

HISTORY

OF THE

FORTY-SECOND INDIANA

VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

Compiled and Written at the Request of

W. M. COCKRUM,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel 42d Indiana Regiment.

BY S. F. HORRALL,

Late Captain of Company G, 42d Indiana Regiment.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Col. James G. Jones as Brigade Commander — Back to Nashville — Capt. James L. Orr as Brigade-Quartermaster — Three Days Battle of Stone River — Sketches of Lieut. Col. James M. Shanklin and General John Beatty.

WHEN the road leading from Louisville to Nashville was reached again, we went into camp for a general overhauling and reorganization of our division. The absence, from wounds, of General Lytle made it necessary for the selection of another commander for our brigade, which upon its reorganization consisted of four regiments, viz.:

The Forty-second Indiana, Fifteenth Kentucky, Third Ohio and Eighty-eighth Indiana. Col. James G. Jones being the senior colonel, he succeeded to the command, and at once drew on the Forty-second for two staff officers, namely Capt. James L. Orr for Brigade Quartermaster, and the writer of this for Ordinance officer and Inspector, both of whom entered upon the discharge of their duties at once. Major-General Lovell H. Rosseau remained in command of the division. All the commands, comparatively speaking, were re-equipped. There were no companies, perhaps, in the brigade whose guns were all of the same caliber; for those who had the old 69-calibre muskets, at the start, altered from flint-locks to percussions, had when opportunity offered exchanged them for Engfield rifles, or for new muskets of 58-calibre, so it made it very difficult to supply them with ammunition! It was highly necessary, therefore, for uniformity of calibre to be obtained in every regiment.

This work was not completed until after reaching Nashville again, which was in the first part of December, where the Army of the Cumberland took shape, and during the month of December rapidly prepared for active operations against the enemy, then entrenched and fortified at Murfreesboro. The organization of the whole army was pushed with all possible celerity that efficiency would admit of. The troops were provided with excellent quarters, and kept in the best of spirits, so when the order to advance came every soldier took up the line of march with full confidence of success in chastising the enemy and his dislodgment from Murfreesboro.

The brigade and division to which the Forty-second belonged moved in the center, by way of Lavergne, and on the turnpike encountering the rebel advance pickets at the place last named. The late heavy rains had flooded the whole country about Lavergne with water, and heavy rains continued to fall. It was on the evening of the 30th of December that our brigade reached and joined the main army, then in position, confronting the rebels in line of battle along the banks of Stone river, and at once took place in the center covering the turnpike and the railroad leading into Murfreesboro.

The corps of the army of the Cumberland were commanded respectively by Major-General McD. McCook on the right, Major-General George H. Thomas in the center, and Major-General Thomas Crittenden on the left. On the morning of the 31st the enemy massed his forces on the right, and his plans were so well laid that before re-inforcements could reach General McCook his whole corps was driven with more or less confusion, but at from 7 to 10 o'clock A. M. his troops resisted the rebel advance with great bravery, contesting every inch of ground,

until sufficient re-inforcements were thrown forward to check the advance.

It was about 9 o'clock A. M. of that day that Major-Generals Thomas and Rousseau rode to Col. John Beatty, 3d Ohio, then commander of the brigade, and gave orders for the occupancy of a cedar wood to the right of the turnpike. Quickly the command was in position, and instructed to throw up such temporary breastworks as they could make from fallen trees, and then to lie down for the advance of the rebels, then advancing directly toward our right center. This done with the Fifteenth Kentucky on the right of the brigade, it was not more than ten minutes until a heavy volley of musketry was heard, and then shooting all along the brigade line for a few moments, which, after that, measurably ceased. Upon Colonel Beatty sending a staff-officer to the right to see what was done, and what to do, the Fifteenth Kentucky could not be found, nor any trace of the regiment had. As there was a gap of seventy-five or a hundred yards between each regiment, through the dense woods of pine trees and the underbrush, and amid the smoke of battle, it was impossible for one regiment to know in detail what the other was doing. The sequel proved that the rebels, aiming a flank movement on our brigade to the right, had been observed by the Fifteenth Kentucky and a heavy volley of musketry was poured into their ranks, which was returned by the enemy with galling effect. Col. Foreman, the brave and chivalrous officer commanding the Fifteenth Kentucky, had been killed in the attempt to rally his men who had been thrown into confusion by this sudden action; and Major H. F. Kalfus, upon whom the command then devolved, had ordered a precipitate retreat of the regiment, leaving the dead

bodies of Col. Foreman and comrades on the field, at once occupied by the rebels. Of Major Kalfus more will be said further on, as it in part relates to the history of the Forty-second Indiana.

