

Lancelot Scott Diary

November 20, 1861

Elizabethtown Kentucky

I have formed a resolution to keep a journal of the events that must mark our career and to carry it into effect I went over to town today and bought a memorandum and will now go back to Nelsonville and commence an account of my journeyings this far. As it is going to be written for my own benefit only I suppose I am at liberty to write anything that I may deem proper. If I continue the narrative, it will probably possess considerable interest to me if I survive the uncertain chances of war. Well to commence. During the first part of September I went to Athens to volunteer but the company could not be formed and the squad returned home disappointed. Our present company was then commenced and waiting until it was likely to be a success. I signed my name on the third of last month.

Daily the company grew and we were all impatient to be off. Some of the boys were so keen to leave that they would make every night hideous with their cheers. The eleventh was fixed upon for a grand rally, and the citizens made us a dinner of beef and bread. The beef was so tough that I was glad to beat a retreat as soon as possible and even now in camp, whenever the toughness of the meat should call forth my first indignation, I think of that beef and chew a way [sic] contentedly.

Then I heard that we were going to leave in the evening. About three o'clock we formed in the square and were presented with a flag by the ladies which was received in behalf of the company by John G. Camp. We then marched down to the basin and got on board the G. W. Abby and amid considerable crying and a little cheering we bade farewell to home.

To say that I didn't feel bad would be saying that I had no heart. This was my first going from home and soldiering then possessed untold horrors. At the first lock I went down into the midship to change the current of my thoughts. I found some of the boys there overflowing with patriotism and whiskey and cheering. Bill Graham who, standing as erect as the deck would allow, was making a speech. I arrived in time to hear the following wind up. "Our forefathers fought, bled and died over the ruts and bumps eighteen hundred years ago, and now we have to go and fight too." "I warn you fellow citizens and soldiers that every man, woman and children of you will be drafted before next spring." "Oh: you had better come out now and save your credit."

There was no sleep for me that night. Towards morning it grew intensely cold and we tied to the river bridge above Athens went ashore and built a fire. At sunrise we proceeded on to Athens and at eight o'clock got in the cars for camp.

The towns and country along the railroad possessed considerable interest to me, still I was not sorry when late in the afternoon the train stopped at the camp. We marched to the quarters of the Eighteenth regiment and were assigned to barracks in the left wing of the regiment. The 18th was formed at Athens and had preceded us to Dennison only a few days. Cos A and E are from Ross county – B and F from Vinton – D and K from Meigs – J from Gallia, F from Morgan while C and our company G are from Athens county. Field officers – Col. T. R. Stanley, McArthur, Leut. Col Josiah Given, Coshocton, Major C. H. Grosvenor, Athens and Adjutant Neal, Galliapolis.

The four days following our arrival were spent in viewing the different camps of regiments and batteries. In one camp were some of the 19th Illinois who had been injured by the falling of a bridge on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad. The 48th, 52 and 54 (Pratts Zinaves) and two or three batteries of Barnett's 1st Ohio Artillery were some of the troops in camp.

October 16. We were sworn to the service for three years or during the war and called Co. 18 O.V.I. So we are in for three long years if the government sees fit to keep us but we hope that a vigorous prosecution will end it in less than one year. Several of the boys got furloughs and went home for a few days and Capt. Dew went home after more recruits and returned on the 23 with a squad who were sworn in on the 24th.

28. Our election of officers resulted as follows, Tom Dew, Captain, C. A. Cable, 1st Lieutenant, John C. Barron 2nd. Our noncommissioned officers were now appointed. Sergeant W. S. Bell, J. F. Camp, J. M. Johnson, B. G. Harrison, and G. R. Davis. Corporals W. G. Quigley, M. G. Dawson, J. Stonebruner, A. Shanes, T. R. Blake, T. W. Battin, Wm. Gorsell and T. E. Snyder. Cap. Dew got sick, resigned and went home and J. C. Steadman of Athens is now our captain. We settled down to barrack life and drilled every day. Our quarters were seven shanties – ten men in each shanty called a mess. Two men in each one cooked a day in turn. The boys being newly caged were rather wild and occasionally the noise would bring the colonel around to our quarters. Co's A and B were the only ones that had arms and did duty at the station. The boys would break through the camp guards at night and go down to Milford about two miles of [sic] and have lively times. When the passenger trains passed the ladies would wave their handkerchiefs to us and cheer on cheer would roll up at this expression of their interest in the welfare of the soldier.

31. Our trains arrived from Cincinnati. Each company is allowed one horse or mule team to carry the company baggage, books, etc.

Nov. 1. Our first regimental review when all the companies were formed on the parade ground and inspected by the regimental officers.

5. We received our arms, old U. S. (Attenuated muskets?). In the afternoon all the regiments in camp were formed at the depot to hear Gov. Dennison speak. He complimented us very highly on our good appearance. Gen. Wade, commanding camp afterward reviewed us. On the evening we received the welcome order to get ready to leave for Kentucky in the morning. Camp life had begun to be a drag and we longed to be at the scene of more active operation. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested and we were occupied near all night in getting ready for the eventful morrow. Shortly after sunrise we got on the cars and giving three cheers for the troops we were leaving behind – moved off. A short ride of sixteen miles brought us to Cincinnati. Marched down to the landing and got on board the Jacob Straden, the largest steamer on the Ohio. At 4 p.m. we cast off and soon lost sight of bright Ohio on our way to Louisville. At North Bend we caught a glimpse of President Harrison's [sic] Tomb. The night was chilly but I staid [sic] on deck until a late hour watching the lights as we hurried passed the towns on either bank. Arrived at Louisville at 1 a.m. on the 7. At sunrise left the boat and marched through the city to the Louisville and Nashville railroad depot where a delegation of citizens met us with a breakfast. After we went into camp to the south of the city. Here we were initiated into the misteries [sic] and miseries of tent pitching. Drew overcoats and cartridges in the evening.

8. Commenced our march to Dixie. It was a hot windy day and the dust raised in clouds. The 1st Ohio marched with us. We marched eight miles down the Ohio along the Nashville pike and halted for the night near Davis Store in a large corn field on the left of the pike. Continuing our march on the ninth late in the afternoon we reached West Point at the mouth of Salt River making fourteen miles during the day. Here we found the 9th Michigan – 37 Indiana – 2 companies of 2nd Cavalry and two batteries. We camped out from town. The next day we commenced work on a fort on Muldraugh's hill which overlooks the town, and commands the river for miles. One day we went out of camp up the valley there and I shot a musket off for the first time. That night we had an alarm which proved to be false.

15. After a stay of near a week at this point we again started southward. After marching along river bottoms for a few miles the pike lead in among some steep hills. We passed a cave with a small stream of water running out of it. Made seventeen miles that day carrying our knapsacks, etc and camped for the night in a field on the right of the pike near a large straw stack which enabled the boys to show their "baking" propensities. Resuming our march on the next day brought us to this place. We camped in a large grove and named it Camp Haycroft. In honor of a Union man in the town. We found the 19th Ill. here. Some of whom we saw at camp Dennison.

Nov. 26. Elizabethtown is a place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants and is a court town. I forgot to state that on the 18th Gen Buell reviewed us and in the evening our Lieut. Colonel arrived. The boys gave him a hearty welcome. I like his looks though he appears to be rather stern.

28. I shall not attempt to keep a journal of every day's transactions as it would then present too much sameness and shall be content with writing anything unusual that occurs. Col John B. Gurchin of the 19 Ill. is commanding the post. The 19 is a quasi-regiment from Chicago.

Dec. 1. The wintry days have come down in earnest and with all their vigor. Rain and disagreeableness, wind and monotony, drill and guard are the various changes that we have to make us realize that we are in the tenter field.

December 1861. Soutward Bacon Creek.

5. We received our first pay from the government today. Our Company received six dollars and ninety cents in gold and silver.

7. Reviewed by Col Gurchin. He has been appointed our brigade commander which consists of the 19th and 24 Ill., 18th Ohio and 37 Ind. in the order named. Col Gurchin served with distinction in the Russian Army.

8. Broke camp early and marched eight miles on the pike to Camp "Nevin" on Nolin Creek. There has been a great many troops camped here but they have all moved on to Bacon Creek and Green River.

14. The country around here is rolling with many curious bowl shaped hollows caused by the wasting away of the lime stone formations underneath.

16. We are camped on the banks of the creek which is a large one and have cleaned all the brush and leaves out of the streets and ditched them. Drill and parade.

18. The brigade marched to Bacon Creek. Our company has been left to guard the railroad bridge across the river about a mile or so from where our camp was and near Nolin Station.

20. Last night we had a report that Capt. John Morgan was coming to 'attack [sic] us but the night passed off without any alarm and all is quiet today.

21. Last night we were relieved by Co. G 13 OVI and took the cars for Bacon Creek. When we arrived here it (Bacon Creek Cold suffering and sickness) was raining so hard that we did not start out to find the regiment but slept in the cars and today have had a miserable time pitching our tents.

Christmas. A squad of us celebrated the day by an excursion to Green River and viewed the magnificent iron bridge that spans the river one thousand feet long and one hundred and twenty five feet above the water. It was supported by five piers. The rebels have destroyed the smallest one. Workmen are busy repairing it. It is a splendid work of art.

New Year 1862. Though these holidays have not been very bright I spent the day very agreeably in visiting a natural tunnel through a hill about two miles up the creek above the station. It is about a half a mile long and the roof was hung with stalactites.

Jan. 10. This Bacon Creek is certainly the ultimate of mind and misery. A regular graveyard.

15. The various brigades here have been formed into a division under Gen. O. M. Mitchell. There are three brigades, the 8, 9, and 17. Ours is the 8th. Three batteries are attached to this command and one regiment of Cavalry. Edgartons [sic] Co. E 1 Ohio, Simonsons 2nd and Loomis' Mich. Battery and Kennet's 4th Ohio Cavalry.

Jan. 19, 1862 Drew Sibley tents and have moved back on the plains. (Green river – on to Bowling Green) This renders it much more comfortable for us than to be crowded into the small Bell tents – fourteen in each and we have drawn straws for them.

Feb. 10. Gen. Michell who had been to Louisville to see Gen. Buell returned last night and gave orders to march in the morning. Never was order more cheerfully obeyed and sunrise found us on the pike enroute for Green River. We arrived at Mumfordsville eight miles at noon crossed the river and are now camped on the battle field of the German 32nd Ind. and Gerry's Texan Rangers. Marks on the conflict are plain to be seen and just before we came to the bridge we saw the place where the 32nd had buried their

dead. This is the first skirmish that has been fought in this part of the armies. Our picket line extends past Rowletts Station two miles from the river.

15. Bowling Green. I write this in our first captured city. Day before yesterday we started for this place. That day we made about seventeen miles and halted for the night in a field on the right of the pike. About 9 o'clock it commenced snowing and as we did not put up our tent in the morning we were covered with several inches of snow. Started again after an early breakfast of crackers and coffee. Water was very scarce as the rebels had killed horses (Bowling Green – page heading) and mules and thrown them into the ponds along the pike. There being no running streams. They had also cut down trees across the pike and ploughed it up in some places to make it muddy and impassible and had also torn up the railroad track and blowed down a tunnel. At noon we stopped at Cave City. We were then only a mile or so from the Mammoth Cave but as it lay off to one side of the route we could not get to see that greatest of earthly wonders. In the town there is a curiosity called the Roaring well. It is a circular hole about one hundred feet in diameter and fifty deep. It is descended by a winding path. At the bottom under a shelf of rock there is a considerable stream rushing past and can be heard falling in the distance. Passed several deserted rebel camps and where they had torn up a great deal of the railroad. When we neared this place Loomis' battery was ordered ahead and soon we heard the roar of his guns. We hurried forward eager for the fight but when we came to the top of the last hill we found that a river lay between us and the enemy. Loomis had been firing at a couple of trains that were just leaving the depot and had disabled one of them. The city appeared to be one vast sheet of flame. All the rebel store houses were on fire and the blaze rose in one mighty volume. As we stood and watched night came down and the fires threwgh [sic] an unearthly glare on all the surroundings. The bridges were all burned and so when our teams came up we pitched our tents on the snow and prepared to pass the night. Hardly had we pitched them and scraped the snow away when the order came to leave them. We formed and retraced our steps about a mile and then struck to the left down a by-road to a mill four or five miles below the city where some of our regiment had secured a flat boat. The crossing could be done but slowly so we built fires and halted to wait our turn. It commenced snowing again and came down in great flakes. Late in the night we got across and moved on slowly and silently to the city but the rebels had left. The flames were still rolling up terrifically from the bacon and corn piles. Well, the boys have plundered considerable and we are quartered in some of the houses that the owners have deserted.

16. This is my eighteenth birthday. I have no means to celebrate it. I have set in the squad room and eat candy that was captured yesterday. In the morning it rained very hard and our teams could not be brought across the river. There was heavy firing heard

in the west yesterday. The rebels truly called this just the "Gibraltar [sic] of Kentucky", with sufficient force to man all the forts it is impregnable.

18. I went across the river yesterday morning with a squad to help over the teams. I got separated from the squad and have just got home almost starved. I fell in with two or three others and we found an old house with one of the rooms filled with sprouts. We cooked up some of it and staid [sic] all night. Made our breakfasts of it and got across the river tonight.

20. The 9th brigade left for Nashville. Col. Stanley is "Provost Marshall" of the city. There are five rebel forts here and very strong.

23. Left Bowling Green this morning and have marched about twenty miles today without knapsacks. We are now at Franklin and quartered in a church and house.

24. After marching seven miles on the railroad we reached Michellsville, left Kentucky and entered Tennessee so we are nearing the heart of the Confederacy. We marched three miles beyond Michellsville and have camped in a level country.

26. Yesterday we descended a very steep hill and camped in a little valley. The regiment killed about fifty hogs last night. At 4 o'clock this afternoon we arrived in sight of Nashville. But the Cumberland River intervenes and we can only look on the fallen city. The state capitol building being built on the highest part of the city presents a striking appearance glistening white in the setting sun. Camped in Edgefield for the night.

27. Marched down to the river and were ferried over on the Silver Moon, all of the bridges having been destroyed. The city is very quiet after the noises and confusion incident upon the fall of Port Donalson [sic]. As we marched through the streets crowds of citizens gathered to watch the advent of the conquering Yankees. We marched out three miles on the Murfreesboro Pike and halted on some beautiful hills.

29. Our team came over today and we have put up our tents. We have lived rather poor these two days. Last night Capt. Wilson, Co. D 4th Ohio Cav. was killed by a rebel scout near the picket line.

March 6. Yesterday morning we were detailed for picket. As I was never out on picket I was anxious to try that greatest of a soldiers [sic] duties. The company was out twice at Bacon Creek but I was on camp guard both times and I did not get to go out. We

marched about six miles and threw out a line on a low hill densely covered by cedars on both sides of the pike with a small field on the left. I did not go on to the line until near morning when I was posted in the field by an old log stable with another of the company who mistook a cow coming out of the woods for a bush whacker and was going to fire but discovered his mistake in time. It snowed very hard during the night and as we had no fire there was considerable suffering. The drums could be heard beating the tattoo and reveille in the camps very distinctly. Were relieved this morning by the 10th Wisconsin. On the way out and in we passed the Tennessee State Lunatic Asylum, a noble building, of brick with elegant grounds in excellent order. On our return I found some of the 31st Ohio boys that I knew.

9. We are going on in the old Bacon Creek style of drill and guard. I was up in the city with a wagon today but did not get to look around much. Yesterday some of Morgan's command burned a wagon train near the Asylum. The 4th Cavalry pursued them but they escaped across Stone [sic] River.

18. I am in the Armory building in the city. The Division marched today towards Murfreesboro. I was so sick that I could not march and the surgeon sent me here. I don't like it at all. At Nolinsville I made a vow that I never would be behind these regiments if I could possibly help it and I never will.

April 1. I have got able to walk around again and have spent the last two days very pleasantly. I visited the Capitol with Cheen Simmons and looked through a museum there. Gov. Johnson was there and spoke very pleasantly to us. Have also looked at the gun boats and waterworks.

5. I never was so tired of anything in my life as this lying here idle. We have been moved down to the fairgrounds and guards stationed all around.

10. On the 8th I heard that there was a train going to leave for Murfreesboro and being determined to rejoin the regiment at any hazard I slipped through the guards at the fairground and made my way along to the depot and got on the train after some delay and started. The road passed through dense cedar thickets into which it was impossible to see twenty feet. Occasionally a cotton field intervened. On arriving at Murfreesboro the train instead of stopping moved on. We ran very slowly as this was the first train that had passed over that road and every bridge had to be examined. At Wartrose [sic] we left the main road and struck off on the bridge to Shelbyville. Arriving there I found that the regiment was camped across Duck River. I walked out towards the camp which was off the pike a short distance when I saw them marching towards me fully equipped and

was dismayed to learn they were just starting for Alabama. However I was not to be left behind again so I started with them. We made about five miles that night and camped on a steep hillside. Our squad did not put up our tent but lay down in a circle and pulled it over us. During the night the rain poured down in torrents and soon routed us out of our ill provided shelter by running under us in streams. Morning dawned at last and we straightened out again and last night arrived at Fayetteville where we are camped this forenoon. Later we have just received the news of a terrible battle near Cornith [sic] where the rest of the army has gone. We started again immediately.

11. Today we are in Huntsville, Alabama or camped near it. Yesterday at noon we started for this place. At sundown we crossed the state line. My first view in Alabama was most magnificent. In the distance was a tall range of mountains and covered with woods and a wide forest plain covered the intervening space. At ten o'clock we came to Flint creek but an inconsiderable stream but now much swollen by rains. We took off our clothes and waded through the cold water carrying our arms and clothes above our heads. On the south bank we halted and built large fires and drive the chills out. Two o'clock came and (Huntsville is ours – page heading) we started again. Sunrise and we were two miles from Huntsville. The railroad going east here runs along side of the pike. Two trains were just going east. Simmonsons [sic] battery unlimbered and succeeded in stopping the last, the other escaped. Our two companies have been left at this point. B and G and the rest of the troops have gone into the city with what success I have not learned. Our teams came up and we have put up our tents.

13. Corp. Pike came in last night past the picket that we have on the pike in a buggy. We have moved to the city. The division is all here. When the troops entered the town day before yesterday they captured three hundred prisoners asleep in the depot. Expectations were immediately sent out to Stevenson on the east and Decatur thirty miles to the west. The 9th Brigade arrived here in the afternoon and ours left for Decatur.

16. Yesterday our two companies left Huntsville for Decatur in the brigade wagons. Arriving on the northeast bank of the river we left them and marched across on the railroad bridge. (on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad) On the north side of the river we passed the Y the junction of the Nashville and Decatur railroad. At a bridge over a large pond we passed a fortification made of cotton bales. These were the first bales that I ever seen. They are pressed on the plantation by an enormous screw driver and weigh four and five hundred pounds. Several of them were floating around in the lake and men were riding on them. Most of the plantations around here are devoted to cotton culture. This pond is about a mile wide and very wide and looks charming now with the green willows bordering it. The bridge across it was one fire when our troops first arrived

but they carried water in their hats and drowned it. When we got to the river bridge I looked up and down stream and thought that I never saw a better view of quiet woods and glistening water. We found the brigade had moved to Tuscumbia leaving their tents here. This Decatur is an insignificant place.

21. A squad of us were out foraging today and brought in a lot of chickens.

22. The 3 and 10 Ohio having arrived we took the cars and tonight are at Jonesboro a station twenty five miles from Decatur.

