

irregular, it is true that riding all day seemed to strengthen instead of wearying me. At any rate, I felt a considerable percent better in health and strength at the end of my journey than when I sat out in the morning. We were well fed and lodged and kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Bragg during our stay, but were off again next morning, and on that day went as far as the residence of Rev. L. A. Smithwick, a firm and fearless Union man, and one for whom I had great respect and esteem. He had formerly been my teacher and is also an ordained minister of the Missionary Baptist Church.

We got there about 10 o'clock p.m., and I called upon Mrs. Smithwick for some eggbread in the preparation of which article she was, in my humble opinion, unsurpassed. Supper was soon forthcoming and as quickly dispatched, and then I was into bed and asleep, but my cough was so very violent that I could not rest well.

Next morning I was off again and by 12:00 noon, oh, joy! I was home. Now it may appear simple to you, reader, that I should feel any great pleasure in arriving at home when I had been absent only 4 months and one-half and during all that time, except a few days, had been within sixty miles of home, and at no time over eighty. But you must recollect that I had been kept at home or near about there all my life, and previous to the date connected with the beginning of this narrative, I had never been thirty miles from home. Neither had I ever been permanently absent from home for more than two weeks in succession. And you must also recollect that during this last tour I had much to render home dear to me and to teach me what it was worth. But if you are a soldier, no explanation is necessary. My disease had about the first of this month (February 1862) assumed a most malignant form of that almost incurable disease, chronic diarrhea, and that accounts for me being able to ride so far on horseback, while in such low state of health.

I was so reduced in flesh that Mother positively asserted "that if she had met me at a time and place entirely unexpected, she would not have recognized me."

It was several days ere I began to recuperate, either in strength or flesh, for the disease had become so deeply impregnated through my system that it was a matter of great difficulty to work it out.

Old friends were in to see me every day and I got almost worn out relating to them all the incidents connected with the history of the Regiment that I could think of; also giving a full detail of how a man could get naturalized to cooking; how funny he must undoubtedly look, and how awkward; how did I like to sleep in a tent; what did we have to eat, and was it good; how did I like soldiering, etc.

Finally, my health had so far returned that I began to ride about a little and this caused me to improve finely, and I was soon fattening equal to a Berkshire with a plenty of still slop. I remained at home till the 27th day of April following, but nothing of interest occurred to me during the whole term that would pay to include in this work, except that on the 18th of April I had started to the Regiment via Nashville and when I arrived nearly to Gallatin here learned that I could not go to my Regiment by that route, but that I would have to go to Louisville and there take a steamer to Pittsburg Landing. The reader undoubtedly knows that during this time the memorable, bloody but indecisive battle of Pittsburg Landing had been fought, which resulted in a glorious victory to our Armies, but in all probability that reader doesn't know that the 9th Kentucky was in this Battle and that they lost many men in killed and wounded.

When I heard of this Battle, my nerves were strung to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the praise that was allotted by all to the "Brave 9th Kentucky".

My only regret was that I was not there myself. Now I do not make any pretensions to valor or claim that I am anything to be placed in the line of heroes, but it is a significant fact that when a Regiment has its first battle all those that are necessarily away and have never seen a fight, as a general thing sincerely regret that they were not there, and the feeling will last to the very battlefield. I think, or rather knew, that the first battle a man participates in causes less fear than any subsequent one. He has no idea of battle. He may have read the most powerful efforts of the best Historian to make a perfect description of a battle, yet he never has one correct idea of the confusion, noise, tumult and excitement incidental to a battle till he has been in the midst of one.

I had been in a tumult to get away ever since the news of this battle came to hand, and having failed in my first attempt, had resolved to be certain about the matter ere I sat out again. On Sunday, the 27th day of April, I went to Gamaliel to church and there learned that our Regimental Sutlers, Harling and Ray, were going to start to the Regiment on the next morning. I immediately resolved to meet them at the depot at Cave City and have their company on the route.

I saw a good many of my former schoolmates today, and many warm recollections of former days flitted through my mind as I grasped their proffered hands and listened to their candid greetings and witnessed their manifestations of pleasure.

Oh, how I regretted inwardly that I could not stay away all the time, but I put a good face on the matter, spoke lightly of the fact that I was to leave home and happiness for the scene of strife and blood tomorrow, and assumed the

appearance of one who was enjoying himself finely. Or, in other words, regretted nothing and was simply glad that I was a soldier.

Some painful remembrances also cause me to revert occasionally to that day, but I am forgetting all that I can.

