

History of
HIDEMAN
Sherman Brigade
NMAN Wilson S
St. Col of 65th Ohio.

Col of Ohio
65th Ohio
6th Battery

of shouting and yelling, to get the artillery and wagons over. Not till after dark did we resume our march, and then we crept along at a snail's pace. We had only five miles to go, but were more than that number of hours in making the distance. The night was frosty and cold, and our sluggish movement did not suffice to keep us comfortable. Nobody in the brigade had any patience left when, at midnight, we stacked arms. We knew nothing of our whereabouts, in the darkness that enveloped us, but when we arose next day we found ourselves three miles from Nashville, near the railroad leading to Chattanooga. Here we were to stay until the forward movement to Murfreesboro.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNDER "OLD ROSEY."

A MONTH AT NASHVILLE—A COMMANDER WHO WILL FIGHT—PREPARING FOR A LAUNCH FORWARD—THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP—WE HAVE SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR—THE PIONEERS ARRIVE—WE GET A FEW RECRUITS—CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER'S IDEA—GENERAL REVIEW BY ROSECRANS—SOME LIVELY FORAGING EXPEDITIONS—A WEDDING AND "HIGH JINKS" AT SUTLER HORNER'S "SALOON"—THE BOYS HAVE FUN WITH GENERALS AND COLONELS.

OUR CAMP was regularly laid out and thoroughly prepared. We were pleasantly located, with plenty of good water. Our first day here—November 27th,—was Thanksgiving Day in Ohio, according to the governor's proclamation. The principal thing we had to be thankful for was the end of the

very Kentucky campaign, and especially of that unspeakably tedious march of the previous night. We had no turkey for dinner—in fact we didn't have much of anything, for our rations were extremely low, and we were anxiously awaiting supplies. That evening a most appalling thunderstorm burst upon us. The camp fell in floods. The tents flapped and creaked and quivered in the fierce wind, and fully half of them were blown down completely, while the others were only saved from wreck by their occupants holding the poles and stakes by main strength for fully an hour. Those whose tents were not prostrated had another reason to give thanks, which was not shared by those whose tents were drenched by the storm.

On November 1st, soon after noon, very heavy and rapid artillery firing was heard in the direction of Murfreesboro. Far and near the heavy roll resounded through the camps. Almost in a moment the entire division was in line of battle. These scares were of frequent occurrence during the next three weeks. We were dispersed after standing at arms for an hour, but had scarcely reached our quarters when the drums called us again into line. This time it was for a brigade inspection and review by Colonel Stevenson, preparatory to a grand review of the army by General Rosecrans, soon to take place.

Under an order from the commanding general a pioneer corps was organized, consisting of two men detailed from each company in the army, with a sufficient number of officers. Well supplied with tools and implements, the special duty of this corps, composed largely of mechanics, was to build and repair bridges, entrenchments and fortifications, and such other work of that nature as the service might require. The pioneers were fully organized as a separate body, and were to be led into action whenever needed, but they were excused from picket duty. These details were sent from our regiments on December 1st and included First Lieutenant William O. Sarr, of the Sixty-fourth, and First Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine, of the Sixty-fifth.

Part of the recruiting squad sent to Ohio while we were at Murfreesboro and Stevenson, returned at this time, headed by Captain [Name], of the Sixty-fifth, now promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He assumed command of the regiment, and Lieutenant-colonel

Young returned to the Twenty-Sixth Ohio. Captain Whitbeck was promoted to major, vice Olds, resigned. The number of recruits and drafted men brought to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth was small—about seventy for each. These did not go far toward restoring our depleted ranks. The increased length of the lines at dress-parade was barely perceptible. The new men were distributed, six or eight to each company. The drafted men were only called by the government for a term of nine months.

The meager result of the draft was for some days the subject of frequent conversation among the soldiers, who felt so strongly the need of men to fill up the army. I happened one day to be on duty with Captain Jacob Christofel, of the Sixty-fifth, who gave his life a month later at Stone River. All who remember him—and who in the brigade does not?—will recall his dry humor, and his droll way of putting things. I have never forgotten the conversation I had with him, and even after so many years I can almost reproduce his words. Said he:

"The trouble is that the people lack what the boys call 'sand.' They talk very bravely about what ought to be done, but they are afraid to come down here and help do it. Enough of them could come, if they wanted to, just as well as you or I, to fill up all these regiments, and give us a force that would just overwhelm those fellows down yonder. It beats all how many sick and halt and blind there are up north, as soon as they begin to talk of a draft! It's just because they haven't got the sand! I'm not a doctor, but I believe I could fix up a prescription that would make men of those fellows. I guess if it didn't do that it would kill them. My treatment would be something like this:

"Let the patient be clothed in a full suit of army blue; let a regulation cap be placed on his head, and a pair of Uncle Sam's best brogans upon his feet; let a knapsack be strapped upon his back, and a haversack with three days' rations, and a canteen filled with water be hung about his neck; let a cartridge-box with forty rounds of ammunition be girt about his loins, and a Springfield rifle laid upon his shoulder; let him then take his place in the ranks and obey the command 'March!' After a day's tramp of, say, twenty miles, the patient will probably show signs of weariness; there will be an aching of limbs and a smart-

ing of feet, but he'll get used to that after a while. Very likely he will be hungry. Let him make himself a cup of coffee, toast a piece of bacon on the end of a ramrod, and on these, with two or three hardtack, make his meal. He'll get used to that, too, if he lives long enough. He won't have any dyspepsia or gout or nightmare in consequence of eating too much. Then let him wrap his blanket around him and lie down, with only the sky above him, and his head pillowed on his knapsack. Perhaps he may be drenched with rain before he wakens; he will find that most refreshing. He will be very likely to feel a little stiff and sore in the morning, and perhaps won't care much whether the Union is saved or not. But let the orderly stir him up for roll-call, and then let him get his breakfast and put on his traps for another march. A few days of this sort of thing will have a wonderful effect upon him—one way or the other. A brisk skirmish now and then will be a good thing for him. Let him hear the bullets whistle and the shells scream. If supplies are cut off, and he only gets half or quarter rations, let him help out with parched corn, or flour, or something of that sort. One or two nights each week spent on picket will afford him an excellent opportunity for meditation. When in camp let him be drilled six hours a day in the hot sun. If a few weeks or months of such campaigning does not make a man of him, his case may be given up as one that is without hope."

These recruits and drafted men were just from home and had



WILLIAM A. BELL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

everything yet to learn. The first evening they spent in camp, one of these embryo soldiers, when the drums beat the sunset call, asked what they were drumming for. On being told that it was "retreat"—the name of that particular call—he began to show signs of alarm and anxiously inquired what we were going to retreat for, and if the rebels were anywhere around there!

Elaborate preparations were made for a grand review by General Rosecrans. Such an event was unknown to our army. The reviews had been monopolized by the Army of the Potomac. Arms were thoroughly cleaned and burnished, accouterments rubbed up, and clothing and knapsacks put in the best possible condition. On the 2nd, and again on the 3rd, of December we were ordered out for the review, but owing to some hitch in the program the general did not appear, and after standing around in imposing array for two or three hours, we were marched back to camp and dismissed. One of the boys, a constitutional grumbler—who grumbled at everything and everybody, because he couldn't help it—declared, after the second failure to connect, that he had had enough of such foolishness, and if General Rosecrans wanted to review *him* he could come to his tent and do it there. But when the drums beat again on the 4th for our third attempt to be reviewed, he was about the first one to step into his place, as neat as a pin from top to toe.

The division formed at nine o'clock and marched to the field where the pageant was to take place. There was not room to extend the whole division in a single line, and the First and Second brigades were formed in front and the Third in the rear. All necessary dispositions having been made, arms were stacked and the men were permitted to rest at ease, to await the coming of the general. Every soldier was fully equipped, as far as possible with the meager supplies we had yet received.

After a delay of an hour, a salute from one of the batteries announced the approach of General Rosecrans. The men sprang quickly to their places, all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of our new commander, into whose hands had been confided the future of the Army of the Cumberland, as it was now designated. The orders were given by brigade commanders, and repeated by those of regiments and companies:

"Prepare for review! To the rear of en order—March!"

This movement having been duly executed, General Rosecrans, resplendent in a gorgeous uniform, topped with epaulettes, followed by his numerous staff, and the commanding officer and staff of each successive brigade, rode along the front of the line, and returned, passing between the opened ranks. The general was then forty-three years of age, stout and robust in appearance, and with a face so singularly pleasant that it seemed to wear a perpetual benediction. As he appeared at the head of each brigade he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. He passed slowly down the line, carefully inspecting the equipments, clothing, physical condition and soldierly bearing of the troops. He manifested a lively interest in the welfare of the men. His keen eye, glancing rapidly from one to another, seemed to detect the slightest deficiency in outfit. If a hat or blouse were worn and ragged, if a canteen or bayonet were wanting, the fact did not escape his notice, and invariably called forth remark. To one whose shoes had long since seen their best days, he said, pleasantly:

"My man, we shall have to march one of these days, and you must have better shoes than those!"

The soldier, saluting, replied that he had long been trying to get a new pair but without success. The general, turning quickly to his company commander, said:

"Captain, why do you not keep your men better clothed? You know that you are held responsible for their condition!"

The captain replied, respectfully, that it had been utterly impossible for him to procure from the quartermaster the necessary supplies. The general made a similar inquiry of Colonel Harker, who assured him that no effort had been spared to provide for the needs of the soldiers of his brigade, and promote their efficiency, but his quartermaster had as yet been unable to obtain sufficient clothing and equipments to make good the wear of the long months of hard campaigning through which the troops had just passed. Rising in his stirrups, and speaking in a decisive tone, General Rosecrans said:

"There must be a thorough stirring up of this matter. The men must stir up their captains, the captains must stir up the colonels, the colonels must stir up the generals, the generals must

stir me up, and we must all stir up the quartermasters. There is clothing enough in Nashville and the men shall have it!"

The boys wanted to cheer at this, but they feared it might not be the proper thing to do at that moment, and restrained their enthusiasm until the review was over.

Observing one of our new drafted men, who handled his gun very much as he would a hoe, the general said, with a smile:

"Ah! you are a recruit, I see! We ought to have twenty thousand just such men as you!"