24. I have been down to Gown Creek three miles of where there is a bridge burned.

Our forces captured a locomotive at Tuscumbia an old one and repaired it so that it can run on that part of the track. A steamer came up the river to Tuscumbia landing and rations are being run from there to Huntsville. I am on picket tonight. It is reported that our brigade is falling back from Tuscumbia and that a heavy force under Landow is approaching.

25. Last night I was on picket on the Tuscumbia road with Jack Springer and Isaiah Simmons. Capt. Cable commanding guard told us to keep a carefull [sic] lookout as the rebel cavalry was expected to appear somewhere in the rear of the brigade. About midnight Jack who was on post at the time waked us and said that he heard a low rumbling in the distance. We heard it. It sounded like artillery approaching. I took post in one fence corner. Isaiah in another in the opposite side of the road and Jack stood behind an old wagon. We soon made it out to be wagons. When the fore mention came within proper distance Jack called "Who comes there." The nigger driver spoke up. Don't shoot massa colored friend wid [sic] the connterbine [sic]. We called the Capt. and found that it was a wagon train with provisions from Tuscumbia and we found out that the brigade was making a retrograde movement.

This morning it is raining. We are expecting the regiment back today. Jonesboro is seventy five miles from the Cornith [sic]. The citizens report that they could hear the battle of Pillsring [sic] Landing going on.

26. The regiment reached Jonesboro yesterday noon amid a hard rain. We joined them and were immediately sent southward to burn some bridges across Town Creek. After going about five miles we left the valley and climbed some high hills. Ten miles and we reached Spanglers Mills about dark. Here we met some of the 4 cav. Who [sic] were just returning from the work for which we had been sent. We quartered in some out houses

for the night. Our company sleeping in a corn crib in our wet clothes for it had rained all day. I lay with an ear of corn under me and feel the effects today. Capt. Steadman was in a fury last night because we couldn't get coffee and said that we should have it if it cost half a dollar. This morning we marched to Courtland a station between Jonesboro and Decatur. Arriving here we found the 37th engaged in firing the railroad and pike bridges on the west of the town. The troops have all left save our regiment and we are on a train ready to move off for Decatur.

27. Left Courtland late yesterday afternoon. Came near being run into by another train coming back at which some women in a yard near waved their handkerchiefs and went off in extacies [sic] but no accident occurred and (Athens – meet the foe and we are theirs) – page heading) we reached Decatur after dark and crossed the river and are now camped near the lake. The bridge is being burned and the troops are leaving for Huntsville. Some rebel cavalry made their appearance in Decatur this afternoon but a few shells dispensed them.

28. The division is all gone save our regiment and tis said that we are going to stay here to guard the Y.

29. Left the Y today and are camped in the fair ground in Athens ten miles distant on the Nashville road. We left four companies along the road. This is a very pleasant camp.

30. Col. Stanley hearing that the rebel cavalry was crossing the Tennessee at Browns Ferry among the Muscle Shoals about twelve miles from here ordered the regiment out on a scout. We marched to within a mile of the Ferry and ambushed by the road. A few cavalry were then sent ahead as decoys. They proceeded to the river and found that report was untrue. We arrived at camp tonight thoroughly give out.

May 2. Shortly after sunrise yesterday morn we were startled by a roll of muskets and bounding out of our tents saw our pickets on the Florence Road firing at a squad of cavalry that were galloping off. The long roll was beat and we rolled out and formed on the double quick. No more firing occurred and Co. B was sent out to skirmish the Florence Road in front of the pickets. (skedaddle from Athens – page heading) A short distance out they fell in with and drove the rebels about three miles from town. The Sergeant Major came back for reinforcements and our company was sent out. A short distance from town the roads divide and we took the wrong one. After going some distance we heard the firing and filed into the woods to cross to the other road. A mile marching brought us to it. On examination we found blood and a great many horse tracks that led into the woods directly opposite where we struck it. Just then Blake spied

a line of men in the woods a short distance from the road. We retreated into the woods and deployed as skirmishers and advanced again. We were in a state of uncertainty thinking it might be Co B. and Bill Quigley hailed them and the answers came back in the shape of a bullet and the firing commenced. After exchanging about a dozen shots we formed again and moved about two hundred yards nearer town to prevent being outflanked and sent the Sergeant Myers and three men to town after reinforcements. We lay down in a little clump of briars and sent four men out as lookouts. We had scarcely laid down when bang, bang, bang and whir, whir, whir came three shells near us. Such an unexpected salute astonished us to say the least and the captains giving the order to retreat to town. (the enemy after us. How we ran – page heading) No further command was needed and dividing into three squads we pushed for town. On the way I came to a small pond about a hundred yards long and not caring to take time to go around I run out on a log that reached nearly across and gave a tremendous spring and landed up to my waist in mud. Struggling out I hurried on and on reaching the town was dismayed to see the regiment going out on the other side. Here the squad that I was in formed again under Lieut. Cable and double quicked out. The citizens calling go it you Yankees and we could only reply as we ran. Before we got through the town we saw the rebel cavalry entering it. Fortunately for us they had not discovered that we had fled the first round and kept on firing or they would have reached the town before us and gobbled us as we dropped in. A train of cars was just leaving and we tried to reach them but failed and then made after the regiment. We soon rejoined them and halted on a ridge about a mile from the town and checked the rebels and after a round or two fell back again. The rebels pursued us for about seven miles and then gave up the pursuit and we marched about five miles farther when we met the 4 cavalry coming to reinforce us from Huntsville and soon after the rest of our brigade (back to Athens – page heading) came up and we about faced and marched back to within five miles of town and halted for the night.

And this is how they came to be sent to our aid. Gen. Michell arrived here on his train yesterday during the cannonading and told Col. Stanley to take his six companies and retreat towards Huntsville twenty five miles distant while he went there by cars and sent out support. This morning we marched back into town but the rebels had left. The 4th started out after them and an expedition has left in wagons going towards Decatur. Our Capt. Steadman and six men of the company were captured yesterday. This morning when we came in all of the stores were broken open. Col. Gurchin laid down in the courthouse yard and said that “he would shut his eyes for two hours”.

3. The rebels burned a bridge near Madison station and had a fight with a guard of Company C that were guarding it and killed two of them. The last train that left here attempted to run over it while it was on fire and broke through and several men were

burned to death. The cavalry has returned from the pursuit they overtook the enemy at the mouth of Elk River and had an indecisive fight when the enemy retreated across.

4. Intelligence came today that Morgan has captured 275 men belonging to the division at (expedition to Elk River – page heading) Pulaski thirty from our regiment and nine from our company. Men that were coming through from Nashville to rejoin the regiment. They were paroled and sent back to Nashville.

6. Today we recovered a wagon load of arms that the rebels captured on the 1st and took with them but having to abandon them ran the wagon into the Tennessee. I got a Mississippi rifle. The 3rd and 10th Ohio have arrived from Huntsville.

9. A lot of pontoon boats are being built at the depot. I don't know what it means unless we are going to cross the Tennessee again.

14. A force consisting of the 3rd, 10th and 18 OVI and 37 Ind. regiments with Edgerton's battery left Athens yesterday on the report that the rebel cavalry was crossing Elk River. We marched to Blairs Ferry. Eleven pontoons went with us on wagons. We found no rebels there and camped for the night. The pontoons were launched in the river. One of the 4th cavalry was drowned while trying to swim across on his horse. We were aroused at three o'clock this morning and got our breakfast of hard tack and coffee. Co. K and ours were sent on board the pontoons to take them down to the Florence fiord while the rest of the troops went back (return to Athens – page heading) in the country and marched down. We shoved off in darkness and a thick fog. After a while the morning broke and we enjoyed some beautiful scenery. A clear lazy stream with high bluffs that butted boldly against the stream covered with evergreen pines. With green woods bright skies and glistening water it seemed more like a pleasure trip than an armed expedition in the heart of an enemies [sic] country. When we approached the fiord a squad of horsemen were seen standing in the edge of the stream. We were in some doubt as to whether it was friend or foe until a nearer view made out the well known features of Gen Michell. A rope ferry was soon erected and some of the 4th cavalry sent across to scout the country. They came back with the intelligence that Gen Negley's brigade from Columbia was camped at Badgersville ten miles distant. The rest of the expedition has returned to Athens leaving our regiment with one piece of artillery to guard the fiord.

16. We returned to Athens this morning marching the sixteen miles before breakfast. Arrived at 8 am.

19. Gen Michell made the citizens a speech today in the Court house yard. (Guard at Sulfur Run bridge – page heading) It was in his usual style – told them what they could expect if they interfered with any of his plans.

21. Moved out of town and formed a new camp. All our tents were burned on the 1st and we have some old ones. Our headquarters are in a nice mansion.

23. Part of the regiment went to Huntsville yesterday with a train and have returned.

Mon. 26. Cos. A, K, and G left Athens yesterday and are at present guarding bridges between Athens and Elk River. A, K and ours are at Sulphur Run twelve miles from Athens and four from Elk River. Co. G, 37 Ind. was captured here on the 3rd or 4th and several killed. The bridge was set fire to in seven places but was not burned down. We are camped on a steep side hill and am at work making a stockade to resist any force that comes against us. I like this bridge guarding for we are not under the restraint that we are when in camp and can run around in the woods like I used to at home.

27. Last night we had an alarm. Such a scare. Occasioned by an old horse approaching the pickets. They fired three times. I had just fell into a doze when the shots awakened me. I seized my gun and awakened some of the boys that were near me. (Fayetteville run – page heading) I got a hold of Bill Quigley as he was sleeping in a little brush and pounded him until he awoke and leaping up scattered the bushes in all directions. Bill says that he was dreaming of his mother being dead and that I scared him almost out of his senses. When we found the cause we went back to our leaves.

30. Last night a Co of the 21st Ohio relieved us and we returned to Athens. We leave this morning for Fayetteville, Tennessee thirty miles distant.

30. [sic] Reached Fayetteville this evening and have camped across Elk River near the stone bridge. Found the rest of our brigade and Negley's brigade here. The orderly Sergeant of Co. E. Piper was drowned while bathing in the river.

June 1. Ordered to get ready for a fifteen days march towards Chattanooga. I am not able to go. There are about two hundred of the regiment going.

2. The expedition started taking the road to Winchester. Both brigades have gone leaving sick behind in the camps.

6. Went to Shelbyville twenty seven miles yesterday with a wagon train and returned today (horse friendly – bottom of the page). (Move to Battle Creek – page heading) Found business lively there and everything prospering. Shelbyville is a Union town and the only one in Middle Tennessee. On the way back we expected an attack from Gurley's guerillas but none came and we reached camp unmolested.

10. I have good times fishing and hunting along the river with no fear of being interrupted by guerillas or guards. Sheepface and I go out every day but we neither kill or catch anything and spend the most of our time shooting at the gaps in the river. We haven't heard anything from the regiment.

12. This Fayetteville is a perfect dead head of a town and intensely secesh. When we first came to Shelbyville, Corporal Pike of the 4th Cavalry came here and demanded the surrender of the town by himself. We burned a wagon train on the Huntsville road near where the Athens road leaves it. We saw the place when we marched to the Huntsville.

17. The regiment has returned. It marched 250 miles in the fifteen days. The expedition arrived from Chattanooga on the 7 and the artillery opened fire and drove the rebels out of the town. The troops left on the 8 and marched to Stevenson where the rest of the brigade now is. Our regiment came to Huntsville here. Arriving last night and marching the last five miles in one hour. (Battle Creek – page heading) The rest of the brigade has left to rejoin the regiments.

18. We have moved over into the town and are now camped in the court house yard.

24. Left Fayetteville day before yesterday at 2 p.m. and after marching nine miles camped and yesterday; day morn started again. Stopped at Flint River for dinner. While there a sad accident occurred. John Hartsell, ambulance driver from our company in taking a loaded gun from his ambulance exploded it and the contents lodged in his body. He expired shortly after. Arrived at Huntsville about dark. Gen. Michell made us a speech when we passed his headquarters of which I remember the following says he, I am a minute man and know it all. I have lived in the heavens twenty years alluding to his being an astronomer. Tomorrow I will put you on one of my fast trains and in nightfall you will be in the presence of the enemy and if you conduct yourselves as you have heretofore I shall be satisfied. We gave "old Stary" three cheers and marched down and camped near the spring. I don't want to be misunderstood about this camping frequently alluded to. We call it camping whenever we halt for the night though we hardly ever put up our tents and sometimes lay on our arms all night if there is any danger of an attack. (Battle Creek – page heading) Well this morning we are at the depot awaiting that

lightning train and are bound for Stevenson sixty miles east. This Huntsville is a fine city though a small one. It has an \$80,000 courthouse and many handsome private dwellings. The city is supplied with water by a large spring. The Tennessee river is ten mile south. A spur of the Cumberland mountains overlooks the city.

25. We got on the train yesterday noon. It did not realize our ideas of speed whatever Gen Michells were for we had frequent opportunities of getting off and picking blackberries while the train backed down to run up over a grade. Tom Sheppard jumped off at one place and came near killing himself. We arrived here at Stevenson at dark. The regiment camped outside of the place while I with several others being sick went to the Odd Fellows Hall where we are now quartered. The regiment left for Battle Creek fourteen miles distant this morning.

July 2. I am getting some better. Have come near "kicking the bucket". For several days I could hardly move but still I am not satisfied here and believe I would mend faster if I was with the company. (Battle Creek – page heading) I am going to it at the first opportunity.

July 4. Rode to camp from Stevenson yesterday in a wagon. I find that the brigade is broken up. Col. Gurchin has been court-martialled and is going to leave. This is the dullest 4th that I ever expect to experience. My memory is active today thinking of the 4th that I have passed at home.

5. About 11 last night the Edgerton battery opened a furious fire on the rebels across the river. The damage unknown. The enemy has rifle pits along the river banks and sentinels standing in them. Our pickets occasionally hail across to them. A squad of Alabamians five in number were mustered into our company today.

8. Six Tennesseans enlisted in the company today. Col Gurchin made us his farewell speech on the sixth. Tears were in his eyes when he left us and we were very sorry to part with our commander.

13. This morning we received orders to go up the railroad towards Nashville to guard bridges and tonight we are camped at the Blue Spring in Sevudens Cave at the head of Battle Creek. This spring is a circular basin of unknown depth. The mountain surrounds us entirely. Here it was that the expedition to Chattanooga had a fight with Stearns [sic] rebel cavalry. We cross the mountain tomorrow to Cowan. (Railroad Guards – page heading)

15. Marched over the mountain yesterday. Seventeen miles to Cowan. On the top we passed a track of land set apart for a college to be called the "University of the South". On the way down passed the railroad to Tracy City. We prepared to pass the night at Cowan but news of a rebel raid on Murfreesboro and a capture of the garrison there came and the regiment pushed on the Elk River five miles farther. Dechard. I was unable to proceed and staid [sic] with the baggage. Two companies were also left to guard the bridges.

16. Rejoined the regiment at Elk River bridge Allisinia Station. Two more companies have been sent back to Dechard and Cowan.

18. We are engaged in throwing up breastworks on an eminence near the bridge. The 24 Ill. is camped near us and four pieces of Hewetts [sic] Kentucky battery. This is the highest bridge on the Nashville and Chattanooga road. Our rations are insufficient. There were large cotton factories here but they have all been burned.

25. We had lain down to sleep last night and had just finished a family quarrel (a frequent occurrence by the way) in our tent when orders came to get ready to march. Now of all things that a soldier hates (Tullahoma – page heading) this night marching is the worst – to be called from our blankets to go out and on in darkness and uncertainty is very trying. However we had no reason but to obey so we got ready and marched until sunrise when we came to Tullahoma. The move was attended with considerable mistery [sic] for here we are today not doing anything and I don't believe anyone knew really what we marched for.

August 1. We have fallen into the usual routine of camp and drill.

8. I with a squad of seven or eight went out on the Junction road that runs to McMinnville as far as Manchester to assist in putting up telegraph wires. About eight miles out we came near capturing a guerrilla. One of the boys went off of the road to a house without his arms when he saw a man standing in the yard with a shot gun slung from his shoulder and a horse hatchet. He hurried back for his gun but when we reached the house we saw the guerilla riding off in the distance. The man of the house on being questioned said that it was his brother going out after turkeys. Such a base falsehood came near bringing on him the vengence [sic] of the squad. Returned to Tullahoma on the cars found that the rest of the regiment had gone foraging to Duck River (Manchester – page heading) and the companies from Cowan had arrived.

11. Manchester. The regiment moved to this place yesterday. Our company is quartered in the Court House as Provost Guards. Lieut. Cable Provost Marshall. The rest of the regiment is camped near the depot.

12. I found some old books in some of the rooms here in the Court House.

15. I visited an old Indian fort about three miles from town situated between two branches of Duck River. I have read a description of it in the Tennessee Gazetteer. There are considerable falls in both the streams that run past it which gave power to a paper and a powder mills that the enemy was building and which were destroyed by the 4th OVC when our division first entered Shelbyville. The scenery is wild and romantic.

19. Companies A, J, G, E, K, and D were sent up the railroad this morning to guard bridges between Manchester and McMinnville. Companies E and ours got off at a bridge about 11 and a half miles from Manchester. Companies A and J going about a mile farther.

20. We commenced a stockade by digging a trench about 25 feet and standing timber about 10 feet high in it with loop holes cut in them about breast high.

21. Our stockades were not complete when this afternoon the train took (stockade again – page heading) us back to Manchester with orders. I cannot tell what it means. These military moves are some of them most inexplicable to me.

25. This morning the six companies took the cars and went to McMinnville. Returning left us at our bridges and we went to work on the stockades again.

26. This freedom from the restraint of camps is glorious and I dare say that we will have a pleasant time here.

27. Our stockade is completed. Co. E. has determined to build one for themselves. Co D of the 11 Mich. has joined Cos. A. and J. Their bridge is the most considerable one of the three.

28. Went out in the country today and got some fine peaches which added greatly to hard tack and sowbelly rations. Soldiering is a life of constant change of marching and quiet in times of starvation and at times of profusion.

29. About noon I went out to the pickets with their dinner. As I was returning I heard a roll of musketts [sic] and prolonged yells in the direction of Co. A. I hastened to the stockade into which E. and our company had gone. The firing continued heavy for about ten minutes and ceased altogether. Looking up the railroad we could see a small bridge a burning over an immense troop of cavalry. After a half an hour of suspense a messenger arrived from the stockade on his way to Manchester. A force of rebels numbering about six hundred under Gen. Forest [sic] had attacked the companies while at dinner. They had just finished the stockade and had not moved into it. The rebel attack was all together unexpected. They were first discovered making for the stockade. The companies were quartered about fifty yards from it. It was a hard race but our boys got in first. Just as the advance of the rebels reached it on the opposite side from the door. The boys opened fire upon the enemy who immediately retreated leaving fifteen killed and many wounded. We have staid [sic] in the stockade expecting an attack but none has come and the rebels have probably left.

30. The rebel loss yesterday was fifteen killed and forty wounded. Among the former was a captain and among the latter a lieutenant. Our loss was seven wounded who were shot outside of the stockade. The bridge was repaired today.

1. Talk of nothing but the fight. It was a gallant little affair the rebels numbering six hundred while the companies did not muster more than eighty men. Some of the men in their haste left their cartridge boxes in the camp. Lieut. left the stockade and under a heavy fire ran the fifty yards and brought a box of ammunition in safely to the stockade. Part of the squad were unable to get to the stockade and fought behind trees. The rebel lieutenant died today.