I return home in the evening with a kind of mingled feeling of joy and sorrow for Gentle Reader, I was very anxious to see the boys of my Company, and consequently was glad that I would soon have the opportunity. But alas! for this pleasure I must sacrifice a greater; must change the pleasant fireside for the cheerless camp; must give up old associations for the society of strangers; must leave parents, brothers and sisters, and all that was dear by blood probably never more to be with them; must now prepare to endure the tenfold hardships, trials, dangers and disease attendant upon a soldier's career.

CHAPTER VI

Monday, April 28th I started again for the Army in company with my fellow soldier, John M. Holland, and we were attended by two other gentlemen who were going with us to Cave City to bring our horses back. By hard - or rather steady -riding, we got to Cave City that night and in the meanwhile had stopped near two hours at Glasgow. There we met up with Maj. Hinson, who was on his way home from the Army, having resigned in consequence of a difficulty between himself and Col. B. C. Grider. This was a source of much trouble to me, for Maj. Hinson was one of my most particular friends, and had shown me many little favors without which I would have been inconvenienced in body and in mind.

After giving me all the particulars incident to his resignation, he remarked "but do not think that because I cannot agree with Col. Grider that he is not a worthy man. On the contrary, he is one of the bravest and most efficient regimental commanders in our Division."

At Cave City we stopped with the family of Mr. C. Roberts and found his wife to be a lady of great intellectual worth and merit, and moreover that she was loyal as was also her husband and during the occupation of the place by the Rebels in the preceding winter they had left home and had returned at the appearance of our troops to find their house almost completely divested of everything that had been left in it, and it was well furnished. Their once beautiful yard had been torn up by Rebel Calvary - flower beds and everything pertaining to beauty and usefulness destroyed.

On our offering next morning to pay for lodging, etc., our kind hostess informed us that she could accept no remuneration from any Federal Soldier for so small a consideration as a night's lodging. Accordingly, after returning her our most earnest thanks for her kindness, we took our leave to repair to the railroad nearby and wait the approach of the up train from Nashville for Louisville. During the intervening time, we amused ourselves by examining the depot, freight boxes, ruins of a large hotel burned by the Rebels, and such other objects of interest as presented themselves to us.

At 1:30 p.m. the Engineer's whistle announced the approach of the train, the down train having passed some minutes before, thus we hustled our baggage in an inconceivable degree of haste and made preparations for getting on the train as soon as it should arrive. We were also rather apprehensive as to whether we would be permitted to get on the train, for neither of us had any written authority for being away from our Regiment, except the duplicate certificate of Dr. J. R. Duncan. We had both gone home by verbal permission from Gen.

Boyle, which in these days of inexperience was considered sufficient.

We were doubtful as to whether the civil conductor would transport us without pay, and whether the military conductor would pay us. When the train stopped we made a hasty compromise with the lieutenant in charge of prisoners and he told us to mix with the guard which he commanded and take off our knapsacks and that we would not be noticed. The deception was perfectly successful and unmolested we both took our first railroad ride, for it was a fact that neither of us had ever mounted a railroad train till on that the 29th day of April, 1862.

Arrived at Louisville in the evening on time and then after eluding the patrol guard at the depot by telling them we had furloughs, and they not being vigilant enough to demand them to be produced, we took our pack and went to Maj. Flint's headquarters to receive further instructions, and my friend Holland went into Maj. Flint's office to attend to our business in that quarter while I was attempting to make satisfactory terms with the hack driver with whom I was about to have some trouble in consequence of his refusal to accept for pay my Tennessee money, and in consequence of my having none of any other kind except \$0.30 in species. We finally made a conclusion of the matter by my throwing him the specie and starting off after Holland who was calling to me to hurry as Maj. Flint had informed him that there was a boat then at the wharf loading with soldiers and would start almost immediately. Accordingly, we hastened to the wharf and onto the boat where we found several of our Regiment on board who had been on furlough like ourselves and were now returning to their command. They pretty quickly satisfied our eager curiosity by showing us all over the boat and by telling us that we would have hard bread, bacon and coffee for fare; would have to sleep on deck; and moreover that the boat would not leave that place till the next day, which last assertion rather pleased us for we had a natural desire to see a little more of Louisville.

I was never so completely mystified in my life as I was on coming up from the supper room and finding that dark had come on, the many thousand lights of the city, and boats at the wharf, all in a confused commotion on every side of me almost made me think I was in fairyland. Never had I before, nor ever have I since enjoyed a scene after dark so much as I did that. And amid all this grandeur my mind, after considering all, would naturally revert to itself and to myself.