Thus he passed in front of each rank, throughout the long line, with a smile and a pleasant, encouraging word for all. The general and his staff made an imposing appearance, with their profusion of brass buttons and gold lace and their well-fed and richly caparisoned horses. There were two or three ladies in the party, who rode skillfully their spirited steeds. Probably their ears did not catch the half-whispered compliments which they elicited from the soldiers as they passed.

The inspection—which was so thorough as to occupy more than two hours—being finished, General Rosecrans and his staff took position in the center of the field and the division passed in review, marching in column by companies. The day was clear, the sun shone brightly, a gentle breeze gracefully waved the beautiful banners, and the scene was a most inspiring one. The long column executed the various evolutions with military precision. Ten thousand stalwart soldiers keeping step to the music of the bands; the lines of burnished arms at a "right shoulder shift"—each company successively coming to a "shoulder" when passing the reviewing party—with the bright bayonets shimmering in the sunlight and the national colors floating over all, combined to form a pageant long to be remembered. It seemed like a grand holiday parade, had we not felt that soon the fierce storm of battle would sweep our ranks, and lay low many a gallant form. It was our first review, and our last, until the Fourth corps carried its tattered but victorious banners past the eye of grand old "Pap" Thomas, at Nashville, in 1865, after we had fired our last shot.

We returned to camp about three o'clock and were relieved from further duty that day. As the soldiers broke ranks they appeared to be overcharged with enthusiasm, and there was loud

cheering from one end of the camp to the other. The boys had "inspected" General Rosecrans, and from the very outset he commanded their fullest confidence. "Ain't he a daisy!" "Bully for Old Rosey!" they shouted, in the free-and-easy army vernacular; thus expressing the highest possible compliments. Although General Rosecrans passed into the shadow of an eclipse at Chickamauga, he never forfeited the affection, esteem and confidence of his soldiers.

During the month of December the utmost activity prevailed in all the departments of the army at Nashville, in preparation for the movement against Bragg at Murfreesboro, which all believed was soon to take place. There was much difficulty and delay in the transportation of stores from Louisville, in consequence of the frequent depredations of Morgan's and Wheeler's cavalry along our "cracker-line." By bold dashes they overpowered the guards and destroyed the bridges at Green river and Bacon creek, and the great trestles at Elizabethtown and Muldraugh's hill. Prodigious efforts were made to repair these breaks as soon as possible, and by the 20th the army was fairly supplied with rations, clothing, ammunition and equipage. The organization adopted by General Buell at the opening of the Perryville campaign was perfected, a number being assigned to each brigade and division. The whole was designated the "Fourteenth Army Corps," and divided into the Right Wing, (McCook); Center, (Thomas); and Left Wing, (Crittenden). Our brigade was still in Wood's division, which was part of the Left Wing.

The troops were drilled constantly when not engaged in picket or forage duty. They were required to keep three days' rations constantly in haversacks, and to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Four roll-calls each day were prescribed—at reveille, noon, retreat, and tattoo. There were frequent alarms which called the troops to the colors, at all hours of the day and night. The practice of standing at arms an hour before daylight was resumed during the last two weeks of our stay. The strictest discipline was enforced and nothing was omitted that could contribute to the efficiency of the army. When it moved it was a compact and thoroughly organized body, in vastly better condition than at any previous time in its history.

With its advance, in the last days of December, began its career of success. From that day the Army of the Cumberland never showed its heels to the enemy save at Chickamauga, and this was more than atoned for two months later, by the magnificent sweep up the rugged heights of Missionary Ridge.

While here we had some very spirited foraging expeditions, which are deserving of brief mention. On December 5th the Thirteenth Michigan, five companies of the Sixty-fourth, five of the Sixty-fifth and two guns of the Sixth battery, went eight miles out the Nolensville pike, with fifty wagons. At the crossing of Stone river our advance was arrested by a rebel battery planted on the farther side of the stream. It threw several shells around us, for which we had no use. Fortunately, they did no damage beyond demoralizing some of the recruits. Our guns returned the fire, but it was determined to withdraw, as we did not wish to provoke a fight. Retracing our steps for a mile, we turned off on a by-road and soon found plenty of forage. We loaded the wagons with hay and corn, notwithstanding an attempt by the owner to argue the matter with us. We just "moved the previous question" and it was carried by a tremendous majority, under the parliamentary rules then in force. We marched back to camp in a driving snow-storm, suffering much from the severity of the weather.

On Sunday, the 7th, our entire brigade took a hand in the game, marching at peep of day, in a keen, nipping air. We went to the place where we had bumped against the rebel battery two days before. The guns were still there, as we discovered by the prompt arrival of a shell, which killed two mules and threw the driver of that team into an uncontrollable panic. Although we had a strong force, it was forage and not fighting that we were after, and we prudently took the back track. A mile from the main road we found plenty of plunder, loading all the wagons with grain and hay.

Sunday appeared to be a favorite day with us for foraging. On the 14th we went again, this time with two brigades, an entire battery, and a company of cavalry. We marched eleven miles, forded two very cold streams, hip deep, and halted in a cornfield of forty acres, the ears still being upon the stalks.

Strong pickets were posted, and then three thousand men stacked arms and went into that cornfield.

"Lawd bress me!" said an old darkey, "but I nebber seed de crap in dat field gadder so quick sence I'se bawn! You Yanks beat de debbil hisse'f!"

And he was about right. They went through that field like a tornado, and in forty minutes loaded a hundred and twenty wagons with not less than three thousand bushels of corn. Just as we had finished our job the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry dashed up at a gallop. A report had reached camp that we had been attacked by a large force and had more than we could well attend to, and this regiment was sent out to lend a hand. Its services were not required. We returned to camp without molestation.

On the 18th our brigade, with four guns of the Sixth battery, went out beyond the "Hermitage." We loaded the train without seeing or hearing an enemy. We had an extremely fatiguing day, as the distance traveled was twenty-six miles. We were obliged to spend two hours at the crossing of a stream, in tugging at the wagons and yelling at the mules. We did not reach camp till long after dark—drenched and chilled by a cold rain.

Our last expedition of this nature was on Christmas day. It was on a more extended scale than any in which we had previously engaged. Three hundred wagons trailed out the Franklin pike, escorted by three entire brigades, batteries and all—one from each division. Twelve miles from camp we found the rebel pickets, but as we had some eight thousand men we kept right on, brushing them from our front and driving them two miles. There was considerable sharp skirmishing, one of the Fifty-first Indiana being killed and several wounded. At one of the picket posts the "Johnnies" had shown great skill in carving and penciling on the bark of several large trees. A cordial, polite and very neatly written invitation to the "Yanks" to call over and eat a Christmas dinner with them was signed "H. A. Bruce, Co. B, Texas Rangers." We had accepted the invitation, but they were not there to act as hosts, nor was there any banquet spread to tempt our appetites.

After loading our wagons we struck out for camp at a rapid gait. We were far to the front and there was danger that a large force might be sent out to annoy us. The rebel cavalry followed us as closely as they dared, dodging about behind trees and buildings to keep out of range. Late in the evening we reached camp in safety, with all our plunder.

We lost no wagons on any of these trips. Some other brigades were less fortunate, having sometimes a considerable number captured by a dash of the enemy, and driven off or burned.

In these foraging operations the Sixth battery was a conspicuous factor. Its officers and men received many high compliments for the marked efficiency with which they used their guns. While at Nashville the members of the battery were delighted to receive a visit from Colonel Simon Perkins, of Akron, Ohio. The sight of an old familiar face from home was an event of rare occurrence in the army.

During our stay at Nashville a large amount of very poor counterfeit money found its way into the army from the North. Our brigade had a share, and much of it was passed upon negroes and ignorant whites. A few members of the Seventy-third Indiana were bold enough, and foolish enough, to try some of it upon a sutler. They were reported, placed in arrest, court-martialed, and sentenced to forfeiture of a month's pay, to be drummed through camp, and to be confined one year in military prison. The reading of this order on dress-parade, and the spectacle, the next day, of the culprits parading under guard to the tune of the "Rogue's March," had a salutary effect. After that the boys used their counterfeit money only in playing poker, betting enormous sums with utter recklessness.

On the evening of December 12th there was a convivial time at the big tent of Horner, the Sixty-fifth sutler. The occasion was nothing less than a wedding—an exceedingly rare occurrence in camp. The "high contracting parties" were "Dick" and "Sally," two very black contrabands employed by Mr. Horner as man-of-all-work and cook, respectively. The progress of the courtship had been watched by many, and the nuptials caused great sport throughout the entire regiment. Chaplain Burns performed the ceremony. Among the guests were the *élite* of the

colored servants, cooks and scullions of the brigade. Lieutenant-colonel Cassil, Major Whitbeck, Adjutant Massey, Quartermaster Trimble and, in fact, most of the officers, together with Colonel McIlvaine, Captain Robert C. Brown, Captain Neeper and others of the Sixty-fourth, were bidden to the marriage, and lent their dignity and brass buttons to the festive scene. Horner "set 'em up" with a lavish liberality that could scarcely have been expected of a man who had the face to charge ten cents for a piece of cheese about the size and thickness of a postage stamp. A space was cleared in the tent and there was some lively dancing, to the music of two squeaky fiddles. Considerable hilarity prevailed, and the celebration of the happy event was protracted till a late hour. The privilege of kissing the bride was not insisted upon by the chaplain or any of the officers.

One evening General Wood found himself outside the guard line without the countersign. It was rather late when he appeared, with two staff officers, at "beat number two," on which a Sixty-fifth man was diligently pacing to and fro. The guard halted the party with great suddenness. Very strict orders had that day been given the guards by Captain Coulter, of the Sixty-fourth, then acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of Colonel Harker, that no person be permitted to pass the line at night without the countersign. General Wood told the guard who he was, but to no effect. The corporal of the guard was called but he was equally unyielding. They imagined it might be only a trick frequently resorted to by officers to test the faithfulness of sentinels.

