

artillery coming up, poured a few shells among the Rebels who immediately fell back out of our view. Our Brigade (the 11th commanded by Col. Samuel Beatty) immediately advanced and crossed the creek and went about a half a mile further when we discovered the enemy about three-fourths of a mile ahead near Mt. Washington. A line of battle was formed by the Brigade and a battery coming up, again poured the shells into the Rebels and the town at a furious rate. Without returning the fire, the Rebels again fled. We then marched up near town and encamped for the night, having marched about 5 miles. The citizens said that the force opposed to us numbered about six hundred Cavalry, and that they had two pieces of artillery.

Fri. Oct. 3rd. Received four months' pay by Paymaster, Maj. Hazelton. Also about this time Gen. Crittenden was promoted to the command of a Grand Division, and Brig. Gen. H. P. VanCleve (Commander of 14th Brig. of our Division) was placed in command of our Division. In the evening we marched across Salt River and encamped.

Sat. Oct. 4th. Marched up the Lebanon Road to Fairfield, then turning to the right, we went to within one mile of Bardstown, where we had expected to find the Rebels in full, and rather desired than dreaded to give them a fight, hoping it would in some way terminate the long and heavy marches we were almost daily being compelled to make, but we learned that the last of the Rebels had left Bardstown just as our advance came in sight.

We encamped there all night and were much amused at the manner in which the 79th Ind. Infantry came into line to encamp. They were a perfectly raw regiment, and had a strict disciplinarian for their Commander, Col. Fred Kneffler, and the required precisions, promptness and celerity of movement caused much disorder and confusion among his undrilled troops.

Sun. Oct. 5th. Passed through Bardstown, and went about 2 1/2 miles on the Springfield Road, then turning to the left we marched across the country to another road, and then went zigzagging about the remainder of the day, encamping that night at a little hamlet on Buck Fork, the name of which I have forgotten (9 miles).

Mon. Oct. 6. Marched to Springfield, a distance of twelve miles. Gen. Rosseau had a severe skirmish with the enemy at this place this morning "and we are getting our Army in so many places that I am looking on every side of me for Rebels, skirmishing is a matter of hourly occurrence with different portions of the Army, and I think we will surely catch the Rebels somewhere in these parts and give them a good whipping."

Tues. Oct. 7th. Marching in a direction leading rather to the right of Danville, having to leave the main road on account of water, and encamped that night on Rolling Fork - 8 miles to Perryville, and two miles to Haysville. The greatest scarcity of water prevailed on this and the preceding day that I had ever known, and nearly all we could obtain at all was from stagnated ponds, and as the weather was very dry and warm, we suffered very much. The only water we obtained here was from the creek, which was only a succession of filthy ponds, the stream being so low that it did not run.

Wed. Oct. 8th. Our Division was marching early in the direction of Perryville, and about 10:00 a.m. the cannon began to roar in front. We then marched about three miles in "quick time" which brought us very nearly to Perryville - were then formed in line of battle on the left of the road, and advanced a short distance into the timber and halted and remained there the whole evening within hearing of that dreadful and anguishing Battle of Perryville. We could hear the cannons "peal upon peal" and at times the sound of distinct volleys of musketry was lost in one continual roaring sound of the discharges of these awful instruments of death.

Our gallant General Crittenden chafed under the restraint that prevented him from leading us to assistance of the brave and impetuous McCook and the chivalric men under his command who were now contending for the mastery against the greater portion of the Rebel army, but "somebody blundered". (The censure of the failure of our army to almost completely annihilate the Rebels in this memorable battle has been divided by public sentiment between Generals Buell and McCook, one part censuring McCook for his impetuosity, while the other censures Buell for his tardiness. I never read the official reports of either of the Generals in regard to the above-named battle, nor did I ever see their statements before the "Courts of Inquiry", nor do I even know that they made any statements before such courts in regard to this battle, and consequently could not be expected to know much about the true merits of the case, but I, of course, have my opinions.

It is possible that McCook might have acted too rashly, or in violation of orders by attacking the enemy at the time he did; and if such was the case, he is very censurable, for thereby he might have frustrated some design of the Commanding General, which would probably have resulted more decisively. But after McCook had attacked the enemy and had drawn them into one of the bloodiest (it was one of the bloodiest battles of the war in proportion to the number of men engaged) battles of the war, and was being compelled to make almost superhuman exertions to save his Grand Division from total annihilation by the vastly outnumbering enemy, and

had drawn the attention of the whole Rebel Army to his force, it does seem that the Commanding General should have sent troops enough to make the battle at least a fair one, and not furnish troops on account of the disobedience of their commander. Also, when McCook had engaged the attention of the whole Rebel army, it seems that something might have been effected by bringing the wings of our Army to bear upon the flanks of the enemy. Let the case be viewed as it may, we are forced to the conclusion already arrived at - That somebody blundered. We were kept in line the whole evening, and not even allowed to send a detail for water till near dark, and as it had to go near two miles, it was near two hours after dark ere we received the first canteen of water since filling at Camp in the morning. After shifting positions a little, we retired to rest that night almost wholly unconscious of the terrible slaughter that had been carried on so near us. At dark everything was perfectly quiet.

Thurs. Oct. 9th. 7:00 a.m. the first cannon is just fired away to the left, and we are ordered to fall into line. Our Division advanced very slowly and cautiously in a direction leading rather to the right of Perryville and soon our Company and a Company of the 79th Ind. were deployed as skirmishers in advance of the Brigade and placed under command of Col. Ind. Kneffler.

We advanced in this manner about 2 or 3 miles, very cautiously, without seeing anything to shoot at though - halted every few hundred yards for a considerable time. Finally we struck the road that we had left on the day previous just before forming the line of battle. We came on it just to the right of town, then marched "as skirmishers by the left flank" into town, but found the place already occupied by our troops. Then marched half a mile beyond town and encamped near the scene of the preceding day's battleground.

Immediately we were all strolling over the battlefield. The first point of interest I came to was where a Rebel battery had been stationed during the engagement. Near 30 were laying dead, nearly all being horribly mangled by cannonshot, and as it (the first) sight of the kind that I had ever seen, turned me very sick for a few moments, but I soon got the better of my feelings and went further. But it is useless for me to attempt to describe this bloody field. In some places the dead could be found lying almost in columns, sometimes U. S. and C.S. being piled promiscuously together; again we would find them thickly scattered over earth that bore marks of furious charges and counter-charges, and all seemed to have been fought over by both parties, for the dead of both armies could be found almost anywhere either were laying.

Narry a fierce remark did I hear that evening by the soldiers who were viewing the field. The fact of their having been kept from assisting their friends when they were being slaughtered in such heaps seemed to cause their very blood to boil with indignation - that our friends should there within our hearing be compelled to stand up and contend for life against such a vastly superior force while so many thousands of us were so near, and laying idle - was enough to cause the uninformed soldier to give vent to exclamations of anger and disapprobation.

Fri. Oct. 10th. Marched about three miles on the Harrodsburg Road, then turning to the left on a dirt road that led to the Danville and Harrodsburg Road, we marched about two miles when our Brigade had to march back to the Pike and remain there a few hours to protect our train which was being threatened by a body of Rebel cavalry. We remained here till near dark, then marched on the same road as before about two miles, then turned back a half a mile, then forward again, and we kept stumbling and butting our heads against various objects, and among wagons, logs, fences, stumps, gullies, and every other obstacle to progress that is commonly met with on a dark, rainy night, till about 9:00 when we got into Camp.

Sat. Oct. 11th. Aroused early and were eating breakfast when we heard a sharp firing commence at the picket line. We gave it but little attention at first, and continued unconcernedly to eat our breakfast, but presently it began to come nearer so rapidly that we were ordered to "fall into line, quick", and be ready for the Rebels. Just then one of our cannon ran up near the line, and by firing one shot into the advancing Rebels, restored good order and caused the Rebels to scamper away like so many frightened sheep. It was altogether one of the most impudent acts on the part of the Rebels that I ever heard of. I don't suppose the Rebel force consisted of more than a small scout, and they were within three hundred yards of the main lines of our Division.

After we had completed our breakfast, we were moved about one mile across the fields in the direction of Danville, and deployed in line battle and kept there the whole day, which was so cool from the recent rain and cloudy weather that we found it necessary to build fires for comfort. Also, today we received the first news of the bloody battle at Corinth, Mississippi between our troops under Gen. Rosecrans and the Rebels.

Sun. Oct. 12th. Marched 8 or 9 miles across roads and through fields, three columns of our troops moving parallel to each other, frequently being visible at the same time. When we arrived in about 4 miles of camp Dick Robinson we halted, formed in line of battle and remained till near night. Seeing no sign of the Rebels in the meantime, we then fell back near one mile and encamped. Had a real feast

tonight on pumpkins gathered from a field nearby and cooked. Also for the first time after entering Kentucky we were ordered to not burn any rails, although we were encamped in the midst of a large farm.

Mon. Oct. 13th. Marched nearly to Danville, then turning to the left, our Brigade went about two miles in the direction of Dick's (Dix) River on picket, and remained all night.

Tues. Oct. 14th. Turned back and marched through Danville and went to Stanford, a distance of 10 miles, and went into Camp. After we had gotten supper and were asleep, 10:00 p.m., we were aroused again and started on the road leading to Crab Orchard.

Wed. Oct. 15. About 2:00 as we were coming very near the latter-named place, we arrived in view of the Rebel campfires. They immediately opened upon us with one of their mule cannon, but a few well-directed shots from one of our batteries soon caused them to take to their heels, after which we went forward and took possession of their camp, and were immediately ordered to prepare and eat breakfast.

After we had finished our breakfast and rested a few moments, we again set forward - our Brigade in front - on the road leading to Crab Orchard, now 1-1/2 miles away, but we had hardly started till our pickets encountered and began to drive the enemy. At Crab Orchard, the Rebels attempted to make a stand as if to give us a temporary check, but our batteries which were kept near the front opened upon them so vigorously that they gave up the town in a few moments.

About a mile from town the audacious Rebels again attempted to check us and threw a few shells among our Brigade, one of which burst almost directly over our Company, and another a few steps in rear of the Regiment. These were the first shells that had ever burst near me, and in fact the first cannon missile I had ever heard whizzing through the air, and you may at once conclude that I was all dodge.

We followed them this day about 15 miles, they pulling back so slowly as to keep up a continual fire with our pickets and to cause our Brigade to have to march the whole day in line of battle, which rendered the march very fatiguing. Our artillery had to be brought to play upon them almost every mile, and we were constantly expecting that they would make a firm stand and give us battle, but when we afterwards learned that they were only cavalry and not very numerous at that, we did not wonder at their passing so many points that would have been favorable to a large force of them to give us battle.

Gen. Crittenden superintended this day's operations in person, and was almost all the time up with the front line

giving directions, and I have ever since thought that if he could have commanded the van of our Army from the time we left Louisville, and had the proper support that Gen. Bragg's Army would never have escaped from Kentucky.

We went into Camp that night about one hour after sunset, and just one mile to Mt. Vernon as we were stacking arms, the busy rebels attacked our skirmishers but a few hundred yards in advance and maintained a sharp fight for a few minutes, which caused us to again have to "take arms", but Reb concluded that it was all foolishness and fell back, leaving us in quiet possession of our Camp and the privilege of a good night's rest. We were now getting too far from our base that provisions were again getting scarce and the men were beginning to murmur considerably.

Thurs. Oct. 16th. Passing through Mt. Vernon, we advanced about 5 miles and went into Camp. Some skirmishing in front today, but as other troops were in front, I could learn nothing of its details, nor results, except seeing a few prisoners brought occasionally to the rear.

Fri. Oct. 17th. Advanced about 4 miles through an exceedingly rough and hilly country, then halted and remained till the latter part of the day when to obtain water we marched back and encamped near our previous night's bivouck. We could not proceed beyond the point to which we went today till the road should be cleared of the many obstructions which the Rebels had placed in it - felled trees, etc. The road was filled with trees for several miles, and this rendered the passage of our wagons impassible, for the country was so rough and broken that it was impossible to make new roads. We left the Divisions in our front cutting and removing the trees from the road.

Sat. Oct. 18th. Advanced on the same road as on yesterday, but further. Crossed Rock Castle River and climbed the Wild Cat Mountain till we came to the ground where was fought the memorable "Battle of the Wild Cat" between our forces commanded by Cols. Woolford, Gurrard and others, and the Rebels under Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer in the previous October. We could yet find numerous evidences of the terribleness of that small but sanguinary conflict. The position that was occupied by our troops was as near impregnable by nature as could be imagined, to be at all assailable by an attacking party; and the nature of the ground at once explained the cause of the terrible slaughter of the Rebels, and the comparatively small loss of our troops that occurred in the battle.

Late in the evening we returned to the opposite of Rock Castle River and encamped for the night.

Sun.-Thurs. Oct. 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. Climbed to the summit of the mountain and advanced 8 or 9 miles along the dry and barren ridges on the London Road and again bivouacked for the night, a portion of our Regiment being sent on picket; and remained here for the whole of the next day, the remainder of our Brigade being out on a scout.

Rations had become very scarce and water could scarcely be gotten at all. We had to go about one mile to procure the latter article, and then it was of that inferior article known among the boys as "coppers water". We were very much worn out with the almost incessant marching we had done since leaving Battle Creek and now the general supposition among the common soldiers was that we would have to follow the Rebels through the hill and mountains to East Tennessee.

\_\_\_\_\_ you may know that I dreaded it, for it was plain that as we advanced rations would become scarcer on account of the length of our communication line and means of transportation, and the Rebels would strip the country in our advance. We remained at this place for several days anxiously awaiting to know the direction of the next day's march, for we thought that would decide our fate - if we went forward one day we would pursue the Rebels to Tennessee - if we turned back, the campaign was closed.

Fri. Oct. 24th. Turned our faces to the rear and started on the back trail, and went as far as Mt. Vernon, there we turned to the left and took the Somerset Road and marched that evening about 7 miles. This day's march decided two queries with us. 1st, that we would not pursue the Rebels any farther and 2nd, that we would not go back to Louisville, but that we would take the most direct route for Tennessee.

Sat. Oct. 25th. Marched to Somerset, the distance from Mt. Vernon to Somerset is 25 miles. This was an exceedingly cold day for the time of year, and the scarcity of clothing and blankets among the boys aroused them to such a degree of indignation that to obtain some revenge for their sufferings from the cold, they made a combined attack upon their natural enemy (apple jack) who could be found lurking in heavy force at almost any house in the country.

A running fight was thus kept up the greater portion of the day, and from the continued absence of our boys that were engaged in the struggle, I had almost concluded that they had come off victorious, but at the approach of night they began to return to Camp with blackened faces and bruised bodies which not only told the severity of the contest, but that our gallant boys had been defeated. But the victory had been dearly fought by the enemy, and their victory resulted in the complete extermination of all their forces engaged.

We arrived in Camp near sunset, a few hours before night, and just as the snow commenced falling. We immediately commenced

collecting large piles of wood and ere nightfall we had roaring fires in every part of the camp, and the snow falling in heaps.

There were no tents with the Regiment except those of a few officers. The men were in a measure destitute of clothing and blankets, and thus was our situation rendered extremely disagreeable in the immense drifts of driving snow.

About two hours after dark I attempted to prepare my bed, and after spreading my top blanket in great haste to prevent any flakes of snow getting between them, and getting between them, just as I was about to pull the blanket over my head, about a hatful that had collected on a limb above fell "slap" on my head. Branches of trees were giving way under the great weight of the snow and falling at intervals through the night, which rendered it very dangerous to be in the timber as we were. Next morning we found the ground covered with about eight inches of snow, and the air, of course, was very cold.

Sun. and Mon. Oct. 26, 27th. We remained at this place with nothing to do but shelter ourselves from the cold in the best manner we could, and for which we could only keep large fires burning, but on the second day the air became much warmer, and the snow principally disappeared.

Tues. Oct. 28th. We marched 28 miles in the direction of Columbia.

Wed. Oct. 29th. We marched 15 miles.

Thurs. Oct. 30th. We marched 15 miles.

Fri. Oct. 31st. We marched to Columbia, distance 6 miles. Ever since leaving Somerset a great many of the boys had expressed a determination to go home when we should arrive at Columbia, and by the time we arrived at Columbia almost every man seemed to be seized with that resolution. It was generally believed that the Army would march by the way of Glasgow and the boys thought they could go by home, remain a few days, and then meet the troops at that point. At any rate, as soon as we stacked arms near Columbia Brigade Headquarters was besieged by a host of line officers and privates begging permission to go home. I had no idea that all would get to go, and I had been at home more recently than many others. I resolved that I would not attempt to go home, but would let others have the opportunity, and I just went off to myself and commenced reading a novel that I had just procured.

Presently Lieutenant Clark passed and told me to "be ready to start home immediately" that Co. Beatty had taken the responsibility of granting the whole Regiment a ten days'

pass, and the Lieutenant handed me the following pass which was the only one I procured at all, but which did as well as any. The pass was:

Columbia, Ky.  
Oct. 31st 1862

\_\_\_\_\_ Wm. M. Woodcock has permission to go home and return in 10 days.

Silas Clark, 1st Let. Co. B 9th Ky.

All was immediately stirring and in a few moments the Camp of the 9th Ky. was vacated and we were in the town of Columbia preparing for our walk home. Late in the evening we left that place, and went out 12 miles that night and obtained supper and then slept a few hours.