What was I? Amid all this mess of animated and inanimated matter representing every quality and trade in America, or probably in the world. What was I? A poor private soldier of a Volunteer Regiment who can boast of nothing but a desire to succeed in life and that with such correctness that there

will surely be some reward. The natural feeling of insignificance and worthlessness seized upon me and after a long spell of abstractedness, I fell asleep.

On the next morning at about 10:00 April the 30th we left Louisville and started down the beautiful and at this time very large Ohio and arrived at Pittsburg Landing late in the afternoon, May the 2nd.

If it were necessary, I would give a complete list of incidents that occurred on the passage, but as there was nothing of great interest I will in the main forbear. The number of steamers we saw going and returning was astonishing. The great amount of stores that were required for the Army and the fact that it had to all go by steamer, and the present favorable conditions of the river rendered the large number of steamers very easily accounted for.

I formed the acquaintance of a musician of the 77th P.O.V.I. on the passage, and was very much pleased with the conversation, which was principally in regard to the difference of Northern and Southern states as regarded the educating of the youths of the country.

During the day the men would amuse themselves by shooting at ducks and other wild fowls that they might happen to see on the river. There was a good band on the boat, and after everything would get calm at night it would strike up in some of the national tunes that sounded delightful in the swiftly passing air. Our fare was not the best, yet we did very well on it. And as to sleeping, we got very cold every night so that we would occasionally be necessitated to get up and go to the stove in the forepart of the boat. Taking all into consideration, and that this was our first boat ride, and that we were only entitled to soldier's fare, I think we had not much room to grumble and I have done much worse boating since then that was by a big sight, but for the present I was well pleased with my trip.

On the morning of the 3rd day of May we were transferred to another boat and ran up the river to Hamburg where we were put ashore to find our respective commands without any guide, there being two or three hundred carried up there.

Roads led off in any direction almost, and all of them were filled with wagons coming and going from and to the various departments of the Army, but it seemed that none of them belonged to our Department. The reader must not be surprised that it was a difficult matter to find the locality of any particular corps for there was at this time the largest Army by far that was ever mustered in the west encamped between the River and Corinth. As we moved away from the River accidentally striking the right road, we at ever turn saw new evidence of the recent proximity of large bodies of troops,

dead horses and mules, broken cracker boxes, old clothing, torn blankets, remains of arms (such as gun barrels, broken stocks, bent bayonets, fractured locks, worthless cartridge boxes), and occasionally the ugly mark of a rude cannon ball that had impolitely torn a rough path through some monarch of the forest. All these seemed to portend something not very pleasant at the front, or at least that a few days since it would not have been very pleasant to have been about the place just described.

We found water in very small quantities and a very inferior article, generally a small muddy stream that scarcely ran and as warm as could be under the hot sun of a clear May day.

As we advanced, we began to hear an occasional "boom" at the front, which only served to stimulate our inexperienced ideas of fighting, and caused us to summon new resolutions to reach the Regiment that night, but up to 4:00 p.m. we had not obtained any certain clue to its whereabouts. Notwithstanding, we had inquired at Gen. Rosseau's headquarters.

During the whole evening we had encountered large bodies of troops moving towards the front and all the indications were that some important movement was going on.

About sundown, by accident we stumbled upon the advance of our Division just as it was going into camp and after waiting in anxious suspense for a half an hour, our Regiment came up and then we had (of course) a hearty shaking of hands and exchange of greetings of welcome. I found the boys much healthier and in much better spirits than I expected after such bad times down in that land of swamps and Rebels.

As an evidence of the good spirits of the troops and the general characteristic of our going upon anything firing just before we got into Camp, the Brigade in our advance had gone into camp and a rabbit jumping up in their midst, they took after him from all quarters; no matter which way the poor rabbit turned his course, he was met by some careful sentinel that was too punctual to obey orders to let anyone pass them. After a sharp chase and as unearthly loud yelling as human beings could be expected to get up for about one minute, the poor rabbit was taken and immediately the chase was ended, the yelling ceased, and everyone resumed his particular occupation about the mess, either to do some part toward supper or to assist in putting up the tent.

We were in camp by dark, camping in "columns of Companies", and after supper and a long conversation with the boys about affairs at home, I retired to rest on a real soldier's bed. I will not attempt to describe the course of my thoughts during that night, for I slept but very little, but they were confined in too great a measure to myself. The Corporalcy had been taken from me in my absence and given to another

person in consequence of the impression with the Captain that I would not be able for service any more. Now the office is by no means one worth caring for, but then the idea of reduction went against my feelings.