Sept. 2. Left for Manchester at three this morning arriving here found that the army is moving back to Nashville to intercept Bragg who is arriving up there. This evening we are ordered in to the 6th Brigade McCirks [sic] division consisting of the 32 and 39 Ind. and 15 and 49 Ohio. Gen Willich commanding.

4. Left Manchester yesterday morn and camped last night near Buos Grove near Hoovers Gap and this day have marched to within two miles of Murfreesboro and are camped near a large spring. These 32 Dutch take everything that they see and want.

6. Some of the companies were out tonight drilling bayonet exercise and elicited much surprise and admiration from our new companies.

7. Left for Nashville this morning but after marching about seven miles beyond Murfreesboro had to return to Stone [sic] River a mile from Tire's Corner. The dust raised in clouds from the pike and tonight I cannot see a hundred feet. We have very poor water and tis said that there is none between here and Nashville.

9. Marched to Mill Creek four miles from Nashville yesterday. Camped at a late hour. At LaVergne we saw the 24 Ill. on a train and gave them three cheers which they heartily returned. There is great affection existing between the regiments of the old 8th Brigade. We meet like old acquaintances. This morning in marching to the city the road side appeared one vast camp. Buells [sic] whole army is here and leaving for Kentucky. We bade farewell to the boys of the 6th Brigade today and have gone into camp in the city.

15. We are encamped near an asylum of some kind. The army has all left except what is intended as a garrison for Nashville. Nos 19 Ill. and 37 Ind. are here and several of the regiments of Michells [sic] division. Gen Quigley commands the post.

16. All communication with the north is cut off and we are in the position of a beleaguered garrison with rebel cavalry roaming all around the country. We cannot send or expect any word from the friends at home until the return of the army.

25. Rations are getting rather scarce. We do not have hardly anything to eat. Forage trains are sent out almost every day.

Oct. 1. My journal does not grow much. Reason: everyday presents the same objects and subjects as the preceding one and there is a general dearth of news.

Oct. 8. We have had another bout with the rebels. Night before last two expeditions left camp designed to act against the rebels at LaVergne. Fifteen miles from Nashville on the Murfreesboro pike Gen Palmer and Col Miller commanded. Palmer with a force of infantry four pieces of artillery and Stokes [sic] Tennessee Cavalry proceeded on the night of the 6th towards Murfreesboro by the direct pike while Col Miller with the 14th Ill, 18th and 21st Ohio and 78th Penn. Left on the Nolinsville pike about nine o'clock. We had no intimation of an expedition until late in the evening. Marched about eight miles on the pike and then struck off on a by pike towards LaVergne and soon encountered the enemies [sic] pickets. They fired and fell back on their reserves and made several ineffectual stands. About sunrise we arrived in the reach of LaVergne. Palmer was opening on the rebels in front with artillery. They replied with one piece but the second shell exploded the caisson attached to it and presently they started to retreat. As our regiment came out on the pike a regiment of cavalry came flying towards us. Seeing us

they broke, wheeled and fled towards where the 78th Penn was lying. When they came pretty close the 78 opened and they wheeled again and finally escaped through another part of the line. Our regiment was immediately deployed on the other side of the pike and advanced against the 32 Alabama which no sooner saw us in their rear than they abandoned their position and fled in the wildest confusion. We captured a great many of their men and their flag and burned their camp. I saw four chain shot in one of a train of cars standing at the depot. There was an immense amount of rebel uniforms and ammunition in them. The rebel loss is said to be thirty killed, eighty wounded and three hundred prisoners. Ours is six killed, twenty wounded and a few prisoners. We started back to Nashville about nine o'clock. Near the Asylum my shoes gave out and I made the seven miles barefoot.

20. Foraging now almost every day. Occasionally we catch glimpses of guerillas watching our movements but they are not in strong enough force to attack the trains. The hills around Nashville look so fair in the golden tints of autumn. From a hill on the Hardin Pike we can see the state house eight miles off. We generally go foraging on the Nordan and Charlotte pikes and down on the opposite side of the river. (Nashville – page heading)

25. When not on duty I spend most of the time roaming around in the woods inside of the pickets hunting acorns and walnuts.

27. Gen. Breckenridge is said to be organizing a force at Murfreesboro to attack us. We hear that the army has had a hard fight at Posyville Kentucky and that it is on the way here.

Nov. 1. Prospects gloomy. One day the report is that Bragg is between us and Bowling Green and the next we hear that troops are on the way to our relief. Rations almost all gone. The fortifications here are almost completed and we are able to resist any force that the rebels can bring against us.

5. The rebels from Murfreesboro attacked the city this morning. Before daylight the pickets on the Murfreesboro Pike were driven in. They fell back under protection of the fort. The enemy then opened with four pieces of artillery which did no damage whatever. Fort Nigley [sic] a large earth work commanding the Murfreesboro pike then opened on them and they fell back and took position near the picket line. About the same time Gen John Morgan attacked the pickets on the north side of the river and drove them in but was soon repulsed. Our regiment took position on the Granyvile pike behind that breast works. The enemy not appearing for some time. We stacked arms and the boys went to

playing poker which astonished Stanley so much that he did not give orders to cease and considerable money changed hands while we were waiting to go into battle.

Col Roberts marched out on the Murfreesboro pike with a brigade and drove the enemy from the position that they had taken while Negley advanced on the Franklin pike with the 69th Ohio, 14th Mich. and other regiments, a battery and Stokes [sic] Cavalry and drove the rebels for several miles capturing many prisoners and drove off cattle that the rebels had collected to take to Murfreesboro. The skirmish ceased about dark and we returned to our quarters and are now waiting to see what the morrow will bring forth.

6. Glorious news that I have to write in my journal. Our sufferings are over at last. The advance of the army reached Nashville this morning. They were in hearing of the cannonading yesterday and pushed ahead all night to be in today's fight but the rebels have retired to Murfreesboro.

14. The army has all arrived during the past week and are now encamped about the city. Gen. Rosecrans reviewed our division today. We received him with hearty cheers. He looks like a man of deeds and not all talk. The boys have lots to tell about their Kentucky campaign. (Nashville move camp – page heading)

25. The 19th Ill. and our regiments marched up on to Broad street and were reviewed by Gen. Negley. He complimented us very highly on our good appearance. Afterwards our quarters were inspected. I think that the 19th is the best regiment in this army without exception. It is mostly from Chicago and is officered by Ellsworth a Chicago Barans.

Dec. 4. Uncle Sams [sic] paymasters paid us a visit today and handed out three month's pay which comes in very handy as we have now a chance to spend it without the aid of the Sutters [sic] and their crew. Eating acorn and drinking corn coffee is now played out.

9 and 10. I went to a theater last night for the first time. A squad of six Quigley, Sheppard, Yankee, Dud, Dew and myself. The play was "Hunchback". After it was over we went the rounds and finally brought up with an oyster supper in a saloon on the square when the boys all ran out without paying. Got to camp at one o'clock and at three were waked up with orders to move camp. Noon has now come and the camp is all torn up and burning but we have not left the place yet. We are going to move out on the Franklin Pike and take our place in the army. This is farewell to the old picket line.

Goodby to posts No. 3, 4, 10 and 11. Goodby to the glimpses of the pretty girls in the Nunnery at No. 10, and no more milking of the dairymans cows at No. 11.

11. We are camped on the Franklin Pike about five miles from town in the edge of a splendid grove. This day don't look much like winter more like golden summer. I forgot to write sometime ago that Sarah has come down to see Cable bring Charlie and Carl with her a foolish proceeding.

Sunday. We had quite a laugh on "Cheetem" today. Col. Givens [sic] wife has come down to see him. Today he was taking her around the camp showing her how the boys adapt themselves to circumstances. Last night Orderly Camp was down to tent No 1 and stole their wood which was stacked up on the outside and today having no fire they set the stove outside of the tent. The Col. came along with his wife and took hold of the stove. Simmons was in the tent and saw the reflection on it and thinking that it was someone there for no good sung out "Yes d- -d you". You stole our wood and have come back to get the stove have you? I never stole your wood says the Col in a low voice. I know d-d sight better" says Simmons still mistaking him for Camp. You did steal it. Col Given thrust his head through the flap and remarked I guess you are sold. Simmons like the boy caught stealing his mother's jam hadn't a word to say.

12. Our cavalry went out to Franklin and drove the rebels out of the town yesterday capturing a considerable number of prisoners and some cattle and returned at night.

16. On picket again. I guess from all reports and evidences that the rebel cavalry is all between us and Murfreesboro and that the rebel forces have reached the latter place.

20. Col. Stanley and staff while out on the picket line reconnoitering [sic] discovered about twenty rebel cavalry and chased them about three miles but they succeeded in making their escape.

23. The brigade went out on the pike foraging. Passed Brentwood station and had a slight skirmish with the rebels. On our return to camp they followed us. From a point near Brentwood we sent them a couple of shells as a Christmas Eve salute. A fine day.

Christmas 1862. The division went out to have a review but returned to camp with orders to march. We are getting ready this afternoon and will not leave until tomorrow. I am detailed for guard tonight. We expect to see some service before we settle down into camp again.

Sunday 28. Christmas night. I was on guard at division Headquarters. The boys had considerable fun in camp. During the afternoon some of them were over to the 31 Ohio where they got some commissary whiskey and return to camp at night pretty drunk. After tattoo beat and all the camp was quiet Charlie A and Ed B got their guns and commenced firing out of the tent. The guards were called out and marched to our quarters. They halted at tent No. 2 just as Charlie threw back the flap to fire again. Who are you asked the officer. Why I am Christ's Sigarda says Charlie. Bang went the gun in the officers [sic] face. Charlie threw it down and ran, jumped into bed and soon was as sound asleep apparently as anyone. A light was procured, he was recognized and taken to the guard house. Ed escaped.

At daylight I was relieved and sent to camp. By sunrise the smoke of the burning camp ascended in all directions which indicated a general move. The sky was clouded and the smoke hung low. About half past six the Division straightened out on the pike and moved off toward Franklin. A few miles beyond Brentwood we left the pike and crossed by a by road to Nolinsville. About ten o'clock a rain commenced [sic] and fell nearly all day. When we struck the Nolinsville pike Davis [sic] Division was ahead of us. When we reached the town the rebels who were posted in a gap on the other side opened on him from their artillery. After a short artillery duel they were driven out by the infantry. (before Stone [sic] River – page heading) Some of the boys found a barrel of high wine in one of the deserted houses. Al Cox was soon in a state of exhilleration [sic] and used his favorite word "By Gess" without stint. The company wagon came up and the boys were getting their knapsacks when Cely called for his. What kind of one is it Cely asked one. "By Gess it is one of these new old kind".

The division camped around the town which was insignificant. Our company was sent on picket and passed a night of untold misery. We could not sleep for the falling rain and could have no fires. Capt. Steadman who rejoined the company just before we left Camp Hamilton had one of his mean spells and I don't believe I ever passed so miserable a time.

Saturday 27. We took a by road to Jonesboro on the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike ten miles from the latter place. Rained almost all day without intermission and our regiment being in the rear had to flounder through mud near knee deep. This was one of our days of suffering that we will ever remember. Completely drenched and chilled we camped in the cedars near Jonesboro late at night. The regiment had straggled considerable during the day and kept coming in long after we halted for the night. We have got a good fire built and I was setting on the end of a log warming my feet and feeling more like living that before. When I heard a splashing in the mud and who should come staggering up but Sergt Blake tired wet, muddy and mad as he could be.

As soon as I spied him I sung out "Hello Blake, you look as though you were going, going, going where? "Going crazy said O". You're a pretty blood little fool to be drilling an ole [sic] man like me and I did not hear the last of it until I dropped asleep in the mud. There was some cannonading during the day both on the Murfreesboro pike and in the direction of Davis.

Today we have been resting. I cannot tell what tomorrow will bring forth. The army has been concentrating here today and tis said that the rebel cavalry is on the south bank of Stewarts Creek to dispute the passage and watch our movements. If we go in to a battle I expect that I cannot write up my journal every day.

January 5, 1863. The past has been the most momentous week of my life. The histories and stories of battles that I have read have been supplanted by actual facts and actual scenes and not all that I ever read can convey half the impression of reality. I hardly know how to write the history of the past week but shall try and relate my own experience which is that of all engaged.

Sunday evening 28. Rosecrans [sic] Division came up. We still rested in the cedars in front of Jonesboro. Monday morning shortly after sunrise the army was in motion. The batteries were planted all along the creek (Stone [sic] River – page heading) and the rebel cavalry driven off by their fire. As the Division marched out we could see them fleeing for dear life. Our Division crossed some distance about the pike bridges - our regiment in the advance with Co. B thrown out as skirmishers. They fired a few times at the rebel pickets. Marching in battle order we did not make much progress until some time in the afternoon when we regained the pike and as some of the left wing was ahead of us we pushed on rapidly. At dark we were within three miles of Murfreesboro and as not many rebels had been seen during the day we (the privates) thought that we would enter Murfreesboro the next day without serious trouble. There was some skirmishing about dark. Rained during the night which passed off miserably enough and we had not fires.

Early on Tuesday morn the division was deployed and then for the first time I began to think that the work was going to be more serious than was anticipated. The ease with which the engineers cut roads through the woods and with which the army was deployed showed that we did not know as much as the commanding general did.

Our Brigade took positions in the cedars on the right of the pike and at the edge of the woods near the Wilkerson pike. The 19th was sent out as skirmishers and soon fell in with the enemies [sic] skirmishers and then we knew for certain that we were going to fight. The enemy retired slowly. Our skirmishers did not press then being ordered as I

since learned to merely hold them in check until the right wing of the army got into position. So they did not go far passed [sic] the Pike. At noon our regiment relieved them and continued on the line until dark. Our company did not go on the line. Many of the boys were carried back on the stretchers.

Those were trying moments standing there expecting every moment to be called to go forward and take the place of those wounded a great deal worse than the duty its [sic] self. I don't believe I felt any real fear but standing there all afternoon with the balls whizing [sic] past me I got worked up and dreaded to hear the order for the company to advance. But when dark came the regiment was relieved and we fell back over the pike and bivouaced [sic]. During the latter part of the afternoon the right wing of the army got into line and bore down on the enemy right gallantly. I was detailed of guard. Looking to the right left and rear the Union camp fires lit up the sky horizon but in front all was silent. No lights from the rebels glared up on the sky. Slowly the night passed away and the sunrise upon us ready for action. Our overcoats and blankets were sent back to the wagons and we fell into line.

At sunrise the battle commenced on McCooks [sic] right. The enemy was evidently driving him and as each succeeding volley came it sounded still farther toward the rear. But our attention was soon called to our own movements. Sheridans [sic] Division having been driven back one of his batteries galloped over and took position in our front and commenced shelling some rebels in a brick kiln. The fire drew a reply from a rebel battery on our right.

The regiment was standing close column en masse. The shells all came over us. Presently one came that just missed. We all ducked our heads. Good morning cried Col. Given. What are you all bowing to me for? He then put us through the manual of arms and that gave us confidence in ourselves. I don't believe I felt anything like fear after this.

The battle was roaring all around us and still we were standing there. We advanced to within thirty yards of the pike and laid down and awaited the onset of the rebels. It soon came. Their line marched up with the practiced step and air of veterans. The regiment in our front wore large felt hats. When they arrived near the pike our Col. commanded fire, and we did with a vengeance [sic]. Continued firing for about twenty minutes and then ceased.

Only an occasional shot whistled amongst us now. The regiment that marched up so gallantly was no where to be seen. A piece of Sheridan's artillery stood before the left of the company.

The near tongue horse was shot the first fire. I laid down behind him and fired. Presently the other horse received a ball and commenced plunging. He fell and balanced on the tongue. I lay ready to spring if he should roll toward me. Fortunately he turned the other way and died. His blood pouring out on a dead cannonier.

The man on my right belonging to the 42nd Ill. was shot dead. The rebels advanced again. The 19th marched down in our front to make a charge. Their Col sitting on his horse smoking as unconcernedly as is imaginable. A shell came over struck a tree which fell and killed several men. The charge was not made for the rebels in our front ceased to fire save the sharp shooters. We charged front so as to face to the right where Sheridans [sic] Division had been.

In our front now there was a large open field and we could see regiment after regiment of rebels marching across and obliquing in behind us. It was not a gratifying sight and our situation became critical in the extreme.

The glug glug of the sharp shooters [sic] balls was incescant [sic] and the tops of the trees threatened to fall on us every instant from the cannon balls that tore through them. It was a curious scene to see the tree tops falling without any visible cause. Soon a roar rose in our rear that exceeded anything before heard. The enemy had encountered opposition in their project of surrounding us. The first line was repulsed and we at last received orders to retire from our now worthless position. We retreated several hundred yards and took position in the cedars and about fifty yards in the rear of the first line in the rear position.

The enemy came on in overwhelming numbers and their shots when they engaged the first line all came directly among us. I was in the rear rand [sic] and hugging the ground behind a pair of big boots that Jim Ventz was wearing. The balls cut so close that I thought I would get behind a small cedar tree that stood just to my right and rear about six inches thro [sic] but just as I had reached it three or four balls struck in and I scrambled back behind the boots.

When the enemy came up we gave them a volley but it was of no use. No single line of men could stem the massed columns that swept every thing before them. We were in the edge of the cedars, beyond lay a corn field about two hundred yards wide and then the railroad bank offered a safe refuge. We retreated from the cedars like the autumn leaves before the wind and reached the railroad where all the regiments on our left had by this time formed a new line.

But our removal had left the troops on our left in a precarious condition and Gen Rosecrans came riding over hat in hand and implored us to charge back and gain the woods. There were only about two hundred of the regiment left. The rest were scattered dead, wounded and prisoners.

Col Given gave the command and we fixed bayonets and back across that field of death we went on the double quick. A line of rebels was issuing from the woods, they retreated before our charge and we gained the shelter of woods but our efforts though determined were of no avail. No support came to our aid. With the enemy to the right and front and soon to the left pouring in a deadly fire it was some thing that human endurance would not stand and we gave way. At the edge of the woods I came across a dead rebel and hauling him into position lay down behind him and fired. It seemed to me that all of the bushes around me were cut off by the enemies [sic] balls.

The enemy brought up a battery and as we were retreating across the field gave us volley. I dropped just in time to save myself from a shell, it passing on and taking a shoulder from a man in front. We were double quicking towards one of our batteries. The cannoniers waved their hands for us to get out of the way as quick as possible. A line of rebels was just issuing from the woods. When we got near the battery we dropped and it opened on the enemy with terrible effect and it retreated in disorder deafening us. I was now thoroughly exhausted. We formed again and lay there under artillery fire during the rest of the day. The war of battle was now principally on our left. One continuous thunder rolled up from the left wing. The enemy was trying to drive it similar to the right but all his attacks were successfully resisted and we still had some hope but night closed down upon us almost discouraged. Indeed I did feel almost helpless that night as I lay down on my bed of cedar boughs tired and half starved. I could have no bright anticipations of victory on the morrow. Nothing but my faith in Rosey and Negley kept me from despairing [sic].

But thoughts of the battle died away when sleep came to my relief and the night passed of [off] without any alarm. Snowed in the night.

New Years [sic] morning dawned clear, much brighter than our hopes. We took position much the same as on the preceeding [sic] evening. A division of artillery probably thirty six pieces stood masked in the bushes just to our left. Not much firing took place before we got into line. I soon saw the rebel line emerge from the wood and try to cross that field and try to for the third time. It was the last. A chief of artillery standing near commanded fire. An almost simultaneous discharged followed and the shattered rebel columns took refuge in the wood. Not much fighting occured [sic].

In the afternoon our division was ordered to the extreme right and the rebels were appearing in force there. We marched back along the pike about a mile and formed but no attack came.