Sat. Nov. 1st. We were up and on the road several hours before sunrise, and that day I walked to Tompkinsville, because the boys that were in advance of me had hired all the horses. I, and my friend Holland arrived in Tennessee that night completely tired down and obtained food and lodging with a Mr. Taylor, who treated us very kindly, and the more so because we were Union soldiers.

Sun. Nov. 2nd. Went home. It is entirely unnecessary for me to again attempt to describe the pleasures and welcomes that are sure to greet a soldier on his arrival from harm after a long absence. There is scarcely an adult person in the whole nation that has not either experienced those pleasures and welcomes, or seen their effects, and a description of the "tears of joy", "embraces of welcome" "congratulations of welcome", and the many little attentions that are bestowed upon the returned soldier would be of no more importance than the repetition of an old song. But it suffices to say that I enjoyed myself as well as could be expected of a soldier at home with the exception of an occasional guerilla alarm, but which alarms all proved to be false during our stay at home this time, and really we did not much dread them for we had been allowed to bring home our arms. I only got seriously alarmed one day, and then myself and a few others lay on a hill near an important crossing, but no one passed.

Tues. Nov. 11th. Left home again and started to the Regiment in company with my friend, Holland, who was the only member of my Company that lived near me, but we expected to find the greater portion of our Company at Scottsville that night. Arrived Jimtown (Fountain Run), Monroe County, Ky., and found Co. G assembled at that point and ready to start, going our road, and we all went together toward Scottsville. I stopped with a gentleman named Atwood for the night just two miles to Scottsville.

Wed. Nov. 12th. Passed through Scottsville and went 6 miles on the Gallatin Pike and stopped that night with an old gentleman by the name of Suttler who lived a few miles off the road. There were several soldiers stopping with him who had been left sick by their regiments, but they were now about well, and their principal topic of conversation was the prospect of their obtaining a parole, and from their manner I judged that nothing would have been more desirable. They were continually calculating how long it would take them to go home, and whether they had money to bear their expenses, etc.

We had met several since leaving Scottsville who had met with this good luck and were going to the rear in high glee, and it would be a shame on the character of our Army for the public to know how many of it's members sought and obtained paroles during this and the two preceding months.

Thurs. Nov. 13th. Went to a schoolhouse just one mile below the Rock House on the Gallatin Pike and slept in the schoolhouse that night.

Some of Co. G. killed a hog and borrowed a kettle from the neighbor to cook it in, and this with bread that we had brought from home made us a substantial supper and breakfast.

Fri. Nov. 14th. Went one mile beyond Gallatin on the Lebanon Pike and stopped in the barn and lots of Judge Jr. Gill. Here we principally procured our rations for supper and breakfast from the citizens, obtaining it already cooked.

Our party now numbered about 65 and was under command of Lieutenant Maize of Co. G.

Sat. Nov. 15th. Captain Bryan came up early with about 100 members of our Regiment and took command of our party also, and we set out for the front, and arrived that evening at Silver Spring where we found the Brigade and, in fact, a large part of the Army, but very few of the Regiment had yet arrived, but all that had left at Columbia (and more too) arrived in squads that evening and the next day. We also found some recruits for our Regiment that had been forwarded by the recruiting officers that were sent back from Battle Creek. The wagons containing our knapsacks had also come up, but the knapsacks had been unloaded and for want of proper attention on the part of somebody, everything they contained that was worth carrying off had been stolen by somebody, and the empty shells alone were left as our part, but a rogue will never freeze or starve.

Sun.- Mon. Nov. 16th and 17th. We laid off our Camp and pitched our tents for the first time since leaving Battle Creek and on this and the succeeding day, drew a supply of clothing and other necessary articles.

Tues.- Thurs. Nov. 18th, 19th and 20th. Late in the afternoon set and marched in the direction of Nashville till we came to Stone River and there went into Camp and remained here on the 19th and 20th, changing our Camp once in the meantime, but nothing of interest occurred along this portion of our march, and therefore I will say nothing.

Fri. - Mon. Nov. 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. Went across Stone River and encamped about two miles beyond near a little hamlet known as Spring Place, and remained at this place several days, having general inspection the 22nd and Company inspection the 23rd.

Mon. Nov. 24th. The 13th Ky. Infantry of our Brigade was sent to the rear to go to Kentucky, and was subsequently stationed at Munfordville. Had Company drill today.

Tues.-Thurs. Nov. 25th, 26th and 27th. Broke up Camp in the afternoon and marched in the direction of Nashville and encamped in a large lot on the left of the road in about two miles of that place. We remained in Camp here the two succeeding days, cleaning off, sweeping, and ditching as though we expected to remain here a considerable time. A Brigade guard was established the first day, and in the evening of the 27th a sermon was preached by Maj. Blankenship of the 79th Ind. Vol. Infantry.

Fri. Nov. 28th. Marched out on the Murfreesboro Pike and encamped about one mile to the right of the road, turning off at the Lunatic Asylum. The weather was now becoming very cold and we had to be placed where we could obtain supplies of wood.

Sat.-Sun. Nov. 29th and 30th. Remained in Camp sweeping and burning leaves and straightening out our Camp generally, and making preparations to be reviewed by Gen. Rosecrans who had superseded Gen. Buell in the command of our Army.

Mon. Dec. 1st. Marched out to be reviewed by the Commanding General at 10:00 a.m. and remained in line till 2:00 p.m. and the General not coming, we returned to Camp without the pleasure of seeing him, which sight but few of us had as yet enjoyed.

Tues.- Sat. Dec. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Our Divisions (5th commanded by Brig. Gen. Van Clive) was again marched out and formed in order for review, and at 12:00 Maj. Gen. Crittenden and Brig. Gen. VanCleve and their respective staffs rode around the lines in double quick, taking a hurried glance at the troops. Soon after this, Generals Rosecrans, Crittenden, VanCleve and their staffs rode to the right of the Division and presently the smiling face of the Commanding General was seen coming up the lines between the ranks, saying a word of kindness or instruction to almost every soldier as he passed,

asking one why he had no canteen, another "where is your haversack?" and still another "have you got no blanket?", and thus he proceeded along the lines creating a good opinion among the troops of his magnanimity and careful consideration for those under his control.

It is needless for me to attempt a description of a general review with my feeble pen for it has already been made the theme of many a fireside conversation, and almost every person in the land have heard it from lips that rendered it, so sacred that any attempt of mine to comment upon the flashing of polished arms, the gaily-dressed officers, the symmetrical motions of heavy columns as they break into still smaller columns, and file with perfect military precisions past the reviewing officer - or the gentle rustling of waving flags and sole-stirring strains produced by the bands - would be worse than useless.

After the review was over, we returned to Camp and then our Regiment was sent on picket.

Maj. Grider, who had been under arrest ever since the 25th of October on account of a difficulty between himself and Lieutenant Colonel Cram, shouldered a rifle, accountrements, and a roll of blankets, fell into line on the left of our Company and went with us on picket, and went to the outpost, and then insisted on being allowed to take his turn at standing. This was granted, and the Major was counted off in the third relief and I was Corporal of that relief. I then offered to let him act as Corporal of the relief for he would thereby get to remain by the fire all the time, but he refused the offer and stood on outpost four hours that night.

Colonel Grider, who had been under arrest ever since the day we left Somerset, Kentucky, was also restored to his command this morning.

Fri.-Sat. Dec. 5th and 6th. Returned to Camp on the 5th and on the 6th our Regiment furnished the Brigade guard, the whole of which for a day's duty was now taken from a single regiment, and the regiments furnished in succession Dec. 5th. Then out on picket, the Major going with us again, and performing the regular duties of a private soldier.

A heavy fall of snow again came upon us today, and the wet was exceedingly cold.

Sun.-Tues. Dec. 7th, 8th and 9th. Major Grider and Lieutenant Colonel Cram who had been under arrest for the same alleged offense, were restored to duty this morning. Our Regiment and the 19th went out on a foraging expedition about 7 miles from Camp, filled our wagons with corn and returned without any casualty.

Remained in Camp on the 8th and 9th without anything of interest occurring, drilling regularly and, in general, doing well, till late in the afternoon of the 9th we heard that a forage train under the escort of the 23rd Brigade had been attached about 7 miles from camp and that a fight was going on. Our Brigade was immediately ordered to the scene of action, and under some excitement we started in a great hurry. Our sutlers, Kendall and Hall, each shouldered a musket and fell in on the left of our Regiment and marched out with us, but when we were about 3 miles from Camp, we met the trains well loaded and coming in all safe under care of the escort, though a fight had actually occurred but our troops had been victorious with but slight loss. The attacking party was a large force of Rebel cavalry under command of \_\_\_\_\_.

Wed.-Wed. Dec. 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th. Our Brigade again sent on picket and on returning to Camp the next day we found that it had been moved about two miles nearer Nashville, and established about a half a mile to the left of the road.

Next day we again started on a foraging expedition, and went beyond Stone's River on the Lebanon Pick, loaded our wagons and returned to Camp without any casualty.

On picket again on the 13th. The next few days we remained in Camp undergoing severe drills and cleaning up and sweeping off very extensively, and making preparations for remaining on winter quarters.

Thurs.-Fri. Dec. 18th and 19th. Our Brigade again sent on a foraging expedition to Cumberland River, 7 miles above Nashville and again returned without anything of interest occurring, and on the next day went on picket.

Sat. Dec. 20th. Returned from picket this morning. A terrible alarm was raised in our Army this morning by the Rebels making a dash at our pickets on the Murfreesboro Pike; but our boys happened to be awake and just ready for such an emergency, and the Rebels finding that dashing "wouldn't pay" fired a few bombs into our lines, and then fell back, having lost about 200 taken prisoners, and whole battery of artillery captured.

Sun.-Mon. Dec. 21st and 22nd. For some reason unknown to me, Col. Kruffler took command of the Brigade today, which had been expected some days by the members of the Regiment. The first order he issued was to relieve the Brigade guards and cause no men to be detailed. You might hear the spicy expression "Bully for Kruffler" from any portion of the Camp while the boys were commenting on this act.

Tues. Dec. 23rd. Col. Grider took command of the 11th Brigade today on account of a temporary absence of Col. Beatty. About 2:00 p.m. Lieutenant Clark was ordered by Col. Grider to select 25 men from the Regiment to accompany him on an important scouting expedition. This detail, together with another from the 19th Ohio, reported to Gen. Van Cleve's Headquarters where we found about 50 men of another Brigade order on the same expedition. At sunset the whole detail was placed under the command of Lieutenant Murdock of Van Cleve's staff, and we were marched on the Murfreesboro Pike beyond the pickets, then turned to the left and immediately commenced crossing fields, penetrating almost impenetrable cedar thickets, climbing rough hills and crossing deep hollows, intending to make a circuit and strike the Pike in rear of the Rebel outpost and effect it's capture.

After ranging for several hours, and becoming (as I thought) irretrievably lost, we much to our surprise heard the sharp command to "halt - Who comes there?" followed almost immediately by the sudden flash and sharp crack of a carbine, and the unpleasant whiz of a minnie ball over our heads. We soon ascertained that it was one of our pickets, and that we were at that very point where we left the road.

We then started to Camp, I riding Lieutenant Murdock's horse on account of a severe sprain which I had given my ankle joint during the route, and which almost entirely prevented me from walking. We soon met a much larger expedition that had started out on a reconnaissance and they required our party to turn back with them, but I rode the Lieutenant's horse to Headquarters and rested there for the night, our detachment also soon came back.

Wed. Dec. 24th. A general feeling through the Camp that we would move shortly, but no positive declaration as to the manner and direction, yet all seemed to feel that we would go toward the Rebels. As it was Christmas Eve, the boys were unusually noisy tonight and several of them having procured new horns, there was a general sounding of those musical instruments.

Just previous to taps, the buglers of the 79th Ind. formed a column about their Colonel's tent and gave him a blast from their horns that was truly funny.

Thurs. Dec. 25th. All hands raised hollering "Christmas Gift", "Hurrah for Christmas", etc. but were soon stopped in their preparations for a gala day by an order to get ready immediately to go on picket. Were sent on picket near the Lunatic Asylum and kept there the remainder of the day without meeting with any incident of interest.

Fri. Dec. 26th. Returned to Camp early and found all hands engaged in making preparations to move. Orders had been issued for all the surplus baggage to be placed in wagons and sent to the rear, but for the men to retain their knapsacks. Tents were immediately struck and rolled, cooking vessels collected about the wagons, and individuals were giving to the lucky sick ones who were ordered to stay with the wagons little articles of value to them, and the proper disposition to be made of them "if I should happen to not get back", for we were confident that we were going toward Murfreesboro, and that we could not march far without fighting.

About 2:00 in the midst of a slight rain which had been falling at intervals through the day, we marched out in the direction we expected to. We marched that night to within two miles of Lavergne and encamped some distance to the right of the Pike. Heavy skirmishing could be heard some distance in advance the whole evening, and our advance guard was reported to be now about Lavergne. Rain fell the greater portion of the night after we got into Camp, and as we had no tents, we fared rather badly.

Sat. Dec. 27th. Heavy cannonading on the right and in front this morning. About 12:00 we started on the road to Lavergne. The rain soon commenced falling in torrents and as the cannonading was still very severe in our front, our progress was very slow. Finally, we passed through Lavergne and took the Murfreesboro Road and traveled about two miles, when the cannonading on the McMinnville Road became so severe that we turned back and took that road and marched out about three miles and went into Camp. Col. Sam Beatty again took command of the Brigade this morning, and Col. Grider took command of his Regiment.

When we got into Camp the firing had all ceased and we kindled our fires, dried our blankets and went to sleep without any uneasiness.

Sun. Dec. 28th. Clear and cool. Remained in Camp the whole day. Considerable alarm about 10:00 caused by some regiments on the other road discharging their guns that had become wet in the previous day's rain. The troops were unusually lively during the whole of this day. One Regiment of the 14th Brigade got so funny that it's Colonel attempted to drill it awhile by way of punishment. The boys very readily fell into line and the battalion was soon formed and the exercise commenced. The commands of the officers were obeyed with unusual promptness and precision, but each movement was accompanied by such a succession of yells that the scene was rendered truly interesting, and all the efforts of the officers to suppress it were vain. Hundreds of troops gathered in the vicinity to see which would come off victorious, the officers or the men. After about a half hour's exercise, it was evident that the men had the best of

it, and the final result was the sending of the regiment away on some duty.

Mon. Dec. 29th. Clear and cool. Cannonading away to the right this morning. About 12:00 o'clock we started through the woods and went to the other (Murfreesboro) Road and then marched to within about two miles of Murfreesboro that night and encamped just on the left of the road. We could hear heavy skirmishing in advance the whole evening, and when we arrived at Camp it was particularly sharp just a few hundred yards in our \_\_\_\_\_, but it all ceased about one hour after dark and everything became quiet, and after drawing 20 rounds of extra ammunition which now made 60 rounds that each man had about his person, we retired to rest, many a poor soldier to dream his last dreams of dear ones far away.

At 9:00 p.m. everything was so quiet that a passerby would never have thought that two large and well-appointed armies were now lying on their arms within speaking distance of each other and only awaiting the approach of daylight to begin the direful work. We were all convinced by the stubborn manner in which the Rebels had contended for every inch of ground since leaving Lavergne that they would here make a desperate effort to stop our progress, even at the risk of a general battle, and we also felt confident that our gallant commander would drive the enemy from Murfreesboro or be defeated in a general battle which he was sure to stake on the issue.

Tues. Dec. 30th. A slight rain falling this morning when we were waked up and ordered to dispatch our breakfast, which was about 3:00, and at 4:00 the rain was still falling, but all was quiet so far as we could judge throughout the lines, and the first cannon was not fired amid us till fifteen minutes after 8:00 a.m., but a heavy skirmishing had commenced in front and had extended away to the right.

About 9:00 a.m. a battery moved out in front of our Brigade and opened a heavy firing on the town of Murfreesboro. This action elicited about a dozen shots from the enemy. This seemed to silence the skirmishing in our front, but if possible, added new to the same on our right, and during the evening a severe artillery and infantry firing could be heard just to the right of the Pike, where the reader knows was fought in day's fighting of the memorable five days Battle of Stones River.

About 10:00 a.m. the troops were cheered by the presence of Generals Rosecrans and Crittenden, who were riding along the lines taking observations. This morning one of Crittenden's staff was killed by the explosion of a shell in the General's quarters.

At 8:00 p.m. all was quiet again, the dark shades of the night seeming to serve the double purpose of allaying men's

passions and stopping the horrible work of the day, and to afford time for rest.

Wed. Dec. 31st. With a mind filled with many doubts and forebodings as to the result of this day's action, I awoke and sprang to my feet at an early hour upon being aroused by the Sergeant to make preparations for my first day's battle. I had never yet realized the horror and bloodshed that are met with in battle; felt not the usual dreads and eventual sufferings that are peculiar to the veteran soldier, for my imagination had not pictured the battle with half it's horrors; the crash of the skirmishers' musket, or the boom of the heavy cannon did not cause that feeling of uneasiness and fear to crop over my limbs as it always did in subsequent actions. I could only imagine myself firing and killing numbers of the enemy and then charging bayonets, and with breach and point, just slaughtering the enemy somewhat after the manner of the fabled giants of ancient times.

At 7:00 a.m. an order from General Rosecrans was read, which paid a glowing tribute to the gallantry and patriotism of the soldiers engaged in the previous day's battle, and exhorted us to be ready for the trial of courage and fortitude which "may today decide the fate of the nation", and ordering us to be obedient to our officers in the trial hour, and to "shoot low" in which event he pledged the victory to our arms.

