Colonel Harker and points toward the right. The rebels have overlapped the Union line and disaster is imminent.

Instantly each regiment receives the command: "Battalion—Rise up!" We face to the right and dash off upon the run. Farther and farther we go until a line of rebels is descried advancing toward us. We halt, face to the front, and move forward in battle array to meet the foe. The Seventy-third Indiana, Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio are in the first line, supported by the Fifty-first Indiana and Thirteenth Michigan. The Sixth Ohio battery is upon the right of the Sixty-fifth. Two com-



STEPHEN A. M'COLLUM,  
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

panies from each regiment in front are deployed as skirmishers. Five minutes, and they engage those of the enemy.

Now we are at the edge of the storm. Hissing bullets strike in our ranks and one and then another is stricken down, dead or wounded, Lieutenant Pealer, of Company A, Sixty-fifth, being one of the first to fall, grievously wounded in the thigh. We cannot pause to give them aid; our duty is—yonder. More thickly come the bullets, and soon a dozen, twenty, are stretched

upon the ground. We glance sorrowfully at the sufferers, nor can we repress a shudder as a comrade falls at our side, but we move steadily forward. The skirmishers are withdrawn; the hostile lines are separated by a distance of but two hundred yards.

At last we are face to face with the foe. "Commence firing!" and "Fire at will!" are the orders in quick succession. The enemy delivers a volley and at once the fighting becomes fierce. Officers and men are killed or wounded by scores. In the Sixty-fourth Captain Sweet, of Company K, falls in immediate death. In the Sixty-fifth Captain Christofel, of Company I, receives a fatal wound; Adjutant Massey is thrice hit and mortally hurt; Lieutenant Vankirk, of Company G, is struck squarely in the forehead and falls dead; Lieutenant-colonel Cassil is disabled by his horse, which is shot, falling upon him; Major Whitbeck, upon whom devolves the command of the regiment, is pierced through the shoulder but pluckily refuses to quit the field. The courage and steadiness of the men are above praise. The ground about them is thickly strewn with the dead and dying, but with ceaseless vigor hands fly to cartridge boxes, bullets are rammed home, and muskets blaze defiance to the enemy.

A short distance to our right the Sixth battery is hotly engaged with the rebel artillery, posted at the left of the hostile line. Four guns, embracing the right and center sections, commanded respectively by Lieutenant Oliver H. P. Ayres and First Sergeant George W. Smetts, face directly to the front. The left section, Lieutenant Baldwin, which had been ordered to swing over and go into position a hundred yards to the right and rear, is in a furious duel with two or three Confederate guns which occupy an advanced position on the extreme flank. Baldwin's rapid and well-directed fire silences the guns of the enemy and the section moves quickly up to the line of the battery, taking post at the right of a small building which intervenes between these two pieces and the four others of the battery. Captain Bradley, cool and collected, directs with judgment and deliberation the fire of his guns. Officers and men stand gallantly to their work, serving their pieces with tireless energy. Men and horses are struck, but not for an instant does the firing slacken.

At length the brigade of Van Cleve's division upon our left

gives way before a charge of the enemy and falls back. By its recession our brigade, which is the extreme right of the line, is seriously compromised, both its flanks being now exposed. Following hard after the retreating troops of Van Cleve, the rebels are swiftly advancing. In a few minutes we will be enveloped. To remain would be fatal and we are ordered to retire. We do so, rapidly, for two hundred yards, but rally behind the partial cover of a cedar fence, and again send our deadly greeting to the enemy.

Before the break in the infantry line, the Fifty-first Indiana had shifted to the right to support the Sixth battery. "Stick to them," shouts Colonel Streight, "the Fifty-first will see you through!" But when the infantry falls back it would be folly for the battery to "stick" longer. An order from Colonel Harker directs its retirement. The rebels are advancing with loud yells and the need of haste is urgent. Every instant of delay increases the imminence of the peril. Quickly the sections of Ayres and Smetts are limbered up and go whirling back nearly to the line of the fence behind which the infantry has rallied. Here the four pieces are unlimbered and again blaze defiance at the foe. Baldwin's section, separated from the others as before mentioned, does not, in the confusion, receive the order to fall back, and so intent are the men upon their work that they are ignorant of the movement to the rear. The section receives a galling fire of both infantry and artillery. Two horses of Sergeant Stewart Miller's piece are killed by a cannon ball, and driver William Corey has an arm torn off. The guns are in the greatest jeopardy, for the exultant rebels are charging toward them. Just in time, the dead and wounded horses are cut loose and the section dashes to the rear. As it reaches a depression in the ground the Confederates deliver a volley from their muskets. The bullets whiz over the heads of Baldwin's men, but strike with deadly effect the two sections which had first retired. Sergeant George W. Howard and Private Samuel M. Scott fall in death, and a number of others are wounded. Horses go down on every hand.