We passed the night by the pike. It was intenseley [sic] cold and having no blanket or overcoat I found it impossible to sleep. That night seemed one of unlimited length and of unequalled suffering to me.

Friday. We kept making short moves of position all forenoon. About two o'clock the battle commenced to war again on the left and the division was ordered there. Arriving we found that the enemy was making the attack on Sanders [sic] Division which had been thrown across the river and occupied a low hill that ran down to the stream. On our side the bank was very bluff. We took position some distance back at first but soon the rebels commenced to drive our men slowly but surely down the hill and into the river and then we advanced to the bluff and laying down delivered our volley. Just to our right and on the opposite side of a building from our right wing as many as a dozen batteries was playing on the rebels and they were answered with spirit. The ground fairly quaked and the plug plug of the rebels [sic] bullet was heard entering men at any second. But still the rebel line advanced down the hill with steady step and seemed to defy death itself. Their flag floated out on the breeze and they came on in such a splendid line that I could not but admire them. But at least when near the river they gave way and then passing a yell we dashed down the bank and across the river our left wing and the 19th in mingled confusion. I don't believe I ever felt better in my life than I did just then. All this time the batteries were engaged in deadly duel and the sky was fairly darkened with smoke.

While we were laying on the bluff the 15th Ohio came up to our support. I with five or six others were lying with Cap Cable in a low fence corner and just to our right was a mud hole. As the 15th came up one of them was struck on the top of the head just enough to bring the blood and knock him back into the mud hole where he lay making such frantic struggle to get up that I had to laugh to see him.

I halted under the opposite bank to reload and then hastened up the hill after the retreating rebels.

Only the left companies of our regiment crossed the river the rest being engaged on the right bank of the river which runs obliquely across the battle field. There was no order now everyone fighting on his own hook.

About halfway up the hill a color bearer was standing behind a tree while he held the flag out in view. We made a simultaneous rush all striving to get the flag. A private of the 78 Penn was the first to reach it as he seized [sic] it the color bearer turned to flee. In an instant fifty rifles were leveled at him and he fell shot to pieces.

The mass was now so dense that there was no chance to get to the front so I obliques towards the river and soon was engaged with a squad of rebels behind some rocks. After I had fired once and was reloading I felt a sharp twinge on my left hip and remained still for a half a minute thinking that I had been wounded. But when I examined I found that a ball had gone through my haversack and broken my spoon a piece of which had hit my hip. Our fire got to [sic] hot for the rebels and some of them commenced to retreat from the rocks. Then we charged and captured about a dozen. I being one of the foremost [sic] captured two. They were very much frightened and begged us not to kill them. I suppose they thought that we would act as they would in similar circumstances. They were sent to the rear.

We had now reached the top of the ascent. A fence ran along the top of the ridge behind it lay a line of rebels and a battery. The battery opened on us with cannons and raked us fearfully. We recoiled for a moment and then charged in a perfect frenzy. The shock was terrible. Everything appeared [sic]. A last desperate rush and we poured past the guns like a mob. A half witted fellow in company I shot down one of the cannoniers just as he was pulling the lanyard string. The infantry and caissons [sic] retreated across the field in disorder and the day was ours.

We had been so occupied that we made no note of time and night now seemed to fall like a veil. The pursuit was stopped and a line was formed, a battery stationed on the hill and the captured pieces three 24 lbs belonging to the Washington GA, Artillery were dragged across the river. Our fire had produced dreadful [sic] slaughter around the guns. I counted nine rebels that lay touching each other in one place. I picked up several nice Enfield and Springfield rifles but threw them down concluding to cling to my old U.S. which had done such good service. I now retraced my steps across the river to find the regiment. After search of about two hours I found it. It was sprinkling rain and was intensely dark. A cheerless prospect was before us. As we had no blankets the rain soon penetrated to the skin. A small gutter ran along just where we stacked arms and the bottom of it was hard and dry and formed quite a contrast to the mushy ground. I took possession and was soon filled with sleepers. Late in the night the rain fell heavily but worn out and exhausted I slept on until such a torrent [sic] of water came down the gutter that I was forced to rise. Oh that night seemed full of unutterable [sic] agony and suffering. But all things must have an end and so did that Friday night. Our faith in our beloved general was now stronger than ever. We had beaten the enemy and our spirits

rise in proportion. Let the days [sic] fight decide as it would we would go in with willing hearts.

Early in the forenoon came the order fall in 18's. We were going on the skirmish line. The rain fell in floods. We marched out past the breastworks and took refuge from the rain in a negro shanty. Eighteen dead bodies lay in front of the hut and dotted the field all around the outposts. We had to keep in the hut for every move outside was a signal for a rebel bullet. When the outposts were relieved the ongoing guard would double quick up to the line under a shower of bullets and the old guard watching their chance would slip back. Our company came in late in the afternoon. When I arrived at my post I found the hole (Gopher holes we call them) full of water. Lying on the damp ground and in water was not conducive to either health or comfort but necessity knows no law so I had to do it.

At the end of an hour when the relief came we were thoroughly chilled. The body of Col. Hawkins 13th OVI lay just to our right between the lines. I came on again about nine o'clock. The rebels in our front of the line built large fires. Some move was evidently pending. The night was intensely [sic] dark. Our artillery shelled the woods. The shells would come whizzing over our heads and bursting in a glare of light bore distraction to all before them. I noticed one thing about them that I shall improve on. When they burst all of the pieces go on in their former direction.

Spears [sic] Tennessean's and one or two other regiments marched out just to our right and engaged the enemy in a point of woods about two hundred yards from us. For a while a fierce fight occurred [sic]. The combattants [sic] were so close that we could hear every command that they would give and tell which one delivered volleys by the direction of the flash. One rebel commander appeared very anxious for A to keep his men from running and used a profusion [sic] of oaths to effect his object. Presently our attention was called out front. A man was approaching from the direction of the rebels. I heard the click! click! of the guns in the next gopher hole and called to the boys in a low voice to let him come up as it might be one of our men wounded and on his way to the rear. He proved to be a rebel – an orderly sargeant [sic] in the 1st LA regiment. Shortly after two more came in and one of Co B boys shot one of them.

Wounded him. They belonged to some South Carolina regiment. They were taken to the reserve and Capt. Steadman busied himself all night taking care of the wounded man. After an hour or more the fight ceased and the regiments withdraw. The Tennesseans threw the left of their picket line behind our right and while a relief was coming back from post one of them fired and killed Oscar Clark Co. D, one of our best soldiers. A squad of D hurried out and threatened to kill the whole guard but was formally pacified.

Scattering shots were still exchanged on our right and when I came on again at one o'clock a considerable skirmish was in progress.

It was a wild night and a fierce wind blew in our faces while the falling rain pelted us piteously. George Butt found an old cracker box near the hole and putting it on his head went to sleep. At three the regiment was relieved and marched back to where the Division was bivouaced [sic] and collecting some cedar boughs I threw myself down on them and despite the cold was soon fast asleep.

The sun was shining bright and clear when I awoke on Sunday morn. Looking around me I found that I had my bed on the edge of a little gutter and lying in it was a dead man. Cheer after cheer was rolling up from the cedars and reverberating along the river. I inquired the cause. The rebels had retreated. In [sic] anything earthly could seem heavenly it was those cheers as they rose on the air and a glorious sun streaming down from a cloudless sky seemed to share in our triumph. Rosey, Thomas and Negley never knew how our hearts exalted them in that hour. That come what would our unshaken confidence in them would lead us through all peril and suffering. Our banners had been torn. Our artillery scattered here and there with broken wheels and dismounted guns. Our ranks were shattered. Our comrades lay in the still embrace of Death among the sombre [sic] silent cedars and in the muddy river. We had nothing to eat or wear but we had victory.

A force was sent into Murfreesboro in the afternoon which took possession and exchanged shots with the rebel rear guard which hung on the outskirts off the town and seemed loathe to leave the scene of its bloody defeat.

During the afternoon Cable, I and two others visited the field of Wednesday's fight. I found the rebel at the edge of the cedars that I had taken position behind. He was a gigantic (dreadfully swelled) man. Shot through the head. I picked up a ball near him and am going to keep it as a memento. Also found one near where I made my first fire. We found our dead that had been within the rebel lines collected in squads but unburied. I found two of the Company in one of the collections. Jack Springer of Nelsonville and John Pratchant a Tennessean.

Poor Jack many a time have we roamed the streets at home together when all else was asleep. He was shot through the head. I cut a lock of his hair and am going to send it to his mother. And so passed Sunday the last day of the great battle. We have all been dissatisfied. Always saying among ourselves that we would never get into a battle of any magnitude. But we have been gratified at last and now wait anxiously to hear what our friends think of our actions.

This morning we crossed Stone [sic] River and entered the town with banners flying and drums beating, 19th Ill singing John Brown. On the way in we passed some brick chimneys in a deserted camp, a pretty sure sign that the rebel army would have wintered here but for our untimely interference [sic]. The 19th marched in with company A, singing (John Brown) a patriotic air. Our Brigade moved out three miles on the Shelbyville Pike, as a corps of Observation. After a stay of three hours we returned to town and are now quartered on the Manchester Pike a short distance from town on a ridge. Rosey has just rode past and was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. The pursuit was continued on the Manchester pike for eight or nine miles. A considerable cannonading took place.

7. Nothing is talking of but the battle. It will afford subject for many long winter evenings. The trains have not arrived from Nashville yet and we are suffering for want of rations and clothing. We have drawn the little tents called Shelter tents. With only two men to a tent. They are two pieces of this canvas about five feet square, buttoned together, of course they are cold but we have to root close.

8. Our Co. loss in the battle was Jack Springer, Joe Pratchard killed. Laurence Lowery, Wm C. Bowers since died, Belford Griffith, Wm F. Quigley, John G. Saunders and S. S. McDevitt wounded and W. C. Smith and Johnnie Carlton wounded and with W. E. Barron taken prisoners.

18. We have settled down into camp again and all the rigors of winter are on us.

24. Some heavy fortifications have been commenced between town and the river. If they are completed Murfreesboro will be impregnable.

28. I was on picket yesterday and had a great time. Our part of the line is about two miles from camp. The reserve that I was with was quartered in an old house the boys called it the "Haunted House". Most of the guard belonged to the 19th. It rained near all night. One of the guards imagined, he saw three horse men approaching and fired his gun and ran to the reserve. All together it was a night of fun and misery.

Feb. 1. The railroad to Nashville is not yet completed and rations and clothing have to be wagoned through. Worked on the fortifications yesterday. Nashville. Yesterday morning the regiment left camp to guard a train to Nashville and draw new guns. We crossed Stone [sic] River and camped last night on the battle ground. The stench was

horrible and I found it almost impossible to sleep. A bad rainy night. This morning we got in the wagons and rode to the city and are now camped on the outer edge.

10. Marched up to the arsenal on the Public Square and drew Enfield rifles and deposited our old friends, No U. S. there and started out of the city to camp for the night. I and a comrade of another company were marching along on the side walk by ourselves. Almost any one that had ever seen old soldier would have known that we were such by our weather beaten faces and torn uniforms. A couple of highly scented hospital stewards stopped us with "Hello! New regiment boys?" "Just drew your guns eh?" Yes said I just drew our guns. Well boys, said he patronizingly [sic], I am glad to see you at last but I tell you, you will see some mighty hard times down at the front." "Yes, I expect we will." "You won't find any feather beds down there. By the time you have been in a battle like Stone [sic] River, you can call yourselves soldiers. How long since you left home anyhow boys?" "Only a little over a year and half." said I. "A year and a half? says he in astonishment; - "where have you been all the time?" Well, six days of it were in the fight at Stone [sic] River." "What regiment do you belong to?" "The 18th Ohio." "The 18th Ohio?" "Come on, Bill" (to his companion). We gave a yell at his discomforture [sic] and went marching on. In the evening we heard that Cox's Division from West Virginia was lying on Steamer at the Launching. I went down to the River and had the pleasure of seeing H. Robbins and some more of the 92nd Ohio boys of my acquaintance. He had just received a letter that I had wrote him just after the battle. It had traveled to Virginia and followed them back to Nashville. Well, in the morning we started home to camp. Outside of the picket line some of the boys [illegible] up a lot of old horses and [illegible] themselves a band of "shavetail cavalry. The road on the Pike was terrible. We made about ten miles and camped. Isiah Simmons and I were several miles ahead of the company. Burtered [sic] a fire and camped [illegible].

Rained near all night which I spend in alternate spells of sleep and wakefulness. Started next morning and about noon reached Sabergne [sic] and ate what dinner we had. In the afternoon, Sheep face and I took a scout to the left of the pike. About a mile from the pike we came to one of the largest springs that I ever saw a small river seemed pouring forth. I came to an old horse in old clearing and tried to catch him but came near getting kicked in my jaws and gave him up. A death like stillness rains [sic] among [sic] the cedars and is seems as if they were never intruded upon. We did not penetrate them far for fear of being lost and starving to death before we could find our way out for they are so thick that it is impossible to see far in them. Rejoined the regiment at Joneboro [sic] near which we camped for the night having made another 10 miles marching the day. We camped between Nashville and Murfreesboro presents one scene of desolation. Scarce a tree or fence it but shows marks of the numerous [sic] conflicts that have take place along the miles.

12. Made ten miles more and reached camp and found everything quiet and the "grey backs" in undisturbed possession.

14. I did not receive any valentine, but received orders to go out with the forage train. Went out on the Wilkinson Pike. Visited the battlefield of December 31 and examined the ground. Counted over 100 bullets in one tree within ten feet of the ground in front of where we made our first fire. Many of the others had as many. Showing what a terrible fire we had on the regiment that marched up against us which I have since learned was the Rock City Guards a Nashville regiment. We were out about 12 miles filled the wagons and returned to camp.

15. Sign the payrolls for four months pay.

16. My 19th birthday. I celebrated as best I could. Nothing done. Rained heavily.

18. Promoted to corporal. 17th corporal. LL you are rising.

21. Paid off again and up to Dec. 31 62. Four months pay. It can not last long where there are so many sutlers and [illegible] and their charges are outrageous. The second day after we came here I paid five cents cash for small butter crackers the size of a quarter at the three Tennessee sutlers and the [illegible] did not last long.

23. U-P-cinn. The boys had a grand picken [sic] in our tent tonight. The sutler has brought us some canned peaches for whiskey. That is there are three peaches in the can and the rest filled with whiskey. Mic Shepard Jack Figgins Jim Vierity Ed Butt Bow Poston and "Sheepface" were in the spree and Major Dew. Some of the 19th boys came over to "shings" but Sheepface routed them.

March 1. An expedition consisting of the 18 and 21 and 14 Ohio 3rd Tenn 19 Ill and 3 and 4th Ohio and 12th Tenn Cavalry with artillery marched to Bradyville about 15 miles northeast of Murphysboro [sic] today where part of Morgan's rebel command was stationed. The cavalry went in advance and attacked the rebels and after a short but brisk fight forced them to retreat. Our loss was 10 wounded the rebels lost about 20 wounded and 80 prisoners. They were the dirtiest squad of men that I ever saw. Some of our company found a tent in one of the rebel camps that the 19 Ill had drawn at Bacon Creek. Had company A 19 Ill marked on it in black paint. We bivouaced [sic] in the town which was of no importance whatever. The country is [illegible] and woody a cold night.

2. Our object having been accomplished we returned to camp today. Arriving we found our tent burned to the ground. The tent stove had fallen over and set it afire. Though the boys affirm that it was the "greybacks" trying to make [illegible] move for once. I doubt but effected their object.

9. It has been raining almost constantly since we came back from Bradyville and the army is literally [sic] besieged by the mud with every prospect of a speedy capture.

11. Yesterday eve while the clouds were lowering [illegible] a storm we were ordered out on a scout to Salem about 10 miles southeast of camp to support Jeff Davis who is making demonstration on the enemys left command. The rain poured down in torrents and the mud was near knee deep. Camp for the night in a field at the Post office and passed the night wretchedly enough. Today have been occupied in making our stay comfortable.

Salem Tenn.

13. Col Given had us drilled in the bugle calls. A flock of Sand Hill cranes passed over today going north. We are bivouaced [sic] on a considerable plantation.

14. Another byword for us. During the fore noon two of Col Stanleys [sic] orderly Demas Adams Co. G and another one out of the C9 rode out a short distance from camp. Presently the C9 chap came back galloping back to the camp crying "Demas taken" "Demas taken". After his alarm had subsided we learned that some rebel cavalry had chased them. That night we can hear throughout the camp "Demas taken" "Demas taken" Demas however has made his appearance. During the afternoon there being no prospect of a fight we returned to camp at Murfreesboro.

15. Spring begins to appear and the weather is getting warm. Of course though we must expect nice March weather.

April 12. The trees are again green clothed in all the bright array of spring. Everything looks so peacefull [sic] this morning but alas the demon of war is still alive in the land and wars [sic] desolation is all around us. We have moved our camp nearer town and close to the Big Spring where we can have plenty of water.

13. Paid off again and up to Feb. 28 – 63.

June 1. Time hangs heavy. This has been a long season of rest and we are fully prepared to be hurled against the rebel columns again. I wonder if I shall go in with the confidence that I entered the battle here. I have a dread of being wounded. I cannot bear the thought of dying alone in a hospital. If I have to die I want to do so with my face toward the enemy on the field of battle.

5. Went over to the McMinnville Pike and witnessed the hanging of a man named Wm. A. Selkirk who murdered a man, Weaver, by name in Wilson Co. Tenn. for his money – both citizens. He denied the crime till the last moment but his guilt was to [sic] evident to doubt. A scaffold had been erected and a trap fixed on the end of a wagon. The black cap was drawn over his face, the trap knocked from under and he was sworn dead. The concourse was immense. The son and daughters of the murdered man were present. He was killed for money. Yesterday and today the rebel cavalry made attacks along the picket line of different points but nothing decisive occurred [sic].

11. The monotony of camp life is becoming intolerable. Drill and picket are the only breaks in it. We have erected shelters of green boughs over our company streets. Plenty of reports from the rebel army. One says that they are reinforcing and another that Bragg is sending his forces to other departments. As the Mexicans say, Queine Sab [sic], (Who knows)”

14. What a terrible time those Copper Heads are making in the north. If they would come down here we would learn them more wisdom in one day than their leaders can in a year. History, impartial history will hand them down to future generations side by side with the Tories of the Revolution. I am getting into trouble with some of my folks. I cannot help it. I must have my say when any one is in opposition to the interest of the country.

23. After near six months of inaction we have rec'd orders to prepare for forward move with three days rations in our haversacks and eight in our wagons. The extreme flanks of the Army from Triune and Cripple Creek have been concentrating here today and have moved on the Manchester and Shelbyville Pikes. The rebels are reported to have Hoovers Gap half way between this post and Manchester so fortified as to be able to resist all opposing force but with Rosey to lead we will proceed. Took our shelter tents or day tents as they are now called.

25. It commenced raining yesterday fore noon as it usually does when we commence to move. We thought that the orders would be deferred until today but about noon the

regiment marched out on the Manchester pike. Heard heavy firing in the direction of the Shelbyville Pike yesterday. Camped about 8 miles from Murfreesboro. We only made about three miles today. Some skirmishing and cannonading before us. Renyold's division was the troops engaged.