The officer of the guard was then summoned. The moon was shining brightly, and he saw distinctly that it was General Wood, but, remembering his orders, he would not allow him to pass the line. The general reasoned, pleaded, and then swore. The officer was inexorable, but finally compromised by proposing to send the party under guard to Colonel Harker's quarters, where, their identity being established, the guard would be permitted to let them go free. This was accepted, as there was no alternative, and the corporal was charged with the duty. As he marched along with fixed bayonet, by the side of his illustrious prisoner, he chuckled to himself, thinking the joke an excellent

one. Of course, as soon as Colonel Harker saw the general, he directed the corporal to return to his post. Although General Wood had exhibited some impatience at the guard line, he dismissed his escort with a kind word, telling him that if he always did his duty as well, he would be a model soldier.

The same night Colonel Shoemaker, of the Thirteenth Michigan, was caught in the same trap. He was unnecessarily violent at the refusal of the sentinel to pass him, and indulged in some very peppery observations about the stupidity of the "d—d guards." Probably he had been out on a "lark," and he was furious at the proposition to go under guard to Colonel Harker's quarters, for that would "give him away;" but when told that General Wood had just been through that experience, he ceased to object.

Two or three nights later, Colonel Harker found himself belated and was marched to brigade headquarters at the point of the bayonet. He was a thorough soldier and gentleman and took it good-humoredly, complimenting the guards in the highest terms.

The officers, field and line, often resorted to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to test the vigilance and faithfulness of the soldiers in the performance of guard duty. One of them would accost a sentinel with the remark: "You don't carry your gun right; just let me show you how to handle it." The first time this was played upon a guileless youth, the chances were nineteen out of twenty that he would promptly hand his musket to the officer, eager to avail himself of the advice and instruction so kindly proffered. Then, with the piece at a "charge bayonet," the officer would deliver to the terrified soldier a lecture that was generally sufficient to last him "three years or during the war." He was not likely again to commit the heinous offence of putting his musket into the hands of another while on duty.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXCITING HOLIDAY WEEK.

THE ADVANCE TO MURFREESBORO—THROUGH RAIN AND MUD—BRISK AND FREQUENT SKIRMISHING—THE MUSIC OF BULLETS AND SHELL—OUR BRIGADE LOSES A NUMBER KILLED AND WOUNDED—CAPTAIN NEEPER DISABLED—THE FAMOUS "CORNFIELD SKIRMISH"—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE BY NIGHT—HARKER'S BRIGADE CROSSES STONE RIVER—ADVANCES BOLDLY UPON THE ENEMY—IS RECALLED AND WITHDRAWS IN GOOD ORDER—"SAM" SNIDER AND HIS NOSE.

A FEW years after the war General William T. Sherman gave one of his characteristic "talks"—he never called them speeches—to a large gathering of soldiers, at Caldwell, Ohio. He said:

A great many people are attracted by the gaudy show of a military display. They see the bright uniforms, the burnished arms, and the waving banners, and they think it is a very fine thing to be a soldier. But boys, you know and I know that *war is hell!*

The general used the last word, as I quote it here, without a thought of profanity. The illustration is a strong one, but none too strong for the subject. Indeed, many will agree with the

opinion expressed by one of the Sixty-fifth at Stone River, who, as he came out of that fierce fight with part of one ear gone, a knuckle chipped, and two or three bullet holes through his clothes, but still standing by the colors, remarked to his comrades:

"Boys, that does beat hell!"

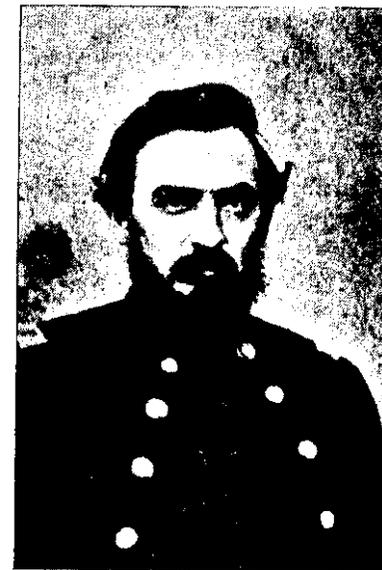
The word "sheol," given in the revised version of the Bible, might, perhaps, in the opinion of some, be better used in these pages. It might do less violence to refined taste, but to the old soldiers it would be tame and meaningless. The Methodist camp-meeting idea of the place of future punishment, with its fire and brimstone, if interpreted in its fullest sense, could hardly go beyond the horrors of such a conflict as that which took place in the cedar forest in front of Murfreesboro. In this and the succeeding chapters we will see the Sherman Brigade go down into the pit, breathing its sulphurous fumes—blistered by its scorching flame!

The first order for the advance came to us at four o'clock on the morning of December 24th. We struck tents, loaded wagons—which we were told would be left behind—and waited, momentarily expecting the tap of the drum, till late in the afternoon. Then we were directed to pitch tents again, and prepare for an early march on Christmas morning. We were ready at daylight, but were soon ordered again to unpack. Instead of waiting in camp, however, we went out with a forage train, as has been told in the preceding chapter. After our return from this expedition we received an order that the army would positively move on the following day—and that night was the last of our stay at Nashville.

Early on the morning of the 26th, drums and bugles sounded through all the camps of Rosecrans's army. In accordance with previous orders the company wagons were loaded and sent to Nashville, where they were parked to await the issue of the impending campaign. But three wagons were permitted to accompany each regiment. The troops began to march at six o'clock. Crittenden's command, the left wing of the army, moved out by the direct road to Murfreesboro. We got off at nine, in a pelting rain. The entire day was sloppy and disagreeable. There was frequent skirmishing in the advance, with now and

then a few artillery shots, that quickened the steps of the soldiers and kept us all in a state of excitement. The probabilities of a battle were freely discussed. It was generally believed that at last there was a fair prospect that we would get into a fight. It was noticeable that those who, when they thought the war was about over, had most loudly expressed their disappointment, because they were not going to see a battle, were now the most quiet.

After frequent halts, on account of the delay of the troops in front, just before dark we filed off the pike into a muddy field near Lavergne. A spirited skirmish had taken place here a few hours before. Several dead horses lay around, and here and there the ground had been torn up by shells. Things began to have a practical look. This appearance was more impressed upon our minds when we were informed that we must be ready to move very early the following day, as Wood's division would have the advance. The mud everywhere was shoe deep, churned by the ceaseless tread of thousands of men



J. H. CRUTHERS, SURGEON,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

and horses. Night, dark and dripping, settled down upon the great bivouac. Forty-five thousand men were there and at Triune, a few miles to the right, gathered around the sputtering fires. In the midst of such a multitude there was little chance to get anything to promote comfort. What little there had been was taken by those first to arrive. We could do nothing except spread our blankets upon the wet ground, choosing the spots where there was the least depth of mud.

Rain drizzled down upon us during the whole night. We slept, however, but arose well soaked, and in a most forlorn condition. The Fifty-first Indiana did the picket duty for the brigade. Coffee and hardtack were soon disposed of and we were ready for orders soon after daylight. An early movement was prevented by a dense fog, so thick at times that objects could not be seen at ten yards distance. The rebels were reported to be in force a mile to the front. There was a prospect of a fight as soon as we should attempt to advance. It looked even more that way when, about nine o'clock, the fog having lifted a little, a rebel battery opened fire, throwing several shells in our midst, with the most reckless disregard of consequences. Captain Samuel Neeper, of the Sixty-fourth, was severely wounded in the knee, and two or three men were more or less injured. Captain Bradley placed a section of the Sixth battery in position and gave the enemy his compliments. A desultory fire was kept up for an hour, with frequent rattling of musketry on the picket line. Wood's division stood at arms, ready to receive the enemy should he take the aggressive.

At noon an advance was ordered. We moved in line of battle by brigades, Hascall's leading, with the Twenty-sixth Ohio and Fifteenth Indiana deployed in a heavy skirmish line. There was constant irregular firing, the rebels stubbornly contesting the ground. They slowly yielded, however, and we at no time receded from our forward movement. The Sixty-fifth Ohio and Seventy-third Indiana were in line to the left of the Murfreesboro pike, and the Sixty-fourth Ohio, Thirteenth Michigan and Fifty-first Indiana on its right. As we approached the little straggling village of Lavergne we were much annoyed by the enemy's riflemen, who were concealed in and around the buildings. A few shells from the Sixth battery gave them to understand that we were on the war-path in earnest. A quick advance by the infantry drove them in confusion. The rebel artillery took advantage of every favorable position to retard our progress. But we did not sit down for half a day whenever a shot was fired, as we did under General Buell. We just kept right on, steadily pressing the enemy. One solid shot, or a shell which fortunately did not explode, struck the ground a few yards in front of the Sixty-fifth,

splashing the mud and water in every direction, which made the boys feel solemn. We advanced during the day about six miles, through miry fields, over hills, across swollen streams, and through dense cedar thickets which showered us with water as we forced our toilsome way through them. Long before we stopped for the night we were wet to the skin and thoroughly fatigued.

Toward evening a change of direction brought Harker's brigade in front. One company from each regiment was thrown out upon the skirmish line. As we emerged suddenly from a thick wood we came upon a squad of some thirty rebel cavalry. They were dismounted, and evidently not expecting us so soon. At sight of our advancing line they sprang into their saddles and were off like the wind. Their movements were hastened by a brisk fire from our skirmishers. In their flight the fugitives bore to our right, and dashed into a piece of woods, almost upon the muskets of Union troops which had but a moment before reached that point. They were all captured, except two or three who escaped through a shower of bullets. Having driven the enemy across Stewart's creek, we bivouacked on the north bank of that stream. A bridge which the retreating rebels had fired was saved by a dash of the Third Kentucky. We had another dismal night, with mud everywhere. The Sixty-fifth was detailed for picket, the right wing relieving the left at midnight. Two deserters came in through our line, and were escorted to brigade headquarters.

The 28th was Sunday. We kept it "holy" to the extent of not advancing to disturb the devotions of the enemy—if they had any. We did nothing except to stand picket and wade around in the mud.

Monday, December 29th, was an exciting day. It was in the evening of that day that we had our famous "cornfield skirmish," which was the tightest place we had yet been in, by long odds, and tested the mettle of the boys in standing fire. The army was up betimes. We formed on the colors at four o'clock—long before daylight—and waited patiently, and courageously, for whatever might turn up. But nothing happened to disturb us, and we stood around, half way to our knees in mud, till nearly noon. A spasmodic fire was kept up on the outposts, but neither party appeared to know just what he wanted to do.