The order was read to all the regiments separately and received hearty cheers from every throat. About this time General Hardee's force on our right wing commenced, which came so near completely annihilating our Army, and of which fact we were notified by the terrible cannonading which could be heard in that direction.

Immediately after the reading of the order we were ordered to file our knapsacks and leave a man to guard them, and even then moved to the left and marched across Stones River and took a position on the opposite bank, but during the execution of this movement the cannonading and musketry on the right was booming terrible to hear, and to make it more serious, it was rapidly nearing us along the line toward the center, and also the right wing seemed to be giving way. We had been in position beyond the river but a few moments when we were marched "double quick" back in the direction of the firing. As we came upon the ground of our previous night's encampment, a sight met my eyes that to this day causes a chill to creep over my heart and a shudder through my body - we could see over a farm of several hundred acres in extent. At the near edge of this a line of our troops were attempting to make a stand against the irresistible charges of the enemy, besides this line everything seemed to be falling back - whole regiments of troops, apparently hopelessly demoralized, stragglers by the hundred, staff officers and orderlies, batteries, cassions, artillery wagons, ambulances and even

the very smoke seemed to be seized with a panic and were rolling in hopeless confusion to the rear. The cruel missiles from the enemy's artillery were ploughing up the dirt among the confused masses, and occasionally mowing down a score of poor fellows.

Beyond our last line the long menacing lines of gray could be seen advancing with a heavy tread and good order, continually emitting sheets of flame, clouds of smoke and showers of deadly missiles upon the last line of our devoted soldiers. Their artillery occupied every commanding position that was in view and were increasing in rapidity of movement, with accuracy of aim, telling fearfully in our ranks.

They were now within three hundred yards of the Pike - our last line already overmatched was contending with unexcelled fortitude and bravery against their irresistible columns. Amid all this there was one calm face and cool head - General Rosecrans, accompanied by his numerous and significant staff, was briskly riding from point to point within musket shot of the enemy, heedless of the many messengers that were sent at him and were continually cutting down the officers and soldiers of his staff - himself a prominent object for their balls.

Our Brigade was wheeled about a few times among the masses of straggling and demoralized that were flocking to the rear, and who were being rallied at this point. Then we started down the Pike to the right by order of the General Rosecrans, who said to General Van Cleve "I want you to go and support Harker". We had arrived nearly to the skirt of woods that here cross the Pike and almost to the point where our last line had given back nearly to the Pike, when by somebody's order, we were halted and ordered to march by the "about face" and it was difficult to tell in which direction we were the worst needed, for the Rebels were on the Pike just to the left, and were rapidly approaching it on our right, which would literally have severed our Army in two, and resulted in it's complete annihilation.

We had not marched far by the left flank till we again met General Rosecrans who again ordered Van Cleve to "go and support Harker". We were again faced about and started off down the Pike in the direction of the skirt of woods just mentioned, and just as we started we saw the last of our lines in the skirt of woods give way in utter confusion, and flee across the Pike, and the Rebels raise a yell and come after them in a style that was truly terrifying.

Our Brigade was immediately ordered to "double quick" the 19th Ohio Infantry in front and we following in line of march and thus we ran in between the charging Rebels and our discomfited friends, accompanied by Generals Rosecrans, Crittenden and Van Cleve. As we dashed into position, Col.

Starling of Crittenden's staff, as noble a soldier as ever drew sword, threw up his hat and yelled "here comes the gallant Old 11th Brigade". "I know we will whip the Rebels now." General Rosecrans ran among us with his sword gleaming above his head, and tears streaming down his cheeks, and saying "boys, you must drive them." The gallant Crittenden, without betraying the least emotion of excitement, rode along among us with apparently as much composure as if in the midst of a gay procession.

My own sensations - (how can I describe them, for I do not even have an idea of the thousand bewildering thoughts that flitted through my mind as we rushed into this terrible slaughter, and the victory flushed Rebels emerged from the thicket on our left and prepared to swoop down on us as the mighty avalanche that carries everything in its course.

But to resume, when we had gotten fairly abreast the enemy and when they were rapidly nearing us, the order to "front and fire" all in one command rang through the lines and we immediately turned and poured a volley upon that advancing line of Rebels that seemed to bring them to their senses, and caused them to stop as if to consider whether to come any further.

We followed our first volley by a terrible "firing at will" for a few minutes that seemed to almost entirely silence the Rebel musketry and cause the chivalry to hide behind the numerous pine trees and large stones that abounded in this neighborhood.

The loud and distinct voice of Col. Beatty was now heard above the din of battle, and ringing in clear and even tones was heard the command to "charge bayonets."

Immediately we dashed forward with an impetensity and force that rather astonished the shattered lines of the chivalry, and caused them to break and flee in confusion, without even attempting to resist our charge. We followed about 300 yards and then halted and dressed our lines. When the Rebels seemed to be almost entirely gone, though, we had the opportunity to try our skill at an occasional one as he would jump up from behind a rock or tree and run off.

The second line of our Brigade now came up and passed through our ranks to the front. As the 11th Ky. passed through our Regiment, and the 79th Ind. passed through the 19th Ohio, they raised a yell that I have no doubt served to accelerate the speed of the retreating Rebels. They advanced slowly, but firmly, about 3/4 of a mile when they met another host of stragglers composing the remains of a Brigade of Infantry and a battery of artillery coming to the rear. The front line halted and suffered these poor fellows to pass through their ranks, and then they came around the left of our Regiment.

They presented the most shocking and mangled sight of any body of troops I ever saw in my life.

A large number of wounded were being borne off by their comrades, while many others who had received flesh wounds about the body, arms and head were bringing themselves off. Several were mounted on artillery horses who had been cut loose from the captured cannon in the great hurry to escape. They had scarcely passed the front line when the pursuing Rebels came in view of our front line, and then was begun one of the most magnificent shooting scenes that was presented in that day's battle.

The 11th Kentucky with their breach-loading five shooters, and the 79th Ind. with their heavy \_\_\_\_\_ Rifles poured volley after volley into the advancing Rebels in a truly gallant style.

During this time our troops seemed to gain much of the ground that had been lost on our left, and a terrible musketry had been kept up away to the right, but with what result was to us uncertain. The musketry seemed to have abated to some extent along the whole line and it's place assumed by the heavy roar of artillery which could be heard increasing in vigor on both wings.

But the front line of our Brigade maintained a heavy musketry fire in front for several minutes, when by order of General Rosecrans, who was on the ground in person, they were moved by the left flank to counteract a similar movement on the part of the enemy. Both lines of the Brigade was now moved to the left, but the nature of the ground was such the front line was compelled to fall back nearly to ours, and while we were thus huddled together moving almost in a solid mass, the Rebels cut down several of our troops.

It was here that our noble and gallant Color-bearer, Jno. G. Raglin received his death wound, and was borne off the field.

A private soldier of his company (Co. C) Moses Roark, seized the colors and was carrying them and his gun and keeping his place in the ranks when Col. Grider rode up and ordered him to throw down his gun; and promoted him to Sergeant on the spot.

We moved a little further to the left till we could be properly formed, then we fell back as Gen. Rosecrans ordered to give the artillery a chance. We retired slowly, occasionally halting to prevent the Rebels getting in too great headway, and finally emerged from the woods into the old field, moved a little to the rear of the crest of a knoll, formed in line and lay down, and battery then opened upon the advancing Rebels and they were soon put to flight.

This was at a point where so many batteries were collected after the first grand charge of the enemy in the morning; also where the retreating columns of our discomfited army had seemed to concentrate from the beginning of the fight, and was consequently now one of the most important, as well as the strongest, part of our line.

A large part of our artillery was still here and the whole of that part of the field seemed to be covered with our blue columns lying flat on the ground awaiting the approach of the enemy. But no opportunity was offered here during the remainder of the day for infantry fighting. But a heavy and unceasing artillery fire was kept up by both armies during the remainder of the day, and that of the Rebels frequently told upon our artillery's men with fearful effect, and sometimes the merciless grape would tear through the supporting columns of infantry doing much execution.

One solid shot killed two men and wounded two more in Co. C of our Regiment.

At one time in the evening, the Rebels attempted to advance their line in our immediate front. We could see them come over the crest of a slight elevation away in the further edge of the field, nearly a mile distant, their lines stretching from the woods on the right to the woods on the left, so evenly did they seem to move that I fancied I could almost detect the regular moving of their feet - one line came to the crest of the ridge (wonder what is their purpose - will they stop? No.). While crossing the level of the crest they seemed to be for a moment stationary, but soon we can detect the rising ground in their rear, and this proves to us that they are advancing. We can see enough of the line to detect three regimental flags. Our hearts began to beat and our nerves to string themselves for the contest - now another line is seen in their rear, at the regular supporting distance advancing in the same direction. What are our artillerymen doing? For here is surely a fair mark for their practice. All is silent among the artillery near our position. All eyes seem but upon the advancing column of rebels.

Presently our batterymen begin to prick up their ears, cast quick glances from one to another and pat their guns. One piece is discharged. All watch the course of its shell with apparently breathless interest. It bursted apparently not more than twenty feet above and directly over the enemy's line. Every cannon in view was then leveled and aimed and almost at one volley three or four whole batteries were discharged. Many of the shells seemed to burst in the Rebel ranks and a portion of their column was almost completely enveloped in the smoke of the bursting bombs. One seemed to burst within the folds of one of the flags. This unlooked-for reception and accuracy on the part of our batteries put

the enemy to immediate flight, and they quickly disappeared in the woods on either flank, greeted in their skedaddle by the show of thousands of our troops who were lying in view.

Oh, I shall never forget the anxious suspense of that awful afternoon as I lay there for four long hours without daring to raise my head, the Rebel artillery continually throwing their cruel missiles among and killing and wounding us; the spent balls of the skirmishes frequently striking and slightly wounding our boys, the air very cool and the ground freezing fast, and when we first lay down was soft on the surface from the slight thaw of the middle of the day, which rendered it disagreeable. No wonder if I should at any moment be torn in pieces by cannon shot - and nothing to do to drown my apprehensions, for when the soldier is up and fighting, he has no time to think about consequences.

Scores of the wounded of both armies were laying in the woods in front of us and we could distinctly hear their heartrendering groans and cries for help, yet neither party could render them assistance.

Gen. Rosecrans was frequently on this part of the field during the evening, accompanied by not more than two or three officers, the look of confidence that I could see on his face reassured me notwithstanding the many reasons I had to believe that our Army had gotten much the worst of it during the day. At the approach of darkness the firing almost entirely ceased and early after dark a detail was sent to procure our knapsacks which were found unmolested, although the enemy had at one time through the day held possession of the ground they were on, but not for a sufficient time to pillage or carry them off. In this day's fight we lost two killed and about twenty wounded in the Regiment. This comparatively small number of casualties may be accounted for by the irregular and disorganized shape the Rebels were in when we first met them.

9:00 p.m. we (our Brigade) have moved back from the front line but rather toward the left, and we are now all desiring that the right and center of the Army do without our assistance tomorrow. Gen. Van Cleve received a wound in the leg early in the day, but did not quit the field till after dark. Lieutenant Murdock of his staff is reported killed, and I fear it is true for he is brave as a lion and is sure to be where danger is most imminent.

General Sill, commanding a Division, is reported killed; also one of his Brigade commanders, and another wounded. Our Company has lost four wounded, and among them is Lieutenant Silas Clark who is shot through the leg just below the knee. I would give the names of the other wounded, but it would require too much space and be considered tiring to a greater part of my readers.

We are now trying to forget the terrible scenes of the day by taking a nap, having raised large fires and spread our blankets in perfect security, as there are several lines of troops between us and the enemy. I lay down and was soon asleep, and strange to say, had pleasant dreams.

Thur. Jan. 1st. "A happy New Year to you" said my comrade to me as we awoke from our slumbers this morning, but the occasional crash of the skirmishers' musket that could be heard in front seemed to promise anything else than to verify his wish. Col. Beatty took command of the division in consequence of Van Cleve's wound, and Col. Grider took command of the Brigade which left Col. Cram in command of our Regiment.

The morning opened bright and clear and the sun rose in all the beauty of his majesty as if in derision of the extensive operations that were being attempted by (Army) man to further their designs. Our Brigade is formed in rear of our battery on a commanding piece of ground near the river and about a half a mile to the left and below the railroad. About 10:00 a.m. our Division was moved across the river at the same point where we crossed and re-crossed on the morning previous and formed along a ridge about 300 yards from the stream, but the extreme of each wing of the Division was thrown back near the river to prevent the turning of the flanks in case of an attack.

Our Regiment was on the extreme left of the Division and our Company was thrown out as pickets rather in rear of the left flank but no incident of note occurred at that part of the line during the whole day. Many rumors were afloat through the Camp in regard to yesterday's operations. There was a considerable cannonading on our right during the evening, and at dark it was rumored that our troops had captured two regiments of Rebel infantry. Another report that 3,000 Rebel cavalry had made a dash at a Division of our troops which were guarding the wagon trains supposing the guard consisted of only a Brigade, and the whole Division, together with six batteries of artillery, opened upon them and completely annihilated them, killing and capturing nearly all.

About sundown one of our pickets, J. I. Tooly, shot a large, fat hog from his post, and some of the boys went and brought it in, and being relieved soon afterwards by Co. G, we had a real feast that night on fresh pork.

The skirmishing in front of the center and right of our Division was very severe during the whole day and a section of our artillery occasionally exchanged shots with the enemy artillery in our front. But we could hear of nothing being done today to affect the relative positions of the two armies.

Fri. Jan 2nd. Woke up all right this morning and eat our breakfasts before daylight. Skirmishing continues in front of our Division with the first appearance of daylight.

8:00 a.m. There has been a severe cannonading away to our right of a few moment's duration, but it has all ceased and everything but the skirmishing among the pickets is quiet.

9:00 a.m. Another Brigade has taken the place of ours and we are now lying in rear of the right of our Division, and the skirmishers are maintaining a severe fire.

3:00 p.m. The skirmishing in our front has been very severe all day and our skirmishers have been compelled to give back a little. Ah, the anxious and awful suspense I suffer while laying so near the enemy and expecting every moment that a battle will begin.

Sometimes the enemy doubles their fire on our pickets with such energy that I almost conclude that an attack has been made in force. Many of their balls whiz low over heads, which serves to increase the anxiety and unpleasant state of our situation. Notwithstanding all this, we are safe from the shots while we remain in our present position, and have cooked and ate a scanty dinner, and I have just finished supping a cup of coffee with my friend, J. T. Tooley, who invited me with the remark "we may never again have the opportunity." We had a considerable conversation on the probabilities of our having to fight this evening, and he seemed very communicative, yet he did not have any presentment and thought, he would get through safe, but hark! there is another volley and it sounds as if there is something up.

Later - and there was something up, for it was the beginning of the grand "Breckinridge charge" that is so well known to all who have read a history of this war. It was the first volley of that heavy mass of troops who were advancing in three columns and each column six lines deep. It was the opening ball of that, one of the most bloody conflicts of the war, according to the number of troops engaged, it was the herald that drove in our skirmishers and let the irresistible mass daring spirits - principally renegade Kentuckians and Tennesseans - fall with unchecked force upon our devoted little Division. On they came with deafening yells and fell with unparalleled fury upon our front line.

Then everything seemed lost in the awful roar of musketry and showers of balls that were flying over our heads. Presently the wounded are flocking to the rear in large numbers, and the increasing terribleness of the musketry tells us that a desperate struggle is going on. The commands to "take arms" and "lie down" ring along our line, and then in an unimaginable state of anxiety we await the result.

Oh, can the front line withstand the assault? God grant they may and that we will not be called on to relieve them! They breast the storm of leaden hail with a fortitude well worthy of Americans. The wounded and straggler pour through our ranks saying that their comrades are falling fast. The volume of musketry seems to increase and the volleys that are heard in the regularity of the first onset are now lost in one continual roar. The angry roar of the enemy's guns tells us that our poor fellows are by far outnumbered and that it will be a miracle if they can hold their ground, but oh, horror, they are wavering. They have done all they can to drive back the powerful enemy, "but alas, what can valor do against equal valor, backed by such fearful odds". Their ranks are sadly thinned, and were they entirely repleted they could not withstand the furious onset of the powerful enemy. Oh, can they? Will they carry the stars and stripes in retreat from that hated emblem of treason that flutters over the enemy's columns?" Yes, they cannot withstand such a charge much longer. They are falling back \_\_\_\_\_ by a hundred lips in our line and here they come, the few that are left, entirely disorganized and every man guiding himself. "Attention, forward" were the commands coolly uttered by our Lieutenant Col. Cram and we sprang to our feet and started, then "Double quick" sounded and away we went up the hill through a brier thicket in the direction of the scene of conflict. The front line breaks through our ranks, but so determined were our fellows to do their duty that this caused but little confusion. Up the hill we went, and as we emerged from the thicket, the first line of the Rebels appeared in view, not more than 100 yards distant and the intervening space clear of every obstruction to view, or the passage of a minnie ball.

They had not entirely ceased firing at our front line, and though their first column was badly shattered, they immediately opened upon us with all the rapidity that human beings can be supposed capable of, and, of course, we halted and took issue. Their flag was very prominent in the center of their column, and I believe it fell to the ground as many as a dozen times in the next ten minutes. At our first volley, their first column almost entirely disappeared, the few that were left standing going off at double quick toward our right flank, but their place was quickly supplied by a fresh column, and then again in all of its awfulness, commenced that awful roar of musketry that caused tears to flow at many a fireside.