26. Paked [sic] some small fortifications at the Gap (enough for six guns) in a commanding position. Bivouaced [sic] at Beech Grove thirteen miles from Manchester. There has been considerable firing during the day. Where we have halted there is a horse shot through by a cannon ball. The boys have ransacked a doctors [sic] office near the camp and I am using one of his volumes for a pillow. I expect I will wake up in the morn pretty well [illegible]. Went out tonight to make an attack but returned to camp for some cause to me unknown. I guess I have to go an [sic] ask the General if I do want to know. However I'll [go] to sleep now and prepare for the morrows [sic] fight.

27. Our Division left the pike and marched up a valley three miles toward Wartrace and halted at a cross roads. While there a woman came up. She was evidently a spy either for the rebels or our side. Had a fine wool blanket and haversack. A very good looking girl and excited great interest. I would give a days rations to know who she is. Gen. Negley received some information and we returned to the pike by another route. Rosey passed us soon after reaching the road late in the afternoon. (We cheered him) Arrived at Manchester far into the night considerably fatigued. We had the greatest time getting in to [sic] position for the night and even counter marched so much that the boys broke in open murmurs of discontent. We didn't see anything of the enemy today.

28. Rest for Sunday. Passed the time in visiting the well remembered scenes of last fall. The Great springs seems as busy as ever sending out the ice cold water.

30. We, yesterday, sent our knapsacks back to Murfreesboro and about noon fell into line and march of [sic] toward Tullahoma. One of the worst days possible. The rain poured down in torrents and the mud was near knee deep. Oh, it was perfect misery. (Elk River – page heading) Made about six miles and bivouacked near the water tank halfway between Tullahoma and Manchester. Went to sleep thoroughly soaked.

30. Rested in camp for Sunday and subsisted on dewberries. A quiet day. Sent our knapsacks back to Murfreesboro yesterday so we won't be bothered with them anymore. I think that marching with knapsacks is the biggest bore yet as we soon get utterly worn out. This country is perfectly wild with underbrush.

July 1 (1863). Marched about six miles toward Elk River bridge intending to cut off the rebels who were retreating from Tullahoma. In the afternoon our division engaged them near the wagon bridge about two miles above the railroad bridge but nothing decisive occurred. Co. B and ours were on the skirmish line. The firing brought to mind the scenes of Stone [sic] River but did not affect me much. The day was intensely hot and many of the men fell from sunstroke. Bivouced [sic] late at night on a side hill in the valley of the Elk River and not far from the rail bridge across the river.

2. Early this morning the rebels fired the river bridge. Our artillery shelled them off before it could be totally destroyed. They had guns in an earthwork on the south side of the river and replied but soon withdrew. Our cavalry crossed the river above and had a serious fight with the enemy cavalry. Camped for the night in the woods near the river.

3. Crossed (waded) and formed line and moved a short distance to the battle ground of yesterday. The enemy left about a dozen of their dead in our haunts. Found many blackberries and partook largely. Haven't heard any firing today and the enemy must have retreated.

4. Marched towards Decherd. Heard the news from the Army of the Potomac of the great battle (Gettysburg). The batteries fired a national salute. Made an attempt to group on the Cumberland Mountain but halted at the foot and turned back. Camped about three miles from the last nights [sic] one. Appearance of rain have put up our small shelters.

6. Heavy rains, a perfect deluge. Almost starving. Have nothing to eat. The trains are not at home and we are Oh! so hungry. No one can imagine the pangs of hunger save he that has endured them. All our thoughts are on something to eat. I can imagine how my great mothers [sic] juice and cakes bread and [illegible] at home. How I long to have some of them in my clutches now in this the hour of my necessity. I don't think I will be troubled with delicacy at home hereafter.

7. I spring to my feet this morning at the roar of artillery in the midst of the camp and was agreeably surprised to learn that it was a salute fired in honor of the fall of Vicksburg. Marched at ten o'clock to Dechard where our division is camped tonight.

9. I guess our tramp is over for the present and the army is all quartering here and at Winchester two or three miles away. It seems that Bragg not having force enough to continue with us has fallen back across the mountains and perhaps across the

Tennessee. If the latter we will soon be on the ground of last summer and prepared for a march in to the real Dixie.

11. Decchard is a small station where the Winchester and Fayetteville road branches of [sic] from the N and C Railroad. A branch of Elk River runs past the village. Eight miles from Elk River bridge and about the same distance from Cumberland Mt.

15. Our knapsacks have arrived from Murfreesboro. Everything mouldy [sic] and damp. Had no difficulty in finding mine. Though some of the boys did not find theirs.

16. Have settled down into the usual routine of drill and guard. Our picket line runs through the edge of a swamp where in a countless myroids [sic] of musketoos [sic] which hinder sleep at night impossible. Next to hunger I think musketoos [sic] the greatest misery of a soldiers life.

20. We have good chances to wash ourselves in the holes of the creek here and do not fail to employ the opportunity.

22. Jack Figgins received the sentence of a court martial for a fuss that he had with orderly Camp at Murfreesboro. Sentence thirty days ball and chain and two months pay kept back.

26. Chess, checkers and cards hold a high hand with us at present. Everyone is initiated into their mysteries.

29. Gen. Rosey came through from Nashville on a train car belonging to the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. The locomotive and passenger car continued. The division turned out and welcomed him with cheers. He stopped a short time to see Negley and then proceeded on to Winchester where Ned Russ [sic] men are.

30. Decherd is the base of supplies for the army.

Aug. 1. One of the guards on a train from Nashville fell between two cars while the train was going at full speed down the hill opposite our camp. His head, both arms and both legs were cut off. Died instantly of course. His gun bent double. Have been paid up for four months. Made up Jack Figgins [sic] loss by court martial. Wouldn't like that sentence much.

5. Have been having some hot weather. Maybe can get through it.

10. Our brigade moved today to Cowan seven miles south to relieve the bridge guards of Rousencrans [sic] division which has gone over the mountain to Stevenson. The coal railway to Tracy City branches off here. About a mile distant is the Cumberland tunnel through the mountain about three fourths of a mile long. Some of the abandoned camp here exhibit considerable artistic skill in their adornment with cedar branches.

12. Having got our camp prepared for a long stay we today were ordered across the mountain. Started in the fore noon. Had a magnificent view of Winchester from the top of the mountain and of the long forest plain that stretches far away to Elk and Duck Rivers. Halted for the night at Lantallon [sic], the first station in Coon valley. Left the rest of the brigade at Cowen.

14. Left Lantallon [sic] and made three miles. Camped for the night. We are employed in working the roads to get them ready for to advance.

15. Marched to one half mile south of Anderson Station and across the state line so we are once more in Alabama. Plenty of foraging now (roasting ears and peaches) and we have some jolly times.

16. The division is all across the mountain and has gone in advance of us.

17. Pap Cook came near getting "cleaned out" by a secret woman. Ruins the laugh on him.

18. Marched to two miles about Stevenson and camped with the division. Huge mountains wall us in on every side.

Cave Spring, ALA (page heading)

20. We get the water that we use at a spring in a cave in the side of the mountain and this camp is called this from Camp Cave Spring.

26. We have a fine band that has recently arrived from Chicago. They play every evening. The music sounds expressly charming here echoing from the mountains and resounding through the valleys.

27. Our Corp is now all camped in this valley and along the railroad towards Bridgeport.

29. There is a large train of pontoons across our camp. I think from appearances that work is meant.

31. Being in one sense of the word free today that is "off duty" I went up on the mountain back of Gen Negleys [sic] HDGs with "Cheatom" (Isiah Simmons). We climbed a tree on the summit of the cliffs and had a most glorious panorama spread out before us. The Tennessee river eight miles off glistened in the sun. Stevenson lay beneath our feet. Bridgeport to our left. Far off to the south west in the interior of Alabama range of mountains was just decemable. Away to the right – fifteen or twenty miles was presented a scene that caused the patriotic heart of one soldier at least to rise into his throat. Up from the walls – above the tree tip and hanging along side of the mountain like a morning fog arose a cloud of dust for miles and miles. The right wing of the army was moving in towards Stevenson. Ever and again the rays of the sun glistening on the guns of the marching thousand clamoring throught [sic] the forest and [illegible] of dust and caught my eye. Dead indeed must have been the heart in all patriotic individuals that would not have felt a thrill at the sight of that dust cloud and the thought of the "Boys in Blue" enveloped in it. Down to the latest hour of my existence I expect never to forget it. For hours and hours the cloud raised and for hours and hours I watched it spell bound and tonight I am still watching it in imagination. I think we will soon have orders for a forward move across the river and into Georgia. I think this but as far as actual knowledge is concerned I might as well be at the North Pole. The private is like the Dutchman at Green River "He knows nothing."

31. Went up on the mountain again this morning. The cloud of dust was still raising. I cast many long glances across the river and at the mountains there where sides we will soon be scaling. When I left the lookout the head of the marching column had nearly reached Stevenson.

Tuesday, Sept. 1. Went swimming in the creek in the forenoon about 1 p.m. Received marching orders. Left Camp at three p.m.

2. Last night at 9 p.m. we arrived at Capertons Ferry on the Tennessee above five miles from Stevenson. A Pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river there. Huge fires blazed on either side and lit up the river. It was a strange wild scene. The roar of the waters, the tramp of the infantry on the bridge and the rattle of the artillery trains mingled in confusion. We crossed and entered the Sodom and Gomorah [sic] of the rebellion. Marching about four miles farther we bivouaced [sic] for the night. (Across the

Tennessee – page heading) Today we have moved up the river to opposite Bridgeport. Saw the cavalry crossing just below it fording, also saw the ruins of the Railroad bridge. This was a splendid day for marching. Such glorious sunshine and such lovely scenery. I cannot tell anything about our destination or where Braggs [sic] army is. Last night some of their pickets were drove off from the river bank where the bridge at the ferry was formed. Jesse King, one of our [illegible] says the mountain here is Sand mountain I am detailed for picket.

3. Stood picket last night on the side of Sand mountain. The under brush was so dense that it was impossible to form a line. Helped the division trains up the mountain today. Gen. Negley worked like a beaver. Coat off – shoulder to the wheel. Encouraging the men, etc. Have camped near the Georgia State line. I am luxurating [sic] on sweet potatoes and peaches tonight. Think we will enter Georgia tomorrow if nothing happens.

4. Cross the mountain, came down into Lookout valley and are camped near a large spring about two miles above Trenton the county seat of Dade Co, Georgia. (In lookout Valley – page heading)

5. Have remained in camp here today. Some of the boys who have been out foraging report that all the inhabitants of this valley are “Jane Keets and Ederts” and as far as I have seen them I am sure my opinion coincides with theirs. Lookout Mountain is the name of the mountain in the opposite side of the Valley. It presents a bold front and seems to defy us to scale its heights. Why it is so named I cannot find out. I am sure that Sand Mountain is rightly named.

6. Orderly camp received news from the “intelligent contraband” that there was a squad of negroes concealed on Lookout Mountain off our camp. He reported the same to Negley and the regiment was ordered to scout the mountain. We crossed the valley at the foot of the mountain we came across a sign of civilization (the only one in the valley) in the form of a railroad just building. The only route of the mountain for many miles was an old Indian trace. Up we marched single file like along serpentine the regiment, as it wound up slowly. When the advance came to the cliffs that form the edge of the top they discovered a rebel picket eating his dinner. He discovered them about the same time and fired his carbine and ran leaving his dinner. Had there been one dozen resolute men there they could have kept the whole regiment off as only one could advance at a time around a point of rock in the narrow path. Several shots were fired but I could not learn by whom as our company was in the rear and far down the mountain. We formed as soon as possible and sent out skirmishers. Found where the rebels had their reserve but could find no enemy. Moved along the mountain towards Trenton where a gulf breaks the edge and halted on the point. A glorious and panorama was spread out

before us. Lookout valley was dotted with the white tents of the army as far as it could be seen and the long wagon trains were winding up the roads and the smoke of the army camp fires arose throughout the whole length of the valley. Our flag was flung out on the breeze. The first Union Standard planted on that gigantic bulwark of Central Georgia. It was a scene well calculated to inspire a poet and the soldiers are only practical beings and not poets by any means. We all felt impressed by the grandeur of our surroundings. Upon the planting of our flag all attention down in the valley and many group were gathered together to solve the mystery. Many and deep were the imprecations shineered [sic] upon Orderly's head on the way back and when we arrived where the camp had been and found the Negleys [sic] division had moved up the valley. "Nigger on the brain" arose with redoubled energy. After a march of about five miles we came up with the division. After dark and camped near a small marsh. Passed some of Rosescran's Division. I am writing this by the light of a camp fire alternately scribbling a little and slapping at musketoes [sic]. Those miserable insects – they are the greatest torment that I have and against them my greatest achievements in warfare have been waged, thousands on thousands have I slain but slaughtered they are in vain.

7. Have marched four miles today and have halted for the night in a cornfield in Johnsons [illegible]. A road crosses Lookout here so I suppose we are bound over that mountain. Quite cool tonight compared with last night. I cannot congratulate myself on my bed tonight in the soft ploughed ground.

8. Half way up the mountain on our march today we came to an old cabin in which was a "southern" widow and her two children entirely destitute. Not an article of furniture in the house and a quilt on of old boards formed their bed. We would have suspicioned that they had hid their effects. (for the soldier is always suspicious but their were sunken faces attested the truth that they were literal starving). The supply trains left her provisions for months to come. What a example of southern consistency. Her husband was killed in one of the battles before Richmond and his grateful country leaves his widow and children to starve. We have camped on top of the mountain and I'm walking into a pile of peaches tonight that is diminishing with wondrous rapidity. I look at the thing just this way. Climbing mountains is hard work and I like peaches. I surmise that we are going to have a cool night of it. On picket as usual. Our division is the advance of the army. Rosencrans is behind us.

10. Mon. Yesterday marched down into what the citizens call McLemore's Cove. The moment the advance reached level ground it fell in with the rebel cavalry. Advance slowly about two miles driving it before them. Toward night the enemy appeared in force and our regiment was sent out to skirmish but the rebels fell back as we advance. Came to the forks of the road and halted, Company N and ours were left for picket and the rest

of the command returned to the bivouac. N was stationed on one of the roads near a creek and at the foot of a low raise. Ours was posted on the other road. (Chickamauga Valley – page heading) Company reserve near a farm house. Farmer very communicative. Told me that he had seen but few rebels during the day. Says that this is the Chickamauga Valley and the low mountain in front is Pigeon Mountain. This morning a short time ago a squad of rebels crept upon the raise in front of Comp. H and just after it became light fired down upon them but did no damage. I was asleep on the reserve at the time. I sprung up thinking it was our fort that was attacked and seized my gun. No other firing occurred, the rebels retreating immediately. Have moved on now at Cassendra Crossroads. Night – Have moved forward about three miles today in line of battle. During the afternoon we passed through a field of the largest corn that I have seen. Just after we passed through it we about faced and fell back about a quarter of a mile and formed line on the right of the road that we were marching on. Evidently we just escaped an ambush.

(Dug Gap – page heading) Our skirmishers were sent out and soon encountered the rebel infantry. From their boldness there must be a heavy force of the enemy perhaps Bragg's whole army which I hear has left Chattanooga. Skirmishing constantly until dark without any advance on either side. Have bivouaced [sic] for the night in dense pine woods. No water near.

12. Again we have heard the roar of battle, the crash of shells too. Yesterday the enemy gave us a severe rebuff for coming down into Georgia to visit their strong hold. Co. A of 18 stood picket on the road on the night of the 10. During the night the rebels stepped up close and pelted them severely with rocks to draw their fire but they kept the silence crouching behind the trees and with eyes and ears open. Firing commenced at day light. During the forenoon then McMillan Co. E was wounded through the leg. The firing kept pretty steady till noon. At noon our company relieved the skirmishers on the left of the road and we soon heard the music of the balls. I did not get to fire but two or three times as I saw it was useless to fire unless I caught a glimpse of a gray suit. (Davis Crossroads battle – page heading) Ed McCune was the next man to me on the left. He behaved very gallantly. Could hear the rebels [sic] commands to advance and retreat and knew when to watch for a chance to fire for of course when they would move they would expose themselves. About three o'clock the division fell back to avoid being surrounded as the enemy was appearing in heavier force every moment. The rest of the company had left the line before I had any intimation of a retreat and then Tom Linton called to me from the rear that the orders were to retreat but McCune and I were so busily engaged that we did not obey him immediately and the consequence was that when I did leave the line I could see no one where the company and regiment had been. McCune stubbornly refused to retire saying that he had had no orders to retreat

so I left him. Stepping out onto the road I soon found that it was forbidden ground by the shower of balls that raised the dust almost under my very feet. (Davis Cross rebel fight – page heading) The rebels opened a tremendous cannonade on the woods where the brigade had been and it tended materially to accelerate my footsteps. The Division fell back about a mile across Chickamauga Creek and took position on a low raise about two hundred years beyond it where their [sic] are cross roads which I hear are called Bileys Davis Crossroad. The 19 skirmishers were posted behind a stone fence at the edge of the creek. In a short time small advance squad of the rebels appeared in sight on the opposite side of the creek. Our left companies lay on the top of the ridge very much exposed. A cannon stood in front of Co. B. We rose to see the gunner fire at the rebels on the road. It fired the rebels scattered and while we yet stood the rebels opened on us with four guns loaded with canister which caused considerable destruction.

We fell back in disorder behind the ridge and formed again. The utmost confusion reigned for awhile but finally order was restored. The division withdrew in the darkness to the foot of the mountain. The enemy continued firing long after we left. Passed the night anxiously. Expected an attack this morning thinking that the enemy would follow up the advantage gained yesterday and capture the division before the rest of the army could cross the mountain and come to our aid but the morning has passed off without any alarm and foot up our losses. There the result of yesterday's fighting is four killed and eight wounded.

Corp. Tom Bell and Chas Anders Co. G wounded the former mortally the latter severely. The rest of Brannan's Div. came down the mountain today and marched out as far as the battle field but found no opposition. Our Regiments are Pigmies compared with his. The 21 Ohio one of them has never been in a fight and are very anxious to try their hands. Starkwether's [sic] brigade Baird's div has been with us during our fight. A nice day but very dusty. Can see a rebel signal station in a field on Pigeon Mountain. They can easily tell the movements of troops by the dust clouds. (Before Chickamauga – page heading)

Sunday 13. Tom Bell died today. In him we have lost a gallant soldier. Could see the worms even in his fingers. Terrible stench.

14. Went out and burned [sic] our dead today. Found three of them had their heads blown off. Two of Co. B and Lew Pullen of K. Moved our camp to Casendra Crossroads.

15. All quiet on the Patomac with us. I am on pickett [sic] in the dark pines. Corp. Pike of the No 4 Ohio Cavalry went out.

16. Our camp is still at Cassendra Crossroads. I am particular to make a memorandum of every days [sic] transactions for I doubt not that the history of the next few days will be eventful. The army is concentrating here.

17. The enemy can tell all about our movements from his post on Pigeon Mt. Moved about 6 miles toward Chattanooga today. A new line is being formed and McCook is closing in on our right. This is a densely wooded country and about as unfitted for a battle ground as any that could be chosen but the position cannot always be chosen. This has been a splendid time for a move. No rain nor heat or dust.

23. (Chickamauga Battle Chattanooga – page heading) The great Battle has been fought and we are here in Chattanooga. I hardly know how to commence my journal after the momentous events that have occurred since I last took up my pen. I must say that sad and mournful thoughts are filling my mind as I think of the vacant places in our ranks of the diminished number of the tents and of the horrors of the past week but to return to my journal. During the forenoon of the 18 the troop kept passing our bivouac in the direction of Chattanooga. Firing on our left but nothing serious. Took up the march about three in the afternoon. Moved very slow as the army was getting into battle line. Night found us still on the move.