After a brief but fierce struggle at the fence we are again flanked upon the left and our decimated line is torn by a biting enfilading fire. There is no alternative and again we fall back,

with the advancing rebels at our heels. We come upon the Twenty-seventh and Fifty-first Illinois regiments, of Sheridan's division, lying in line. They have been sent to our aid. As soon as we have passed over them they rise, deliver a volley, and charge with fixed bayonets. Before that charge the Confederates recoil, turn about and scamper back to their own lines. Our fighting for the day is ended.

The infantry having yielded its position, the battery can no longer hold its place, and "Limber to the rear!" is again the order. It is executed with desperate haste. Two of the guns—one each in the sections of Ayres and Smetts—have lost eleven of their twelve horses. The four other guns of the battery dash away, but the rebels are close at hand, there is no chance to attach the prolongs, and the two pieces are abandoned. But they have been rendered harmless, for they have been spiked by Corporal David H. Evans. With exultant shouts the rebels take possession of the two guns. Not long do they hold their prize. The Thirteenth Michigan is lying among the rocks, a short distance to the rear. Colonel Shoemaker orders the Thirteenth to charge. Almost in a moment it snatches the guns from their captors, the prolongs are attached, and they are dragged back amidst a tempest of cheers. The battery takes up a new position near the pike. The rebels run out a battery which opens from a distance of four hundred yards. Colonel Harker directs Captain Bradley to "smash that battery." The men spring to their pieces and a few well-aimed shells send the rebel guns galloping to the rear.

We re-formed our broken lines; but how much shorter they were than in the morning! There were many vacant places in the ranks. In the Sixty-fifth but five officers remained unhurt out of sixteen who went into the battle. For the time, the regiment was organized into a battalion of four companies. The enemy made no further demonstration in our front. We stacked arms, and details were sent to bring in as many of our wounded as could be found. Those who were not wholly disabled had made their way to the hospitals. The greater part of our loss was incurred at our first position, and when we fell back we were reluctantly compelled to leave behind those who were so severely

wounded as to be helpless. They fell into the hands of the rebels, and after the latter had been driven back they were between the lines. Every one who could be reached was brought back, but many lay upon the ground, without surgical aid, through all the long and bitterly cold night that followed. They and many hundreds of other wounded suffered unspeakable agonies.

That night at a council of General Rosecrans with his subordinate commanders, a few timorous ones advised a retreat to Nashville.

"Gentlemen," said Rosecrans, "we fight or die right here!"

Before dawn he had readjusted his lines, which were so rudely broken the day before by the blows of his impetuous adversary; confidence was restored, and he was fully prepared to meet the enemy, should the latter again assail him. During the battle of Wednesday, Rosecrans gave abundant evidence of his high personal courage. He rode along the lines in the thickest of the fight, cheering and encouraging his hard-pressed soldiers. While galloping across a field, with his chief of staff by his side, the latter, Colonel Garesche, was instantly killed, a cannon ball taking off his head.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## "DAYS OF DANGER, NIGHTS OF WAKING."

A NIGHT MARCH ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD—HARKER'S BRIGADE RETURNS TO THE LEFT WING—THE REBELS MAKE A STRONG "BLUFF" BUT ARE DRIVEN BACK—HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRING—THE SIXTH BATTERY ON THE PICKET LINE—IT GETS INTO A TIGHT PLACE—FIRED ON FROM FRONT AND REAR—BUCKETFULS OF GRAPE FROM A CHICAGO BATTERY—THE SIXTY-FOURTH CATCHES SOME OF IT—PART OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH ADVANCES FROM THE OUTPOSTS—FRIDAY'S FIGHT ON THE LEFT—WE CROSS AND RE-CROSS THE RIVER—"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW"—BURYING THE DEAD—OUR HEAVY LOSSES.

**D**URING the night—it was a sad New Year eve—we returned to our proper place in Crittenden's left wing. The ground was covered with a heavy white frost, which creaked under our feet as we marched across the battlefield, among the stiffened, lifeless forms of the dead. We went into position just west of the Nashville railroad, and rested till an hour before daybreak, when we were aroused to stand at arms. Sleep was scarcely possible. Chilled and benumbed by the keen, frosty air we were compelled to move about to keep the blood flowing in our veins. Soon after dawn we made a little coffee and ate a hasty breakfast, ready to instantly grasp our arms in case of need.