We finally moved out, crossing Stewart's creek without opposition. Trouble had been expected here, and before the passage was attempted, two of our batteries threw over a few shells as "feelers," but elicited no reply. We immediately formed line of battle on either side of the pike, as on our advance from Lavergne. Within half an hour we stirred up the enemy's cavalry. Firing began at once, and continued through the day. The companies on the skirmish line were kept busy, but as scarcely anybody got hurt they thought it great sport. The rebel horsemen took care to keep at a good distance, galloping off whenever we began to get within gunshot. The shooting made a great deal of noise, although it was about as harmless as a Fourth of July fusillade. But our skirmishers blazed away incessantly. We marched over the body of one rebel who had been killed. Shots enough were fired that day to destroy half of Bragg's army. Several times Captain Bradley took a hand in the game. His battery was behind us. When opportunity offered he would unlimber two or three pieces; at the command "Lie down!" we would flatten ourselves upon the ground, and the shells would go screaming over us. The rebels had what we used to call a "jackass battery," which replied feebly from time to time. A large house just off the road was set on fire by one of our shells. It was in flames as we passed it, and was soon burned to the ground. We experienced all the fatigue of line-of-battle marching, tearing through woods and thickets, and fording several streams.

About four o'clock we reached the bank of Stone river, soon to be made historic by one of the great battles of the war. The Confederates were in force on the opposite bank. Their appearance seemed to say that if we advanced farther it would be at our peril. Not long after we halted, General Rosecrans and General Crittenden rode up and took a view of the situation. The enemy occupied a ridge half a mile from the river. A mile beyond lay Murfreesboro. Rosecrans, just at nightfall, acting upon a mistaken rumor that the rebels were evacuating, ordered Crittenden to occupy the town immediately, with one of his divisions. Wood's division was designated for this duty. The movement began at once, ours being the leading brigade.

"Skirmishers—Forward, promptly!" said Colonel Harker and ordered the brigade to follow.

Descending the steep bank to the brink of the stream, we plunged in and waded to the other side, the water being in places thigh deep. By this time darkness was fast enveloping us. Such a movement by night, over unknown ground, against an enemy in position, was one of extreme hazard, and General Wood protested to General Crittenden against its execution. Crittenden, however, refused to suspend a peremptory order which he had received from Rosecrans. An hour later the latter revoked the order and directed the recall of the troops that had crossed.

But in the meantime there had been no hesitation on the part of Colonel Harker and his brigade. Without pausing for an instant to question the expediency of the movement, he had ordered the line to push forward rapidly. Emerging from the river, we plunged into a thicket so dense that it seemed scarcely possible for even an unincumbered man to penetrate it. But we got through, with torn clothes and scratched faces, and entered a large cornfield, in which the dry stalks were still standing. The field led, by a gradual ascent, to the ridge occupied by the enemy. Strangely enough, there was no force at the river to dispute our passage.

There was no firing until we had advanced a considerable distance into the cornfield. Then the rebels opened suddenly with a volley that well-nigh made "each particular hair to stand on end." The bullets whistled around us and pattered viciously upon the cornstalks. The enemy being on high ground, the volley passed mostly over our heads. But the bullets came as close as we cared to have them, and quite close enough to appease, in some measure, our yearning desire for a fight. Our unquenchable zeal ought to have carried us right into Murfreesboro that night, but it didn't. In fact everybody was glad enough when the order to retire reached us. We did not know much about war yet, but it seemed to us that our advance was a mistake.

The boys got out of that cornfield in double-quick time, dashed again through the *chevaux de frise* of briers and brambles, in utter darkness, and plunged into the river. There was no

panic, no disorder. They simply wanted to get away from there and they did so, promptly. During the retreat, part of the Sixty-fifth lapped over in rear of the Thirteenth Michigan. The latter thought we were rebels advancing upon them and turned upon us with their muskets, but fortunately did no damage. The enemy continued a desultory fire until the brigade had recrossed the river.

We did not escape without casualties. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had each three or four men wounded. Two were killed in the Thirteenth Michigan and one in the Fifty-first Indiana. It was hardly less than a miracle that the loss was not tenfold greater. Among the wounded was "Sam" Snider, a lad of sixteen, belonging to Company D, Sixty-fifth, and a universal favorite in the regiment. A bullet, flying transversely across his face, struck his nose and made a bad wreck of that organ. The doctors succeeded in patching it up in good shape, and with their assistance nature repaired the damage so that in a short time he returned to duty, with a nose that was good enough for all practical purposes, if it was not quite as ornamental as before.

It may be remarked here that twenty-five years after the war "Sam" was a member of Congress from Minnesota. At the same time the Sixty-fourth was also represented in Congress, Wilbur F. Sanders, the first adjutant of that regiment, being a United States Senator from Montana.

Through some oversight, Companies B and E of the Sixty-fifth, which had been deployed as skirmishers during this escape, did not receive the order to recross the river, and remained on the rebel side for two or three hours. They could plainly hear the commotion in the enemy's camp, caused by the wholly unexpected demonstration. Regiments were forming in line, and the voices of the officers giving commands could be distinctly heard. All along the line the rebels were busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments, with a great noise of axes and shovels. Major Whitbeck, who commanded the skirmishers, thinking that they had been forgotten, finally sent a messenger to Colonel Harker, informing him of their position and asking whether they should remain. The colonel was greatly surprised to learn these facts.

"Get on my horse," said he to the messenger, "ride as fast

as possible, and tell Major Whitbeck to withdraw instantly, but with extreme caution and silence!" The two companies succeeded in recrossing the river without molestation.

It was a strange thing to attempt such a movement, under the circumstances. Unquestionably the order was far less wise and prudent than its revocation. Had we pressed forward we would have encountered, as we afterward learned, a force greatly superior to Wood's division, and with the river between us and the main army the result would most likely have been disastrous.

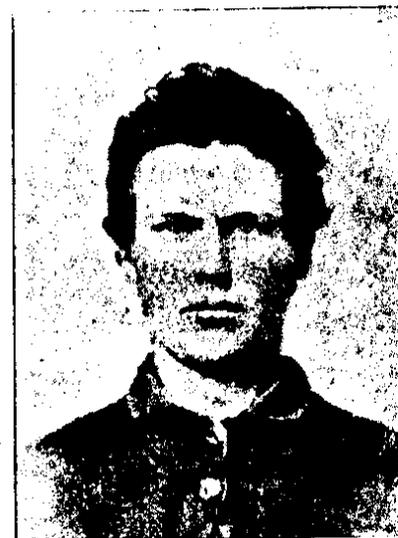
Van Horne, the historian of the Army of the Cumberland, says of our adventure in the cornfield—Vol. II, page 224:

General Rosecrans countermanded his own order and recalled the troops to their former position. Even this movement was critical, as Colonel Harker's brigade had crossed Stone river, and had driven Breckinridge's advance upon his main line, and Hascall's brigade and Bradley's battery were in the river, advancing in rear. However, Colonel Harker's adroitness and the veil of darkness secured their withdrawal with only slight loss.

Marching back a few hundred yards from the river we bivouacked for the night in the edge of a cotton field.

At last the boys had something to talk about. There were many tales of hair-breadth escapes. Rebel bullets passed within half an inch of the head of every man in the brigade!

As soon as the brigade recrossed the river the Sixty-fourth was ordered on picket, the line stretching along the margin of the stream. The men threw up little barricades of timber, stones and earth. These proved of great service the next day as a pro-



JOHN S. M'KIBBEN,
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Resaca, Ga.,
May 14, 1864.

tection from the enemy's pickets, with whom there was constant skirmishing. During that day the Sixty-fourth suffered a loss of one man killed—Wesley Hetherington, the first death in the regiment from a hostile bullet—and five or six wounded.

We expected to advance or fight, and probably both, on the 30th, but we did neither. The exercises of the previous day had been of such a character that we had made up our minds that after tramping over four states looking for trouble, we were at last going to be accommodated—and we were, but not that day.

We were called into line at four o'clock and directed to be in readiness to advance at daylight, but that was all. The only movement we made was a very hasty change of position, several hundred yards to the rear, to get out of the way of the shells that a rebel battery on the ridge across the river kept throwing at us. They seemed to have more hardware than they wanted and insisted on sharing it with us. But we were well supplied and their motives were not appreciated. So we just "climbed" for the rear to get out of range. This was about the middle of the forenoon. We could see their cannon glistening in the sunlight, less than a mile distant. There would be a puff of smoke and then whizz! boom! and everybody would be dodging to get out of the way of the pieces. Captain Bradley brought his battery to the front and replied with a lively fire, which soon silenced the enemy's guns. One of Bradley's carriages was struck by a solid shot and badly splintered. The Sixth battery men stood bravely to their work. It was clear that they could be depended upon.

The firing was kept up all day at intervals, not only in our front but at other points on the line. Our pickets, posted along the river bank, were almost constantly exchanging compliments with the rebel outposts.

During the afternoon several pigs wandered within the lines of the Sixty-fifth. They were surrounded and bayoneted without mercy. Our meat rations were running short, and the presence of the enemy did not prevent the boys from looking out for their stomachs. Colonel Cassil viewed the slaughter with complacency. He didn't make any fuss about it, and partook of a spare-rib with evident enjoyment.

Just at dusk we drew rations. The Sixty-fifth was ordered

to report forthwith for picket duty, to relieve the Sixty-fourth. As we moved to the river bank the batteries on both sides opened with a tremendous fire. The roar was terrific, but it was mostly noise, only three or four men in our brigade being wounded by fragments of shell. Captain Bradley had all of his six guns going. He paid strict attention to the rebel battery on the ridge, which had suddenly become very active. We took our positions for the night along the bank, behind the little breastworks which had been thrown up by the Sixty-fourth. The night was comparatively quiet, but we had no sleep save an occasional "cat-nap" when on the reserve.