I also mentally surveyed the many new phases that soldiering was appearing in to me and comparing them to my idea of my own physical strength. The result of the deliberations was not very satisfactory. To complete the unsettled state of my mind, towards day the rain began to fall in torrents and I had to be continually shifting positions to keep in the dry. Next morning (to my eye) everything looked desolate indeed. For being restless I was stirring as early as objects could be discerned at any distance, and before any other person was awake. The rain had put out all the fires, tent flies were drooping over the poles as if they were chilled, cooking vessels of various descriptions were scattered around (for the boys had not yet got to stealing from each other). The rain was still falling in a sufficient quantity to wet a person very soon who should expose himself to it, and really I felt dejection of spirit in the fullest meaning of the term.

After a little the reveille was blown and I was surprised to see the wonderful alacrity with which the boys sprung from their blankets and hastened on their clothing, and dashing out of the tent, fell into line to answer to their names at the Roll Call.

After this, much to my astonishment fires were soon blazing in all directions and preparations were going on for breakfast with as much regularity as is sometimes seen about households of no mean pretensions.

I here found that I was acquainted with a very limited number of the members of the Regiment and knew hardly any of the officers at all, and a certain spirit of _____ that I unpretendingly say I invited prevents me from seeking their (the officers') acquaintance. I could not endure that restraint and discipline that compels the private to stand in the attitude of attention till the officer has time to speak with him, and then probably to receive only a cold "no" to his petition, or a sharp order to get out.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal", etc., but this is a great principle of Republicanism usually departed from by the petty officers of the U. S. Volunteer Army at the time of which we are speaking.

Capt. Bryan was sick and had been left back with the wagons on the evening before, but was expected to come up on that day. He was a man whom I doted on till the day of his death, and now had a small present that I had brought him all the

way from home. Yet it is a fact that during the last 8 or 9 months of his life he evinced evidences of a permanent dislike for me, though I never could ascertain the cause; and indeed never endeavored to.

Our Company was at this time commanded by Rufus Somerby, a First Lieut. though I believe he never was commissioned in our Company. He was a fine looking young man of considerable military knowledge, good intellect, and a tolerable education. Lieut. Underwood, who was really First Lieutenant had been wounded at the Battle of Pittsburg Landing and had gone home on furlough. A. W. Smith, who was 2nd Lieut. had resigned, and Sgt. Silas Clarke promoted to fill vacancy thereby occasioned. Benjamin Thompson, Vice-Clarke, Benjamin M. Johnson, Vice-Thomson - considerable change in the municipality since I had been gone.

May the 4th was a rainy, cheerless day and I was compelled to keep within doors a greater part of the time to keep from getting wet. I was rather unwell in consequence of the great amount of cold I caught on my way, and the generally discouraging aspect of things made me truly miserable. About 12:00 I was detached on the fatigue duty list to go and help clean off a neighboring thicket for the purpose of establishing our camp there. About 2:00 p.m. a shower of rain coming up putting an end to our operation and we retired to our camp. But I had not been long in a resting position till Sergt. Hix came around and detailed me to go on camp guard. I don't think that any human being in a state of good health and at personal liberty ever passed a more miserable day than I did on this.

First, I was reduced from a corporalcy, second was compelled to go on fatigue duty, and thirdly was detailed to do guard duty, shockingly disrespectful thought I! But our non-commissioned officers had a way of breaking fellows right at the beginning, and I was not to expect to be excluded from the general rule. So I went on guard. Lieut. A. J. Pipkin was officer of the guard, but I have forgotten the officer of the day. I was on the third relief, and my Corporal was Broffie of Co. G. (? Slaughter). Oh, but the rain did pour down on us that night and me, poor boy, had to stay out in it all the time. The second time that my relief was to go on, the Corporal nor Sergt. could find me nowhere and consequently my post was left vacant during that tour. After daylight, one of them discovered me asleep just a few feet from the fire, but on "tother side of a tree" and, of course, as I was not on immediate duty when I fell asleep, no censure was in store for me.

On that morning after breakfast I drew my first installment of "greenbacks" from one of Uncle Sam's paymasters. I received \$55.00, or \$3.00 over 4 months wages, the same that all the others had received, consequently this cleared up any

blame that could have been attached to my protracted absence. I felt pretty grand as I thrust both hands deep into my pockets and crushed the rattling paper in my pocket, for reader, I will frankly tell you that I had never possessed so much money before in my life that I could call my own.