Bragg evidently thought that Rosecrans ought to know that he was whipped, and retreat. About eight o'clock a heavy rebel force advanced in our front, probably to find out whether there was any fight left in the Union army. The long line was in plain view, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, moving forward in battle array. The Sixth Ohio and two or three other batteries at once opened a tremendous fire. General Rosecrans rode up and dashed here and there, shouting, "Pour it into them boys! Pour it into them!" The rebels were soon satisfied that our pugnacity was not all gone and they gave it up, the whole line retiring in haste out of range.

Throughout the remainder of the day the armies, weary and sore from the buffetings of the previous day, lay comparatively inactive. Neither was disposed to resume the offensive, though each made every preparation to receive an attack. There was constant firing between the pickets; and sharpshooters, on both sides, with their long-range rifles, made themselves particularly obnoxious.

At noon the Sixth battery was stationed in an advanced position, facing what was known as the "round woods," where it remained during the night, with guns shotted. Captain Baldwin says: "It fell to the writer to be on duty from midnight until three o'clock in the morning. The night was cloudy and dark. About two o'clock cries were heard near our immediate front, asking for help and calling for a cup of water. Corporal Kimberk was directed to take a canteen of water and try to reach the wounded soldier. He had not proceeded more than twenty-five yards when bang! went a gun and the whizzing bullet struck a gun-tire within two feet of the writer. Corporal Kimberk returned and said if that fellow, whether friend or foe, needed any help, some one else might go, for he believed it was a plot on the part of the rebel pickets to make a widow up north, and he was not going to be the man to risk himself on that kind of a game. To stand picket with a battery was something new to us. But here we were, without a solitary infantryman between our lines and the enemy. Consequently we had to exercise extraordinary vigilance. If an attack had taken place there was nothing to meet it but the guns of the battery. Fortunately, the night passed without any movement by the enemy."

Friday morning, January 2nd, half of the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket. As we relieved those who had been on duty during the night, six or eight pieces of artillery on the other side opened upon us a furious fire. At the outposts were V-shaped piles of rails, which had been laid by our predecessors for a shelter from musketry. Two or three of these were struck by shells and knocked into kindling wood. Several of our men were wounded, but none were killed.

As soon as the rebel guns opened, the Sixth Ohio battery, which had moved to a knoll just in rear of the main line of our brigade, responded with the greatest spirit. For an hour the firing was terrific. We, upon the outposts, flattened ourselves out as thin as possible upon the ground, while the screaming missiles passed both ways directly over our heads. For the time the deafening roar almost deprived us of our senses. The Eighth Indiana battery, which had been firing from the right of the Sixth Ohio, suffered so severely from the rebel "hardware" that it limbered up and galloped to the rear. The Sixth Ohio held its ground bravely. Every man stood to the guns, the steady, rapid fire of which was very effective.

At this time the Chicago Board of Trade battery was ordered up from the rear to engage the enemy. By a strange mistake, its commander, believing the Sixth Ohio to be a rebel battery, halted at a distance of three or four hundred yards, and opened upon it with grape. Before the firing could be stopped the blunderer had killed a number of horses and wounded several men of the Sixth, including Lieutenant Ayres. Captain Bradley was naturally thrown into a paroxysm of excitement and indignation. He thought he could hold his own with any of the rebel gunners, but to be sandwiched between two batteries, firing upon him from front and rear, made things a little too warm for comfort. Lieutenant Baldwin was ordered to proceed to the Chicago battery and stop its firing. Springing upon his horse, he had passed over about half the distance when the Chicago gunners let fly again. By this discharge his horse was killed, but Baldwin, who was not injured, took the double-quick on foot, reached the battery, and by the use of very vigorous English brought the Chicago pickets to their senses. The Sixth battery stayed there, and its fire completely silenced the rebel guns. The Sixty-fourth Ohio

was supporting the Sixth, also suffered from the ill-judged fire of the Chicago artillerists.

In the afternoon, part of the Sixty-fifth—under the command of Captain Brown, of Company H, and Captain Matthias, of Company K—was personally directed by Colonel Harker to advance from the outposts, charge the rebel pickets and drive them out of a thick grove, from which their fire was exceedingly annoying. We swept over the ground and occupied the grove, the rebels taking to their heels upon our approach. We suffered from their fire, one man of Company H being killed and six or eight in that and other companies wounded. We advanced as far as the spot that had been occupied by the rebel battery with which the Sixth Ohio was so severely engaged in the forenoon. Two exploded caissons and more than a dozen dead horses attested the efficacy of Captain Bradley's fire.