The remainder of the brigade bivouacked in line of battle, as did both armies, the hostile lines being but six hundred yards apart. It was generally known, even among the soldiers, that the mighty grapple of Rosecrans and Bragg would take place on the morrow. By a singular coincidence, each commander had determined to take the offensive at dawn of the 31st, and both had decided upon the same plan of battle—that is, each was to assail the other's right flank. Rosecrans directed the left wing, under Crittenden, to cross Stone river, attack Breckinridge, commanding the Confederate right, drive him from his position covering Murfreesboro, sweep through the town, enfilade Bragg's main line with artillery, and obtain possession of the roads in the Confederate rear. Meanwhile the right, McCook, and the center, Thomas, were to engage the enemy vigorously in their front and prevent the sending of reinforcements to Breckinridge. All this looked very feasible, on paper, but circumstances which we could not control interfered very materially with the carrying out of the well arranged program. Bragg's plan was to mass, during the night, a heavy column and at daylight hurl it upon the Union right, sweep the line and seize the Nashville turnpike, Rosecrans's avenue of retreat in case of disaster.

There was little sleep that night. Thoughts were intent upon the coming day and what it would bring forth. Who would go down before the storm of battle? Who would escape the deadly missiles? Little wonder that mirth and jest were hushed, and thoughts of home and loved ones filled the hearts of the soldiers. Twenty-four hours later three thousand men lay dead

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.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FIRST DAY OF STONE RIVER.

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 RANKS GATHER ABOUT THE COLORS.

LONG 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

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,

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 spent

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 companies 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



STEPHEN A. MCCOLLUM,
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

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.

DURING 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 blunderers 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 uninjured, took the double-quick on foot, reached the battery, and by the use of very vigorous English brought the Chicago people to their senses. The Sixth battery stayed there, and its fire completely silenced the rebel guns. The Sixty-fourth Ohio, which

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:

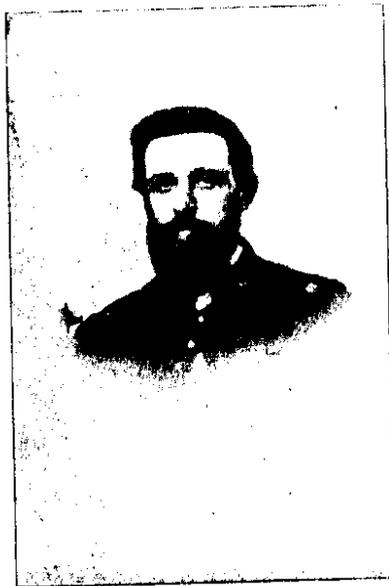
"What battery is this?"

"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 Rosecrans 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 its 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.

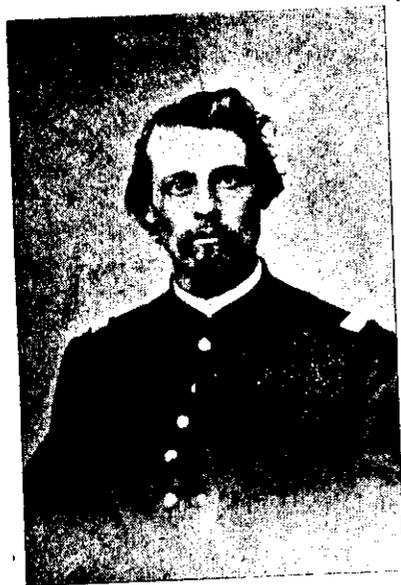
He was in all respects a model officer and his death—which occurred April 7th, 1863, at his home in Cleveland—was a personal bereavement to every officer and man in the regiment, as well as to those of the Sixty-fourth. We thank the Sixty-fourth for having given him to us. On the day that he received 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 troop-

ers, 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 messenger comes to gather the sacred dust of the four hundred who sleep in those rude trenches, that young hero will be invested with habiliments which will be outranked by none other."

The following are the official changes, from all causes, which occurred in the organizations of the Sherman Brigade during the year 1862, including, also, the small fraction of the year 1861, 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 30th.

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 and A. Q. M. by the president, November 4th, 1861.

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

First Lieutenant Ebenezer B. Finley, mustered out by order, July 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 lieutenant-colonel, August 10th.

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 In-
 fantry) to second lieutenant, August 11th ; to first lieutenant, Novem-
 ber 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, No-
 vember 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, Decem-
 ber 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, Au-
 gust 12th ; to captain, December 31st.
 Second Lieutenant George N. Huckins to first lieutenant, Febru-
 ary 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, Novem-
ber 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, Novem-
ber 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.

WE 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

mules that strewed the field. These latter, if left, would poison the air with their foul exhalations. Much of the ground was so stony that it was impossible to dig pits deep enough for their burial, and most of them were destroyed by burning. They were kept covered with blazing rails and logs, sometimes for two days, until thoroughly cremated. From the field of conflict was collected a vast quantity of the debris that always lay thickly upon the ground after a great battle—muskets, accouterments, blankets, overcoats, broken wagons and artillery carriages and caissons. Relics, by tens of thousands, were picked up by the soldiers and sent to friends at home as mementoes of the struggle.

The baggage train arrived from Nashville a week after the battle. Our first camp was about a mile from Murfreesboro, on the Lebanon pike. The ground was low. It rained with exasperating frequency and copiousness, and more than once our camp was literally overflowed—a sea of water and mud. In about a month we moved to a vastly more pleasant and healthy location, on the north side of the river, near the Nashville railroad, and within the line of intrenchments then being constructed. Some weeks later we once more changed our habitation, but by this time the vernal breath of spring had dried the ground and it made little difference where our tents were pitched, so that we were convenient to water.

During the uncomfortable months of January and February we made several expeditions into the surrounding country, foraging, guarding wagon-trains from Nashville, and one or two trips, the purpose of which was never unfolded. One of the latter, a reconnoissance, or something of that sort, to Eagleville, was especially trying to the temper and physical endurance of the men. We started on the 13th of January and were absent four days. The weather was cold, with almost constant rain, and we had a dismal time. Wet, shivering, without shelter except such as we could improvise, the nights were altogether wretched, and the days scarcely less so. We did not lack for something to eat, for we raided chicken-coops and smoke-houses, securing as much as we could carry. One day the brigade struck a large smoke-house, filled with the hams and sides of from fifty to seventy-five hogs, which were being cured for the rebel army. The men immediate-

ly proceeded to take the hams and bacon from the smoke-house, and resumed their march. They carried the meat upon their bayonets, with their guns at a "right shoulder shift." It was a laughable sight to look down the line and see the hams and bacon bobbing up and down with every movement of the men. We returned to our camp bedraggled, muddy and miserable. Probably nobody ever found out what we went for, or what we accomplished by going.

At different times the regiments, and sometimes the entire brigade, went on foraging expeditions. Upon one of these the Sixty-fifth was absent three days. The wagons returned with full cargoes of forage, and the men were loaded down with poultry and vegetables, the result of their efforts "on their own hook." Company E brought in five pigs, about two months old, which were tender, juicy and succulent. Once, our brigade was ordered out in hot haste to recapture a wagon train which the rebels had snatched from its guards. We went out seven or eight miles at a tearing gait, but of course the train was then far out of reach. Some general had the crazy notion in his head that we could overtake the galloping mules, when they had miles the start of us! We returned to camp thoroughly exhausted and wind-broken.

Sergeant George W. Smetts, of the battery, received a well-earned commission as second lieutenant, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Ferguson. He had served faithfully as orderly sergeant of the battery from its organization. Early in February, Captain Bradley was appointed chief of artillery of the division, on the staff of General Wood. He continued in this position during the remainder of his term of service. While his duties during the campaigns that followed, required him to be absent from the battery more or less, yet he made it his headquarters, and was always in command, except at such times as duty called him away, when the battery was commanded by the senior officer present.

Our most vivid recollection of our stay at Murfreesboro is the fact that "spades" were turned up for "trumps." It was determined that the place should be fortified in the strongest possible manner, so that if the rebels ever got possession of it again they would have to fight for it, and fight hard. The army engineers

"spread themselves" in laying out a cordon of forts and other earthworks completely surrounding the town. In the execution of this plan many thousands of men were employed for weeks and months. One day the cars brought from Nashville seven hundred carts to be used in the work, and a portable steam saw-mill for sawing timber.

We had scarcely settled down after the battle when one morning the entire brigade was ordered out for fatigue duty. We had no idea of its nature, but soon found out, to our sorrow. We had struck a job that was to keep us out of mischief for more than a hundred and thirty slowly dragging days. There was very much more "fatigue" about that duty than we relished. We marched to the spot assigned us, and found there several wagons loaded with picks, shovels and axes. We were told to go to digging at once, guided by numerous stakes which marked the projected line of fortifications. The boys did the digging and the officers did the heavy standing around. After a full day of work the men returned to camp, in a thoroughly disgusted frame of mind. The disgust increased as the days wore on and we continued to dig. When it came to protracted labor of this sort the constitutional laziness of the average soldier always asserted itself. He was willing to endure hard marching and exposure to all the rigors of heat and cold and storm, for that was legitimate soldiering, but he drew the line at grubbing with pick and shovel for forty cents a day.

Our men resorted to every "playing off" scheme that ingenuity could devise to evade the obnoxious duty. Even the monotonous round of three or four drills each day would have been preferable, for that came within the proper sphere of a soldier's activity. But week after week we toiled on, digging deep and wide ditches, piling up huge embankments, and making fascines and gabions out of boughs and wire, for the embrasures and inner walls. If we had believed that we would sweep down legions of rebels from the shelter of those fortifications, it would in some measure have assuaged the burden of our grief, but we had not the most remote idea that we would ever have a chance to do that—and we didn't. The rebels tried two or three times, before the war was over, to retake Murfreesboro, but other fellows who

wore the blue did all the fighting behind those mighty breastworks, that we toiled and perspired so long to build. After the work was well advanced, the generals eased up on us a little, and we labored by reliefs, each man being allowed to "knock off" half the day. We were devoutly thankful when our part of the job was finished, and we returned to the old daily routine of camp duty.

One day some of the Sixty-fifth diggers came upon the remains of two Confederates, killed in the battle. They placed them at the bottom of the embankment and covered them with a mountain of earth. Sergeant Dave Miller, of Company I, was led to remark:

"Them fellers 'll have to scratch gravel to git out o' there when Gabriel blows his horn!"