Oh, but their balls did fearful execution in our ranks, the more so on account of our inexperience, for almost every man kept on his feet and thus offered a fair mark for the enemy, but they did the same, and there we stood, two solid columns within pistol shot of each other, using their weapons of death with all the rapidity and precision their capacities would allow. The bravery of the Rebel officers amounted

almost to insanity. They dashed to and fro on their horses directly in range of our fire, as if they knew not the principle of fear and many of them paid dear for their temerity.

Our boys were falling thick, and almost at the first volley our Captain's right arm was broken and he went to the rear. Our Second Lieutenant, Johnson, was wounded as we advanced up the hill. Many other companies had lost some of their officers, but the boys cheered each other with their voices, whooping and hollering, laughing and talking, and some cursing and swearing, but shooting all the time. One group of our company whose capacities for quick loading seemed to be about equal, fired several volleys at the Rebel banner at the cool command of one of their number, and at every volley the flag would fall. A passing shot took away my bayonet in the beginning of the fight, just after I had rammed down the fourth load. I primed and discharged the gun, but the barrel was bent so much that I could not get another load down and consequently could do nothing but stand and hoop and halloo to encourage the rest. The idea never occurred to me that I might seize the gun of some of my fallen comrades and continue my deadly work. A Rebel battery was just in rear of the Rebel line raining its deadly charges of grape and cannister upon our shattered column with fearful execution.

Oh, that I could depict the features, feelings and passions of men while engaged in such terrible work! I looked about me after my gun was disabled. Some of the men were on one knee, others were nearly flat upon the ground, while others were standing up; but all were doing their utmost as if the fate of the day depended upon the exertions of a single arm.

I could not see fear upon a single face. Some were looking calm as death, and without noticing anything else, were rapidly loading and firing. Some were pleased apparently, and seemed to laugh as heartily at the occasional tumble of a Rebel as if they were viewing the gambits of a circus clown. Others seemed to be wrought up to the highest pitch of anger, and every yell of pain they heard from our ranks caused them to utter curses and imprecations against the enemy, and to renew their exertions.

The Rebel column was again becoming sadly thinned and was beginning to present unmistakable evidences of confusion, and it seemed that a fresh column of our troops could here have done good work by a charge, but we were the last line on this side of the river; the front was so terribly cut up that it was found impossible to rally and bring any number of them back to the contest even if we could maintain our ground a sufficient length of time for such a movement. Can we do that? If the Rebels have no fresh troops to bring immediately against us, our chances for holding the position

are good, but a new and unlooked-for obstacle to our success now presents itself.

In charging up the hill our line (composed of only our Regiment and the 19th Ohio) had, by accident, borne off to the left and thus left an unoccupied space of two hundred yards or more in breadth between our right flank and the river. The wary enemy was not long in discovering this gap and thousands of Rebels poured into it and came down on the right flank of the 19th Ohio with a velocity and force which added to the heavy attacks from the front, was too much for human nature to bear and that gallant regiment whose bravery and patriotism was unexcelled was compelled to give way. It commenced falling back as Col. Beatty's official report said, by files, soon the whole regiment was retreating down the hill without the least regard to order, which was simply impossible, followed by the right companies of our Regiment. The order to retreat rang along the line, but all seemed to think that it had been given by someone who did not have authority - and ignorant of the reverse on our right, each man stood and fired at the Rebels in front till the man next on his right discovered the condition of circumstances and joined in the retreat.

So perfectly was this assertion made good that I think the extreme right of our Company had gone 50 yards to the rear before the extreme left discovered that anything was wrong on the right. One man who stood but three files to my right was shot down at least 15 yards in advance of me just as I commenced retreating.

We fell back down the hill and across the river in the greatest disorder, every man taking his own course and running at the top of his speed. The Rebels followed so closely that the slightest stumble or accident insured the capture of the unfortunate. They followed us right up to the bank of the river yelling like the very furies and pouring showers of balls after us at every step.

As I was crossing the river, the surface of the water was powerfully agitated by the numerous missiles, and as I climbed the further bank it seemed that fifty struck within a yard of me. Many of our boys were not so fortunate as to get across the river, but the Rebels were so close after them that they lay down under the bank and the Rebels came up and captured them.

Captain Bryan who was wounded in the early part of the action was overtaken here by the enemy and just as they started with him to the rear, a ball from one of our guns pierced his brain and he fell lifeless. This was ascertained by one of the numbers of Co. I who was captured with him and afterwards made his escape.

Ever since the beginning of the battle we had been listening wistfully for our artillery, but not a gun sounded near us and we had almost got to conclude that we were to be wholly sacrificed without any assistance. As I reached the river, a continued flash of lightning seemed to light up the scene, and immediately after peal upon peal in such quick succession as to form almost an unbroken continued roar, the welcome crash of our cannon (which had been massed in the rear of our right without our knowledge) greeted our ears and whirrrrr over our heads went grape and cannister from the gaping mouth of 56 pieces of closely-parked artillery, and for this simple reason the deafening yells of the elated Rebels were changed into shrieks and groans of dying.

Never before did artillery alone have such decisive effect in an open field engagement. The front line of the enemy was at the bank of the river, and consequently were out of range, but ah, those in the rear caught from the artillery what we could not give them from our muskets. The first air charge of the artillery seemed to reassure our boys and every man that got across the river very readily listened to the commands of the officers to rally, and a considerable line was soon formed and ordered to lie down just behind the top of the high bank of the river. But they did not rest many moments for the front line of the enemy, entirely ignorant of the fearful execution our artillery was doing in their supporting line, prepared to charge across the river. They started, but then we were ordered up again, and again the boys poured a terrible volley into the Rebel ranks. The enemy seemed disposed to contest our right of recrossing the river, and answered us with a severe fire of musketry. Their officers advanced to the brink of the stream, cheering and hollering "come on boys, D\_\_\_\_\_n 'em, we have got the run on 'em", etc., but we followed our second or third volley with a charge that gave us "the run" on the Rebels - into the river our brave boys plunged, cheered by the cry of fresh troops who were coming onto the field by thousands and waded across and commenced a race of pretty nearly the equal of the one just made, except that a change of direction had been effected.

Many of our boys who had been captured under the further bank of the stream, and whose captors had been afraid to remove them till we should be whipped back a little farther, now turned upon their captors and made them prisoners. One member of our Regiment and three of the 19th Ohio brought over fourteen of the chivalry and many others did the same. We followed the Rebels up the hill, and the few of our Brigade that could be kept together after such a terrible handling maintained their places in the front line till dark, driving the enemy nearly one mile from the river; but obstinately did the disappointed Rebels fall back after once thinking that they had already gained a victory; but our boys pressed on with such fury and determination, rendered almost

desperate by the terrible loss they sustained among comrades and friends, that the now frightened Rebels could not make a stand for hardly a moment at any one place against the overwhelming force of our troops.

So swiftly did our boys press upon them that ere the Rebels were aware of the fact the bluecoats were close on the famous Washington Battery and ere they could draw it away so many of their horses were either killed or disabled that they were compelled to leave four pieces behind.

When our line was within one hundred yards of the battery, it was halted and thus the deserted guns were left between the lines. Presently the Rebels raised a yell, started toward us as if they were going to charge and retake the battery, but their voices became fainter at every step and in few seconds entirely ceased, even before they had gotten near enough for us to shoot at them - directly we heard the yell raised some distance further off, and again they advanced at few paces but their chivalric blood was becoming too weak and again they failed to charge. Soon another, but much fainter and last yell was heard from them, and then our boys advanced and took possession and dragged the cannon from the field.

Our Brigade was now permitted to return to Camp. i.e., the position we occupied when the fight began and where we had left our knapsacks. We found our knapsacks unmolested, although the Rebels had possession of the ground for some time, but they had no time for pillaging.

We immediately proceeded to examine the battleground to collect our poor dead and wounded comrades who had so suddenly been sent to eternity, or snatched from the enjoyment of health and strength and stretched up beds of pain from which many of them would never rise. The first wounded man I found proved to be one of my Company, Andrew Bray. He had been shot through the body, near the heart and was now in a dying condition. Oh, how can I portray my mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure as I stood and listened to the dying words of this soldier and Christian.

He thanked Almighty God that he had been permitted to die so noble a death "the death of a soldier fighting for the cause of freedom and nationality" and that he was prepared to meet the Great Judge before the bar of Eternal Justice and render a clear account of his stewardship while on earth. He prayed for the souls of mankind and for the nation. He insisted that I should hear him talk awhile ere I attempted to remove him. Finally, I procured help and removed him to where the wounded of our Regiment had been collected. What a horrid sight here met my eyes! Amid the light of the glaring fires that had been kindled around the spot I could see 14 dead bodies and near fifty wounded and helpless soldiers - all of our Regiment.

Never shall I forget the awful thoughts that loomed up before my imagination when I looked upon those pale faces that had so recently known life and health, or when I heard the heart-rending shrieks of our mangled and suffering wounded as they lay there far from home and their dearest friends - many of them in a dying condition. The M.D.'s were among them and promising to carry them away as soon as possible, and which was done ere 9:00 p.m. Among the dead was my most intimate friend, Jas. I. Tooley. He was shot through the body before we commenced retreating and after going a few steps to the rear, had dropped dead. The conversations I had with him just before we entered the fight now came with peculiar force upon my mind and caused me to renew my thanks to the Great Ruler of the Universe that we had gained the battle and that I had come out unhurt.

I felt good; and despite the many suffering companions that were lying around, I could not avoid occasional remarks of rejoicing at our success. But in truth, a battle seems to take all the firm feelings from man. I could look upon the faces of my dead comrades and at the same time think of our victory with a complacency of mind that caused me to shudder at my want of proper feeling.

In spite of my attempts to bring my mind to bear upon the subject in its proper light, I felt satisfied because we had whipped the Rebels.

The brave and noble Captain of our Company was also among the killed; also Lieutenant Fred Carpenter of Company F. Captain Coyle of Company G and Lieutenant Liggett of Company D were mortally wounded and died the next day. Major John H. Grider; Captain Reed Company F; Lieutenant Heeter, Company C; Lieutenant Johnson, Company B; and Captain Bailey of Company I were also wounded. Lieutenant Cram of Company H was severely wounded in the mouth on Wednesday.

I have not the official report of the losses of our Regiment before me, but I think the severely wounded did not far exceed 50 on this evening's battle and the killed 14. There were many slightly wounded who are not included in the above figures.

There had also been several captured, but I now disremember the number. Our First Sergeant, William B. Roddy, was among the number, having stumbled and fell into a clump of briars just as we commenced retreating and so bruising himself in the fall that ere he could disengage himself and rise. He was in the clutches of the enemy. I suppose the loss in killed, wounded and missing in our Regiment must have been near one hundred on both days' fighting, but the principal loss was on this evening, for we lost nearly one-half of the number with which we went into battle.

No better could be expected than that our Brigade in a disorderly retreat of 1/4 of a mile after sustaining an awful musketry combat for several minutes, and then almost without halting, turning and pursuing our enemies for near a mile at a furious charge, would become very much scattered. This was so much the case that when our Brigade was ordered back to Camp I don't think there were 20 of our Regiment in any one squad, and I arrived into Camp almost alone.

The danger had now passed over this part of the field and the time had come for the operations of that villainous and detestable set of brutal bipeds whose highest sense of duty is to go over a battle field and pillage without discrimination the bodies of fallen friends and foes. They were just making an onset on the knapsacks of our Regiment as I arrived, and it required every exertion of the few of us that were there to save the boys' baggage till more would arrive.

When we found the body of Captain Bryan some of these villains had robbed his body of a valuable watch and his pocketbook, which contained a considerable amount of money. Oh, you despicable set of inhuman wretches. What a feast to my eyes it would be to see you tied to a cannon's mouth and blown in pieces, for thus pilfering the dead bodies of these little souvenirs which would be of priceless value to weeping and bereaved ones who now mourn for your unexcelled depravity of heart.

The heaps of Rebel dead that were laying on every hand gave strong evidence that they had staked a great deal on the issue of this evening's fight, and we readily came to the conclusion that they would not attempt to break our lines at this point any more.

Several of them came out of the thickets and into our Camp a little after dark and gave up, one of them carrying a wounded comrade whose thigh was broken.

Sat. Jan. 3rd. Only 116 men could be mustered by our Regiment this morning. Our Brigade was moved back across the river very early and encamped to give us a chance to rest and reorganize. The loss of the Regiment was this morning supposed to be 125 killed, wounded and missing, but the arrival of the stragglers through the day who had unavoidably become separated from the Regiment reduced this computed number of losses a little.

The rain fell in torrents today and much to our discomfiture, for we were on very muddy ground, surrounded by troops on every side and wholly unprovided with tents. We discharged our wet guns and put them in as good order as possible, for the severe skirmishing that could be heard along the lines

during the whole day was an evidence of the probability that we might yet have to fight a little.

About 8:00 p.m. a considerable fight occurred on the line not far to the right of our yesterday's contest. The musketry was at one time so sharp that we were called into line and ordered to take arms and be ready to move, but presently the firing died away and the noise of the guns argued that the enemy had fallen back a little. With the muddy earth for a bed, wet blankets for cover, and the rattle of falling rain for music, I retired to rest and to sleep soundly and dream of fields of carnage and strife, and of my poor comrades who had rendered up the last great sacrifice on the altar of their country.

Sun. Jan. 4th. Not a gun can be heard along the lines at 6:00 this morning, and every evidence goes to indicate that the Rebels have left us to do our own fighting. The sun rose bright and clear this morning to spread his brilliant light over thousands of mangled human bodies that were lying unburied over the scene of the recent five days' conflict, and to view a shattered army of Rebels retreating in all haste from this, to them, unhealthy place, and to witness the movements of the victorious army, which scarcely less shattered than the vanquished was laying in its works, resting from the terrible work and burying the dead of friend and foe.

In the afternoon a squad was detailed from our Regiment to go over the scene of our first day's fight and bury the dead, and another to go over the scene of our second day's fight for the same purpose. I was attached to the first squad. But when we arrived on the ground, other parties had already collected and were preparing to bury all that could be found, and therefore, we had nothing to do but look on.

Wherever we went, we found at least two Rebel dead to one United States soldier, and in many places the disproportion was much greater. At one point where the Rebels had followed us so closely as we fell back on Wednesday, they were laying almost in heaps and were shot or mangled in every conceivable manner and the various features that were presented to me by this evening's ramble would be food for many a writer's pen that would go on from page to page to detail the horrors of a battlefield, but I will not attempt to illustrate what I saw, for the description of such scenes have been the theme of millions of letter-writers within the last five years (1865) and I would be wasting ink to attempt here an illustration of what has already been faithfully portrayed to almost every inhabitant of the United States by a thousand pens.

About 6:00 p.m. our regiment was sent a short distance down the river on picket, and for once had the opportunity to breathe tolerably pure air.

Mon. Jan. 5th. The morning opens fair and rosy and everything looks cheerful. The air is very cold and the boys are huddled around the fires talking of the results of the late battle - the skedaddle of the Rebels, for they have evacuated Murfreesboro and gone towards the "enemy south", - and the rumored capture of Richmond which somebody reports this morning, just to have the fun of hearing us rejoice at the news. Our Brigade was moved farther down the river today to obtain a more favorable place for encampment.

Sun. Jan. 6th. Waked up early this morning to find the rain falling in torrents, and the water running under me in a perfect stream. There was nothing left for me to do but to get up and take the rain straight down, but a few hours after daylight the rain ceased to fall, the clouds cleared away and we had a clear and pleasant evening. Lieutenants Clark and Johnson of our Company came out this evening in a buggy to see us - were both in fine spirits and promised soon to be with us again.

We were called on this evening to make out a report of the losses in the two days' fighting. The loss of our Company was the Captain and two privates killed, two Lieutenants, one Corporal, and five Privates wounded - and one Sergeant missing. So there is not a commissioned officer left to our Company and only four Sergeants and one Corporal.

As I have before remarked, we were principally engaged against Kentuckians and Tennesseans in our desperate fight on Friday evening. The 6th and 9th Rebel Kentucky were there, as was also the 26th (?) Tennessee which was commanded by Preston Cunningham of Jackson County, Tennessee. Cunningham was killed and the battle flag of the 26th (?) Tennessee was captured. Roger Hanson, commanding a Rebel Brigade, was also killed near where the Rebels made the first onset.

Wed. Jan. 7th. Day clear and rather warm. Moved across Stones River near the railroad bridge and through Murfreesboro, and near a mile beyond and encamped about one-fourth of a mile east of the Murfreesboro Pike, near a small muddy stream to which the boys were afterwards pleased to give a very comical but soldier-like name.

I obtained an Enfield Rifle today from Col. Kneffler of the 79th Ind. which was the first I could get since the battle, for at that date this species of arms was rather scarce and soldiers who were carrying the smooth bore musket would gladly seize any opportunity to get one of these guns instead. I picked one up on the battlefield on the evening of the last fight, but did not have time to examine it till next morning, and then I found it unservicable, but it was now too late to procure another.

Thur. - Tues. Jan. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th. To our great satisfaction, our wagons came up today bringing with them not only our baggage and camp equipage, but a large mail for us, which, of course, afforded us much satisfaction after passing through such trying scenes and not having heard from home in a considerable time.

With much satisfaction we put up our tents and found at the approach of the night that their arrival had been very timely, for the air was becoming very cold and a slight fall of snow greeted us at night. The time was spent from this to the 12th of the month in relating our adventures to our friends who had been left behind and engaging in that most pleasant duty to the soldier - writing letters to relatives and friends. Oh, what satisfaction did I feel as I took up my pen to give an account of my first battle to my parents, relatives, friends, and another! How I searched my scanty vocabulary to find the most appropriate words in which to picture the part I had borne in the battle, and to express thankfulness to my Creator that I had come safely through the storm.