Coming to where the road divided by mistake we took the fork that was leading us directly into the rebel line when fortunately before a collision had occurred the effort was discovered and we retraced our steps. Moved about five miles and then bivouacked in a large field (late in the night) near Niden Glen [sic]. Several trees that were standing in it were on fire to the top most branches. They were soon leveled to the ground. The night was cold. Troops were marching past throughout the whole night and the rumbling of the artillery trains and the rattle of sabers often woke us from our fitful slumbers.

19. The sun rose clear. After a hasty breakfast of hardtack and coffee I ascended [illegible] commenced to take a hasty view of the surroundings. On the left extended a series of cornfields for perhaps a mile and then dense pine and oak woods intervened to shut out a farther view in the direction where all the interest centered. It was now eight o'clock and there had been no firing that I could hear as yet. Presently the boom of a cannon came borne on the air across the cornfield – a few scattering musket shots – a prolonged roar and the battle had commenced. A [illegible] the smoke rise over the pines and fancy gave it the forms of lurking fiends exulting in the destruction that was going on beneath their feet and the battle now waxed louder and louder and the brave hearts met their deaths with determined faces. I turned away sad at heart with the thought of the gallant comrades meeting their fate on that forest plain. The troops were

still marching past hurrying toward Chattanooga. The 92 went past. It was in the fight on the 18 then came McCook – the last of the army. About ten o'clock our brigade was ordered out. A short distance to the rear (which was also the front – to Glass mill) to hold the road until the trains could get passed and Bridges [sic] Chicago battery was posted on the edge of a corn field. We soon saw the rebels marching past on the opposite side of the creek and hastening to join in the melee. Bridge opened on them and was replied to by as well several battery. The enemy's artillery men won my admiration by their good shooting.

Bridges done good work too. We lay there two hours when the trains having passed in safety we withdrew and marched towards the left where desperate fighting was going on. Stopped at a large spring (Crawfish Crossing) to fill our canteens and pushed on about three miles farther before we took our place in the line. Met a great many wounded men of Davis [sic] Division which was doing some good fighting. About dark the brigade moved into the front line and lay there under the fire for some time. After the firing ceased we stationed a heavy line of skirmishers and fell back about one hundred yards and lay on our arms all the night which was intensely cold for this time of year. (Chickamauga – page heading) Scattering firing was kept up until late in the night and at last moved out. I did not sleep much, I lay wake until far in the night pondering on the mighty events of the morrow. I was aware that the coming sun would witness the horrors of a general battle perhaps one of the fiercest in the worlds [sic] history for we considered ourselves almost invincible and right – but we knew not how large a force was in front of us. Unknown dangers are always most dreaded. I thought of the masses that lay so quiet among the pines so still that I could hear any breeze rustle the leaves. Occasionally a low rumble far to the left in the direction of the enemy told that all slept not. What was there that I did not think of in those long hours of anxiety. Home; Childhood; Boyhood; Soldier life all passed before me like a moving panorama. I know how I should act on the morrow and yet the suspense was worse than "battles front rank". It grew cold Oh! So cold! toward morn. It seemed to me that I had scarcely closed my eyes when the order came to fall in. The dawn was just breaking.

(Chickamauga in Chattanooga – page heading)

20. We stood at arms expecting every moment to see the enemy advancing in one of their sudden attacks but the sun rose and found our part of the line in comparative quiet except the skirmishing which recommenced at daybreak. From the left the fiercest sounds of battle reached our ears and every moment the nose [sic] increased until it became one loud long continued roar. Eight o'clock came and still we had no part in the deadly conflict. Soon an orderly dashed up and the brigade moved off to the left. (Our removal caused the whole disaster that then [illegible] the army). A rapid march of

perhaps two miles found us on the extreme left and advancing to the battle line. With enthusiasms and expectation raised to the highest pitch we reached our appointed place and lay down to await the charge that must soon come. The skirmishers about a hundred yards in front began to fire and retreat back they came and the rebel line came on. When they came within thirty yards of us we raised and pounced our volley upon them. They staggered and retreated. We raised our battle yell and pursued them utterly disregarding all order and discipline. We were brought to a halt at the edge of a stubble field (McDonald) by a battery and a new line of infantry. Fortunately the battery aimed too high. I had a narrow escape from a falling tree. We held the position until another brigade moved up and formed line in the rear and then retreated when the rebels advanced again. The brigade fled to a man without firing again and we checked the enemy and drove them back again this time going to the right of the field. The regiments got mingled up and I did not see anything more of the 18 until noon. The firing here having ceased for the time I joined four of the 19 boys and we moved along the line to where the fight was raging on the right and stopped at a log house on the hills where the 3 Kentucky was engaged and joined them. The enemy seemed determined to drive us off and made a desperate charge though unsuccessful and they retired leaving their sharp shooters at work. There I saw the only men shot that I noticed particularly during the day. Two sergeants were standing behind a line that had just been drawn up on our left and I was watching it when the sergeants fell and the white smoke curling up from the top of a tree in front told whence the blow came. A squad of us directed our fire to it and we heard from there no more. I began to get terribly thirsty during the afternoon but there was no water at hand so I was forced to fight on.

In the meantime the enemy was making strenuous efforts to obtain possession of the ridge farther to the right and at last it seemed by the firing that he was being successful and reserve line was falling slowly back. On the left the firing seemed nearer and the case appeared desperate. To the left and rear stretched a long and large cornfield. Presently a great cloud of dust arose at the far end and rank after rank of glittering muskets issued from its canopy. We saw the moving scene in mute astonishment thinking that the left wing had become demoralized and retreated and this was the rebel right wing enfolding us like a serpent. Nothing could save us now. The road to Chattanooga was cut off. The officers looked blank despair. On came the cloud and endless ranks. Colors and uniforms alike indistinguishable. A group of officers and a color bearer separated from the coming mass and galloped towards us. All eyes were turned upon them. The colonel watched them through his glass. The flag gave an impatient fling broadside towards us. Hurrah Hurrah It is Granger. It is the Reserve Corp flag. No words of mine can express the change this discovery made in our minds. The head of the [illegible] marched up the hill to our right and for a few minutes the firing was terrific. The remnant of our regiment arrived with them. The reinforcements were timely.

The enemy had gained possession of the wire breastworks on the ridge top. We made a dash charge. Lieut. Carlin Co. C sieged [sic] the flag and fell shot through. The enemy abandoned the works and fled down the hill. For us the fighting was over, the enemy refusing to try again. On our right the battle roared heavily and the left wing was still fighting. The sun went down on us still possessors of the ridge and the fighting ceased even the skirmishers seeming worried by the long contest. About 8 o'clock we fell back past the hospital (the log house) supposing that we was only going to change our position on the line. A sergeant of the 2nd Ohio met us near the hospital and told Capt. Gabel that one of his men was laying wounded in the field about 200 yards off and desired to be taken to the log house hospital. Jack Figgins and I were ordered with the sergeant. We found that it was George Butt shot through. A ball having entered on his left side and been cut out on the right during the day by a surgeon. We carried him up to the house on a blanket but finding the house crowded we placed him under an oak tree by the house and proceeding to a straw stack that I had noticed during the day I soon placed him in a best condition possible under the circumstances. We were intensely thirsty not having had a drop of water since daybreak and having under gone so much fatigue during the day we were suffering extremely. Hearing of a well about a mile off along the line I sent Figgins with all the canteens that I could collect after water. I was close to the line and the rebels skirmishers who had the range forced him to climb down into the well and get the water. When he returned we made George some coffee at a fire in a sheltered of siturn [sic]. His stomach would not retain it and I felt his wound was mortal but we cheered him to hope for the best. It was now about 10 o'clock. Everything was quiet – too quiet. We began to suspect that the troops had more than changed their position on the line and I started out to see. On reaching the works on the hill my doubts were verified – they were deserted. When I related the tale of affairs George made us seek the regiment as it would be useless for us today and fall into the hands of the rebels. Leaving him our blankets we bade him goodbye. I felt that it would be the last time I would see the gallant fellow so I gave him his address on a piece of paper telling his company regiment and also his address when at home and started. When we had gone about two hundred yards it occurred to us that we might meet death in the shape of our own skirmishers who would fire upon anyone approaching in the night and started to return to the hut on the hill when we met a soldier who told us that the rebels had just arrived at the hospital. After this providential escape we concluded to lay down and await the dawn.

The rebel skirmishers were but a short distance off to our left. We could hear them evermore. From the rebels came sounds of unusual activity. Continual firing noise on the air as reinforcements moved and heard how the days [sic] fight had resulted. The night was perfectly clear and we suffered intensely from the cold. Long and anxiously we waited for daybreak and as the first streaks of dawn lit up the eastern sky we were

on the march. The rebel skirmishers advanced to the attack at daybreak but their opponets [sic] were gone. For a mile now we had hard work keeping out of their way. Making our way through the hills we after a march of 4 or 5 miles reached the army and found our regiment guarding the gap in the Rossville Hills (Mission Ridge). The company had drawn rations and none had been saved all supposing Figgins and I were dead or prisoners in the enemy's hands. Our battery was stationed in the gap. Our regiment on the high hill side and the 19 on the left one. The 11 Mich. and 19 Ohio behind the battery NO 1st brigade was stationed on the ridge above our regiment. The hill side was so steep that we had to dig to rest our feet in. Had no cover save some bushes that were cut down and piled in line to screen us from the rebel eyes until they should approach within short range. We had no skirmishers out. The battery had one man posted out for a lookout. (Shultz battery M 1st Ohio). About 9 the rebel skirmishers came on feeling their way their supports close at hand. Presently the Dutchman came running back and cried "shesus Krist here they come whole regiments". From our position we could not see them but the 19 Ind battery opened on them they retreated. The 11 run like greyhounds and not all of the entreaties of the Colonel or our shouts of [illegible] could make them form line again until the firing had ceased.

The enemy got a battery into position on the hillside in front of 19 and opposite us and the raked [sic] grape and shell canister fell thick and fast. We left corporal in Co. K, the man on my right was lying on a log when a shell struck within two feet of him and nearly blinded us with the dirt weighing down (I kicked up what had [illegible]) with the weight, fortunately it did not explode blowing our brains and there we lay under the whizzing shell all day. Considerable fighting took place on other parts of the line but no serious impression was made anywhere. And so passed another day of the battle. The night came and we were still in the position of the morning. About 11 o'clock we received orders to withdraw and without any noise we glided back. The battery had moved off silently. Back past the bivouac fires of the reserve and on in the gloom. We marched about five miles and at last we came to Chattanooga, the place for which we have been battling so desperately during the past two weeks. Yesterday morning we went to work on the fortifications with tireless energy. During yesterday the rebels made some attacks on our advance lines which were still at Rossville gap [sic] but no decisive engagement occurred. We are finishing works that the rebels commenced in the rear of Chattanooga. By last night the works were so far completed that we began to feel encouraged. The rebel army must be considerably shattered or they would certainly have advanced to drive us from this stronghold by fire. We made it still stronger. The advance withdrew from the Ridge last night and this morning the rebel army has enclosed us in and are busily engaged increasing works on the surrounding heights.

24. Still at work on the fortifications, the rebels have not fired any artillery at us yet but are diligently laboring on a hill near the foot of Lookout Mountain and in a field on the side of the latter. I have now had time to look about and find that the Tennessee River half surrounds Chattanooga running from East to West. After it leaves the lower part of the city it flows past the foot of Lookout. The town is built on a plain bounded by the river, Mission Ridge, and Lookout Mountain. The plain is about three miles broad each way. Lookout Mountain is about a half mile from our lines at the base and seems to rise almost perpendicular from the river. There is a large clearing on the eastern slope facing Chattanooga where the enemy is planting his artillery. Mission Ridge is about five hundred feet high and runs from the river above the town to Lookout Mountain below thus the enemy and the Tennessee have us intensely surrounded. The Tennessee here is about a quarter of a mile in width. The pickets had considerable skirmishing today caused by the enemy forming their picket line. About 4 Farchin's brigade marched out and drove back the rebels. Skirmishers for a while but when they returned to the lines the rebels recovered their ground.

Friday 25. About 10 p.m. last night the rebels in our front of the line advanced in force thinking, doubtless, that the move of yesterday was a ruse and that we were evacuating. They came within three hundred yards of the fort but were compelled to retreat under the heavy artillery fire. It was a grand sight to see the flash of the guns and the bursting of the shells among the enemy. The rest of the night passed off without any alarm. They have opened on us with their artillery but no damage done.

26. A few shots today only. The time is beginning to grow monotonous.

27. A flag of truce went out to the enemy's lines today. I could not learn for what object.

Oct. 1. All quiet. No demonstrations from the enemy. They are busily engaged. Works have appeared on the side of Lookout. Our artillery practice some on their pickets behind the chimneys in our front near the work.

2. Our fort is complete. It is called Fort Negley. Our breastworks are done. Present quite a formidable appearance.

5. The enemy who hitherto has been mysteriously [sic] silent commenced firing suddenly today from about a dozen guns in position in the field on the side of the mountain. And also from some thirty two on the ridge. For several hours the shells fell thick and fast. I was standing near one of the 1st Brigade Battery boys when a shell struck his feet and he was carried off though I did not see that the shell touched him. Another went into a

Dutchman's tent in the 9 Ohio and caused a great profusion of Dutch oaths. The only other casualty that I saw during the day was a mule killed. Perhaps 400-500 shells fell in the line so I have concluded that shelling does not amount to much.

7. October, 1863 Chattanooga

I helped dig out a shell near the fort, thrown from Lookout. It was at least six feet in the ground. Was a ten lb. Parrot. The holes looked like groundhog dens.

8. Are having starvngly good times.

9. Having nothing to do time hangs heavily on my hands and I almost wish for the rebels to advance so that I can shoot the load out of my gun that has been in it since Sunday at Chickamauga. By the way a train of our wounded from Chickamauga have some through the rebel lines. The rebels are not accomplishing much [illegible] driving us back to Nashville.

Sunday, 11. Today we sat us down and talked of that evening sunny and bright just two years ago when we left home to go marching on and we glanced back along our checkered lives since then. Our arrival at Camp Dennisson [sic]. Our advance into Kentucky, our grinations through Tennessee and Alabama – the lonesome fall in Nashville cut off from all communication with the outer world – of the dark scenes of Stone [sic] river – of the Chattanooga Campaign and now of the death of comrades linked to us through all the bright scenes of boyhood and the vicissitudes of march and battle. And as we looked around on the diminished company we wondered who would be left to tell the tale of our adventures of field and flood when another year had passed. Wondered who could continue in this "Path of Death" and not fall by the wayside. The Major of one of Brannon's regiments today uncovered one of the 32 shells that the enemy have been kindly sending us from time to time, found all the powder out that he could and gave it to the sergeant major to take behind his tent and scare some darkies who were sitting around a fire. It exploded taking the legs off of one and burning another horribly. A piece flew off some distance and killed a member of the 38th Ohio. Went over to the 92 camp today and found them keenly alive to the situation.

15. Oh but time hangs heavily.

17. The army is being consolidated, the 21 and 20 ORP joined and called the 4 AC. Grangers [sic] Reserve has been joined to ours (14) which still holds its name and organization. Our Division has been joined to the First and Gen Negley has been

relieved from command for some to me unexplained reasons and left for home. When he made his farewell speech tears stood in his eyes. Our brigade to [sic] is no more the 2nd Brig. 2Div. 14AC under which little [sic] we have so often marched to victory has been surrendered and we part with our old comrades in arms the 19 Ill. Col. Stanley has been assigned to command of all the watercraft on the river and we are going to leave our present camp and make a new one near the river. Gen. Rosey has been relieved for misconduct at Chickamauga. Misconduct in deed! As if we still had not confidences in him. It seems as if none of our old leaders were going to be left us. Gen. Thomas is going to be our leader.

19. Moved our camp and have pitched on a hill near the steamboat landing at the north end of Market street. The regiment is going to be employed on the river. Two steamboats are lying at the landing. They were both sunk last August by Wilden [sic] Artillery. The Paintrock has been repaired and is now in running order. A detail from the regiment under command of Capt. McElroy and Lieuts Grant and Clark are going to run it. The other boat the Dunbar is not yet repaired. It is a side wheeler, the other stern.

20. The Paint Rock made her first trip across [sic] the river today and has been engaged in ferrying. My duty – a squad of eighty men picket the small island in the river and catch drift and rafts that the enemy send down to destroy the pontoon bridge. The pioneers are building a large number of pontoons for some object to be developed hereafter.

21. I like the new position first rate as it gives me an opportunity to be around and on water of which I am very fond.

22. The rebels have planted three large guns upon the point of Lookout. It is interesting to watch them fire. We sit in the camp and watch. Presently a broad flash of light is seen and the smoke curls upward from the Mountain brow. Sixteen seconds afterward the zoom reaches us and a screaming is heard in mid air as if the fiend were approaching. Nothing can be seen but nearer and nearer comes the dread sound until it seems directly overhead and then a roar and a rapidly expanding ball of smoke perhaps a half mile to the right or left tells where the shell has burst high in mid air. It is so deceptive that a first one can hardly believe that it is the same shell. Even the sound has died away an answering shell from the guns on Moccasin Point across the river opposite the mountain is seen bursting near the cliff under the enemy's guns.

23. Gen Grant the commander of the Western Department arrived here today and was ferried across on the Paintrock. I did not see the hero of Vicksburg.

24. Went up on Signal Point on Cameron Hill (as it is called) the highest point in the city and took a look at the topography of the situation. Found that the river after flowing past Lookout makes a bend and flows north. The peninsula thus enclosed is only a mile across and seven around. Here the forces of Gen. Granger are camped. Looking toward the front I saw that the plain between the hills and the city was perfectly white with the tents of the enemy. A strange eye would have thought that the tents all belonged to one army they were so close together. But the practical one could discern the line of men that kept guard between them. Every few moments came the screaming shell from Lookout and the reply and all else seemed so silent. But full well I know that it is the silence that precedes the storm. A line of breastworks is visible on the side of Lookout and also on Mission Ridge. I spent near the whole day there.

25. Oh the agony of starvation. We try to bear up bravely but sometimes our faith grows dim. Our haggard faces attest suffering. What can we do to alleviate our misery. When the teamsters feed their mules we slip around like thieves and steal the corn to sustain ourselves on while the poor creatures eat the sides of their wagons to the bottom in their hunger. Money is worthless. Ten cent loaves sell for three and five dollars. Hardtack are worth 1 dollar each. A store would become bankrupt if he was here a private soldier. Biscuits \$1.50 per dozen. Sleeping or walking our unceasing thought is of bread, bread, bread. Cheese from \$1.50 to \$3.00 lb. Onions three for a dollar.