Lieutenant Joseph H. Willsey, promoted January 1st, 1863, from sergeant, Company E, Sixty-fifth, was soon afterward detailed as topographical engineer on the staff of Colonel Harker, a position for which, by ability and education, he was well fitted. He continued to serve on the brigade staff until the close of the war, with conspicuous fidelity and usefulness.

Our camps at Murfreesboro were fixed up in luxuriant style. Most of the tents were raised two or three feet upon frameworks of logs, making them much more comfortable for dwellings. They had fire-places, with chimneys of brick or sticks and clay, and many had floors, and sleeping bunks raised from the ground. These habitations were furnished with improvised chairs of all sorts, and here and there a rude table. The camp was kept thoroughly policed, and good health and spirits generally prevailed—barring, of course, the prodigious amount of growling that was indulged in while we were so long at work upon the fortifications. The boys put in a good deal of their leisure time in playing ball, pitching quoits and other innocent diversions. Every now and then there was a scare, and we would get the old "peep o' day" orders, to turn out at an absurdly early hour and stand at arms till daylight. The many hours we spent in that way during our four years afforded excellent and abundant opportunity for silent meditation and communion with one's self. All the hundreds of times we stood at arms never amounted to anything. It was with us as it was with the young woman who dressed for a ball, although she

had not been invited. She said she *might* get an invitation, and she would rather be ready and not be invited than be invited and not be ready.

On Sunday, March 22nd, we spent the day in an appropriate manner. In the morning each regiment of our brigade marched to the scene of its fighting on December 31st. Arms were stacked and the men were directed to put in order, as neatly as possible, the graves of our dead. This they did, with sad hearts but willing hands. The surface was carefully cleaned, the mounds smoothed, and the names upon the little headboards were carved with knives, so that their identity might not be lost. In the necessary haste of burial this had been done only with pencils, and the names were fast becoming obliterated. The sacred spot was then inclosed by a fence. When the work was finished, the men were called together and a touching address was delivered by Captain Thomas Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, after which an impromptu glee-club sang a number of patriotic songs. Upon our return to camp our route lay through "the cedars," where the battle had raged most fiercely during the hours of that fateful morning. On every hand the trees gave evidence of the terrible conflict—scarred by bullets and torn by shot and shell.

In the chaos following the battle our mails were stopped and more than a week passed before communication was restored. For many days our friends at home were in suspense, not knowing whether their loved ones were dead or alive. Just by way of illustration, I will cite an incident personal to myself. In general appearance there was a resemblance between Lieutenant Vankirk, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, who was killed, and myself. One of the wounded men of Company E saw his body and mistook it for mine. Within two or three days he reached Nashville and wrote home that I was killed. I was mourned by mother, sisters and brother for a week, until a letter written by my own hand reached them. As soon as the mails resumed business they were burdened with letters from the front, giving detailed accounts of the battle.

While we lay at Murfreesboro, a large number of the brigade engaged in the diversion of advertising in northern newspapers for young lady correspondents. The seed thus sown produced an immediate and bountiful crop. Scores of frisky young officers

and men found themselves up to their ears in correspondence. Lieutenant "Polly" Rook, as the boys called him, of Company B, led the procession in the Sixty-fifth. He used to get sometimes twenty-five or thirty letters in a single mail. I, myself, plead guilty to receiving thirty-seven in one day—so says my diary—but that was when our epistolary rations had been cut off for a week, resulting in this large accumulation. This "unknown" correspondence was generally innocent and harmless, without the smallest tinge of impropriety. The soldiers formed the acquaintance, at long range, of many exceedingly bright young ladies, and clever writers, whose only purpose in engaging in the correspondence was to divert the soldiers and help to relieve the tedium of camp life. As for the boys, they found in this pastime much profit and amusement. They might otherwise have occupied themselves in practices much more reprehensible than writing letters to young ladies they had never seen, and were likely never to see. Of the great mass of these letters, both ways, it may be said that there



ROBESON S. ROOK,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

was not a word in them which might not have been published to the world. It is true that now and then Cupid interested himself in this correspondence, and some matches were thus made which reached full fruition "when the cruel war was over." At Chickamauga a bullet through my right elbow disabled me from writing a letter for two months. Then I opened up again all along the line. A young lady in Boston wrote me: "You ought to have been spry and *dodged* the bullets," which was certainly very good advice.

During all our army life, whether in camp or on the march, nothing was looked forward to with a keener interest than the arrival of the mail. Sometimes we could get none for weeks at a time and then it would come by the wagon-load. Each division, brigade and regiment had its postmaster. At brigade headquarters the mail was sorted for the various regiments. In each of the latter the cry "Orderlies for your mail" always provoked a yell and a scramble for letters. The value of the best possible mail service for the army, to keep the soldiers in good spirits, was fully realized by the government, and no pains were spared to maintain the slender thread of communication between the men in the field and their friends at home. Breaks were frequent, owing to our movements or the predatory raids of the rebel cavalry, but these were unavoidable. The wonder is that the irregularity was not much greater. Now and then we would hear that a mail had been captured by the "Johnnies" and destroyed. Then the boys would vow to take dire vengeance by putting extra bullets into their muskets the first time they had a chance.

Postage stamps were often scarce and sometimes wholly unobtainable. In the second year of the war, Congress thoughtfully provided for this by the passage of an act permitting letters from the army to be indorsed "soldier's letter" and sent without prepayment of postage, the bill to be settled at the other end of the line. Millions of letters were thus forwarded without stamps. There was also a frequent and long-continued famine of writing materials. Often the soldiers wrote on the brown wrappers of cartridge packages, odds and ends of all sorts, and even on pieces of newspaper. Envelopes enclosing letters received were "turned" and used again. During such campaigns as that from Chattanooga to Atlanta, pens and ink were rarely available except at headquarters, and four-fifths of the letters were written with pencils. As for writing-desks, a piece of an ammunition or hardtack box, a drum-head, any stray bit of board, or a gum blanket across the knee, answered the purpose. The soldiers wrote under all conceivable conditions—during a halt in the march, on the guard reserve, on the picket-post and in the trenches, when a man would often lay down his pencil to seize his musket. It was writing under difficulties, but the soldiers were handy in

everything, and when the spirit moved one to write a letter he always found a way to do it. Nor, it may well be imagined, were these letters any the less welcome at home because they were not models of epistolary beauty and excellence.

Probably half the members of the Sherman Brigade started out with a brave purpose to keep a diary, for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of posterity. To keep up a daily record, with any measure of fullness, often under circumstances difficult and discouraging to the last degree, required about all the perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness that a man could muster. A large part of the diaries perished early, coming to an untimely end before we had been three months in service. I doubt if more than two dozen of the persistent scribblers held out faithful to the end, and even these were more or less spasmodic. There were times when for days it was impossible to write a word. Then it was such a job to bring up the arrears, that a man would generally start in afresh, leaving a gap which he never filled. Diaries were often lost by the accidents of the service, and such a disheartening mishap was very likely to prove fatal. I stuck to it fairly well, my jottings covering more than three-fourths of our entire service; otherwise I fear this volume never would have been written—or somebody else would have done it. On the march I always carried my diary in my pocket, and when a book was filled I sent it home, having the good fortune never to lose one of them. One night at Chattanooga, some worker of iniquity stole my valise from my tent, slashed it open, appropriated all the clothing and valuables, and pitched what he didn't want, including books, letters and papers, into a pond of water. There they soaked till morning, when I found them. Among the wreckage floating calmly on that pond was one of my diary volumes, just filled. I was so glad to recover this, notwithstanding its damaged condition, that I almost forgave the miscreant for his nocturnal foray. In the Sixty-fifth, Captain Edwin E. Scranton, of Company B, Sergeant Arthur G. McKeown, of Company H, and Corporal "Fet" Spellman, of Company E, were the successful "diary fiends" whom I now recall.

While we were at Murfreesboro many of our boys received from their friends in Ohio, boxes filled with sundry articles of clothing,

stationery, notions and "goodies" to tickle the sense of taste and relieve the monotony of army rations. Butter, preserves, canned fruits, maple sugar, pickles, etc., were to us like manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. These things did not always get through in the best condition, for they would usually be two or three weeks on the journey. A number of boxes and packages sent before we left Nashville did not reach us until five or six weeks after their shipment, and their contents were badly wrecked. Whenever a man who had been at home on furlough returned to his regiment, he brought for "the boys" all the stuff he could manage. After we left Murfreesboro we saw no more boxes from home for two years.

Not long after the battle of Stone River, the main body of the recruiting party, sent to Ohio from Stevenson and Bridgeport, returned, bringing with them a few recruits—not enough to fill a tenth of the vacant places in our ranks.

In March, Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine, of the Sixty-fourth, was promoted to colonel *vice* Ferguson; Captain Robert C. Brown, of Company C, to lieutenant-colonel; Captain Samuel L. Coulter, of Company E, to major. About the same time Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, of the Sixty-fifth, resigned on account of ill health and death in his family. He took leave of the regiment at dress-parade, on March 24th, with a few touching remarks expressing his regret at parting from his comrades, with whom he had served so long. Resolutions conveying a reciprocal feeling on the part of the regiment, were offered by Surgeon John M. Todd and unanimously adopted. Colonel Cassil left the next day for his home, his departure being sincerely regretted. Major Horatio N. Whitbeck was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and Captain Samuel C. Brown, of Company H, to major.

In April the Sixty-fifth received from the state of Ohio a new stand of national colors. That which we had followed so long, faded and tattered, was sent to Columbus for preservation. While we lay at Murfreesboro, a few furloughs were granted to enlisted men, but the number was at no time permitted to exceed one from each of our small companies.

On the first day of April—All Fools' Day—the boys had a

great frolic. Ingenuity was taxed by pretty nearly everybody to "fool" some other body. Few in the camp, from colonels down, escaped being made the victims of harmless tricks and pranks. A soldier of the Sixty-fifth, who was below the average in his reverence for "shoulder-straps," soaked a cloth in red ink, wrapped it around his foot, hobbled up to the quarters of Doctor Todd, and told him he had cut his foot while chopping wood. The surgeon carefully unwrapped the cloth, expecting to find a gaping wound.