It was known that our brigade was thrown into the cedar woods to assist in holding the rebels in check, while new lines to our rear were being fixed. In a brief time it was discovered by Colonel Beatty and staff that the confederates were still rapidly moving through the woods in order to gain our right and rear, so as to completely cut the command off, and that result could have been nothing short of the capture of the whole brigade. Instantly the regiments were "faced about," and the order or command given to "change front forward on the right." This evolution, now in open view of the enemy, was performed with the greatest coolness by officers and men. Indeed the movement could not have been executed better, had the regiments been on a brigade drill. By the 42d Indiana it was executed agreeably to the drill, in every particular. Capt. W. M. Cockrum, Company F, on reaching the new line placed himself at the head of the company, in the front rank, gave the command "Right Dress," which was followed by each company commander. Such coolness under heavy fire as that evinced by officers "aligning the ranks" is unusual, very unusual. Discipline did it.

Then fighting began in earnest. The lines of the federals and confederates were at no time more than from seventy to one hundred yards apart. For two hours these three regiments, Eighty-eighth Indiana, Third Ohio and Forty-second Indiana—the last named in the center—held their positions; then General Hazen's brigade of regular troops was sent in to re-enforce us. Lieutenant Colonel Shanklin, commanding the Forty-second, who acted most gallantly, had his horse shot under him.

For two hours more the brigades fought a most desperate fight, maintaining their ground, but with heavy loss. The enemy from a review of the position after the battle was all over was punished much more severely, however. It was about 4 o'clock P. M. before these troops were ordered out, making the actual fighting time that day for the Forty-second about seven hours and thirty minutes. The commands then retired to the rear of the main line, and across the railroad and turnpike. During this time the federal lines had been reformed, and readjusted and fixed in the curve of a horseshoe—reserves occupying the center of the curve—with thirty pieces of artillery massed in the right center, caliber six and twelve pounders. Lieutenant Van Pelt, commanding Loomis' famous battery of six steel pieces, occupied the right. When all our troops in front of this new line had been withdrawn the enemy made a bold and rapid advance. It was not until they had approached to within perhaps two hundred yards of our new line that the order to fire with artillery came. The pieces were all double-shotted with "grape" and "canister." The enemy's lines, now in full view, were mowed down like grain before a reaper, while our infantry, then entrenched behind fallen trees and railroad ties, were comparatively safe, and were pouring a most destructive fire into the rebel's ranks. It was a scene of "carnage and death," rarely witnessed, but when once seen never to be forgotten. The chronicler of these sanguinary events was an eye-witness, having taken position with Lieutenant Van Pelt, on the right center. But the advancing foe was not easily checked. As soon as one line of troops melted away under this terrific fire of cannon and small arms, another was ready to take its place. The scene which lasted for

near an hour was indescribable. No pen can adequately picture it. Our loss in that particular part of the battle was comparatively small, but for the rebels it was almost like riding

" Into the mouth of hell—
 Into the jaws of death.
 Cannon to the right of them,
 Cannon to the left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered,—
 Stormed at with shot and shell."

But onward, and still advancing, the rebels came. Many of their soldiers threw down their arms when in thick underbrush; and under cover of that and the smoke of the guns actually crawled on hands and knees to our line, and gave themselves up as prisoners of war.

But why linger upon a scene that even a faint idea of which, can not be pen-pictured, or word-painted? That is not the purpose of these papers, but to revive in the living the memory of the past, and call up a remembrance of the gallant men of the old Forty-second, who fell there. This scene closed the first day's fighting at the battle of Murfreesboro.

The second day, the Forty-second, with the brigade, took its regular place in the center proper, and on the front line. It was apparent plainly from the enemy's actions that day that he had been badly punished. From morning to noon, and from noon till night, the rebels were feeling of our line. On the right a feint would be made, then on the left, then on the center; and thus on through the whole day, but no general attack was made. The horseshoe shape of our line gave great advantage to our army. Reinforcements could be thrown in a very brief time from right to left,—from the hollow of this

formation to the center or anywhere, the distance being then from our right to our left not to exceed three-fourths of a mile at any time, while to reinforce any part of theirs, the rebel troops were compelled to move from a mile and a half to three miles. Thus, though General McCook's corps had been driven in the morning of the first day, the military position of our army on the second was by far the more advantageous.