27. The last two days had flown easily enough but last night and today we have had excitement enough to make us forget our hunger if not to relieve it. Last night the orders were to put a days ration in our haversack (easily done) and get ready to move with our arms. Of course expectation was on tiptoes and our curiosity was gratified as far as learning where our destination was. We were going to move the new pontoons down the river to a landing place and form a bridge by which troops could be thrown across into Lookout Valley to act with Hooker who is at last at hand. Lookout Valley runs between Lookout Mountain and land and Raccoon Mts. The railroad to Bridgeport runs up the valley and Hooker is following it. It was a dangerous undertaking as we would have to run the gauntlet of the rebel batteries on the front of Lookout and of all their forces that might be in the valley below. At ten last night we marched down to the landing and the command was disembarked. Each captain was placed in command of five boats and each sergeant in command of two with a corporal in charge of each boat. We received our loads and about three the leading boats shoved off. Not one of my crew could steer a boat and I knew absolutely nothing about it. However I took the steering oar and we started. The pontoon bridge had been opened and a fire in a wicket blazed on either side as a guide. My boat not getting out in the channel far enough and the current being very swift it struck the bridge and for a moment was in eminent danger

of filling. Fortunately it sheered off and we held on our way. I then resigned the oar to one of the soldiers of the 10 Ind. and [sic] old boatman and then turned my attention to my men. The moon was waning [sic] in the west and a low fog had settled down on the river favorable to our movements. We dropped down silently hugging the Moccasin [sic] Point bank. When we got opposite the mountain not a whisper was uttered and the oars moved noiselessly. We expected any moment to hear the roar of the enemy's guns. While passing the most dangerous spot my boat was so near a fallen tree top that one of the oars was asunder. However the noise created no alarm. The foremost boats reached the appointed place (Brown's Farm) and landed. The rebel pickets gave the alarm and fell back fast as we arrived. We discharged our loads and went across after fresh ones of troop that had crossed at Chat. and marched down in the night. The landing was a narrow gap between the river hills. By the time we had got our second loads all the rebel force that was guarding the river had advanced and met the troops that we landed and for about fifteen minutes a sharp conflict took place. Troop had crossed the river at Chat. during the night and were on the bank all ready to be transported across the river. The enemy was repulsed and retreated to some of the low hills near the foot of Lookout from whence when day light gave them sufficient light to fire artillery. When they threw shells all among the boats but fortunately did no damage. A pontoon bridge was now formed out of the boats [sic] lumber for that purpose having been brought in wagons. The enemys [sic] shells made this rather difficult but when it was completed a battery was crossed which soon silenced the enemy's fire. At one p.m. we returned to camp. All together this neat little affair was a success and the new hardtack line will soon be opened.

28. Hooker has effected a function with our troop in the valley. I forgot to state that Col. Stanley took charge of the boats in the affair of yesterday morn and Gen. Smith had command of the expedition.

29. During last night the rebels attacked Hooker and a hard fight ensued. It sounded strange to hear the roar of battle among the mountains at midnight but so familiar does the soldier become with the roar of battle that we only got up a few minutes to speculate upon the chances of the fight and then went back to our blankets although we knew the occupancy of Chattanooga and even our lives depended on Hooker's success. The Paint Rock got up steam last night and ran the blockade of Lookout. It was unexpected by the rebels and they did not bring their cannons to be upon it though we heard a great many musket shots.

Battle of Browns Ferry – page heading

Nov. 1, 1863

Hooker has established himself in Lookout Valley. We can see all his camp by ascending a hill in Chat called Cameron Hills. And looking out upon the plain towards Mission Ridge the whole extent of it is covered with the white tents of the enemy. From appearances they must have an immense army but it may be that most of these tents are just for show while they may have no occupants. It seems strange to look out over that level and think that the inmates of those tents are arranged in deadly hostility against us. A quiet scene rarely deceives like that one.

3. Have heard from the Paint Rock. Capt. McElroy stood in the pilot house with the pilot a citizen of Chattanooga named Spillen piston in hand ready for any exhibition of treachery. The crew laid down behind the boilers. One bullet went through the escape pipe. The boys say that they thought they were "goners" and expected every moment to go down or be scaled to death by a shell going through the boilers.

5. Yesterday and today some of the regiment have been occupied in making a swinging ferry across the river. A rope about five hundred yards long has been fastened by one end to the lower end of the small island that is in the river just above the landing and the other end attached to a large flat boat. pontoons were then placed under it at regular distances to keep the rope out of water and the force of the current will carry it across. It is a labor saving machine and thousands can cross upon it. The Paint Rock is now running between Bridgeport and Kelly's Landing.

7. The new ferry is quite a saving to our muscles for before we had to row the flat across.

8. While across the river today getting a stick to make a splint broom. Gens. Hooker and Butterfield passed me. I recognized them at once by the photos of them that I had seen. I did not give him the credit dues for some how I have a failing for Western Generals and Western men. Some will doubtless say that this is wrong but they need not talk to me about the evils of sectional or state pride. It is natural. I never look upon an Ohio general but think him worthy of my highest esteem.

9. This morning on going down to the river I saw that the pioneers are building another fleet of boats. Probably another bridge is wanting somewhere. I wonder who can tell where the next blow will fall.

10. The battery on Lookout still continues to fire a few shells every day, sometimes at us and again they shell Hookers [sic] Camp.

12. Tis said that two privates of the 44 and 88 Ill paid the extreme penalty of the martial law by being shot today for desertion. I don't believe it. I don't know of a man ever being shot for desertion. I know our generals are far too lenient in this respect. I heard a volley of musketry during the day and on inquiring the cause was told the above.

14. This army is about half composed of Ohio regts. Almost any regiment that passes is the 1st Ohio 11th Ohio etc.

19. It is evident from the "busy note of preparation" that we are on the even of momentous events and the concentration of troops here, that a great battle will soon be fought for Chattanooga. I have heard reports that Sherman's army from Corinth is at Bridgeport and that we are going to throw a bridge across above the city for him to cross on. Bragg has certainly waited too long if he intended attacking us. (Sherman and Chattanooga – page heading) Still his army encloses us in as if it had a death grip on us. But soon the fallacy of it will be shown. The tents on the plain have principally disappeared. A long line of rifle pits are in view on the brow of Mission Ridge. The leaves are about all off of the trees and their works are now exposed. Breast works stretch from top to bottom on the side of Lookout towards Chattanooga. They are evidently expecting Hooker up there. Hardtack are still scarce and will go to bed hungry.

24. Noon. Having been absent from camp for the last four days I now take time to write up my journal. On the 20th we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go up the river on an expedition. Sherman's army was at hand and the time had come to prepare for action. Left camp at 3 P.M. without arms and marched up the river on the North bank. Made six miles and reached Little or North Chickamauga which empties on the north side of the Tennessee. Found 119 Pontoons in the creek up out of sight of observers from the south bank. Bivouacked to await the arrival Sherman who was on the march from Bridgeport. A company of the pioneers was with us. Soon after dark it commenced raining yet I never saw a jollier set of boys. One of the pioneers had an ax. He cut a chip out of a hollow tree, crawled in and sat grinning at us who more unfortunate were standing with the rain running down our backs and filling our shoes. It was a miserable and trying night. Well, the night at last passed away as all nights will and morn came at last. Our good spirits were pretty well dampened by that time. Once here and there a bright face would appear among the many weary ones. A squad of the pioneers kept up an uninterrupted fire of jokes. One of them remarked that he hated to get up now that he had got that water warm pointing to the pool on which he had been laying.

We waited impatiently for Sherman through the 21st and 22. On the morning of the 23 the brigade that was to go in the boats arrived. Giles A. Smith's brigade of M. L. Smith's division 15 A. C., 8 and 10 Missouri and two other regts. All day on the 23 we could hear cannonading going on at Chattanooga eight miles off. The center had advanced and was contending for possession of a small knob that lies between the city and the Ridge. About midnight the embarkation (probably after it some time) took place. We took our stations in the boats and they were then filled with the armed men. We pulled out in line and rowed down the creek about a mile to the mouth and then dropped down the river in the darkness three or four miles to South Chickamauga and landed just below it. The rest of the army was in waiting off side. The troop carried spades and picks and when morning broke a line of rifle pits greeted our astonished eyes thrown up on a low eminence near the river. These were the Vicksburg Miners. All this was done without firing a shot. The rebels having evidently not discovered the move. We continued ferrying until nine o'clock when the Dunbar which had been done prepared the day before came up from the city and took our places and one of the first to cross was the doubtful Gen. Sherman. I got a momentary view of him just as the boat was [illegible] off. Though his features are not prepossessing [sic] he stamped me as man of firmness. His dress showed signs of service and he was smoking a cigar as unconcerned as if the responsibility of the army was not upon him. Soon after a bridge was commenced and our work being done Col. Stanley (Battle of Mission Ridge – page heading) gave us ten pontoons and we started for Chattanooga. We kept close to the north bank expecting to be fired into but saw nothing of the rebel pickets. Arriving at the landing we found both of the pontoon bridges gone. The rebels had sent down some large rafts out of Chickamauga and swept them away. Found the whole army out in line. The decisive hour is at hand. Some firing has been heard in the direction of Sherman since we came down but not enough to indicate anything serious.

24. 9 p.m. Just after dinner hearing firing in the direction of Hooker. I ascended Signal Point (Cameron Hill) and found that fighting was going on in the direction the western slope of the mountain. Hooker had crossed the Lookout Creek and was moving along the side of the mountain. The smoke was rolling up from the oaks and the sound of battle came more distinct each moment. Dull leaden clouds covered the face of the sky and wrapped the bow of Lookout and now they could sweep down the mountain and hide the combatants from view. (Battle of Lookout – page heading) Soon the tide of battle rolled around the point of the mountain in full view of the thousands who watched and waited on the plain with breathless interest. The enemy fell back into the rifle pits that stretched all over the mountain side. I saw the line of dark blue halt at the edge of the field and form and then march on – on and over the rebel entrenchments and after the flying foes. The top of the mountain is formed by a ledge of rocks that run around the edge. Varying from one to two hundred feet in height on this high above the general

battle. Part of the rebel force was stationed and as every now and then the wind would blow the clouds away we could see them shooting down at our line. The firing ceased with the capture of the breastworks save the scattering shots of the skirmishers. Now we are exulting in the victory now and how depressed the enemy on Mission must have felt as they saw their comrades driven from their strong position. Lookout never looked so grand as it does tonight with the Union campfires blazing on its side until the only thing that withholds us from a general rejoicing is the thoughts of the morrow. It is destined to be historic every [sic] more as the scene of a strange combat. (Battle of Mission Ridge – page heading) The enemy has kept a strange silence on the ridge, being no doubt as much interested in today's fight as ourselves. But they have not the prestige victory to nerve their souls in the coming conflict. I go to bed impatient to see what the morrow will bring forth.

25. 8 p.m. Another day of historic interest. There was no firing of moment during the forenoon except from Sherman's wing there came some sharp sounds of battle. I was at my post on Cameron Hill all forenoon waiting to see the advance. About noon our army, the gallant army of the Cumberland, moved forward to the attack and drove the rebels from their breastworks on the plain at the first onset. And now from all parts of the plain arose the roar and smoke of battle. The whole of the operations were visible from my point of observation. Soon I observed a commotion in our company and hurried to quarters. The regiments were formed and moved out to build some bridges across Cities Creek which lies between the city and the Ridges. Now we went closer to the battle and could see distinctly what was going on. The Ridge bristled with cannons and a crown of smoke settled upon it. The blue line which had stopped at the foot of the hills to reform now started again and a mad storm of balls reached the top of the ascent and then hesitated for a moment under the murderous fire that it there received. It was only for a moment however for like the wave that recoiling gathers strength they rushed over the summit and the route of the rebels was commenced. There had been one brass cannon that I had noticed particularly that all day had glistened in the bright sun. It soon disappeared when the boys in blue showed themselves above the brow of the hill. The Caisons [sic] blew up during the battle on the ridge. I grew tired at last of listening to the battle. Returned to camp at dark. The army spent the night on Mission.

26. The battle was renewed today and the forces are [illegible] the enemy. The sounds of the battle grew fainter all day.

28. Nothing going on here. The army has halted at Ringgold and Sherman has started to Knoxville to relieve Burnside. The Chattanooga steamer goes up the river with rations. I was over at the Confederate graveyard today and saw a pile of legs and arms that had been collected on the Ridge.

29. Everything appears so quiet after the events of the past few days and the army being gone. I can hardly realize that the enemy no longer look down upon us from the heights of Lookout and Mission. All the available houses are full of the wounded and the prison pens full of the captured. The captured artillery has been drawn up nearer our quarters 44 six and twelve pounders and two large siege guns that were captured at Chickamauga station. Some of them were captured from us at Chickny and some are part of Loomis' celebrated battery.

30. The Paint Rock is running between this place and Bridgeport. We are still short in the hard tack line but manage by hook and crook to get along pincipally [sic] by hook. Co. B has gone down the river to a place called the suck (where the river breaks through Walders Ridge) to help the boats through. Co. I goes up the river to get out timber for a tressle [sic] bridge that is going to be built across the river here. The [sic] indicates that we are going to stay here as a part of the garrison of Chattanooga.

December 5, 1863 Chattanooga (page heading)

5. The approaches of winter though insidious are beginning to be felt. The trees have all felt his blasting touch.

11. Tom Linton, Yankee Smith and I got a pass today and climbed to the top of Lookout. On the way up I found a Capbot on the field of the battle of the 24 and am going to keep it as a momento [sic]. Gained the top by climbing two ladders placed against the cliff that jut out from the top. The cliffs are considerably scarred by the shells from the battery on Moccasin Point. The view from the point is an extremely fine one. Chattanooga lay at our feet. The Tennessee shone like burnished silver and wound here and there like a huge serpent. Saw the rebel works up on the point. Places for four guns. However, their roar salutes us no more. Went back along the mountain. About a half mile the road reaches the summit there. Found a small place there called Summertown. A place of summer resort for the fashionables of Chattanooga. Contains some good specimens of gingerbread architecture. Found a rebel hard tack, first that I ever saw. Came across a forty hunting trophies for a sanitary farm in Boston. At the signal station took a look out on the Chickamauga battle ground. Back to camp about dark. Gave Cable the hard tack.

16. Time passes between duty on the island and on lying around camp.

20. While on island duty today in charge of a squad I went out in the skiff with John Clark, Co. B, to catch some drift. We undertook a pass near one of the ferry pontoons. We ran into it. We got upset. I leaped in the pontoon. Clark got wet but got in the pontoon. The skiff floated down about a mile. It was recovered and brought back. A boat from shore took us off.

21. While we was going off duty this morn the look out at the head of the island came running down and called to me. Corporal here comes the daddy of all trees. I looked up the river and saw an enormous tree coming. As we were powerless against such a monster we let it pass. The ferry nearly escaped. It struck the pontoon bridge and took near half of it away.

25. Christmas has passed away much the same as any other day save that the boys have been firing their guns and drinking more whiskey than usual.

January 1, 1864.

New Years. Again we hail the advent of another year. With brighter hopes than we greeted his predecessor do we welcome the young stranger. But it is cold tonight and though I am in my tent and have a bright fire burning I feel chilled. I feel for the boys at the front but as the saying is "I can't reach them."

8. Our brigade is now composed of the 18 Ohio and 13th, 21st and 22 Mich. and are permanently detailed for work at this post.

14. The veteran fever has not taken a very deep hold on our regiment. The regiment will not reinlist [sic]. I am willing to join if the Company will but will not otherwise. I shall either return or stay with them. Other regiments are going home by every steamboat to spend their furloughs in the North.

26. We are going to build some large warehouses on the landing to store rations in.

February 3. Oh this monotony – is so irksome, almost intolerable. All we have to do is work a little occasionally and sit in our tents the rest of the time speculating on the chances of the war and retelling every little incident of our lives for the twentieth time. Anything that reminds of home is eagerly listened to. The listeners are tireless. If our friends at home only knew how any item of news is devoured they would write us longer letters and not simply say – Dear – We are all well. Yours Truly initials. I have told time

and again how and when I caught my biggest fish – how many squirrels I killed on one hunt – What girl I liked best in N-. If we only had a notebook to awaken the echoes with “Home Sweet Home”. Goodnight, the time would pass more rapid.

16. My 20th birthday passed as quiet as the most solitary hermit could ask. I employed myself in making a splint broom.

23. Our army has been making some demonstrations toward Dalton lately to keep the rebels from reinforcing at Mobile. Have not heard of anything serious.

28. Work progressing on the river bridge and on the steamboat that is building at the landing. The cars run through to Knoxville and the troop there will soon have an abundance of rations. Weather getting very warm.

29. Whiskey and tub butter were issued today to get the regiment to reinlistt [sic] but somehow or other the boys “Can’t see it.”

March 1864 – Chattanooga

4. The Tennessee is very high today. An immense quantity of drift has come down. The pontoons that were in use under the bridge have been swept away. About a brigade of women crossed on the ferry boat. They came to town to draw rations this being ration day. All the citizens around Chattanooga draw rations some come as far as twenty and thirty miles down the river in canoes. A detail went up the river to bring down a raft of wood for the wood. Getting wood has been heretofore a company affair but it will be issued hereafter by the Quartermaster.

5. The large bounties that are offered up North are working wonders in the way of recruiting. Money seems to have a much greater effect in filling the ranks than patriotism. Twenty five recruits have arrived for the camp to this date. A squad of thirty three veterans left for home today.

13. Visited the top of Lookout again today with Jim Bentz. The day was very clear and we could see the mountains around Cumberland Gap one hundred miles off and see the smoke of the camp at Ringold and Cleveland.

17. In command of a squad and took a flatboat up to Chickamauga last night. The lookout towed us up. We cast off a short distance above the mouth and ran up the creek

about two hundred yards and camped for the night. Loaded with lumber and came down this forenoon. Found that one of the recruiting officers had arrived from home with more recruits.

22. Commenced snowing about midnight and this morn there is about five inches of snow on the ground and we are having a good time pelting each other. Lookout resembles a great cloud enveloped in its robe of fleecy white.

26. Recruits swell the sick list.

28. On guard. Five prisoners in the guard house. In the afternoon the Sergeant in charge let one of the prisoners named French go over the river to get his clothes he said. Not returning in time the sergeant sent me and one of the guards after him. With considerable trouble we found him and brought him to camp. I mention this circumstance merely because it shows a gross neglect of duty on the part of the sergeant. Davis of C. G.

29. A new side wheeled steamer is now running on the river named the Chickamauga. There are the following named stern wheeled boats running – Paint Rock, Kingston, Chattanooga, Missionary and Lookout. The steamer that was building here has been taken to Bridgeport for her machinery.

30. It is reported that we are going to move on Lookout this spring. I don't know how true it is.

31. The swinging ferry is still in use. Hundreds crossing daily.

April 1, 1864.

1. The 22 Mich. is camped near us. It is a very large regiment.

3. John Willis Co. K, today recognized one of the 22nd Mich as John Figgins who deserted our company at Manchester in August 62. He has been camped within 50 yards of us for several months. Col. Grosvenor had him put in the guard house. He says that he has served ten months in the 11 Tennessee Cavalry since he left us.

5. Figgins is restored to the company free from all charges.

8. Made a vow today not to read any more novels while in the army. Will find it hard to keep for I cannot get any thing else to read hardly. The Christian Commission have established a reading room on Main Street.

12. Go to the C. C. reading rooms every day when not on duty.

16. The Military prison took fire this forenoon and about half of it was burnt. Two or three other buildings were reduced to ashes.

19. Jim Vinty left for home today, discharged so my old chum will not see any more of the war.

20. Saw two one hundred lb Parrot guns at the ordinance depot across the street. They are monsters.

27. A man was drowned in the river under the bluffs today.

May 6. Received my commission as sergeant to date from May 4. Small favors thankfully received etc.

7. The army is in motion toward Dalton. Troops have been passing through here every day for the last two weeks and the final struggle draws near at hand.

18. Spring is at hand and makes me think of the last one at Murfreesboro. Have been up the river several times among the cane brakes. I wish I could send some of the tallest seeds home.

28. Went down to Lookout creek fishing with Ed Butt. Of course did not catch anything. Went into a cave in Lookout close to the river bank. The entrance winds in a zigzag manner. It runs a great distance into the mountain. We could not go in far having no light. Near the entrance there is a mound of sand. A grave. Tis a sad story. A woman forced by starvation to lead a life of shame. A homeless wanderer. She died in this cave alone. Some of the Fifth Ohio Cav. found her lying dead and buried her where she lay. This is the story of only one of the lost. The unwritten history of the many would fill volumes.