"Doctor," said the soldier, saluting with a grace that would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, "you know this is the first of April!"

The boys who were standing around all laughed, and so did the doctor, for no man in the brigade was more fond of a joke. "Very good, indeed!" he said. "Go it, boys, fun is better for you than medicine!"

The "Johnnies" perpetrated a serious "April fool" joke on the sutlers of our brigade. All five of them started from Nashville for Murfreesboro, their wagons loaded to the guards with a fresh stock of seductive goods—for the paymaster was expected soon. They traveled in company for greater safety, upon the well-recognized principle that "in union there is strength." Near Lavergne, a squad of vagrant Confederate cavalymen dashed upon them and captured the entire caravan, with a single exception. Horner, of the Sixty-fifth, was at the head of the procession with his outfit, and by lashing his mules into a furious gallop he managed to escape. The looters reveled in the spoil, for a sutler's wagon was always a bonanza to the rebels. Horner, who was scared within an inch of his life, put up the prices and made the boys pay extra, to compensate him for his fright.

There was a chap in Company E, Sixty-fifth, who always kept himself and his belongings in the neatest condition possible. He was a fine looking soldier, and he knew it. Whenever the company was formed for drill or dress parade, he always wanted to stand in the front rank, where he could "show off." But when the men were called into line, on the morning of the battle of Stone River, he thought it might be a little more comfortable to have somebody in front of him, who would serve as a sort of breast-

work and shield him from the bullets. He quietly said to the one who usually stood behind him:

"Jack, you may take the front rank today if you want to!"

But for all that he did not flinch, and he found that in the confusion of battle, front or rear rank made little difference.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STILL AT MURFREESBORO.

GOOD-BYE TO OUR HOOSIER FRIENDS—GENERAL WOOD LEAVES US BUT RETURNS—THE WASTE OF WAR—FAST DAY—WE BUILD A "CHURCH"—A WHIRL TO LEBANON—VALLANDIGHAM—A HOMICIDE IN CAMP—PHIL SHERIDAN (NOT THE GENERAL) AND "HAPPY JACK"—THE "PUP" TENT AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED—THE SOLDIER AND HIS "PARD."

IN APRIL, we bade farewell to our Hoosier comrades of Harker's brigade. Colonel Streight was placed in command of an expedition, the purpose of which was to destroy railroads and manufactories in northern Alabama and Georgia. He took with him the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana as part of his provisional brigade. "Hard luck" befell the expedition. It was overwhelmed near Rome, Georgia, by a large body of rebel cavalry under Forrest, and on the 3rd of May, after severe fighting—in which Colonel Hathaway, of the Seventy-third was killed—Streight surrendered his entire command of nearly fifteen hundred men. The officers were taken to Libbey prison in Richmond.

Streight was one of the hundred or more who escaped from that famous prison by means of the tunnel. He took the field again with his regiment, which had been exchanged, but did not rejoin our brigade.

When organizing his expedition Colonel Streight asked for the Sixty-fourth Ohio regiment, but Colonel Harker would not consent to its separation from the Sixty-fifth. The latter was not to be considered for detachment, as it must of necessity remain with its colonel, commanding the brigade. So Streight was compelled to seek elsewhere. In view of the complete disaster that overwhelmed the expedition, the members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth have abundant reason for gratitude that they were not part of it. The gap in our brigade was filled by the Third Kentucky, Colonel Henry C. Dunlap, and, a few weeks later, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, Colonel Emerson Opdycke, both excellent and ably commanded regiments. Before we left Murfreesboro the Thirteenth Michigan ceased to be a member of our brigade.

After the departure of the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana some sixty soldiers of each of these regiments—convalescents, and men returned from detached service—reported to Harker's brigade and found themselves homeless. The Fifty-first detachment, commanded by Captain Haley of that regiment, was temporarily attached to the Sixty-fourth Ohio. The Seventy-third squad was assigned to the Sixty-fifth. It was known as "Company Q," and was commanded by Lieutenant Hinman. Its orderly sergeant was Job Barnard, in later years a distinguished practitioner at the bar in Washington, D. C. These detachments remained with us nearly three months. They left us in the Sequatchie Valley, about the last of August to rejoin their regiments, which had been exchanged and were preparing again to take the field.

About the middle of April General Wood was transferred to another field of duty and General John M. Brannan was assigned to the command of our division. The officers of the Third brigade assembled at Colonel Harker's headquarters, to bid farewell to General Wood and meet the new division commander. General Wood made quite a speech, in which he reviewed the battle of

Stone River, and spoke in terms most complimentary of the regiments and battery of Harker's brigade. "No men could have done better!" he said. After introductions and hand-shakes all around, General Brannan invited his guests to sample the contents of sundry bottles. Nearly everybody "took the oath," according to the manners and customs of those days in the army. Six weeks later General Wood returned to the division, and continued to command it until the change of organization after the battle of Chickamauga.

I find in my diary, under date of April 20th, 1863, a memorandum which illustrates the waste of sixteen months of such service as we had been through. At the date given, of the ten orderly sergeants of the Sixty-fifth who shouted "Left! Left!" at Camp Buckingham, but two remained upon the rolls of the regiment. Of the eight others, two had died of disease; one was promoted and killed at Stone River; one promoted and resigned on account of disabling wounds received at Stone River; two discharged by reason of disability; one promoted and resigned for disability; one—save the mark!—reduced to ranks and deserted. Gardner, of Company D, and Hinman of Company E, now both first lieutenants, alone were left. Both "stuck it out" until the last gun was fired.

Here are a few lines from my diary, April 21st, which I am sure will awaken palpitating emotions in many hearts: "This evening I saw in a newspaper the following sentiment offered by a young lady in Ohio at a soldiers' dinner: 'The young men in the field—their arms our defence; our arms their reward! That suits us exactly! When the pretty girls 'present arms' after this cruel war is over, won't we 'fall in' and 'salute!' I think after 'three years or during the war' of service, we will still be capable of 'bearing arms'—of that kind.'"

While we lay here a great deal of tattooing with India ink was done. In a circular from headquarters it was recommended that each soldier have his name and regiment put upon his arm, so that he might be identified if killed in battle. Many adopted the suggestion, and the tattooers had plenty of business. The names were often supplemented by flags, cannon, muskets, sabers, tents and other warlike emblems. "Si" Wagner, of Company K,

was the leading artist in the Sixty-fifth. He decorated the arms or legs of scores of our men. In the Sixty-fourth "Happy Jack," whenever he was sober enough, did a rushing business.

The 30th of April was a "fast day," appointed by the president, and its observance was enjoined upon the army. To us there seemed to be a sort of grim humor about the idea of the soldiers keeping fast day. As if we had not already done fasting enough to count for all the fast-days of our natural lives. The picks and shovels were allowed to rest, and for that we were thankful. We kept the day by carefully abstaining from oysters, porter-house steak, roast turkey and pumpkin pie, but we "got away" with our usual rations: breakfast—coffee, hardtack and bacon; dinner—hardtack, bacon and coffee; supper—bacon, coffee and hardtack.

Considerable religious interest was manifested in the brigade and we built a "church"—at least that is what we called it. There was a decidedly primitive appearance about it, as it was composed of poles covered with brush. It was dedicated on Sunday, June 7th. There was no church debt on it. Sermons were preached, forenoon and afternoon, by ministers belonging to the Christian Commission. The services were largely attended, hundreds being unable to get within the rude enclosure. Two weeks later we marched and left that church behind.

Early in May, Harker's brigade, including the battery, was ordered on a reconnoissance to Lebanon, some thirty miles distant. Lebanon had been the boyhood home of Captain Bradley, and he was glad of the opportunity to revisit the scenes of his early life. The years that had come and gone while he served in the regular army, had obliterated not only the landmarks but the people also. He saw no one who could remember his family. We returned to camp without any particular incident, either going or coming. It was another case of chasing an *ignis fatuus*.

A few days afterward another expedition went out foraging, and, as usual, a section of the battery accompanied it. The officers' mess provided bugler Charles Smith with greenbacks and coffee for the purpose of trading for chickens, potatoes, etc. He stopped on the road at a plantation, made his purchases and rejoined the train. When the train returned in the afternoon he went to the

house for his "truck". He was invited into the back yard, and was immediately surrounded by a squad of rebel cavalry and taken prisoner. They took him three miles over the hills to their camp, which was in charge of Colonel Breckinridge, and the next day paroled him. He returned to camp bearing a letter from Colonel Breckinridge, thanking the officers' mess for the donation of eatables captured from Smith.

About the last of May there was considerable of a stir over the arrival at Murfreesboro of Clement L. Vallandigham, an Ohio politician of note, who, for the public utterance of disloyal sentiments, had been sentenced to banishment into the Confederate lines. With a strong escort he was taken to the outposts and, under a flag of truce, delivered to a rebel officer. He belonged to the class known in the phrase of the time as "Copperheads," corresponding to the "Tories" of the revolutionary war. Vallandigham went by way of Chattanooga and Richmond to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he ran the blockade. From the West Indies he went on a British vessel to Canada, establishing himself "over the border" at Niagara Falls. He was nominated for governor by the Democratic party of Ohio, on a "martyr" platform. At the election, in October, he was overwhelmingly defeated by John Brough, who received more than one hundred thousand majority of votes.

Mention has been made of the marriage, shortly before we left Nashville, of Dick and Sally, two of Sutler Horner's "contrabands." In May, before the honeymoon had scarcely waned, the "green-eyed monster" caused a homicide in camp. Dick thought one of the other negroes was too attentive to Sally, and fired a pistol bullet into his rival's head, killing him almost instantly. The affair created a great stir in the camp. Dick was at once placed under guard, but the outcome of the matter I do not know.

Everybody remembers Phil. Sheridan, the wild Irishman of Company I, Sixty-fifth, just as he remembers Phil's counterpart, "Happy Jack," of the Sixty-fourth. They were "two of a kind" and never so happy as when they were filled up with "commissary." Phil. spent about half his term of service in the guard-house, and "Happy Jack" was a good second. Sheridan was

court-martialed at Murfreesboro for absence without leave, and was compelled to wear a ball and chain for thirty days, doing all sorts of extra and fatigue duty about the camp. In moving around, always with a guard carrying a fixed bayonet, Phil had to pick up the ball—a twenty-four pounder—and carry it in his hands. He was bubbling over with Irish wit, and it was worth a day of guard duty to hear his sallies.