The same afternoon there was more hard fighting on the extreme left. It was not a general engagement. General Rosecrans had returned to his original plan of moving against the Confederate right, and to that end threw a strong force across Stone river. Bragg ordered Breckinridge to dislodge it, and the latter, with his division, attacked savagely. Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery, hastily drew together ten batteries—fifty-eight guns in all—and posted them on high ground upon the west bank of the river. These guns completely enfiladed the lines of Breckinridge, and their fire, tremendous in volume, was most destructive. The rebels were driven back in confusion, with a loss of seventeen hundred men. The Sixth Ohio was conspicuous in this artillery firing for the rapid manner in which its guns were served. The ardor of its officers and men was illustrated by an incident. General Rosecrans rode up and asked:

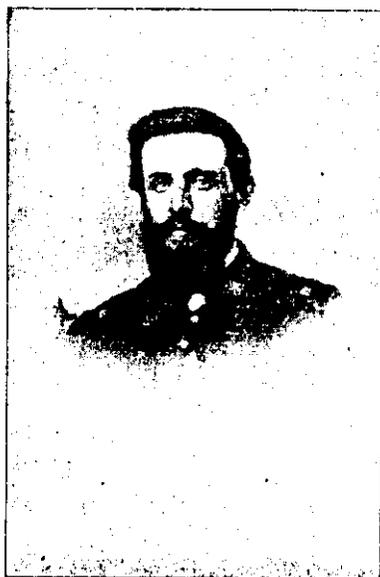
"What battery is this?"

"The Sixth Ohio, sir!" said Captain Bradley, saluting.

"Well, be a little more deliberate and take good aim. Don't fire so d—d fast!"

It was determined to hold the position on the east bank of the river and Crittenden's entire corps was ordered to that side. We crossed in the evening, advanced to a position upon high ground, and threw up intrenchments of rails, logs, stones and

earth. By this time our rations were completely exhausted. For three days we had lived upon what we had in our haversacks when we went into the battle on Wednesday morning. Many of the men had, in one way or another, lost their haversacks during the fighting, and those who had clung to their supplies divided their scanty store with those who had none. While working upon the intrenchments that night, we received the welcome intelligence that a supply train had arrived from Nashville,



SAMUEL L. BOWLBY,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

and we were directed to send details across the river for hardtack, bacon and coffee. The detachments returned about midnight. The conditions were such that no fires could be permitted, and we appeased our ravenous appetites with crackers and raw bacon. We were thankful to be able to do even that.

Saturday, January 3rd, was cold, rainy and wretchedly disagreeable, as we were entirely without shelter. The armies did little to disturb each other, although a continual fire was kept up along the picket lines. As a matter of fact, Bragg, finding that Rose-

crans had no intention of retreating, had concluded to do so himself, and all day Saturday was immersed in the work of preparation for the exodus of his army, sending off by railroad his sick and wounded, and surplus stores and munitions. He kept up a brave show at the front, and his retreat was not suspected, until it was disclosed by the dawn of Sunday.

During Saturday night the river rose rapidly, in consequence of copious rains. Not knowing that the rebels were then getting away as fast as they could, General Rosecrans feared that the

safety of his army would be jeopardized, should the river become unfordable, with Crittenden's corps thus separated from the main body. So, at midnight we were ordered to recross, which we did, in the storm and darkness, by fording, the water in places reaching to our hips. We marched a short distance from the river, stacked arms, and were permitted to rest till daylight.

The news that the rebels admitted themselves beaten and had gone to look for another place to fight, spread with lightning rapidity through the Union army. All that Sunday morning the woods were vocal with shouts and cheers. As appropriate to the day, somebody in the Sixty-fourth started to sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The whole regiment caught up the music, and never were the stately strains of "Old Hundred" sung with greater effect. The doxology ran through the entire brigade and spread to others. I know not when or where it stopped.

Soon after breakfast we marched to a spot near the scene of our engagement on Wednesday, and large details, with picks and shovels, were sent from each regiment to bury the dead. It was done in this way in order that the bodies, which had lain for four days, might be identified. It was a mournful duty to gather up the mangled remains of loved comrades and messmates, with whom we had marched so many weary miles, and whose companionship we had enjoyed around so many camp-fires. Those were not unmanly tears that moistened the eyes of the men engaged in this sad task. For the dead of each regiment a long trench, seven feet wide was dug, and the bodies, each tenderly wrapped in a blanket, were laid in side by side and covered from sight. At the head of each was placed a bit of board—a piece of a cracker or ammunition box—with the name and regiment of the soldier marked upon it. No shaft of polished marble was ever reared with more genuine affection than that which found expression in those rude boards above the remains of our heroic and cherished dead.

We found the body of Captain Christofel in the posture in which he had died—sitting upon the ground, with his back against a tree. He appeared so natural that it was difficult, for a moment, to believe that he was dead. A musket ball had passed through his leg, evidently severing an artery. He had tied his

suspenders around the limb, in an effort to stanch the flow of blood. It was without avail, and there, with none to minister to him in his extremity, the life of that pure-minded patriot ebbed away!