30. Here we are still in the camp where we settled down over six months ago. When will this end.

June 1. June is with us again. Our last June in the south. Glorious news from the army in front of Atlanta. More large guns unloaded from the cars at the arsenal.

3. The woods appear unusually bright and fair this summer. Maybe it is because we will soon hear the last "fall in."

5. Went up on Cameron Hill or Signal Point to take a look around. Lookout and Mission are greatly changed. Scarce a trace of that terrible engagement in the dark days of last November remains visible to the eye. All is dressed in living green.

10. A detachment went out to Chickamauga battlefield yesterday and returned today with 24 bodies belonging to our regt. It was a disagreeable duty as the bodies were much decayed. They will be buried in the National Cemetery here.

17. We have what is called stag dances every pleasant evening and they afford considerable amusement. Same as a cotillion save that there are of course not ladies. Today I undertook my first dance. Done very well tis said, will do better after a little practice.

26. Col. Stanley is in command of the post and Cable is his A.A.A.G. Two companies I and F went on the mountain yesterday and Co. H comes up from the Serck. The river bridge almost finished.

28. Yesterday afternoon we were ordered to Lookout rather unexpectedly. Packed and started immediately. Marched up to Summertown and over several miles to the picket line and found the Michiganders on picket rather frustrated [sic] by the report that Forest was on the Mount with his rebel force. Stood reserve picket and this morning camped about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the center of the picket line about three miles from Summertown. The picket line crosses the mountain and is the safest one imaginable as no enemy can scale the cliffs and get in the rear. There are several steam saw mills engaged in sawing lumber for hospital purposes. Passed off very quiet I was on picket. Heard some booming in Chattanooga. All my [illegible] in the army have been dull.

5. Visited some rocks today called Rock City. A singular formation of rocks. They appear to bear a fanciful resemblance to a city. Houses one and two stories high. The streets are regular and at the entrance of the principal one there stands a rock that resembles an elephant. (Uead) [sic] legs etc. seemingly the silent sentinel of the silent city.

10. This wild life in the woods suits me. I hope we will stay here until we have to go home.

13. Landy Steinrod wounded himself today slightly.

23. Moved out farther on the mountain near a small lake on the mountain and where the latter is about two miles wide. Have halted for the night in a piece of dense woods and underbrush.

24. Have gone into Camp near a Dutchman named Garber. We are on a road that leads along the mountain and down in to Lookout valley to Trenton, GA. Have a very pleasant camp near a large ravine. Our picket line is not connected yet.

29. We are about a mile from the socalled [sic] Lake of Lookout. I shall go to see it soon.

August 1864 on Lookout Mountain.

5. Garber begins to complain that the boys are "troublesome".

10. Every evening we have a stag dance when the weather will permit. It is fun to see the boys come down. By the way Garber has two girls names Susan and Mary. Not being much interested in ladies I have not been over to get acquainted. Susan has been married to a Union soldier or they say. He is not here now.

18. I believe it has rained every day this month. The mountain seems to draw the rain clouds for they keep so close that everything looks gloomy when it rains.

20. The days pass rapidly. On the mountain there are so many of the grand works of nature that one finds something new to admire daily and among the cliffs, gulfs, ravines and waterfalls and on the banks of the pigmy lake of Lookout, time seems to fly on fairy wing and the cool invigorating air of the mountain, the low flying clouds every [sic] changing forests and serene moonlight nights, charm most unexpressably [sic]. I seem

transported to another world among such quiet scenes (often the pictures of desolation that I have lately looked upon) and sit and dream of bright fair visions for hours. If I go a short distance from the camp I find the forest in its primeval condition and its solitude unbroken. The tall stately pines stand towering above the rest of the forest in quiet grandeur. A fine tree seems so stern to me in its rugged coat of bark. Why, I cannot tell. The ravines are arched with laurel and holly and in their shady recesses the brightest noon day partakes some of the gloom of night. And then such gently singing rivulets as we find in them. I could set for hours listening to their musical intonations. Whenever I go in these shady retreats I seem like an intruder on the ever present silence.

21. I visited the Lake the other day with Ed B. The path leads through dense woods and underbrush. As we came near we could hear the roar of the waters. It is situated in the valley of the mountain where the Chattanooga creek commences to descend on its way to join the swift flowing Tennessee. Enclosed on three sides by giant cliffs. It presents a scene wild and picturesque in the extreme. At the upper end the creek falls in over the rock. Below it about two hundred yards is the falls. Descending a stairway into the ravine we stood upon the edge of the gulf. The falls are one hundred and twenty feet high. Still following the path we went down under them. The air rushes in a perfect whirlwind and the spray soon wetted us through. The noise was deafening. On one side the chasm is about three hundred feet perpendicular. From a table rock below the view is sublime.

28. From a point of the mountain overlooking Lookout Valley we can see Trenton and the place where we descended Sand Mountain last fall on our way to Chickamauga. We go there almost every day and roll rocks off the cliffs and down the side. Sometimes working for hours to get a big rock to the edge and watch the large trees break and splinter as it cracks through them.

September 1864.

1. Have had some gay times chasing squirrels. Yesterday hunted all day, cut down three or four large trees and caught two squirrels. One of them jumped over an hundred feet down into a ravine from off of a tree, caught on a small bush and was escaping up another tree when I brought him down with a rock. Went out today but had no luck and of course not allowed to fire our guns or we would shoot a great many.

2. Co. F's time is out today. One of them refused to do duty. Going home is the all prevailing theme with us. The boys gather in little knots and talk of nothing else. Wondering if N has improved any. Wondering if we can fix all the old landmarks after

three years [sic] absence. Though we see plenty of fun still the time seems tedious when we think of home and we count the days that still intervene between us and Gods [sic] country.

6. This morning went back from Camp towards the Summertown to a field on the highest part of the mountain where the view is almost limitless in all directions except toward the point. Far in the east the mountains of North and South Carolina reared their heads to the sky while the intervening space was one vast forest plain broken by ridge and dotted thickly with farms and towns. Southward the noble Lookout stretched as far as the eye could range with its wood clad peaks pointing upward like silent monitors. On the west the Wauhatchie valley opened out a scene of ruggedness with the Raccoon and Sand mountain on either hand towering skyward. The railroad to Nashville winds up the valley and cuts through the mountains at the head of it.

Every hour the trains rush along teeming with their precious freight of human life and laden with the material of war being funnelled [sic] to the front for the destruction of the rebellion.

7. Atlanta has fallen. The glorious good news came upon us rather unexpectedly and cheer us to hope for the end of the war before long. It removes the clouds of despondency and anxiety and we go forth with renewed strength to believe in the integrity of the Union.

10. I am seated on a rock on the edge of a little brook away from the noise of camp. The sun streams down through the over hanging branches of laurel and holly. It dots my paper with silver light and makes me think of my bright home in Ohio far away from these mountains and scenes of war desolation. And I think of all the loved associations there and of the glad reunion this fall and the little brook glistens seemingly in response to the impulses of my own light heart.

15. Tis interesting to watch the decay of the year in these southern forests. Chestnuts are abundant and we have fine times gathering them. It brings back reminiscences of my early youth when strolling through the woods gathering nuts and hunting birds [sic] nests were my only occupations.

17. In looking back over my journal for the last month. I find that I have been given to moralizing occasionally. Well this time and place gives ample food for moralizing. Though I cannot write about anything unless I use quotations almost all the time.

19. I am on picket today in the dark pine woods. The leaves fall rustling at my feet. Far in the distance the corn is turning brown. Everything denotes the approach of winter. Three years from home have we witnessed the in comings and out goings of the year, the budding into life and fall of the leaf and now they are falling for the last time that we shall see in the south.

20. I have been thinking today how many thousands will visit this historic mountain in the future generations when all actors in the drama that has made it famous have passed off of the stage of action. How eagerly each anecdote of the war will be gleaned and treasured up.

22. This morning we cut down a chestnut tree and while we were discussing the contents of the burrs the 22 Mich. suddenly made their appearance and we were ordered to rejoin the regiment at Chattanooga. Struck tents immediately and started for Chattanooga. All day the clouds had wrapped the mountain in darkness and as we reached the edge of the mountain we could look out over the lower strata like a bank of fog. On descending to the plain we found the day comparatively clear. Arrived at the regiment quarters at four o'clock having marched the twelve miles in three hours. We are quartered in one of the unfinished commissary buildings on the opposite side of the street from the camp.

23. Here we are among the bustle and roar of Chattanooga. Such a sudden change is by no means agreeable to our ears nor indeed to our inclinations. Had dress parade. The adjutant read an order to the effect that we will be discharged in Ohio on the 4th day of Nov. Did not go through the manuel [sic] of arms very well owing to the presence of the recruits. So we know now definitely when we will be discharged and we are relieved of that suspense.

24. Chattanooga has not changed much. Not much going on since the army left.

25. We were awakened last night about ten o'clock with orders to get ready to go to Nashville on the train. I was left in charge of the baggage and company papers. The regiment left at twelve o'clock.

October, 1864.

1. The regiment went with other troops to intercept Forest [sic] who is trying to destroy the railroad at Tullahoma.

15. Have enjoyed the time in running around anywhere I could think of. Up and down the river and through the town in fact anywhere until at last I have got about tired of running.

16. The regiment has returned. They were in a skirmish with Forest [sic] at Pulaski, Tenn. and traveled about six hundred miles on the cars and on horses. We are quartered now in the barracks on the bluff near the river. Just three years today since I became a soldier in the Army.

19. Col. Stanley took command of the regiment today. Col. Grosvenor left for home at noon. The recruits will be left to form the nucleus of a new regiment to be called the 18 Ohio. Had regimental dress parade for the last time. Col. Stanley made us a speech. He alluded to our conduct heretofore and hoped that we would be good citizens. There was more than one eye dimmed when he ceased. I have been running around to every conceivable place taking a last look. Everything is in readiness to leave and we are all expectation and the boys are almost wild. I did not think it would affect us so much. We are very sorry with the rest of the boys especially the veterans who have stood by us on a dozen battle fields. They feel as bad as we.

October 1864. Leaving for home – page heading

21. We are on the cars today and nearing Nashville. Yesterday about three o'clock came the long looked and wished for order. And soon everything was packed up and we bade the boys farewell. Formed line in the old camp where we settled down more than a year ago and after three cheers for the boys left behind and after much hand shaking started for the depot. Halted on Main Street and Gen. Steadman made us a speech. Gave him three and went marching on. Got in the cars and at dusk bade adieu to Chattanooga and surroundings perhaps forever. I kept my head out at the door as long as any of the well remembered scenes could be seen and as the dark outline of Lookout fused itself in to night and then took my position for the night. It was late in the night and the train had crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport before I could compose myself to sleep. It seemed as if I never could go to sleep so intently was I thinking of the change that was taking place in our course of life. Went to sleep at last however and this morn woke up to find that the train was off the track in [illegible] valley in the place of being in Nashville as expected. Got on at last and started again. Saw the 118 Ohio at [illegible] We are just one hundred degrees ahead of that regiment. Tis now near sundown and we are at Murfreesboro. There is another train off the track and we cannot proceed. One car suffices for the company now whereas when we left Camp Dennison two would not

contain the company. We can scarcely recognize Murfreesboro, such has been the change in the place. The country through which we have passed has presented one scene of desolation. I have not seen a fence on the route except such as were around Army corrals. Met several immense droves of cattle bound for Chattanooga. At Estel Springs I had my last view of the Cumberland Mountains. At Tullahoma the 10 Mo. got on our train and the 42 Ind, is on the train ahead, all homeward bound. I would like to see the Stone [sic] River battlefield but suppose I cannot.

22. Arrived at Nashville at 2 o'clock this A.M. Train stopped there until about noon when we were moved across the river to Edgefield where we now are waiting impatiently for the locomotive that is going to draw the train. We are still going to retain the car that we started in until we get to Louisville. The boys are very impatient as we are nearing "God's Country". The locomotive has not come tonight so we will have to stay here until morning. Nashville does not look so forsaken as it did the morning that we looked over into it when Mitchell's army first reached here. Many have been the changes since then and it shows more signs of prosperity than ever. I hope it has seen enough of war to learn a lesson from the folly it has indulged in.

24. I write now on board of the Gen Lytle and bound for Cincinnati. The train did not leave Nashville until yesterday – Sunday morning about 7. Early in the day we passed Gallatin and the tunnels the scene of John Morgan's many exploits. Being on top of the cars I nearly smothered when the train went through the tunnels by the smoke. Near Rich Pond Grove station we passed a train that had been thrown from the track the night before by the guerillas. It was still smoking. The engine had made a fearful plunge. Reached Bowling Green (the scene of our first real soldiering) at noon. Found it intensely changed. Came near starving as we had thrown away our rations and the shop being closed for Sunday we could not get anything to eat. It seemed such an oddity to find the stores closed for Sunday to us who had been without Sunday for so long. At Cave City we were within a couple of miles of the Mammoth Cave. Could see the hill. I would like to have seen it but of course had no chance. Night came down at Green River. Passed Bacon Creek about nine o'clock. I went to sleep then and awoke again when the cars stopped in the dept in Louisville at 2 o'clock. Staid [sic] in the cars until morn then marched through the streets to the soldiers [sic] home and got a mighty breakfast then marched down to the landing and stacked arms. 11 A.M. got on the Gen. Lytle and started for Cincinnati. The boat being a mail one touched at several towns. I got off at Madison and was on Indiana soil. Tonight we are still heaving ahead with the wind blowing shrill and keen on the lower deck where we are lying. In the morn we will see our native state.

26. Toward morning yesterday the fog got so dense – and our boat butting against the Bostona which was coming down that we lay up at the shore near Lawrenceburg, Ind. We got off and on the Ohio and Miss. RR track that runs along the riverbank and hopped around to keep warm for the air was intensely cold to us just from the “Sunny South”. Well about eight o’clock the fog lifted sufficiently to proceed and about ten we made the landing in the Queen City and we trod our native soil. We were astonished to find no signs of war here. Business was pursued in the usual routine just as if there was no mighty struggle invading the nation. We marched up to fifth street market place and got a late dinner. The citizens gathered around and thanked us again and again for our exertions for the Union. One old gentlemen who said that he was Gen. Grants [sic] father talked with us along [sic] time. We were suspicious as to who he was until by inquiries we found that he was indeed. I wandered around the city a great deal for the short time that I had. I intend to go back there in a few weeks and take a good look around the city. At 5 P.M. marched down to the Little Miami depot. While there a sad accident occurred. One of Co H’s boys named Littlejohn went behind the depot and was sitting on the bank of the river. Dan Willis Co K, came around drunk with his gun loaded. Accidently the gun went off and shot Littlejohn through the breast. Several citizens were there and the boys as they rushed around came near killing them for it when Willis proclaimed that he had done it. Left for Col. shortly after five and a happier set of fellows could not be found than us that night. Twas one uninterrupted time of song and joke. Stopped at Xenia short time and arrived at Col. at one o’clock in the night. Marched to the Capitol state and quartered in it for the night. The morning got our breakfast at Todd Barracks and then marched out here to Camp Chase. We have had to put up tents and live in under canvas as the barracks are all full. This Camp Chase is a miserable place in my opinion and I hope we will not stay here long.

27. Turned over our guns and accouterments. I felt a real sorry of parting with the gun that I had carried since Stone [sic] River. However I can keep my knapsack. The regiments in our part of the camp are the 16th just came home to be discharged. 88 camp guards and the 182 just going out. We are moved into some of the new barracks.

29. This “do nothing” tries our patience most thoroughly. Being so near home and having to wait for our pay is most provoking.

31. I was over to the city today and took a look around. Did not find it very interesting. I am not very well.

November 1864. Homeward bound.

3. Have had the lung fever for past three days. Have had no doctor and come near getting a dead discharge. Feel some better. Some of the boys talk of going home tomorrow as there is no likelihood of our being paid off soon. It is so cold here that we have been wishing that we were back at Chattanooga.

4. This afternoon we fell in line for the last time. Col Stanley told us that we could go home as the paymaster had not arrived from Washington and that our discharges would be sent to us. He was very much affected when he bade us good-bye. About four o'clock the Co. got in busses and rode to Col. There we found the Canal boat Hibernia [sic] just started for N. and so bidding adieu forever to all semblance of the army save the old military look and new clothes. We have started for home at last. In the morning we will get to Lancaster.

Monday 7. Home. Early on Saturday morn entered the Hocking canal. Every point along this canal was of interest to the boatman of the company and brought back events connected with their past lives. At one place we passed a number of boats stuck fast in the mud. Came to Lancaster early in the forenoon. Staid [sic] a short time and then straightened up again. Passed Logan about dark and reached N[illegible] about one o'clock in the night. We were too impatient to even stop to give three cheers but separated to ourselves and homes and thus has ended our soldiering and our connection with the army is severed save getting our discharges which Capt. Cable will bring home from Col. We have received a cordial welcome from all our friends. I have been too sick as yet to move out of the house but I will have to go down street this afternoon.

P.M. Nelsonville looks old and desolate in this November light. Old faces have disappeared and strange ones accept their places and walk the streets. There is no improvements of note that I can see.

10. I am sick of home and citizen life. I wish I was back in Chattanooga a wish that most of the boys concur [sic].

12. Cable has arrived with our discharges.

15. Called in and got my discharge and am now free from my obligation. It is dated the 9th Nov.

20. Well my soldiering [sic] is over and I will close my journal. When I look back I almost wonder how we survived the bullets of the enemy and the pinchings of starvation that so

often threatened us. But the storms are passed and we are safe at home. The war still continues. I must confess that it is with some (conjunctions) that I have returned home when the war still desolates the land. But man is a selfish being and I am by no means an exception. And when I look a round and see so many men that have never heard the whistle of a Minie (or a) the shriek of a shell they never will. I am constrained to say with them to the remaining "boys in blue," "Fight on we will stay here and encourage you." But there is one thing that calls forth the just indignation of the soldier. Men though they were in the army, who never left the lines of a convalescent camp or the shadow of a hospital who never was on a hard march or stood in the field of battle seem to carry all the praise by thrusting themselves forward to the front rank in all the amusements that are going on. They are the men who were spoken of as "like lambs in the field and lions at home." The regiment traveled about four thousand and two hundred miles during its existance [sic] and was in twelve battles and skirmishes.

I hope that next year will find all our soldiers at home. I cannot tell what my future will be. All my boyish plans and resolves that mature years would have strengthened were swept away by my soldiering and I must try and be contented with any thing and any where. I must make a careful revision of this work for I know that it will posses [sic] interest to me in the far distance future.

It has been written hastedly [sic] while on picket and during the halt of the march and will be very imperfect and a few of the tales will undoubted be incorrect.

From Tennessee comes the news that Herd is marching on Nashville and that a great battle will probably be fought for the occupation of the city. If so our recruits will doubtless be in it if the army leaves Chattanooga.

Every day the boys gather in knots in the stores and discuss our past life. Was [illegible] Do you remember those ducks that I captured on that freezing expedition at Nashville. [illegible] Here a citizen will chime in - when Morgan came through - Do you remember how the 11th run at Roseville Gap - Morgans [sic] men won - Was'nt [sic] Bacon Creek a perfect grave yard, - Morgan - and thus time passes.

I am going to write up the important events of each year at the close of it after this for I believe a Journal pays. I now close this though it seems like neglecting a duty to do so. But I shall look back over it occaisionaly [sic] and in the mean while content myself with enjoying the present and hoping for the future.