"What a rich man Uncle Sam must be," he said one day, "to be able to give us such foine jewelry to wear!"

He would sit for an hour at a time and talk to that ball, calling it his "pet," "doll," "baby," "kitty" and other endearing names. He would take it in his arms and fondle it in a way that kept everybody laughing. Phil was proud of his name, because it was the same as that of a distinguished soldier who won the largest measure of fame. When, at Chattanooga, General "Phil" Sheridan became the commander of our division, *our* Phil remarked:

"Well, byes, they say I've got to take command o' this division. The order says Philip Sheridan, an' that's me. I'm goin' ter make ye hump yerselves, too!"

No doubt Phil would have selected "Happy Jack" for his chief of staff.

It was always the duty of the orderly sergeant to spring at the first sound of the reveille, and stir up the company for roll-call. This was very rarely omitted, and only in extraordinary emergencies. All soldiers were naturally, intrinsically and essentially lazy, and they considered early rising as one of the greatest crosses they were called upon to bear. Many of them hurled all sorts of language at the orderly when he yanked open the tent and yelled: "Turn out for roll-call!" When engaged in an active campaign, or in the direct presence of the enemy, no objection was made. If shots were heard on the picket line, or at the first blast of bugle or tap of drum, every man would throw off his blanket, buckle on his accouterments and take his place in line. It was when lying idly in camp, with no enemy near to molest or make afraid, that he grumbled at getting up early, or tried to make the orderly believe he was sick, in the hope of getting "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to



WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

sleep." The duty of attending roll-call was as incumbent upon the company officers as upon the soldiers. Indeed, an officer was expected to be to his men an example of punctuality and faithfulness in the discharge of every duty. Generally speaking, the officers had more comfortable beds than the soldiers, and the inclination to occupy them as long as possible was correspondingly greater. So it was that some of the captains and lieutenants were often tardy in making their appearance at roll-call, and frequently they would not show up at all. Hence the words which the boys used to sing to the tune of the reveille, as the plaint of the orderly sergeant :

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all!
The corporal 's worse than the private,
And the sergeant 's worse than the corporal,
Th' lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,
And the captain's the worst of all!
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

Colonel Harker, as all know, was a rigid disciplinarian, whether in camp or on the march. When in the immediate command of his regiment, he frequently arose, even before the reveille, and took an early promenade through the camp, to note the varying degrees of promptness with which the different companies formed for roll-call. To a company, the members of which were prompt and soldierly, he would speak words of compliment and commendation, not only to the officers and the orderly, but to the men themselves. If the soldiers came out of their tents tardily, and in a half-dressed, slovenly condition, the colonel's eyes would snap and he would deliver a brief but forcible lecture that was not soon forgotten.

It was at Murfreesboro that we were introduced to that contrivance which continued to be our intimate friend and companion while the war lasted, the "pup" tent, a new and revised edition of field habitation. It was of light canvas or duck, and was made in halves, with buttons and button-holes by which they could be

fastened together. When this was done the combination formed the palatial residence of two men. On the march each "pard" carried one of these sections. Upon going into bivouac, five minutes sufficed, with knife or hatchet, to cut two forked stakes and a ridge-pole, over which, in five minutes more, the cloth was stretched and pinned down at the corners. A triangular piece, or, in default of that, a rubber blanket, closed one of the "gable ends," and the habitation was complete. The ridge was but three or four feet from the ground, and an entrance could only be made by bending low or getting down upon hands and knees. It was of the same shape as an old-fashioned triangular chicken-coop, and not very much larger. Its official designation was "shelter tent," but the boys thought this somewhat vague, as all tents are intended for shelter, and they promptly christened it the "pup."

These tents—the lowest point that could be reached by the gradual process of shrinkage from the big "Sibley"—were received by the soldiers with a feeling akin to amazement. They could not conceive how such things could be made comfortable habitations for human beings. They thought Uncle Sam was "playing it pretty low down" upon them and gave full, free and emphatic expression to their disgust. The advent of the "pup" tent was greeted with the same absence of enthusiasm that marked our first acquaintance with thehardtack. In the end the result was the same; we came to regard it as a thing indispensable. In such campaigns as those which followed, the enormous baggage-trains with which we started out in 1861 could not be permitted to encumber the army. We had already experienced the discomfort of living wholly without shelter when, for days, weeks, and in one case months, our baggage wagons were far in the rear. If a man carried his tent on his back—and each half did not weigh more than two pounds—he was always sure of a shelter, such as it was. They grew in favor daily, and after we became accustomed to them we would not willingly have exchanged them for "Sibleys" or "Bells," with the chance of not having the latter half the time.

Some time before we left Murfreesboro we received the "pups" and surrendered the others. The soldiers put them up, amidst a fusillade of jests. The mischievous boys gave them all

sorts of grotesque names, and placed upon or above them such legends as these: "Ladies' bonnets done over!" "No loafing allowed here!" "Services here next Sunday." "Meals at all hours!" "Pups for sale here." "Jones & Smith, attorneys-at-law; office up stairs." "Boarding and lodging."

The advent of the "pup" tent compelled the soldiers to "pair off." They slept, and usually cooked and ate, by twos. On the subject of the soldier and his "pard" the writer feels that he cannot improve upon a sketch in "Corporal Si Klegg," depicting this feature of life in the army, and it is appended as a fitting close for this chapter:

With rare exceptions every soldier had his "pard." Troops on taking the field and adjusting themselves to the peculiar conditions of army life, mated as naturally as birds in spring-time. The longer they remained in the service the more did they appreciate the convenience of this arrangement. During the arduous campaigns, two constituted a family, eating and sleeping together. They "pooled" their rations, and made an equitable division of labor. On the march, if a patch of sweet potatoes, a field of "roasting ears," or an orchard in fruit were reached, one would carry the gun of his comrade, while the latter laid in a supply for their evening meal, and then hastened forward to his place in the column.

On going into camp one would look for straw while the other went in quest of a chicken or a piece of fresh pork. Then, while one filled the canteens at the spring or stream, the other gathered wood and made a fire. All became prime cooks, and this part of the work was also shared. If it was to be a "regulation" meal, one superintended the coffee, pounding up the grains in a tin cup or can with the butt of his bayonet, while the water was coming to a boil, and the other fried or toasted the bacon. If either were detailed for guard or fatigue duty, he knew that the wants of his inner man would be provided for by his "pard," and a portion of any choice morsel would be scrupulously saved for him. If one were ill, or more "played out" than the other, after a toilsome march, his companion cared for him with all the tenderness of a brother. If one were imposed upon by quarrelsome comrades, he could always safely depend upon his "pard" to stand by him to

the last extremity. At night they lay together upon one blanket, with the other as a cover. It is not probable that Solomon ever smuggled up to his "pard" under a "pup" tent, but he seems to have had the correct idea when he wrote (Ecclesiastes, iv:11): "Again if two lie together then they have warmth, but how can one be warm alone?" There were many times when they hugged each other like two pieces of sticking-plaster, in the vain effort to generate heat enough for even a measurable degree of comfort. When two congenial spirits were thus brought together, nothing but death, or a separation at the call of duty, could sever the ties that bound them.

It will not be deemed strange that many, after living together for a few days or weeks, found themselves mismated. In fact it was about as much of a lottery as getting married is popularly believed to be; and divorces were as frequent as in the hymeneal experience of mankind. A fruitful source of domestic eruptions was the gradual development of a disposition on the part of one of the pair to "play off" on his more energetic comrade, and shirk his part of the labor so indispensable to their welfare. The soldiers were afflicted with chronic laziness so far as the performance of irksome toil was concerned. It was considered proper and right to shirk general fatigue duty as much as possible, but when a man was too lazy to help get his own dinner, or go foraging for sweet potatoes, he placed himself outside the pale of christian forbearance. Then his "pard" went back on him, and sometimes a riot occurred that aroused the whole camp. The upshot of it generally was that the "drone" was left to shift for himself, while the busy bee, finding it easier to provide for one than for two, buzzed around alone until he could pick up a more congenial mate.

Incompatibility of temper broke up many of these hastily formed partnerships. Sometimes one had an excess of appetite, and in times of scarcity ate more than his share of the common stock of rations. Then there *was* trouble, and plenty of it. These and other causes often disturbed the harmony of intimate association, and it generally took some time to get the "pards" properly adjusted. The ravages of disease and the deadly missiles of battle made sad havoc with these ties of brotherhood. Few bereavements are more keenly felt than were those among comrades of months and years.

Here and there, in every company flock, was a "black sheep," who seemed to be a misfit everywhere. Nobody paired with him, and—perhaps as much from his own choice as from the fact that he seemed to have no "affinity"—he lived much like a crusty old bachelor in civil life. He made his own fire, boiled his coffee in a kettle holding just enough for one, and ate his meal alone. Then he rolled himself in his blanket like a mummy and lay down, having, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that no bed-fellow would kick the cover off in the night and expose him to the copious and chilling dews.

In the company to which the writer belonged there was a little fellow of Teutonic birth, (Herman Hance,) who had a snore that was like the sound of a fish-horn. When he slept it was never silent. He would begin to tune up his bazoo as soon as he closed his eyes, and by the time he was fairly asleep it would be at full blast. Enough imprecations to sink a ship were nightly heaped upon that unfortunate youth. Sometimes the boys made it so warm for him that he would get up in high dudgeon, seize his blanket, go off back of the camp and crawl into a wagon. Then when he got to snoring it would set all the mules to braying. Once when the company was sent, at night, to occupy a position very near the enemy, and silence was a necessity, Herman was actually left behind, as a prudential measure, for fear he would go to sleep and snore. But he snored his way through the war to the very end. In all the hard fighting only one bullet ever touched him, and that did not in the slightest degree impair his snoring machinery. Of course he never had a "pard." A chap tried it the first night in camp, but half an hour after they lay down, he got up in a rage and left the Dutchman's bed and board forever.

Next Chapter Begins:

"On June 24 we started for Tullahoma...."