Among the dead of Company B, Sixty-fifth, was Morris Johnston. An examination of his body showed that he had been shot through the shoulder, leg and head, and had three bayonet wounds in the abdomen. He was one of the bravest of the brave, but excitable, and his hatred of the rebels was most bitter. Beyond question, he received the bayonet thrusts while lying wounded, when the enemy passed the spot, closely following us as we fell back. Johnston's comrades, knowing his disposition, believe that after he was disabled by the wounds in leg and shoulder, and could not retreat with the fragment of his company, he continued to fire upon the rebels as they came 'on with mad yells, determined to sell his life dearly, and that he was then shot in the head and bayoneted. The circumstances indicate that such was the case.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth went into this battle with less than four hundred men each. The Sixty-fourth lost one officer killed and five wounded; twenty-six enlisted men killed and sixty-two wounded—total, ninety-four. Captain Joseph B. Sweet, who was killed, was a trained soldier, having served some years in the regular army, and was a most worthy and efficient officer.

The casualties in the Sixty-fifth were: Killed, two officers and thirty-eight enlisted men; wounded, nine officers (one mortally) and one hundred and six men; missing, nineteen—total, one hundred and seventy-four. Company B lost in killed and wounded thirty-four out of forty-three engaged.

Of Captain Jacob Christofel I have heretofore spoken. Although not a "military" man, he was greatly beloved for his quaint humor and engaging manners, and his death was deeply lamented. Adjutant William H. Massey was for some months sergeant-major of the Sixty-fourth. His soldierly bearing and business capacity were so much admired by Colonel Harker that, at the latter's request, he was promoted to lieutenant, transferred to the Sixty-fifth, and appointed adjutant, succeeding Lieutenant David G. Swaim. Although the transfer of officers was not usually regarded with favor, the case of Massey was an exception.

He was in all respects a model officer and his death—which occurred April 7th, 1863, at his home in Cleveland—was a personal bereavement to every officer and man in the regiment, as well as to those of the Sixty-fourth. We thank the Sixty-fourth for having given him to us. On the day that he received his mortal wounds his commission as first lieutenant was issued at Columbus. Lieutenant Dolsen Vankirk, of Company G, who fell in instant death, was a young officer of bright promise, brave and faithful to every duty. Some time later, his remains were exhumed and removed to the home of his widowed mother at Sandusky, Ohio.

Of the wounded of both regiments, more than a quarter died of their wounds. The battle of Stone River cost the Sherman Brigade the lives of one hundred and twenty men, out of eight hundred and fifty engaged. Among them were many of the bravest and best non-commissioned officers and privates.

The Sixty-fourth was commanded throughout the action by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine; the Sixty-fifth by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, until he was disabled, when he was succeeded by Major Horatio N. Whitbeck. The latter, though wounded, continued to command the regiment until the evacuation of Murfreesboro told that the struggle was ended.

A striking illustration of faithful, patriotic devotion to duty is afforded by the sad case of Martin Bowser, Company C, Sixty-fourth. When the regiment left Nashville to enter upon the Stone river campaign, Bowser was so ill as to be unfit for duty. Eager to share the fortunes of his comrades, he objected to being sent to a hospital, declaring that he would march with the company, if his knapsack could be carried on one of the wagons. Permission for this was given, and Bowser took his place in the ranks and kept it, on the march and through the terrible battle of December 31st, doing his duty with splendid courage. During the long, cold night that followed he was without a blanket. After the brigade changed its position to the left, and the troops were permitted to rest, Corporal William H. Farber and George W. Stewart shared their blankets with him. He lay between them, one blanket being spread upon the frosty ground, while the other barely sufficed to cover the three. A few hours later, when the soldiers were aroused to stand at arms, Farber and Stewart tried to awaken their comrade, but there was no response. Bowser was dead!

The Pioneer brigade, commanded by General St. Clair Morton—in which the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had each one officer and twenty men—performed during the campaign and battle much service that was as valuable as it was arduous and full of hazard. For two or three days before the battle it was engaged in cutting roads, building bridges, etc., to assist the army in getting into position. Much of this work was done under the fire of the enemy's cavalry and skirmishers. During the engage-



JOSEPH CROW,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

ment the stress was so great and the need for troops so urgent that the Pioneer brigade was called in as regular infantry. It fought gallantly, near the center of the Union line, losing heavily in killed and wounded. Those who belonged to that organization may well be proud of its part in the campaign.