Nothing affords the soldier half so much pleasure as to be in constant communication with the mail routes, and nothing troubles him so much when he hears that the "communications are out" as the idea that he will now fail to hear from those from he may desire to hear.

How often and fervently will read the last letter and devour the words of love, and injunctions to do his whole duty, and then carefully stow it away in a safe spot and anxiously await an answer to his last, and then how great must be his disappointment when he sees a heavy mail from his own Post Office and finds none for himself.

On the 11th we had a general feast in No. 2 on fowls of various description which the foragers had seized in the farmyards out in the country by the authority of the famous Emancipation Proclamation, and on the next day we made a general cleaning up and straightening out of our camp in order that we might begin to live like soldiers again.

Wed. Jan. 14th. Rain falling during the whole of the afternoon and evening, and as No. 2's tent is in a very leaky condition, we fare very badly but still don't conclude that we can render our situation any more comfortable by grumbling. Rumors float around the camp today (without foundation, of course) that the Rebels are again acting on the offensive and that will make an early attempt to dislodge our Army from its present position; and after night, as if in confirmation of this rumor, I heard a few discharges of cannon, and a few musket shots away to the left of the Lebanon Pike.

Thur. - Sun. Jan. 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th. Opened with snowing, blowing and freezing and everything was a dreary aspect, but as we had nothing to do but to provide for our own comfort, we got along with these disadvantageous circumstances very well; but the next day was an improvement. on the former in regard to the freezing, blowing and snowing, and we had nothing to do but huddle around our fires and keep turning the frozen side of our bodies to the fire to keep warm, and to mentally and verbally speculate on the prospect of having to remain in this uninviting spot for the rest of the winter.

On this evening I was promoted from 1st Corporal to 5th Sergeant by order of Lieut. Col. Cram.

The next two days with nothing to do but what we choosed to passed off as usual, except that on the first we had the first of that long line of idle rumors that followed us through our term of service that our Regiment was "going back to Kentucky". The 11th Kentucky Infantry was started to the rear a few days after the battle and this probably gave rise to the rumor that our Regiment was soon to follow; but be the cause what it may, we were never in camp another month while out without hearing some rumor of the same effect as the above.

Mon. - Wed. Jan. 19th, 20th and 21st. Our Regiment and the 19th Ohio sent out on picket. Much rain during the afternoon and night which proves to be very dark, but as the officers had not yet learned that strict and rigid mode of discipline which was instituted by the prolific Rosy so soon afterwards, we did not have very strict orders and five of us were stationed at one outpost with orders for one to stand sentinel at a time. We soon erected a shelter of clapboards of which we found (we found a pile nearby) and passed the night very comfortably.

The next two days were spent in camp without any incident of interest occurring to break the general monotony of camp life.

Thur. - Sat. Jan. 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st. Went out 12 miles on the Liberty Pike today on a foraging expedition, filled our wagons and returned to camp without any casualty, although a forage train was captured but six miles out on the same road yesterday.

The next day was spent in sweeping and clearing up and ditching about our camp, and on the following day we again went on picket, which began to give us reason to think that duties were going to come on us a little thicker and faster than we desired.

We went on picket again on the 27th and it was a very disagreeable and rainy day, but our Company for once got to remain on the reserve. A considerable snow fell that night and the next day was as cold as "Binger" and the weather remained so till the 30th when we were greeted by a general thaw and a heavy mail from "Old Kentuck", and in the evening by an order to go on picket.

Sun. - Mon. Feb. 1st and 2nd. Cold raw rainy day. Our Regiment is detailed to work in the fortifications, and the nature of the weather renders this business of picking and spading doubly disagreeable, and filthy, and also renders it impossible for us to make any speed in the completion of the work. But an early completion of what is laid off is impossible, for the whole country seems covered with boards and stakes to denote where heavy forts and lunettes are to be raised.

Tues. Feb. 3rd. Weather still severely cold. I and Sergt. Hestand who was now commanding our Company, and who I was assisting in making out master-rolls and "straightening out" the books, built a chimney to our tent and while we were absent for a load of bricks, a petition was drawn and signed by the members of the Company, petitioning Colonel Cram to promote me to the 2nd Lieutenantcy which would be rendered vacant by the promotions of Lieut. Johnson to 1st Lieutenant Vice-Clark promoted to Captain Vice-Bryan. When the petition was presented to the Colonel, he informed the boys that they were a little too late as he had already recommended Hestand for promotion. This seemed to satisfy the boys, for they had become uneasy at the tardiness exhibited in the promotion to fill this office, and feared that someone was to be promoted to fill the vacancy who did not belong to the Company.

Wed. - Thurs. Feb. 4th and 5th. Go on picket - weather very cold. The position and direction of the picket line somewhat changed. Snow continues falling rapidly at dark.

Inspections are becoming very particular in the management of the picket line - have to remain tonight entirely without fire or shelter, and the next morning is cold as craut.  
(kraut)

Fri. Feb. 6th through Fri. Feb. 20th. Went a foraging five miles out and two miles to the left of the Lebanon Road. Got a good supply of forage and returned to camp without any casualty. Remained in Camp on the 7th, but on the 8th we were again placed to work on the fortifications - plenty of pop-skull (commissary whiskey) issued to the troops to justify some of the boys to take it into their heads that it would look discent to take a gentlemanly tight - two of them conclude that each of them "is monarch of all he surveys" and fall out about the originality of their claims when they conclude to decide it - by a pugelistic contest. This action

seeming to disagree with the peaceful inclinations of their Company Commander, he orders them to be separated and tied down.

In the evening some of the boys take it into their heads to annoy a negro who was peaceable passing by, by pelting him with light sticks and stones (rather small business, I think). The negro, not relishing such treatment, returned these affronts by throwing a stone at the crowd from which most of the offending sticks and stones seemed to mandate and striking one of the members of Co. K with said stone on the neck with such force as to nearly deprive him of life. The negro immediately broke and stumbled to run off, but a hot pursuit and cries of "shoot him", "hang him", "knock out his brains" was immediately commenced from all quarters and soon the negro was in custody and preparations were being made for his immediate suspension when his employer came up and demanded that he be allowed a fair trial.

After some hesitation, this was acceded to and the negro was carried away. I don't know that the negro was ever tried for this act, but he certainly deserved punishment for the manner in which he attempted to resent these uncalled-for insults. He should not have thrown the stone promiscuously at the guard and thus risked the injuring of an unoffender, and the man whom he came so near killing was not one of his tormentors, but was guilty of attending to his own business of shovelling dirt. But I do think that the men who were so uselessly and provokingly insulting to the negro deserved at least the contempt of all honorable men.

This is rather a strong assertion of a man who was born and reared in a Southern state, but I have seen so much little meannesses practiced toward the negro race that I cannot help expressing my true feelings on the subject. There was always a class of persons in our Army who were continually croaking about the measures of the administration, and their strongest point they could ever bring up to excuse their disloyalty or opposition to every great and wise action of the lamented President, Abraham Lincoln, the subject upon which they lived principally to discant was the subject of Negro Equality, and these same croakers were always first to attempt to bring themselves into this hated (by them) sphere of social equality with the negro. A negro could not pass them without eliciting from them some obscene remark, and a shower of hurtful of missiles from which there was no excuse in the world, save that the individual at whom they were aimed was a negro.

Many a time has my blood fairly boiled with rage when I have seen some of these poor fellow, whose only fault is a black skin, and the fact they have always been slaves, stunned by a stone thrown by some specimen of the noble and magnanimous Anglo Saxon race. And as a general thing, the persons who

were thus continually despising and insulting the negro, and specially those who were most forward to do so, were generally men, superiors to whom in point of bravery, patriotism, morality, education and natural intelligence could be found among the free Africans and even among the slaves by the hundred. This is another rather strong assertion, but if I were not prepared to substantiate such an assertion, I would most certainly not make it. But as these columns are not the place for me to go into a defense of the rights of the negro, I will immediately desist from this digression, but which can hardly be called a digression as it is brought out by an incident connected with the relating of my narrative.

There was much excitement in our Regiment while at this place, caused by the passing of an Act by Congress allowing the President to raise and equip persons of African descent to serve as soldiers and seamen in the United States Army and Navy. The opposition to this measure was in our Regiment and many others, very great. I had not yet got rid of all the prejudices to the negro race that had been instilled into my mind as a consequence of living in a Southern state, and therefore I was violently opposed to having any negro troops in our Army. But the excitement soon ran so high and the opposition in our Regiment was so universal that I became alarmed for the safety of our Regiment, if not for the whole Army, lest the men would disband themselves and go home.

Thinking that such a dishonorable breaking up of our Regiment, and probably of our Army, would be a greater evil than even millions of negro troops, I began to endeavor to allay the excitement among the members of our Company, but in doing this, to have any effect, I was compelled to take the opposite side of the question (which I willingly did, thinking it no crime to argue against my principle and in favor of the laws for a few days) if it would remove what I feared would lead to a disastrous catastrophe.

I handled the arguments that I could produce in favor of negro troops with all the skill and apparent sincerity that I could assume for a considerable time, when almost to my horror I found myself partially convinced of the truth of the arguments that I had been advancing simply from a motive of policy, and then by degrees I came to sincerely advocate this, one of the wisest and most prudent acts of the United States Government during the war, but as it is not my purpose to relate incidents that have already appeared in various columns as matters of history, I will say nothing further on this subject.

No incident worthy of remark occurred within the next ten days, save that our recruiting officers who had been sent back from Battle Creek came up about this time. Also, our

Regiment was being rapidly filled up again by the arrival of persons from convalescent camp hospitals.

About this time also the Paymaster again made his appearance and then there was a stir about wall tents to get papers ready to be paid off. We were going on picket, or out on foraging expeditions almost every day, and duties were falling heavy in the general.

Sat. Feb. 21st. Incessant raining all day which was the more disagreeable as we had to go on picket, but our Company was in the reserve and posted in a house which I suppose was the former resident of Hon. Merideth T. Gentry, candidate for Governor of Tennessee in 1855 on the know-nothing ticket against Andrew Johnson. The floor of our room that had probably been his study was heaped with old papers and documents belonging to Gentry, but they were now scattered promiscuously about the house, as were his books of which there were many valuable works on law.

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 22nd and 23rd. An order from Gen. Rosecrans was read to the troops reminding us that this was the beginning of a week that would include the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and the resurrection of our Savior, and requesting us to conduct ourselves in a manner merited by the occasion; also directing that a national salute be fired at sundown by a battery in each Division, but it seemed to me that instead of a battery firing from each Division of the Army that every battery in the Army was brought out. What emotions filled my heart as I stood and viewed and listened to these deathly monsters belching forth their clouds of smoke, with their deep, heavy sounds in honor of the "Father of his Country"! What sacrifices did he made for our happiness! How long and earnestly did our forefathers toil for our liberty while suffering from all that a suffering people can be brought to endure! And now how are we repaying them for all their anxieties? We have grown too proud - have come to the conclusion that we are wiser, better and more patriotic than our illustrious ancestors - that our government is imperfect in many of its parts - our best men have almost come to shed the highest offices of the land because they are surrounded while there by so many self-interested creatures who \_\_\_\_\_ not to act against the interests of their country if they can only contrive thereby to fill their pockets with its gold.

Thousands are to be found in this blood-bought land who openly scout the greatest principles that Washington and our other great government makers advocated with a tenacity excuding life. The emotions of love and patriotism that once filled so many bosoms at the mention of American honor and glory are now unknown to millions of those who have been most favored by the great institutions of this glorious country, and these millions are now at open war with the government

and that too, to preserve the most abominable institution that ever stained the bright escutcheon of our Country.

Yes, they are waging a most terrible and bloody war which is costing our country the lives of thousands of patriots and millions of treasure that they may enslave an unfortunate race which is decreed by Heaven shall be free. But we will come victorious out of this struggle, and if our country's history is stained with the black spot of once Civil War, it will be the brighter by the removal of the blacker one of slavery.

Tue. - Sat. Feb. 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th. Our Brigade was sent out on a foraging expedition today several miles out on the Lebanon Pike. Two men deserted from our Regiment today, one from our Company and one from Co. E; also, 9 men deserted from the 79th Ind. and desertions were now becoming so frequent that my worst fears seemed to have a good opportunity of being realized. Many of our Regiment had threatened it since the passage of the Negro Soldier Law and I feared that when a break should be made that a great many would leave.

I should have remarked much earlier in this work in regard to the reorganization of our Army after Gen. Rosecrans came into command. The whole Army (Infantry) had been divided into three grand Divisions called Army Corps, which were numbered 14th, 20th and 2nd and commanded by Maj. Generals Thomas, McCook and Crittenden, respectively. These Corps were again subdivided into Divisions and the Divisions into Brigades. Our Regiment was now attached to the 1st Brigade and third Division of the 20th Army Corps. The Brigade was commanded by Col. B. C. Grider of our Regiment, and the Division was commanded by Col. Sam Beatty of the 19th Ohio.

Col. Grider resigned about this time (if not several days previous) for from some unaccountable reason I failed to make a memoranda of the fact. At any rate, soon after it occurred, Lieut. Col. Cram was promoted to the Colonelcy, and the command of our Brigade devolved upon Col. Fred Kneffler of the 79th Ind.

About this time many radical changes for the better were beginning to be effected in the rearrangement of the picket line. Whole organizations were no longer detailed for such service, but small details from all were made at one time. Extreme vigilance was practiced on the picket line, and orders were as severe as there were ever afterwards, even when in the face of an enemy. And the long tours and constant rigor of picket officers while at this place effected much in the efficiency of our pickets, and established a system that was ever afterwards adhered to in a great manner by our Army.

Sun. March 1st through Sun. March 6th. This morning opened upon us bright and rosy, and caused many a soldier to think of his plow and the long furrows that in a time of peace he was accustomed to turn on the beautiful \_\_\_\_\_ that chance to come at this season of the year; and of all the facts that cause yearning thoughts of home and the peaceful pursuits of life, those that are excited by the first opening of spring are the most longing.

We were at this time enjoying the pleasures of camp life. Of course, our duties were very heavy but they were regular and not very averous. We had ceased to work on the fortifications, that being done by some other portions of the Army while we did the picket duty, and as it was too late in the season for foraging, we had nothing to do but a great deal of picket duty, and to attend to the keeping up of our Camp.

Our Company was commanded for a time after the battle by Lieut. B. O. Rhodes (Co. K), but he having met with the misfortune of shooting himself accidently with his pistol while loading it, and thereby severely wounding himself through the leg, the command devolved upon Sergt. Hestand, who on March 2nd received a commission as 2nd Lieut. in our Company.

Sat. Marc. 7th. The last week has been of a character in regard to weather very suitable to the month of March, raining and shining alternately every few hours almost each day. But this evening it seemed that we're going to have something of a more business nature to effect the general monotony of our Camp life. About 4:00 an order was issued to the troops to have "three days' rations in their haversacks and to be ready to move at a moment's warning". Everything immediately presented the bustle of preparations, with the usual confusion which is inevitable after so long a quiet rest in Camp and every tongue was loaded with expectations as to where we were going. The most popular, or at least the most desirable conclusion arrived at was that we were going to Lebanon, Tennessee and from thence to Kentucky. But night came on and finally we were informed that "we would not move today, and that the order was contrabanded (soldier's phraseology for "countermanded")".

Sun. Mar. 8th. Our anxities not heightened today by any order to move. Heavy rain and hailstorm last night, but the sun rises clear this morning and we are cheered by the prospect of another night's rest on dry blankets, and sheltered from the pelting storms and cold March winds by our tents.

Mon. March 9th. The sun came up fair and rosy this morning promising a warm and comfortable day, and I had just seated myself to write some letters to various friends as this was a

good day for me to tell them that "we had fine weather and that I was enjoying myself very much", when all my arrangements were interfered with by an order to "get ready to move immediately", and raising my eyes from the sheet before me I saw the tents of the surrounding regiments being struck and moving preparations being made. I concluded this was not a good day for writing letters, and shut up my portfolio and obeyed the order.

Our Regiment and the 79th Ind. was moved out about 12:00 noon on the Lebanon Pike as far as a stream which we styled Stone River, but which was only a tributary of that stream. A mill was at this time standing by this stream just above the pillars of the old Pike Bridge. Without crossing, we camped on a hill near the river that gave the section of artillery that accompanied us complete command of the crossing place, which was now made passable by a pontoon bridge.

We were surprised when we left our Camp to find that only our two regiments were moving, for the whole army (as far as we could see) had struck tents and were ready to move. But it proved to be a general reorganization of the order of encampment, and that no permanent move was being made.

Tuesday, March 10th. Rainfall incessantly from 2:00 this morning and to increase our inconvenience we are not allowed to pitch our tents, which fact rendered the general prospects more mysterious, for we had not heard that the whole army was not moving in some direction. At 7:00 the creek was rising fast, and the pickets had been called in from the other side of the river and the bridge taken up.

Wed. March 11th. We awoke this morning with thanks to the Supreme Being that the rain had ceased, the sky cleared away and that we had the promise of another fine day. As if to aggravate our thoughts in regard to our yesterday's writing, we were ordered early to pitch our tents and to go work immediately on payrolls. The Regiment received 2 months' pay a few weeks previous to this, all except our Company which had failed to get pay on account of some incorrect statement in the rolls, which from the inexperience of our young Lieutenant might be considered unavoidable; yet we were pretty mad about it.