An incident may not be amiss here. On the first day of the fight, Colonel Gareschea, General Rosecrans' chief-of-staff, was killed on the field, and when near his commanding general shot through the head. On the night of the 1st of January, 1863, at General Rosecrans' headquarters mass was celebrated, the general's brother officiating.

All that night the two armies kept up a brisk picket firing, while occasionally the darkness would be lighted up by cannonading and an artillery duel. These artillery duels, it may properly be remarked perhaps, are awfully grand to look at, especially when the observer is not in range. In that event they are almost too exciting for the grandeur to have the proper appreciation.

The third day of the battle was in all respects—viewed from the center and front—the same as the second, until about 3 o'clock P. M., when it was definitely known that to cover his retreat, or the beginning of the evacuation of Murfreesboro, it had been decided to throw a heavy body of men against General Crittenden's corps, occupying our left and covering Murfreesboro. Immediately re-enforcements were thrown to the left, and for near three hours the battle raged with unabated fury. This particular engagement the Forty-second did not figure in. After half or three-quarters of an hour, the enemy began to give way on his right, our cavalry and infantry pressing

him hard, and pursuing rapidly. In an hour the rebel line had been straightened out, and Murfreesboro, some two miles away, was practically uncovered. It was then our artillery again rendered the most valuable service. From an eminence on our left center an enfilading fire was kept up until night closed upon the scene. It was a grand afternoon's work. Grand because of the splendid fighting of our troops—indeed of the confederates as well—but particularly grand for our army because of the result. Though the loss on the federal side was heavy yet the objective point of the army was then gained. The closing half hour of the battle was particularly exciting for the reserves. Staff and regimental officers came dashing to the rear with captured rebel flags, by the half dozen, then the gallant "boys in blue" knew we had won the day. A scene of wild enthusiasm and vociferous cheering arose from the reserves so long and so loud that the sound even of the "din of battle" to our left was deadened by the joyous shouts of these invincible soldiers. The sight of General Rosecrans, or "Pap" Thomas, was the signal also for an outburst of enthusiastic cheering, louder and yet louder.

On the night of the 3d of January the Forty-second, Lt. Col. Shanklin commanding, took picket guard immediately in front of the center. About midnight, he sent an order to brigade headquarters to report that the rebels were planting a battery of artillery so near that the commands of their officers could be distinctly heard, and asking for re-inforcements. The writer of this was at once ordered to report to Major-General Thomas, which was done, and after listening attentively General Thomas simply remarked: "Tell Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin to hold that position at all hazards." This order given to Lieut.

Colonel Shanklin, an hour later another request came with the same report, with the additional that he believed a regiment of rebel cavalry were also in his front, with the infantry and artillery. Once more this chronicler informed General Thomas of the supposed situation, but he was, or appeared to be, annoyed, and only answered with emphasis: "Tell Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin to hold the position at all hazards." True soldier as he was, he had but one thing to do, and that was to obey orders. The fight came on in the darkness. It was sharp and destructive of life on both sides. The rebels had a section of artillery, the Forty-second had not. Our loss in that thirty or forty minutes' engagement was almost equal to that of the seven hours and thirty minutes of the first day. The command was overpowered; and, acting under the impression that the rebel force was much greater than it was, retreated to the main line, a distance of about one thousand yards, but Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin and a number of privates were captured. No better or braver officer ever gave a word of command in any regiment than Col. J. M. Shanklin.

At daybreak, the enemy, which proved, as evidently General Thomas knew it to be only the rear guard to the rebels to cover a retreat from Murfreesboro, was gone, and by sunrise our forces in part had occupied the place. This ended the battle of Murfreesboro, the Forty-second almost the first in the fight, and of the last to fire a shot at the enemy in that engagement. So far its record has proven to be one not to be ashamed of. Let us see what it is in the future.

The loss of the regiment at this battle was in killed, wounded and missing, one hundred and fifty, officers and men. Of the dead let it be said:

"Rest, there is no prouder grave
Even in this proud clime."