The quartermasters, commissaries, and ordnance officers, and those under their command, having charge of the supply and ammunition trains, had an exceedingly lively time of it during the battle. Several times the trains were attacked by the rebel troops, who made the most desperate attempts to capture or destroy them. Although the teamsters were non-combatants, many of them showed that they had the purest article of grit, procuring muskets and fighting valiantly to drive off the hostile cavalry. The trains were hurried from one point to another, where the danger seemed to be least. A large number of wagons were taken by the enemy during the chaos of the 31st. It was found, however, that Rosecrans had enough ammunition left to fight another battle. Trains loaded with supplies of all kinds were

hurried forward from Nashville, convoyed by strong bodies of cavalry and infantry. During those eventful days and nights the quartermasters and commissaries had all the business they could attend to—and a little more.

Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, writes as follows; "On the evening of December 31st the writer was temporarily laid up for repairs, having carelessly exposed his shin bone to stop a rebel bullet. The restraint thereby imposed suggested the idea of organizing a bureau of information under a tent-fly where I reposed. A bright, active, but unlettered darkey, known by the name of Sam, who had heretofore acted as hostler, was at this stage of the rebellion promoted to the rank of reporter. The events of that day will never all be told, but by the aid of Sam I will try to rescue one or two of them from oblivion.

"A large plantation mansion, just north of the Murfreesboro pike, had been selected to receive the wounded from a part of that bloody field. Something like two thousand victims were promiscuously laid in and around the place during the day and following night, quite a large number of whom were mortally wounded. On the slope of an elevation southwest of the river were deposited, on the succeeding morning, those who had died during the night. This feature of the scene attracted Sam's attention. He reported to me that the number awaiting burial was frightful. I told him to count them. He replied that he had never learned to count so many. I sent him back with directions to cut a notch on a stick for each one. On his return this novel roll had thirty-five notches. The dead after this were removed at night, doubtless to prevent the injurious effect upon their comrades. The second morning the number had increased to over sixty, according to Sam's computation. On the third day he returned with the declaration that such a death rate must soon bring the war to a close. On footing up his sticks I found that one hundred and thirty-five had paid the last installment of the nation's demand. The interment on the third day suspended the darkey's census. In the meantime he kept me pretty well posted on the situation at the front, where almost hourly encounters occurred until January 4th.

"A few yards from me, in another apartment of this field

hospital, lay a remarkably bright Kentucky lad, who had been dangerously wounded. His history brought out the fact that he had run away from home to join our army, while many of his relatives were in the rebel service. For several days the poor fellow's voice kept ringing in our ears—sometimes bemoaning his absence from his command, at others cheering on his comrades in some contest, his fevered brain stimulating his imagination. Sometimes his clear, ringing voice would break out in the cheering strains: 'We'll rally round the flag, boys,' or 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long.' In his more composed intervals his voice would sink to its lowest key, in framing messages he expected to send home in a few days. The fortunes of war had brought this boy's uncle, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army, a wounded prisoner into this same hospital, and on hearing of the condition and location of his nephew, he paid him a visit soon after. The surgeon who related to me the interview said it was the most touching incident he had ever witnessed. The uncle was not seriously hurt, but he saw at a glance that the boy's fevered dreams would never be realized. He tried to give his uncle a cordial greeting, but his strength would not permit.

"After a moment he said, 'Uncle George, how are you!'

"The colonel answered the question, and added, 'How are you, Frank?'

"'Oh, I'm all right, or will be in a few days!'

"Frank inquired if his uncle was going home soon, and was told that he expected to. He asked the boy what word he would like to send. With a brightening eye and clearer voice he exclaimed:

"'Tell them I'm glad I enlisted. Tell them I'm on the right side, and sha'n't come home till the war is over. Tell Jennie and the rest of them that I follow the old flag.'"

"Then taking the cloth used to moisten and cool his parched lips, he waved it with his trembling hand, while he tried to sing 'Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.' Seeing his uncle about to leave he beckoned him back and whispered, 'Uncle George, ain't I right?' Whether Uncle George carried that message back to his Kentucky home or not, matters not so much to

me as the assurance I feel that when the celestial m comes to gather the sacred dust of the four hundred who those rude trenches, that young hero will be invested with merits which will be outranked by none other."

The following are the official changes, from all causes occurred in the organizations of the Sherman Brigade during the year 1862, including, also, the small fraction of the year subsequent to the organization at Camp Buckingham:

#### Sixty-fourth Regiment.

##### KILLED IN ACTION:

Captain Joseph B. Sweet, at Stone River, December 31st.

##### DIED OF DISEASE:

Second Lieutenant Thomas McGill, at Nashville, March

##### RESIGNATIONS:

Colonel James W. Forsyth, January 1st.

Lieutenant-colonel Isaac Gass, June 30th.

Lieutenant-colonel John J. Williams, August 10th.

Surgeon Henry O. Mack, August 2nd.

Chaplain A. R. Brown, July 13th.

Captain James B. Brown, May 4th.

Captain John H. Finrock, November 5th.