Thur. - Mon. March 12th. through March 16th. Weather fair and warm. Sent our rolls to Murfreesboro today for inspection. The whole Regiment is to receive another two months' installment. On the next day the Paymaster came out and "paid off" the 79th Ind. and returned our rolls to be signed by the men.

Tue. March 17th. Weather fair and warm as if the gay season of Spring would soon set in earnest. We are much pleased with our situation and I would like very much to remain here

all summer. Capt. Clarke came up with us today and is in splendid health and almost entirely recovered from his wound. The Paymaster came out today and presented our Regiment with some of "Uncle Abe's Photographs", probably to keep our memories sharpened in regard to that great and good man. Our Company received four months' pay which placed us on an equality with the other companies.

Wed. March 18th. Lieut. Hestand is taken very sick today. I spent the day in writing letters to friends and reading those received this morning, and in the evening taking a walk out in the forests and enjoying myself generally.

Thur. March 19th. Weather clear and almost uncomfortably warm. Had to "roll up" and leave our beautiful Camp this morning with all its conveniences of excellent wood and water, and beautiful trees which promised even to afford us comfortable shelter from the scorching sun.

We marched back to within a few hundred yards of Murfreesboro and encamped in a large field to the right of the Pike and near a small creek, which after our Camp was formed, ran along near the rear of the Camp of our Brigade. Lieut. Johnson came up with us this morning, but he has not yet recovered from the effects of his wound so as to be able for duty. Lieut. Hestand was so very sick that he was hauled in an ambulance, but would not be carried to a hospital and when the tents were pitched in our new Camp, he insisted on being placed in his own tent, which was accordingly done. We were relieved from our positions that we left this morning by two regiments of the 2nd Brigade.

Friday March 20th through Saturday March 28th. Have to drill two hours today and it is reported that our regiments are to be "filled up" with conscripts and that we will remain here till they are thoroughly drilled. I shall relish the camping very much, but I fear my propensities to do nothing will seriously interfere with those to obey orders, if such incessant drilling as is required of me as is necessary to discipline a band of raw recruits. Considerable skirmishing was heard in front today on the Manchester Road, but I know nothing of the extent of the operations.

On the 28th we commenced drilling in earnest, four hours per day. Some rain on that evening and the next day, and the next day was very cold, but the drilling was not interrupted.

Sun. March 29th through Wed. April 1st. Very cold this morning, and the wind is blowing with a coolness and fury never known except in the month of March, and it seems that I cannot keep warm at all. Oh, with what yearning thoughts do I revert to times when I could shelter myself from such inclement weather and patiently await its abatement, but after a moment's thought I chide myself for such thoughts,

and coolly turn them aside by thinking "oh, I will only have the more to tell when I get home". We have a feast on flour pudding (which our cook can serve in excellent style) and this contributes to the satisfactory calming of my thoughts. Company inspection today at 12:00, but you may know that the severe cold facilitated a speedy consummation of that duty.

The next day was somewhat warmer and I had to go on Camp Guard, which was the first time I served on Camp Guard since the Battle of Stone's River.

Thur. April 2nd. This was as cold, windy and disagreeable a day as I ever saw in the month of April. I was rather unwell with a cold, and my mouth was so sore that I could scarcely eat anything at all except something that was cool and very soft, and as there was nothing of that description in the Army rations that were drawing at this time, I had to live entirely upon such eatables as I could procure from the sutlers, principally condensed milk and butter crackers.

Fri. April 3rd through Friday April 10th. No drill today, and it has been very irregular for several days. The 3rd Brigade has gone out on a scout, and we have to do their picketing and it takes nearly half our men to fill each daily detail.

The weather continues to be very fine now for several days in succession, and had it not been for the continual details that were constantly being made on us for duty of various kinds, we would have passed the time very pleasantly. As it was scarcely a day passed without almost every man being detailed either to go on picket or to do some kind of duty about the Camp. A man that was able for duty all the time had to go on picket at least every third day and on the other days he would have some other duty to perform besides the regular one of drilling, which was again revived about this time and enforced upon us with a promptness and strictness which proved that we would smoke now. Col. Beatty (as used to be) had returned from a short leave of absence about the time we moved into this encampment, having been promoted to Brig. General, and he now seemed determined to give our little Brigade a character for efficiency in drill. The Third Brigade returned from its scout on the 7th and this rendered the picket details in our Regiment a little lighter.

Sat.- Sun. April 11th and 12th. Weather still fine and has been with but little interruption for some time. We were ordered this morning to get ready for inspection tomorrow and as the severity of the inspectors had increased somewhat of late, there was a general washing of clothing and cleaning of guns today, each one determining to be out in his best colors, and on the next day we were inspected by the Colonel and, of course, the most of us received some words of praise

as he examined our guns and accouterments one by one and said we were all right.

Monday April 13th through Tuesday April 14th. Weather nice and warm. "Get ready for inspection tomorrow". The receipt of this order caused some little grumbling among those who never want to do anything that required a little labor, and also among those who could not see the necessity of such incessant parades and inspections. But the next day was too rainy for inspection and it was therefore dispensed with.

Wed. April 15th. Drizzly, damp and disagreeable day. Weather to inclement for drill. A general investigation of the cases of some of the boys who were absent at last payday by a board appointed for that purpose. Paymasters had become much stricter than they were about Corinth in the Spring of 1862, for when I came up with the Regiment at that place I had not drawn pay on the two last payments to the Regiment on account of absence at the time of payment, and as I happened to arrive before the Paymaster had left the Brigade, I received my pay. Now, the thing was quite changed, and if a man happened to be absent on payday on the day of the muster in reference to which the payment was made he could not then draw any money till a general investigation of his case held and an order was issued from Division Headquarters ordering the Paymaster to pay him.

Thur. April 16th. We were aroused from our slumbers at 1:00 this morning and ordered to "have three days' rations in our haversacks and be ready to move at a moment's warning". This order surprised and troubled us very much, for we had almost come to the conclusion that we were going to be allowed to remain quietly in our Camp for a considerable time to come, but notwithstanding our sleepiness and unwillingness, we had to go.

About 3:00 a.m. we marched out on the Lebanon Pike to the encampment that we left on 19th of March. Arrived there about daylight and found to some extent an alarm existing; at any rate the troops stationed there were standing in line of battle, and had erected barricades of the rails of all the fences in the vicinity.

About noon we were told to put up our tents, which we did, and remained there the rest of the day. The tents were of that peculiar cut known as Dobia Tent, of which we had drawn a supply a few days previous and this was the first opportunity we had of using them. The boys made a great deal of sport when they came to erect these diminutive domiciles, and many were the names they received by our prolific speakers.

Fri. April 17th. The clouds have again cleared away and the general warmth of the sun seems to say that at last we will

have an earnest setting-in of warm weather. The trees are all passing from the dead wintry appearance to a beautiful living green, and the sweet fragrance of the fresh opening buds is wafted on ever gentle breeze that disturbs the stillness of the air about the summit of the little grassy hill on which we are encamped. The birds are singing sweetly on every bough, apparently with an energetic determination to cause wicked man to learn a lesson by their uninterrupted happiness. Oh, how I would delight in a ramble through the forest today that I might once more alone look upon a page of the great book of nature and enjoy it's beauties and the good lessons it always teaches; but it no doubt would awaken fresh thoughts of home and the pleasures of former days, and cause my mind to revert with painful emotions to times when I rejoice in the greatness and glory of my Country without ever once thinking that it would be called upon to free itself from the coils of one of the most sanguinary Civil Wars of modern times.

Sat. April 18th. Weather clear and bright. Rations growing scarce. Nothing of interest today to change the general monotony of Camp scenes and incidents, except a few pugilistic contests among some of the members of the other regiments, which was brought about by a too excessive indulgence in the "water of fire". Two of the 79th Ind. proved beyond a doubt that it will be perfectly impossible for a human being of ordinary physical powers to break either of their skulls by hitting them with stones, and I think it will be a needless precaution for them to attempt to shelter their heads in times of battle.

This evening our wagons came out to us bringing rations which were beginning to be needed. Their arrival established the fact in our minds that we would remain here for several days, but just as the \_\_\_\_\_ began to issue the rations to us, we were surprised by hearing the Brigade bugler sound the assembly. Immediately the rations were thrown back into their wagons and we were ordered to "fall in" and marched back to our Camp at Murfreesboro that night - arrived at 9:00 and upon the whole I felt much benefited by the trip.

Sun. April 19th. Cloudy and warm. We are allowed to take a good rest today, and nothing is required of us except to furnish a small Camp Guard, which we managed to fill up with men who did not go out with us on our last trip.

Mon. April 20th. Some rain today. Not required to drill any as we are expecting to receive another two months' pay this evening. A newcomer made his appearance in our Regiment this evening, and the rumor immediately flew around among the troops that he was to be our Adjutant. This caused much dissatisfaction in the Regiment, for the boys did not know

where the "fellow" had come from, or what his record was, and in fact could not for some time learn his name.

It is hard on the deserving men of our Regiment to bring men from other Regiments, or from other states and promote them to the best offices in our Regiment, but I hope we will not suffer by the act. And notwithstanding the unfairness of such conduct, we are fortunate in having a Colonel from another state (Col. Cram, as a citizen of Jeffersonville, Indiana) who I think will make our Regiment create for itself a character for discipline and efficiency in all duties that is and has heretofore been unknown to us.

Tues. April 21st. Cloudy with some rain. Furnished a heavy detail for picket. Received two months' pay this evening from Maj. Osborne, which settles our account with the government up to February 28, 1964.

Wed. April 22nd through Wed. April 29th. It was about this time that Capt. Bailey (who was wounded in the Battle of Stone's River) came up with the Regiment and found a Major's commission awaiting him. Maj. Grider, who came up a long while since, had been promoted to Lieut. Colonial and the "newcomer" was sure enough promoted to adjutant, but I failed to make a memoranda of these events and therefore cannot be positive as to the precise time of their occurrence.

The new Adjutant, as I have before stated, was promoted against the almost unanimous wishes of the Regiment, but by his good conduct and gentlemanly bearing toward everyone who came in contact with them, he soon succeeded in winning the affections of almost every member of the Regiment as an officer, a gentleman, and a brave and patriotic soldier.

About this time the heavy system of drills was again introduced and continued almost without interruption through the whole of the time we remained here. First came the Company drill which lasted from 8:30 to 10:30 in the forenoon superintended by the Colonel. In the afternoon the non-commissioned officers' drill lasted from 1:00 to 2:00 under the command of Maj. C. D. Bailey, and next came Battalion drill from 2:30 to 4:30. Thus was our time kept filled out with the drills and other little duties.

Company cooks were appointed and thus we were rid of that occupation of cooking our own meals, and got to rest much more in consequence of it. We drew rations every five days by throwing the "draw days" so far apart we were saved much trouble on that score.

But the one item of picket and camp guard details bore heavily on us during the whole of our stay here and there was never much less than one-third of our whole strength on duty. Really the camp of our whole Army seemed to be turned into a

camp of instruction, and every requirement of the Army Regulations seemed to be made of us with a force that admitted of no denial. Bugles (for the first time) were issued to the Colonel by our careful and intelligent Quartermaster and soon we were greeted almost every hour in the day by the sounding of the various calls, and which at the beginning on account of the inexperience of the Buglers, was the cause of much merriment among the troops, but which soon proved to the satisfaction of everyone to be a source of great convenience to both officers and men.

Our Quartermaster, Frank White (who was also an Ohioan and formerly a member of the 59th) was a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word, and the most efficient officer that ever filled that position in our Regiment, and we had had about five or six officiating in the same office previous to his promotion (January 1863).

About this time I was detailed by Capt. Clarke to act as First Sergt. on account of the non-exchange of our orderly who was captured at Stone's River, and that will account for my not going on picket any more for a considerable time.

On Tuesday, April 28th, we had to turn over our Sibly tents and erect our Dobia tents instead. This was the source of much dissatisfaction among all the soldiers, for we thought the "tiny" thing would be entirely insufficient to protect us from the inclemency of the weather. But the interesting and beautiful appearance they presented, and the radical change that was effected in the form of our Camp, and a few days "making out" with them caused a decided revolution in the feelings of all in regard to the health, convenience and comfort of the Dobia Tent. They were of a size that would not admit of more than three persons sleeping comfortably in them, and thereby we were freed from the crowded air peculiar to the larger tent with its twenty occupants.

By raising our beds two feet from the ground, which the slope of the Sibly would not admit, we were freed from the unhealthy dampness of the earth, and which is greater under blankets continually spread on the ground. They were cleaner because those that were disposed to keep themselves clean from the dirt and crawling filth were not compelled to wallow with those who only paid such attention to personal cleanliness as they were compelled to by the strictness of military rules.

Thur. April 30 through Sunday May 3rd. Our Regiment was mustered for pay and inspected today by Capt. L. Harling, who acted as mustering officer. The next few days were bright and pleasant and everything rolled quietly and smoothly on, and it really seemed that if there could be any enjoyment in a soldier's life we were blessed with that privilege.

Our communications with home were uninterrupted, and we would now have time to pen lengthy and satisfactory letters to relatives and friends. We had very few opportunities to procure any good reading matter, and were therefore compelled to adopt a series of amusements to help kill the intervening time between the discharge of our various duties.

The weather was now getting so very warm that we could not indulge in any violent physical exercise, and really we got enough of that at drilling. We therefore had hardly a resource left but to indulge in games of marbles, or the more dangerous ones of cards, and to last dangerous and demoralizing game many of our boys became addicted no doubt to their subsequent sorrow. For the mere game soon loses much of its attractions and to supply this deficiency, the card player is almost certain to take up to gambling. At any rate, this was almost invariably the case with the card players of our Regiment and many a green one soon was stripped of every cent of his hard earned money, and then laughed at and derided by his more fortunate friends.

During the first few days of the month of April this vice was carried on to an excess in our Company that almost beggars description. Players seemed to have forgotten everything else but to be endeavoring to discovering some new trick by which they might strip their comrades of their greenbacks, and the games of "Seven Up", "Honest John" "Euchre" and "Polka" could all be frequently seen running in the shade of our tree at the same time, and a crowd was sure to be gathered around to witness the sums of money being lost and won by the hundred.

This vice of gambling was a source of great annoyance to the better disposed of our Regiment, for at the time heretofore mentioned, they became so bold as to come to the tents and carry on their demoralizing practices there, and I have frequently seen the dice being rolled down on the chuckabuck board right in the Company streets; but after a time this boldness was interfered with by military orders and the gambling operations were in the main removed from about the camps.

Mon.- Tues. May 4th and 5th. A little rain today. According to an order from the Brigade Headquarters we commenced ditching about our tents and cutting trenches through the whole and breadth of our regimental camp, and on the next day two trenches parallel to each other and about ten feet apart were cut through the whole length of the Camp of the Brigade between the two rows of tents occupied by the line and field officers. The dirt excavated to form the ditches was strewn on the space between them, thereby affording a dry and firm road in all kinds of weather.

A ditch was cut through the entire length of the Camp of the Brigade in front also, and there with the numerous cross ditches running among the tents kept the Camp at all times completely drained of water. More stringent measures were now taken in regard to the sanitary condition of the Camp, and at the fatigue call each morning everyone was compelled, under a heavy penalty, to turn out and assist in sweeping off the accumulated filth of the Company street, and once in each week the whole space inside the guard line was thoroughly policed (Army phrase for sweeping or cleaning a camp). Pork barrels was placed about the cooking places of each company to receive the scraps from the kitchen and when it was filled, it would be hauled away by a wagon detailed for the purpose.

Wed. May 6th through Sunday May 10th. A slow rain fell all through the day and the air is so cool as to render the absence of fire tolerably disagreeable. A heavy detail was made this day and sent to the wood with wagons to procure cedar trees to be set up about our camps; and the next day we commenced this operation.

Rows of cedar trees were set all along in front of each row of tents, and around the officers' tents and a solid row of heavy topped ones was set along each side of the Brigade walk before referred to, throughout its entire length, thus affording a pleasant place for walks, and for the exciting amusement of footraces.

Our Dobia tents were so arranged that each company had a row of tents on each side of its street facing to the center, and a deep ditch was cut just under the front of each row of tents and the side next to the street gradually sloped and all the dirt thrown to the center, and thus were our streets kept all the time in a comfortable condition.

I think that when all the arrangements were perfected our Brigade had one of the finest camps in the Army, at least it was the most tastefully arranged, neatest and most comfortable I ever saw. But it required several days of hard labor to complete it, and I think we did not drill any from about the 1st to the 10th of this month.

Mon. - Tues May 11th and 12th. Weather fine and warm. Still working away at our camps and have not ceased for several days, except on yesterday when we suspended operations for the purpose of Regimental Inspection.

Our camps are assuming a degree of comfort and beauty that I don't think I ever before saw, and the officers seemed determined that we shall leave nothing undone.

Wed. May 13th through Tues. May 19th. Weather cloudy and rainy in the evening. Were taken out and carried through the

pretty but laborious operation of Brigade drill today under personal command of Gen. Beatty, who now seems determined that the Brigade shall make itself as perfect as it has made its camp.

On the next day we were again carried out to Brigade drill and were well paid for the wearisome performance by the grand sight of three Brigades and two other Battalions all drilling on the same field, and all of which could be seen at one time from an elevated position on one side of the farm.

Wed. - Fri. May 20th, 21st and 22nd. Have had fine weather, good health and duty of drill for several days. Capt. Clark of our Company sent up his resignation today on account of disability. His eye was rapidly failing him, and he was blind in one eye before he entered the service.