It will not be amiss here, and it is but doing simple justice to Capt. Jas. L. Orr, of Evansville, to say that though as brigade quartermaster he was, as all quartermasters were, a "noncombatant" in army parlance, in himself; and his citizen clerk, Mr. James K. Patterson, took the field with Colonel Beatty's staff, and shared in the thickest and hottest of the fight.

Moving to the battle of Murfreesboro, comrades J. O. Allison, Nicholas Wallace—"Fox" he was called, because on entering Camp Vandenburg he had worn a cap made of a fox skin with the long tail for a plume. They and Frank Walker were given permission by an officer to fall out of ranks and pick their way, as neither was well fitted for duty; upon the condition that they were to be on hand at the battle, which promptly they were.

On the way they found an abandoned cavalry horse and were to "ride and tie," alternately, the rider carrying the belongings of the others on the horse which was so poor that it resembled a razor-back Texas hog. Comrade Allison took the first ride, and before he had gotten a fourth of a mile on the bare back of that horse he surrendered it on the ground that it was not fair for him to ride so far. The next one learned a better reason however. Comrade Allison often attributes the length of his legs to the ride he took on that horse.

It has often been remarked of the seeming disproportion of soldiers' legs to their bodies; and this brings to mind a discussion once had between some persons as to the proper length of a man's legs, relatively with the body. The matter was referred to President Lincoln, who said

"I never gave the matter a great deal of thought, but am of the opinion a man's legs should be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

While the battle of Murfreesboro was raging, as our brigade lay in reserve one afternoon, late in the day an officer's horse was killed by a cannon ball in the midst of comrades of the Forty-second, and before the blood had ceased to circulate in the animal, so hungry were the boys that they cut steaks from the dead animal and broiled them for supper.

While the battle was raging, one day, a brigade of the enemy passing the immediate front of the Forty-second was observed to be dressed in blue clothes. They marched leisurely by the right flank, and by many were mistaken for Union soldiers, and among the number thus deceived was Captain Cockrum, commanding Company F. Not wishing to take any risks of firing into our own men, Captain Cockrum ordered Wm. Jones, of Company E, with others to cease firing, as it was believed the men passing were federals. Mr. Jones ceased long enough to look back and say:

"Tell them to take off their d—d white blankets, and then I will quit firing." Then resumed his work of shooting.

The supposed federals soon faced to the front and began pouring into the ranks of the Forty-second a most galling fire. Private Jones was "up" on the white blankets and was not deceived.

SPILLARD F. HORRALL.

The above-mentioned—the author of this book—was born May 22, 1829, in Veale township, Daviess county, Indiana. He was married, January 27, 1853, to Jane Crabbs, and to that union seven children were born, five sons and two daughters.

His early life was passed on a farm, in agricultural pursuits, and during that time he had the advantage of the country schools as they were at that day. In the '50's he became a student at the Asbury University, Greencastle, Indiana, where he took a *belles-lettres* or scientific course of study, including the languages, and afterwards for several years was employed as a teacher in schools, the most important of which was in the capacity of principal of an academy at Benton, Ill., home of Gen. John A. Logan then.

His parents and grandparents were by birth South Carolinians, but were of the earliest settlers in Daviess county, Indiana. His grandfather, William Horrall, was a Revolutionary soldier, and his father, Thomas Horrall, a soldier of the War of 1812.

The subject of these remarks drifted into journalism in 1857, in Washington, Ind., continuing the profession of editor until 1861, when in October of that year he entered the United States service as Second Lieutenant of Company G, 42d Indiana, and in due course of changes was promoted to be captain of that company, holding such commission when, on September 16, 1864, by reason of disabilities from service, and severe sickness, he retired from active field service, but was employed, upon partial recovery, in the office of the Provost-Marshal-General, at Indianapolis, until very near the close of the war. Since the war he has



CAPT. S. F. HORRALL.

chiefly been engaged in his chosen profession as a journalist; and now resides in Washington, Indiana.

Nearly two years of his military life was employed as a staff officer—inspector—on the staff of Brigadier-General John Beatty, now of Columbus, Ohio.

In journalism, after the war, this gentleman, as local reporter on the *Daily Journal*, Evansville, Indiana, was one of the editorial and reportorial staff of Col. Jno. W. Foster, now Secretary of State. He has ever indulged a feeling of justifiable pride that his former chief in journalism has won such honor and distinction in diplomatic relations; as well as the fact that his military trainer, Col. Chas. Denby, U. S. Minister, Peking, China—likewise from Evansville, Indiana—has also won distinction as a successful diplomat. It is not often any city is so honored by *two* of its citizens—or a State, as to that matter.