First Lieutenant Cornelius C. White, November 21st.

First Lieutenant Augustus N. Goldwood, August 12th.

First Lieutenant Wilbur F. Sanders, August 10th.

First Lieutenant Marcus T. Myer, November 3rd.

Second Lieutenant John L. Smith, May 31st.

Second Lieutenant Isaac F. Biggerstaff, February 23rd.

Second Lieutenant William McDowell, September 7th.

##### FROM OTHER CAUSES:

First Lieutenant Roeliff Brinkerhoff, appointed Captain M. by the president, November 4th, 1861.

First Lieutenant Lorenzo D. Myers, appointed Captain M. by the president, June 9th.

First Lieutenant Ebenezer B. Finley, mustered out by 11th.

Captain Turenne C. Myer, dismissed, December 6th.

##### PROMOTIONS:

John Ferguson, commissioned colonel, January 21st.

Major John J. Williams to lieutenant-colonel, June 30th.

Captain Alexander McIlvaine to major, June 30th; to colonel, August 10th.

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Abraham McMahon, commissioned surgeon, August 2nd.  
 Volney G. Miller, commissioned assistant surgeon, August 21st.  
 Captain William W. Smith to major, August 10th.  
 First Lieutenant Michael Keiser to Captain, May 4th.  
 First Lieutenant David A. Scott to captain, June 30th.  
 Second Lieutenant Norman K. Brown to first lieutenant, November 3rd.

First Lieutenant Warner Young to captain, November 19th.  
 First Lieutenant Aaron S. Campbell to captain, November 5th.  
 Second Lieutenant William O. Sarr to first lieutenant, May 4th ;  
 to captain, December 6th.  
 Second Lieutenant Samuel Wolff to first lieutenant, June 20th.  
 Second Lieutenant Bryant Grafton to first lieutenant, August 10th.  
 Second Lieutenant Chauncey Woodruff to first lieutenant, August 11th.

Sergeant-major Dudley C. Carr to second lieutenant, May 31st ; to first lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant Henry H. Kling to second lieutenant, February 23rd ; to first lieutenant, November 19th.

Sergeant Joseph B. Ferguson (transferred from Fifteenth Ohio Infantry) to second lieutenant, August 11th ; to first lieutenant, November 21st.

First Sergeant George Hall to second lieutenant, May 4th ; to first lieutenant, December 6th.

First Sergeant Thomas H. Ehlers to second lieutenant, June 30th.

First Sergeant Thomas E. Tillotson to second lieutenant, August 10th.

First Sergeant Thomas R. Smith to second lieutenant, September 7th.

First Sergeant Frank H. Killinger to second lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant John K. Shellenberger to second lieutenant, November 26th.

First Sergeant David S. Cummins to second lieutenant, November 5th.

Sergeant John Blecker to second lieutenant, November 3rd.

Sergeant James D. Herbst to second lieutenant, December 6th.

#### Sixty-fifth Regiment.

#### KILLED IN ACTION :

Captain Jacob Christofel, at Stone River, December 31st.

Second Lieutenant Dolsen Vankirk, at Stone River, December 31st.

#### DIED OF DISEASE :

Second Lieutenant John T. Hyatt, at Camp Buckingham, December 16th, 1861.

Adjutant Horace H. Justice, at Stanford, Kentucky, February 11th.  
 First Lieutenant George N. Huckins, at Nashville, April 2nd.  
 First Lieutenant Clark S. Gregg, while enroute northward from Pittsburg Landing, May 11th.  
 Second Lieutenant John R. Parish, at Bridgeport, Alabama, July 31st.

#### RESIGNATIONS :

Lieutenant-colonel Daniel French, August 8th.  
 Major James Olds, October 7th.  
 Surgeon John G. Kyle, August 20th.  
 Assistant Surgeon John C. Gill, June 24th.  
 Captain John C. Baxter, February 26th.  
 Captain Joshua S. Preble, April 14th.  
 Captain Henry Camp, August 16th.  
 Captain Edwin L. Austin, November 20th.  
 First Lieutenant David H. Rowland, June 16th.  
 First Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, August 12th.  
 Second Lieutenant Jasper P. Brady, March 30th.  
 Second Lieutenant Jacob Hammond, April 1st.  
 Second Lieutenant Samuel McKinney, June 3rd.  
 Second Lieutenant Francis H. Klain, November 4th.

#### FROM OTHER CAUSES :

Second Lieutenant John M. Palmer, appointed by the president captain and assistant commissary of subsistence, February 19th.  
 First Lieutenant David G. Swaim, appointed by the president captain and assistant adjutant general, May 16th.