Sat. May 23rd. Capt. Clark's resignation returned yesterday approved and he will start home the day after tomorrow, consequently all hands are this evening engaged in writing letters and packing up little presents which the Captain promises to take home with him. This evening a petition from one Company was sent to the Colonel requesting the promotion of Lieut. Johnson to Captain, of Lieut. Hestand to First Lieutenant and of myself to Second Lieutenant. The petition was returned without any comment.

Sun. - Mon. May 24th and 25th. Regimental inspection today at 4:00 p.m. After inspection, Companies B and H were formed in the streets of Company B where in front of the Companies I presented a beautiful watch on behalf of the Companies, to Montruville Waddell, who was formerly a member of our Company; afterwards a member of Company H and was now Hospital Steward of the Regiment. He responded to the presentation of the gift and the few accompanying remarks in an able and eloquent speech, pledging himself to the exertion of every fervor he could command to add to the comfort and health of the Regiment, etc.

On the next morning, in behalf of Company B, I presented Capt. Clarke with a large Navy pistol just as he was about to leave for home, but this was done without any parade and consequently no speech.

Tues. May 26th through Thursday May 28th. Weather clear and warm. Received news that Vicksburg had been captured by Maj. Gen. Grant and that with it there had been surrounded several thousands prisoners and many pieces of heavy artillery.

The Regiment marched out and gave three cheers for the good news, as did many others in the vicinity, but almost everyone said the news was "too good to be true". The next day and the next news came that Vicksburg was not captured but that Grant had fought several bloody battles in advancing upon the

place, in all of which the Rebels were defeated with great loss, and that he had succeeded in completely surrounding the city and reducing it to a state of siege. This much was satisfactory and confirmed by the few succeeding day's dispatches as beyond all doubt.

Fri. May 29th. Went to the woods today and procured several wagon loads of the branches of green trees, together with forks and poles suitable to our purpose and with them we erected comfortable shades over the whole of our Company streets which serves very much to increase the comfort and health of our Camp. The cedar bushes really were more ornamental than useful, for it was impossible to cut ones of sufficient size to create the solid and uninterrupted shades that the present arrangement afforded.

Sat. May 30th through Tues. June 2nd. Considerable rain last night and enough today to completely saturate the ground, which was very welcome as the ground was getting very dry and dusty. Rumor through the Camp that a Rebel reinforcement has been sent off in the direction of Vicksburg from the Army in our front and that causes us to expect that we may shortly have to move.

Lieut. B. M. Johnson sent up his resignation this evening, and as it will in all probability be accepted, we then will be left with but one commissioned officer in our Company, and, of course, another promotion will be made.

Wed. June 3rd. Last night we were visited by a very heavy thunderstorm. A tree was torn in pieces near our Camp and two of our Company who were at their posts as Camp Guard received such severe shocks as to be for a time perfectly insensible, but were finally revived by the falling rain, and in the midst of the shower came staggering into the Company streets perfectly proving by their mental and physical maneuvers that they were not yet completely recovered from the effects of the shock by a deal, but they have since gotten all right and are making sport today over the adventures of last night.

An order was received this evening for us to be ready to march tomorrow morning with three days' rations in our haversacks and four in our knapsacks.

The news from Mississippi during the last few days corrects the false impression we were laboring under - that Gen. Grant's Army had invested the city of Vicksburg, but according to the dispatches received today, our Army is rapidly nearing Vicksburg and will either completely surround it or annihilate the Rebel army in a few days. We place much importance by the capture of that city, and think that when that is effected the "backbone of the Confederacy will be surely broken."

Thur. June 4th. Weather windy. Lieut. Johnson set out for home today, his resignation having been returned approved on yesterday. Considerable cannonading this evening in the directions of Lavergne and Franklin, and the general impression among the men is that in a few days we may have to try our skill in handling muskets and pointing them at Rebels.

Fri. - Sat. June 5th and 6th. The whole Army (except our Division) is reported to be under marching orders and a portion of it is said to be marching out on the roads leading southward this morning, but it seems that no one has gone over to satisfy himself as to the correctness of this operation. Only one General is to remain at this post with a Division of troops (3 Brigades), and that duty is said to have been conferred on General Van Cleve and our Division, but as our Brigade is commanded by a General, he will have to go on the campaign and Mrs. Rumor says that he intends to get our Brigade attached to another Division so he can remain in command of us.

This caused much dissatisfaction among the boys and many indecorous remarks were made on the subject, proving that some men are always ready to raise themselves to a high pitch of excitement on the mere strength of rumor, that they may have some excuse for giving vent to their feelings of dislike against some commissioned officer, or against the whole set, for some imaginary injustice received by their orders.

I was very much dissatisfied with the arrangement - if such arrangement did exist - but I always think it best to not act on the strength of a Camp rumor, but wait for some confirmation. It would certainly have been unjust to have detached our Brigade from a Division to whose honor we had greatly contributed, and that in a time when we supposed the Division was going to be favored though I don't think such thing was ever contemplated by any of our Generals.

Sun. June 7th. Rain this evening. Gen. Van Cleve says our Brigade shall not be transferred - regimental inspection at 2:00 p.m.

The 17th Ky. Vols came up from Nashville today and was attached to our Brigade. As it is a large and fine Regiment, our Brigade will now have a more respectable appearance; for we had only three very small regiments. The 17th also brings a fighting reserve that causes us to at once decide it worthy to become a member of the 1st Brigade.

Mon. June 8th through Sun. June 14th. Continue to drill very regularly and our Regiment is rapidly acquiring the proficiency and efficiency so necessary to a fine Regiment, and is becoming so expert in all the exercises that it is actually becoming a pleasure to partake in the exercises, and

I think we are now second to but one Regiment in our Division in the point of prompt and regular executions of commands while on Battalion Drill. Generals Crittenden and Wood passed this evening while our Regiment was on Battalion Drill and paid us the compliment of falling on the ground and attentively watching us during the rest of the exercises.

On the next day I received a commission as 2nd Leut. vice Leut. Hestand promoted to 1st Leut. same date, and by occurrence of another incident that morning the Sergt. Maj. as he handed me my commission, ordered me to take charge of the Company.

The next few days were spent as all days are in Camp, with nothing of interest to break the dull routine of ordinary Camp duties. The weather was becoming almost offensively warm and we did but little besides the duties that came as regular as the days, but to be continually attempting to devise some plan to protect us from the almost intolerable hot weather; also something to keep our minds employed and relieve the continual anxiety we were under to hear something from Vicksburg.

About the 13th or 14th I was so badly poisoned by the ordinary poison oak vine that I was for several days utterly unfit for duty, and suffered much during the time.

Mon. June 15th through Saturday June 20th. Weather growing to be almost intolerably warm but my poison is getting a little better. Ough! If we should be ordered to march now, I hardly think I could come it. "Vicksburg is yet Vicksburg" is now the frequent salutation of officers and soldiers, and is becoming almost like an old song, and we are anxiously hoping that something decisive will occur in that quarter soon. A member of Co. A of our Regiment was some time since sentenced by a General Court Martial to be "shot to death" for the crime of desertion and tomorrow is appointed for his execution. A petition was sent to Gen. Rosecrans from our Regiment today signed by nearly all the officers asking for the reprieve of the prisoner, but the petition was not granted, and this evening we are ordered to prepare for the execution tomorrow, and our Regiment is required to furnish one man to form one of the twelve who will shoot the prisoner. The Company commanders were collected at the Colonel's tent about 8:00 p.m. Nine blank tickets were put into the hat and one marked one and then each one drew out a ticket. Capt. Leggitt of Co. A. got the marked one and consequently had to furnish the man who was to do the shooting.

The next day which afforded me the opportunity of witnessing one of the most solemn scenes known to mortals was the hottest one that had yet occurred in the season.

Early in the day our Division was marched out to a large field and placed in the form of a hollow square with one of the lines of the square left vacant. Hundreds of spectators were on the ground to witness the execution, and but for the nature of the scenes that were about to take place, I could have relished much better the imposing appearance of the Brigades as they respectively moved on \_\_\_\_\_ into their respective positions. After waiting a considerable time, the ambulance supposed to be conveying the prisoner hove in sight, accompanied by the Provost Guard, but judge of our surprise when as they approached nearer we saw the prisoner, entirely unsupported, walking with a firm and steady step between two of the guards, and seemingly entirely unaffected by thought of the trying ordeal through which he must directly pass, and the bare thought of which had already made me almost sick. Oh, awful thought - to see a man who was so soon to pass the broad gulf that separates Time from Eternity, and who will soon enter the dread uncertainties of the awful Hereafter, and there to live by the past and not the future and yet he appears so little concerned. Before leaving Headquarters and when the officer of the guard proposed to place him in an ambulance, he remarks "no, I think a walk will make me feel better."

The guard entered the square and commenced to make the circuit of the whole \_\_\_\_\_ inner columns. The prisoner closely attended by guards and supported by Lieut. Pipkin (Co. A) and Chaplain Smith (?) proceeded immediately by his coffin, and accompanied by the solemn tones of the band playing the "dead march" (?) and with his head slightly bowed but with a firm step, followed around the whole square without the least faltering in his step. I took one glance at him and turned heartsick from the scene, anxiously contemplating the awful scene that must follow, and which I would be almost compelled to witness.

The circuit completed and the prisoner placed about the center of the open side of the square, a short prayer was next uttered by the Chaplain and thus the prisoner was secured to his coffin in a sitting position and the twelve were marched up a short distance in front of him and brought to a front.

I involuntarily turned my eyes away from the scene and waited several seconds, which seemed like hours, of the most tormenting suspense when the almost death-like silence was broken by one of the poorest and most irregular volleys I ever heard, and a glance toward the prisoner told me that he was no more. All stood a moment as if in breathless suspense and then a long breath apparently from each one broke the spell of suspense and immediately we were deployed and formed into columns of Companies and marched in this order over by the spot where the victim lay and then filed off toward the Camp. A great many executions of this kind occurred during

our stay at Murfreesboro and the good effect it had upon its deserting portions of our Army was conclusive evidence that we would not have had to report so many "absent without leave" for the last several months if this experiment had been tried at least a year sooner. And fewer examples would have had the desired effect at the first organization of our Army by far than were now required. For the last fifteen months men had deserted and returned almost without impunity and till Gen. Rosecrans came into command of the Army the punishment hardly ever so severe that anyone would not have undergone it voluntarily to have obtained thereby a short furlough to go home. The punishment was most commonly a simple "stoppage of pay" for the length of time the prisoner was absent, and who would not give \$13.00 per month for a few months to be allowed to go home after a protracted absence from friends.

The next few days were passed over without any incident of interest, but we were kept very closely at the regular duties, and there served to fill our time in the most pleasant portions of the days, for the weather had now become so warm that no attempt at drilling was made during several hours in the hotter time of the day.

Some of the boys becoming musical, a violin was purchased by the combined contributions of our Company and this afforded much sport after night would set in and the air become cool enough to admit of the pleasing but laborious exercise of dancing. We were frequently visited by a vocal band from another Regiment (the 79th Ind. Inftry, I think) and the combined musical favors of the two Regiments, seconded by the "almost superhuman" exertion of the dancers, afforded us much pastime during the weary and lonesome evenings.

Sunday, June 21st. On the evening of the 21st, I went to a prayer meeting which was conducted in a beautiful arbor that had been erected by the members of the 19th Ohio near their Camp. I was seriously impressed with the religions solemnity that seemed to cloister every item of the proceedings of the meeting, and I resolved that I would attend these meetings regularly during our stay here if they should be kept up. Capt. Miller (Co. G) was present and addressed a short discourse to the meeting, and seemed to take a great welfare in its prosperity, and the good effect it might possibly have upon the morals of the members of the Brigade.

Mon. June 22nd. I was detailed to go on picket, and it was the first time since the putting forth of the leaves that I had been outside the precincts of our Brigade Camp. Therefore, I was almost surprised and very much pleased to find that my post was in a delightful shady grove, the ground being covered with a beautiful and fresh grass that had been preserved from pasturage by the nearness of the picket line and the rigidity of the orders of the picket officers.

I cannot tell how much I enjoyed the absence of the bustle, confusion, continued noises, dust, impure air, sounding bugles, rolling drums, occasional quarrels, and continuous independent fights of the Camp. I could now enjoy the pure air, cool shades, and the pretty chatter of the numberless birds with a pleasure I never realized to such an extent before. My duties were of a nature that kept me from being responsible for the conduct of any man except myself, and therefore I enjoyed the pleasures of my position very much. But I can never come to the contemplation of any pleasure without the thought of better days rolling before my mind and causing a pang of sorrow to pervade my heart.

I cannot avoid reverting to the once prosperous, glorious and happy condition of my Country, and to the days when a man could and did by his own conduct entail happiness or misery upon himself.

Tues. June 23rd. Weather tolerably cool. Returned from picket early in the day - indicative of a general move by the Army - preparations going on in every quarter which furnish unmistakable evidence that ere long we will have to leave our beautiful Camp, and once more undertake the toilsome march and probably the dangerous battlefield.

Wed. June 24th through Sat. June 27th. A light rain falling during the greater portion of the day. The whole Army, except our Division, moved from their camps today taking various routes leading off to the south. The 20th Corps marched on the Shelbyville Road; the 14th A.C. on the Manchester Road, and our Corps. moved out on the Liberty Pike.

As before remarked, our Division did not move out with the main Army, but about noon, amidst a steady rain, we had to strike tents and move over to a position near the railroad bridge over Stone River and encamped.

It was on the drill ground of a Brigade that had moved out that morning, and was very much torn up by the frequent passing that had been made over it during the day, thus it seemed the mud and rain were using their combined efforts to render us as disagreeable as possible; but we cheered each other with the hope that we would get to remain here during the summer, though I cannot say that hope ever assumed a very large sphere in my bit of aspirations. Yet, we could not imagine why we left here if it were not to guard the post, for all the Army, so far as we could ascertain, had gone out this morning and we know that the defenses, stores and bridge of this point - are so important that they would not be left entirely unguarded. But we went to sleep that night without ascertaining what was to be our fate.

The rain continued to fall in torrents the next day and the mud about the camps became almost impassable from its great depth, and its being on every spot of ground about the Camp. The next day (26th) the rain fell in more moderate quantities, and we thought we could safely indulge in a hope that it would cease entirely by tomorrow, but we heard no news from nor no cannons at the front, and were compelled to retire to our bunks equally as wise in regard to the general proceedings of the outer world as we were in arising that morning.

On the 27th we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's warning, which completely dispelled the vain hope that many of us had indulged in that we would remain here as post guards. But notwithstanding all these troubles, the rain continued to fall in heavy showers through the most of this day, and we retired to our bunks on this night under the firm convictions that, rain or shine, we would have to move tomorrow.

Sun. June 28th. Some rain in the forenoon of the day. In the afternoon our Brigade and a portion of the second Brigade set out on the march along the Manchester Pike, as escort to a heavy ammunition train which it was said we were to carry to Dept. Headquarters. After a weary and toilsome march of ten miles we arrived at \_\_\_\_\_ Creek about midnight, being almost completely \_\_\_\_\_ by the heavy pulling we had been compelled to make through the mud.

Mon. June 29th. Started early this morning but the wagons very slow and added to the already many disadvantages for speedy marching, a heavy rain set in early in the afternoon, which at once rendered the roads nearly impassable for the continually passing wagons soon cut the road into numberless gullies and holes.

A great many wagons broke down and with their loads were, of course, lost for there was no remedy. In many instances the teams failed to draw their wagons across difficult places without the process of "double teaming" and this, of course, greatly retarded our advances.

We only gained eight miles in the whole days and at night the train was parked in two different places, some miles apart. Our Regiment was camped about 3 or 4 miles beyond Beech Grove.

Nothing could hardly exceed the disagreeableness of this day's work. We had been compelled to wade mudholes and \_\_\_\_\_ at wagon wheels till we were so nearly exhausted that I for one could scarcely hold out till we arrived at Camp, and then when we did we were so completely bedaubed with mud and sand that sleep was almost out of the question. But we were finally halted on a pleasant hillside which offered too

good an opportunity for rest to be left, and we remained here all night.

Tues. June 30th. The rain had ceased falling this morning but the roads were in a sad plight indeed, and under any other circumstances than the present I think we would have found it impassable. The troops composing the escort were by far the muddiest and most (discomfited) fellows I ever beheld; this with the dampness of the night rendered a refreshing sleep an impossibility, and consequently we rose from our blankets this morning feeling very sensibly the effects of yesterday's march.

Some time in the forenoon, we set out again but with a continual whooping and hollering and tugging at wagon wheels we were only able to advance 4-1/2 miles in the whole day, i.e., our regiment only advanced that far for the 17th Ky. which was in advance arrived near Manchester that night. As to the remainder of the command, they did not catch up with us in the whole day, but encamped some miles back to the rear. The train was parked in - upon order - or on every favorable spot of ground for some miles along the road.

Wed. July 1st. Weather clear and very warm, but the roads were still very much in need of repair, especially for our business. Our Regiment arrived in Manchester today and encamped in a beautiful grove near town in the yard of a gentleman whose name I have now forgotten.

We can get but little news from the front, which is now at least twelve miles ahead of us, only that the Rebels are evacuating all their important posts with such little resistance that it has been the origin of a rumor among the boys that Bragg with the greater portions of his Army has gone to Virginia to occupy Richmond while Lee with his "invincible" pulls on and crushes "old fighting Joe Hooker" and the gallant Army under his command. All now agree that the Rebels will fall back without any further resistance to the other side of the Tennessee River. Cos. A and B go on picket tonight and after much stumbling through bushes and crossing hollows, finally got a good position, and for the first time since leaving Murfreesboro, a comfortable place for rest.