As by the reasonable course of Nature, if there had been no army conditions, to point an earlier period to life for the author of this book—he feels that its preparation and publication will be among his last acts in the drama of life—so the above group is presented here, simply as an object lesson to impress upon all the children of soldiers and comrades, of the 42d Indiana particularly, the high worth of being sons and daughters of veterans:—to transmit to them all, if possible, the zeal, patriotism, and love of country that stimulated their fathers to deeds of honor, and their mothers to great sacrifices, to save the Nation. A saved Nation, is a priceless heritage. Its price was paid in blood.

"Some things are worthless, others so good,
That Nations who buy them, pay only in blood."

THE AUTHOR'S VALEDICTORY.

Comrades, the author, as you have noticed, no doubt, has used some precaution at least in the use extravagantly of the pronoun I, regarding himself and the deeds accomplished. Possibly the comrades will pardon a personal allusion under the above head. It is in relation to a single occurrence while the regiment was in the cedar woods in the fight at Stone river. If you remember as well as the author does, about the time comrade McCullough killed Dr. Hornbrook's pack-mule, for falsely representing that *he* and not Dr. Hornbrook was assistant surgeon of the regiment by taking protection under what the dumb brute clearly was thinking was a hospital flag; that, together with the dead mule, the hospital, Dr. Hornbrook, etc., the rebels captured the brigade's ammunition wagon, as well. You will remember that this writer was ordnance officer, as well as brigade inspector. You can't fail to remember that many of you reported having shot away your sixty rounds of cartridge. It was just then this author—or your ordnance officer—received imperative order to get a box of ammunition into the cedar woods quickly. No clay-bank colored horse made better time; though the ammunition train was more than a fourth of a mile away, in ten minutes the ammunition was on the way to the front, on the pommel of your ordnance officer's saddle; but it being so heavy, and difficult to balance on such a pinnacle, the ground through the field to the cedar woods was not covered so quickly, but the ammunition was on time, and you never gobbled a hen-roost, my comrades, half as quickly, nor eagerly, as you did that box of ammunition which you gallantly sent to

the enemy with your compliments, forcing him back in that "second and more furious assault" by the enemy, of which General Beatty speaks in his report.

Going to the cedar woods, the writer passed Generals Rosecrans, Thomas and Rousseau, with their staffs in a group, and a remark by one of these generals, regarding the peril of such a ride, obliquely to the left in full view, and easy range of the enemy, was overheard. This had no especially nerve-quieting influence, however, except in the fact that your ordinance officer was trying to do something and these generals noticed it.

After delivering the ammunition near a spot where comrade J. C. Allison lay pretty badly hurt, a supplemental order was to be obeyed, which embraced the re-covering or re-tracing of the same route. Strange as it may seem, going to the cedar woods not a shot whistled near the "under-signed" as heard.

One order obeyed, it was only left to fulfil the supplement. Bracing in the saddle, the woods were cleared, the spur rowels sunk into the side of "Old Clay-bank"—now put on his mettle—reached his length at every jump. Once he humped his back so unceremoniously, as to half unseat his rider forward, and once he shook his head desperately.

Nearing the group of generals referred to—duty lay beyond them—the horse's speed was slackened so as to properly salute when each of these major-generals grasped in turn the hand of your second lieutenant ordinance officer, my comrades, and said words so complimentary that this author felt prouder than ever. Indeed he has not read of any one who *felt* as big—if we except Fitzhugh, of Texas, who, when made a fourth or fifth subordinate of a subordinate door-keeper in the United States House of Representatives—wrote home to his Texas friends, saying: "I'm a d—d sight bigger man than old Grant."

Upon examination it was found "Old Clay-bank" had been shot obliquely across the root of the tail. That made him hump his back. A musket ball had passed through one ear. That made him shake his head.

"As to his rider?" Ah! A ball through the crown of the slouch hat, and five through different parts of the overcoat. "Close call?" Perhaps. But remember, there was a little woman at home, whose picture you see in the first part of the book with a babe in her arms, praying, "God bless you and protect you."

THE AUTHOR.