#### PROMOTIONS :

Captain Alexander Cassil to lieutenant-colonel, August 8th.  
 Captain Horatio N. Whitbeck to major, October 7th.  
 John M. Todd, commissioned surgeon, October 20th.  
 William A. McCulley, commissioned assistant surgeon, August 21st.

Wilson S. Patterson, commissioned assistant surgeon, October 7th.  
 First Lieutenant Samuel L. Bowlby to captain, April 14th.  
 First Lieutenant Lucien B. Eaton to captain, May 26th.  
 First Lieutenant Thomas Powell to captain, August 8th.  
 First Lieutenant Francis H. Graham to captain, August 16th.  
 First Lieutenant Joseph M. Randall to captain, October 7th.  
 First Lieutenant Nahum L. Williams to captain, November 4th.  
 Second Lieutenant Charles O. Tannehill to first lieutenant, August 12th ; to captain, December 31st.

Second Lieutenant George N. Huckins to first lieutenant, February 26th.

Second Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong to first lieutenant, April 14th.

Second Lieutenant John C. Matthias to first lieutenant, May 11th.  
Sergeant Asa M. Trimble to second lieutenant, February 26th;  
to first lieutenant, May 26th.

First sergeant Wilbur F. Hinman to first lieutenant, June 16th.

Sergeant-major William H. Massey (transferred from Sixty-fourth Ohio) to second lieutenant, June 3rd; to first lieutenant, July 1st.

Second Lieutenant Frank B. Hunt to first lieutenant, August 8th.

Second Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine to first lieutenant, August 16th.

First Sergeant Asa A. Gardner to second lieutenant, February 8th;  
to first lieutenant, October 7th.

First Sergeant Peter Markel to second lieutenant, August 8th; to  
first lieutenant, November 4th.

First Sergeant Oscar D. Welker to second lieutenant, April 1st;  
to first lieutenant, November 13th.

Sergeant Joel P. Brown to second lieutenant, August 16th; to first  
lieutenant, December 31st.

Corporal Francis H. Klain to second lieutenant, March 30th.

Sergeant Robeson S. Rook to second lieutenant, April 14th.

Sergeant John R. Parish to second lieutenant, June 1st.

Sergeant Joseph F. Sonnanstine to second lieutenant, June 16th.

First Sergeant Dolsen Vankirk to second lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant Samuel H. Young to second lieutenant, November 4th.

First Sergeant Franklin Pealer to second lieutenant, November 14th.

First Sergeant Nelson Smith to second lieutenant, December 31st.

First Sergeant Charles Schroder to second lieutenant, December 31st.

First Sergeant Otho M. Shipley to second lieutenant, December 31st.

#### Sixth Battery.

##### RESIGNATION:

Second Lieutenant Edwin S. Ferguson, November 7th.

##### PROMOTION:

First Sergeant George W. Smetts to second lieutenant, November 7th.

#### McLaughlin's Squadron.

##### DIED OF DISEASE:

Major William McLaughlin, on the Big Sandy river, Kentucky,  
July 19th.

##### RESIGNATIONS:

Captain Samuel R. Buckmaster, May 26th.

Second Lieutenant Herman Alleuran, September 15th.

First Lieutenant Enoch Smith, September 20th.

##### PROMOTIONS:

Captain Gaylord McFall to major, July 19th.

Sergeant Richard Rice to captain, May 27th.

Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Fisher to captain, July 19th.

First Sergeant John L. Skeggs to second lieutenant, July 19th; to  
first lieutenant, September 20th.

Bugler Erastus P. Coates to second lieutenant, September 20th.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

WE DO SOME HEAVY DIGGING AND GRUMBLING—FOUR MONTHS WITH  
PICK AND SHOVEL—THE FORTIFICATIONS AROUND MURFREESBORO  
—SOME WILD GOOSE CHASING—OUR COMFORTABLE CAMPS—CAR-  
ING FOR OUR DEAD—MAILS AND CORRESPONDENCE—THE "UN-  
KNOWN" FAIR ONES—CHANGES IN OUR FIELD OFFICERS—"APRIL  
FOOL" IN CAMP—A CALAMITOUS JOKE ON THE SUTLERS.

**W**E LAY at Murfreesboro nearly six months—the long-  
est stay we made at one place during our four years  
of service. Such events of special interest as oc-  
curred there may be grouped in two chapters.

The designations of the grand divisions of the Army of the  
Cumberland were changed to the Fourteenth corps (Thomas),  
Twentieth (McCook), and Twenty-first (Crittenden). We be-  
came the Third brigade, First division, Twenty-first corps.

For a few days after the battle we were engaged in getting  
ourselves into shape for whatever might ensue. Details were sent  
to assist in burying the Confederate dead—generally where they  
fell—and disposing of the carcasses of hundreds of horses and