Thurs. - Fri. July 2nd and 3rd. We returned from picket early this morning, being relieved by a detail from the several companies of the Regiment. Co. A caught four stragglng Rebels this morning and one of our vedettes shot at a squad of three. The woods are reported full of them trying to get to their home in this state and Kentucky without getting into our lines. Think we have reason to be very much cheered by the flattering success our Army has met with since leaving Murfreesboro, and the Army of the Potomac could now give old Lee a similar chase. Jeff Davis might

begin to think seriously about using some of his stolen pieces of gold to close the eyes of his Confederacy. Oh, that the Great Ruler could in His wisdom say that this war should immediately end as it inevitably must, and save the shedding of rivers of blood that I believe are yet destined to flow!

On the next day we remained in Camp striving to render ourselves as comfortable as possible on a hot, sultry day. We were very anxious about the movements of the various armies, but as we could get no news on account of the irregularity of the mails, we could come to no definite conclusion as to the general condition and position of our own Army.

Sat. July 4th through Tuesday, July 7th. Weather clear but very hot and sultry. A national salute was fired at the usual time of the day by a battery in town, but no other demonstration by the few troops left at this place. Receive \_\_\_\_\_ (mail ?) after dark tonight, but no newspapers and consequently still remain uninformed as to the true condition of affairs. The next day we heard reports that Gen. Hallack had been succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by Gen. McClellan and that Gen. Hooker had been superseded by Gen. Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac. This was the cause of some rejoicing among us, for we knew that with a change of commanders there would be at least an attempt to do something, whether it succeeded or not, and we could only hope for it's success.

On the 6th I, with several others, went to the woods in search of huckleberries. We had a most agreeable and pleasant ramble of some miles through this country of heavy undergrowth of bushes and briars, and procured a bountiful supply of berries of different kinds. I got separated from the rest of the party and we only protracted our walk by a few miles in whooping and hollowing and using other means to ascertain each other's whereabouts, but finally we all came together at an old mill, and without any injury in either life or limb we returned to Camp.

Wed. July 8th. Good news today from every quarter. Vicksburg was surrendered with it's whole garrison to Gen. Grant on the 4th \_\_\_\_\_. Gen. Meade is manfully closing in with old Lee and is reported to have captured a great many prisoners. The Rebel generals, A. P. Hill and Longstreet are reported the former killed and the latter wounded. "Hurrah for the Potomac Army" is on every tongue this morning, and if these reports only be true we may hopefully listen for something decisive from that quarter soon.

Thur. July 9th. Set out for McMinnville today, where the other half of our Division has gone under Gen. Van Cleve. We

are very much pleased with the idea of a move for the country about Manchester is so effectually stripped of everything fresh in the line of eatables that it is simply an impossibility to procure forage, even to the amount of a mess of potatoes. And as McMinnville lies rather out of the general site of operations we calculate that when we get there we will find plenty in the country, to mix with and make our Army rations go better; and also as it seems to be rather out of the general line of march, we hope that we will get to remain there a considerable time. We camped that night nine miles from Manchester.

Fri. July 10th through Sun. July 12th. We went to McMinnville, distance 14 miles -arrived in sight of town and on the banks of the stream \_\_\_\_\_ that place (known, I believe, as Caney Fork), and which stream we were submitted to the necessity of wading. As it was tolerably broad, and as the bottom was covered with sharp, flinty stones, this mode of ferrage was at once very disagreeable and painful, for we were ordered to take off our shoes.

There very much pleased with the country through which we passed today, as it promises great recompense to foragers, and as some citizens informed us that the people are largely secesh we will not be very scrupulous about taking what we actually need, but I heartily condemn anything that pertains to the destruction of private property, let it belong to whom it may.

We remained in camp the next day (11th) but the weather was so disagreeably warm and sultry that we did scarcely anything towards cleaning up or otherwise working at our Camp so as to make it comfortable.

Sun. July 12th through Tues. July 26th. I went on picket today, and was well repaid for the duties it calls forth by the regular feast I had on potatoes and buttermilk; and in the coming on a portion of a "shoat" that attempted to carry away one of the boy's haversacks and who paid for his temerity with his life.

Genls. Rosecrans and Crittenden, with their respective staffs, came out to "our town" on the 13th and spent a short time in looking about.

During the next few days nothing of interest occurred in our Camp, for as the orders on picket lines were very severe, and as there was not any \_\_\_\_\_ ground within them, we could not find food for the productions of interesting incidents. We broke up our Camp and moved over to the Northeast side of town on the 15th and again settled down, and then went to work at straightening out our Camp in real earnest; and in a few days were again very comfortably situated, and ordered to commence drilling.

On the 18th, I went out 7 miles on the Chattanooga Road on a foraging expedition in charge of the train escort, and after filling wagons with corn, sacks with potatoes, pockets with peaches and apples, and hands with chickens, and getting considerably alarmed at the rumored proximity of a squadron of Rebel cavalry, we returned to Camp.

About the 21st, we began to hear stirring news from the North, and almost fabulous stories in regard to the great freebooter, John Morgan, Brig. Gen. C.S.A., who was reported to fairly turning over the states of Indiana and Ohio, and who was being hotly pursued by Genls. Judah, Hobson and Shackelford.

When we first heard that this daring and powerful robber had crossed the Ohio, we fairly chuckled, for we were confident that he would never get his neck out of the halter into which he had so recklessly thrust it; but when we began to hear of the repeated masterly runs and inevitable depredations of the great robber-chief who it seems could never be caught or headed, we began to fear that he would make a masterly raid through "the States" and finally escape to Virginia.

On the 23rd, the Paymaster (Maj. Osborne) arrived in our Camp and we immediately began making out a new set of payrolls, in order to be ready to receive our "share" of the ever-acceptable "greenbacks", and on the next day the 19th Ohio received pay, and on the next day the 79th Ind. and still on the next day (Sunday) we received our installment.

Mon. - Tues. July 27th and 28th. Warm weather, and a dry day, and plenty of money, and consequently plenty of potatoes. Received a dispatch this evening stating that "Old Morgan" and his whole force is finally captured. This news was particularly gratifying to the members of our regiment for he was the particular horse stealer, and alarmer of helpless women and children in our particular country.

Wed. July 29th through Mon. Aug. 3rd. Weather cool and pleasant. I am on picket today and have again had a good feast on the various delicacies of the season.

Soon after our change of camps, Gen. Van Cleve had issued a circular regulating the price of the various articles of trade that were being daily exchanged for or sold by the citizens and soldiers, and regulating the manner in which their dealings should be carried on. This proved to be a wise thought of the General, for previous to this many of the citizens had demanded and received enormous prices for their various articles of sale; and in other instances some of the soldiers had forcibly, or by other means, defrauded citizens to some extent, and in a most shameful manner.

Citizens were now not allowed to cross the picket line till 9:00 and then only were they allowed to come to the picket reserve, and there they were compelled to do all the trading that they did with our troops. The picket officers were furnished "price lists" and it was their duty to personally superintend the dealings of the various parties and to see that everything was conducted fairly and squarely according to orders. These prudent regulations caused many of the citizens to bring in various articles which were very acceptable to the troops, and for which the soldiers were always eager to exchange either greenbacks, or their rations of sugar and coffee. The articles generally brought in by the citizens were potatoes, beans, peas, milk, butter and eggs, fruits of almost every kind, cooked meats of every description, fowls, fish and really anything that a fruitful country could be expected to produce.

Taking everything into consideration, I think that we fared better in every respect and enjoyed ourselves better during our stay at McMinnville than at any other time or place while in the service. The citizens (if many of them were Rebels) were by far the most courteous and differential as a whole that we ever found; but we ascertained that a large portion of the population were Unionists and that they had suffered many prosecutions on account of their patriotic devotion to the "Old Flag". Our duties were for a time very light, consisting principally in going on picket and occasionally drilling. But the picket officers soon became so lenient in their requirements that it almost became a real pleasure to go on picket.

The small number of troops stationed there and the great distance by which the different Brigades were separated prevented the air from being filled with those nauseous vapors that are inevitable to a large Army.

The water was excellent, and the stream before-mentioned afforded good opportunities for healthy bathing. But we were almost totally deprived of the luxury of reading newspapers, for while we were in Murfreesboro, Gen Rosecrans issued an order prohibiting news dealers selling western papers for more than five cents per copy, and the prices of eastern papers were regulated accordingly. This order was a considerable "dig" into the profits of those concerned, and the consequence was as before-stated.

The weather, after the first few days, was generally very cool and pleasant for the season, and we had but little rain.

Tues. Aug. 4th through Fri. Aug. 7th. The weather was now growing warm very fast. In the afternoon our Brigade received an order to be ready to march on a scouting expedition, and set out at 5:00 p.m. We took the road leading to Sparta, and traveled about 15 miles, halting near

midnight at Rock Island, the point where the Sparta Road crosses the Caney Fork River.

I afterwards learned that the design of the expedition was to march to this point and capture the Rebel force by surprise that were stationed here to guard the ford, and then to move on the town of Sparta, which was at this time occupied by some Rebel cavalry. But as our advance guard was not able to take the Rebels by a complete surprise, and only effected the capture of a part of them, it was considered useless to go any further and therefore the expedition was abandoned, and on the next evening amid a shower of rain, and being very sore and much wearied, we arrived in Camp with the happy consolation that we had our trouble for our pains.

Sat. Aug. 8th through Sunday Aug. 16th. Our Regiment, the 21st Ky. Infantry, and the 44th Ind. Infantry were moved across the river near the railroad bridge and organized into a pioneer Brigade, and placed under the command of Col. Price of the 21st Ky. We did not much like the idea of changing our pleasant camp for a new one where we would be compelled to undergo the necessity of again devoting a week's work to digging and shading, and when we came to learn that we had been moved across there for the purpose of erecting fortifications, our dissatisfaction rose as fast and extensive as the Confederate troops fell about the first day of April 1865. And the intensity of this dissatisfaction was not in the least decreased by the almost intolerably hot weather which was now pouring it to us with all the force of an almost boiling sun.

On the 10th, we worked hard all day at our Camps and got things as nearly completed as possible, ditching and shading, etc. for we were informed that we would have to commence work on the morrow, and sure enough we did, by breaking ground just in front of the bridge. From the general direction of the stakes that were set up as marks by the engineer, we concluded that there was at least a month's digging in store for us, and I tell you I dreaded it. But, if there had been no such organization as Granger's Reserve Corps we could have comforted ourselves with the thought that we would get to remain and occupy our works when they should have been completed and the last of the Division gone on the great Southern Campaign.

We remained here and dug hard till the 15th with constant rumors of a forward movement, and numerous curses and imprecations among the boys at the thought of being compelled to work so heavily in this intolerably hot weather with the daily prospect of leaving for some other point.

But notwithstanding the general displeasure, we had some real pastime and among other incidents of no interest was the settling of a dispute between our Regiment and the 21st Ky.

as to which Regiment could show itself to the best advantage. I need not say that the palm (if there was any) was awarded to the "Old 9th" and justly too, though I don't recollect that any of the members of the "Twenty-Onesters" conceded the point.

Late in the evening of the 15th, we received the order to "be ready to march tomorrow morning at 6:00". The news was received by many of the boys with violent volleys of curses and imprecations, and whole vocabularies of impolite epithets, which exceeding hurtful missiles were hurled at the innocent Reserve Corps with all the vindictive energy that could be expected of disappointed and overworked humanity; but notwithstanding this gallant and able defense, the fate of the poor fellows were sealed - the firmness or absence of the originator of the order would not relax in the least and we were left to no other alternative but to go or stay, and accordingly got ready.

We bade adieu to McMinnville with it's many pleasing attractions the 16th (Sunday) and started out on the Pikeville Road with 10 days' rations in our Company wagons, which by the way were very much loaded for we were reduced to the competency of one wagon for two companies. We marched to the foot of Cumberland Mountain (distance 5 miles), having waded Caney Fork in the meantime and encamped. A pleasant shower of rain fell during the evening which rendered the air very cool and refreshing.

Mon. Aug. 17th. Weather warm and clear in the forenoon. I was detailed early in the morning to take charge of a squad detailed from our Regiment, and to assist Lieut. Stubbs (since Captain) of the 79th Ind. in directing the operations of a detail made from the whole Brigade for the purpose of getting the ammunition train up the mountain, the ascent of which we began to climb almost as soon as we started to march. After much hollowing and whipping, and much heavy and laborious pushing, and sometimes pulling, frequently a rope would be attached to the tongue of the wagon and passed forward between the mules when about twenty men would get hold of it and take it over difficult places. We finally (about 12:00) reached the summit of the mountain, which was about two miles from our previous night's encampment. The ammunition train then passed on while we remained near the summit of the mountain waiting for the rest of the wagons and the troops to come up. Then the third Brigade soon came up and passed on, but our Brigade did not get all their wagons up till near night, and then we moved out about two miles and encamped. The third Brigade had gone about five miles further on.

TUES. AUG. 18th. Weather tolerably cool and pleasant. Marched 13 miles today, and as the roads were very good, we got along with our wagons tolerably well, and found water to

be tolerably plentiful, which rather surprised us as we had some very rough experience on this same ridge but much farther South (Aug. 1862). Tonight, as on the other occasion of our crossing this mountain, we had a very exciting alarm which originated from a cow that was browsing about among the tents, knocking down a stack of guns. As on the former occasion, the whole Regiment was aroused, and kept for some minutes in anxious suspense in consequence of no one knowing what was the cause of the alarm, but finally without anyone scarcely knowing the true cause we all lay down again to sleep. All hands decided that Cumberland Mountain was certainly attended by some evil spirit, or had some other reason for being very prolific of exciting alarms.

Wed. - Thurs. August 19th and 20th. Weather very warm. We marched early and soon went down the mountain into the beautiful and productive Sequatchie Valley, beyond which and not more than five miles away Waldryn's (Walden's) Ridge could be seen rising in all it's rough beauty, forming an agreeable background to the broad fields and narrow strip of wood that interspersed each other over the valley.

Weary, footsore and dusty, we arrived at Pikeville late in the afternoon, and were encamped in a beautiful grove of trees just above town, and which was surrounded by numerous fields of corn which was now in that state so favorable to the soldiers' facilities for cooking and eating - roasting ears; and soon every man's kettle was filled with the tender, nourishing ears of corn, and all in good spirits over the prospect of a good supper.

Pikeville was neither large nor populous, nor thriving, nor beautiful; and judging from all appearances, it undoubtedly got its growth soon after its first settlement. Though as an excuse for this, it may be truthfully said that it has no advantages by which it can acquire the above-named attractions. The valley in which it is situated, though very productive, is very narrow and stretches out several miles both above and below the town, thus almost entirely cutting off communication with the outer world.

I can say nothing for or against the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country, for during our stay we had very little intercourse with the citizens, and that principally with the rough inhabitants of the mountains, who were generally a pretty good representation of the first settlers of our country. One of them came in one day bringing some fresh venison for sale. Some of the boys asked him where he killed it at, upon which he remarked "over at the back of Uncle Ike's field".

Fri. Aug. 21st through Sat. Aug. 23rd. The weather was now rather cool and consequently very pleasant. A train started back to McMinnville for supplies today. The 4th Michigan

Cavalry had a skirmish with the Rebels last night some distance up the valley.

Mon. Aug. 24th. Weather again very warm. Our Regiment started back to McMinnville today to escort a supply train. Marched to the summit of the mountain and some distance farther on where we halted at a small stream, and I found myself more completely exhausted from excessive heat than ever before, but here the whole Regiment was mounted into the wagons and from this we traveled very easily and made our day's journey about twenty miles.

Tues. Aug 25th. Rainy last night and a very hard shower this morning. Marched early and about the middle of the afternoon we met the train that had left Pikeville on the 21st returning with a very slender escort. The four left companies of our Regiment were detached to return with this train which was under the command of Maj. Clarke of the 8th Ky. Infantry. We got our train up the mountain that night, and camped not far beyond where the road reaches the top, and spent a very disagreeable night on account of not bringing our "doggeries" (tents) with us, for the rain fell through the greater portion of the night, but under every consideration we were very much pleased that we did not have to go all the way to McMinnville.

Wed. - Thurs. Aug. 26th and 27th. Weather very cool and tonight the air is disagreeably so. Marched back on the Pikeville Road today to within three miles of the brow of the mountain and went into Camp. Our detachment encamped in an orchard, the trees of which were loaded with choice fruit, and, of course, we spent a very agreeable evening, but our appetite for fruit had been considerably through the day. The boys who could not content themselves by plodding along the road with the wagons had branched off into the few farms that were scattered along the road, and they returned almost invariably loaded with the most delicious and elegant peaches I ever ate.

I had to go on picket tonight, but did not suffer any inconveniences therefrom except being compelled to sleep by myself and with no bed or covering except the cold ground, the friendly branches of a majestic oak and a gum blanket.

Fri. - Sat. Aug. 28th and 29th. Col. Cram returned from home where he had been on "leave of absence". The right wing of our Regiment returned today. Receive the cheering news that lines of our main Army are now established on the Tennessee River. About 8:00 p.m. an old cow that was poking about in the Camp of the 17th Ky. became frightened at something, and blinded by a fire that was burning near, she dashed off - ran over and knocked down a whole row of "dog tents" in some of which the owners were lying gently asleep. This incident brought an immense volley of loud whoops and huzzas from the