On that day about noon the rain ceased falling and old Sol occasionally peeped through the clouds to cheer and dry us, and immediately the Regiment commenced pulling up stakes and preparing to move to the place where I had worked on yesterday, and by the time I got off guard, which was nearly sunset, everything was permanently transferred to the new camp. As I was being relieved, I noticed my friend, Holland, that was just coming in the new guard. He also had been reduced from the corporality for the same reason as myself, and as we passed each other, we smiled recognition so much as to say "pretty hard", but nevertheless we will bear it.

I retired to sleep in the tent and you may be sure I rested finely on a pile of leaves I had brought in for the purpose, though that was against the rules, and it would have been nothing to wonder at if I had rested well upon the ground, for I really had not had a good night's rest since the one at Cave City for I got cold on the boat every night so that I could not sleep long without going to the fire, and had been prevented from sleep as already related, both nights after arriving with the Regiment.

The next morning the sun rose clear and beautiful as if to mock the loneliness of my mind, for my most cherished hopes had been disappointed, and are very low. I saw some occurrence to remind me of my failures. I was vain, and I tell you I suffered for my vanity. I think I made a full atonement, though. I will not say in what way my vanity caused me trouble, as I would be making myself probably an object of ridicule. But enough of this and I will resume.

Just after sunrise, the Regiment was formed on the parade ground and some orders of (I have forgotten what impact) read and Commissions presented to some that had been recently promoted. Soon after this I was detailed by the Colonel to accompany an ambulance back to Hamburg that was to carry Lieut. B. O. Rodes, Co. K. who had been very violently taken on the night of the 4th with cholera-morbus and when the M.D.'s thought proper should go to the rear. I was detailed in consequence of the teamster (L. D. Massey), not knowing the road.

The roads were in such a sad plight that we had a disagreeable drive, yet we arrived at Hamburg in due season and depositing the Lieutenant in a steamer that was chartered by the U.S. Sanitary Commission, we set out to return.

At a little stream not far from the river which was like all southern streams, narrow, deep and muddy, and made passable by a kind of floating bridge, one of the horses fell through and we had a considerable amount of trouble, but finally extricated him and got on our way again without any injury, mentally or physically, except that I had been compelled to make the humiliating confession that I did not know how to gear a horse for an ambulance.

As we returned through Hamburg, we bought some cakes and after eating as many as we wanted, sold the remainder for what we gave for the whole, which was the only thing I bought while in the Army and sold for gain (Speck).

On the next day (I think it was) we pulled up stakes and moved toward the front, for the reader must recollect that every day we could hear cannons booming from each wing of the Army, foretelling the grave continuation of movements that finally compelled the enemy to evacuate his stronghold, Corinth, Mississippi, which was now about 15 miles in our advance.

An order had been received to cause the men to leave their knapsacks with the wagons, and to carry only their haversack, canteen and blanket, besides guns and accouterments, and the indications were that active operations would immediately commence.

We moved some five or six miles that day, out on what is known as Pea Ridge and went into camp without seeing any more indications of the enemy than when we started, although I expected to jump them every minute.

About a half an hour after sunset someone of a Regiment nearby accidentally shot himself in the hand and made a most unearthly noise, which affected my nerves powerfully, and I then came to the conclusion that it would be a difficult matter for me to stay at my post in battle.

A few evenings afterward, and after our tents had come up, we were all at once ordered to be ready to march immediately with our haversacks, canteens, blankets and two days' rations. We were soon underway, traveling over a road that had been corduroyed the greater portion of the route, and was then in consequence of the darkness of the night very troublesome to travel over. The course was rather to the left of Corinth and we went about 6 or 7 miles and then formed in line of battle, stacked arms, and lay down to sleep.

We remained there till near sundown of the next day, and then formed and moved back to our encampment.

These little marches wearied me very much and I scarcely now can conceive how I mustered resolution to put a good face upon matters as I did when I was suffering to such extent from mental and physical sickness and fatigue.

On the next evening I was put on Camp Guard with Lieut. Clark as Officer of the Guard. The night was clear and beautiful, the moon giving the light a greater passing of the night, and I also had a good nap between reliefs, and therefore upon the whole, I fared much better than when I stood on that rainy night.

We remained at this place several days and here our former Sutlers, Ray and Harling came up with us to make settlement, and by them I sent home \$40.00.

The reader must not expect me to give any particulars of or even a notice of the movements of the Army in general, for our Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. T. L. Crittenden, had up to this date been continually kept in the background, consequently I could relate nothing gathered from personal observation and would have to resort to the productions of other writers, which I deem unfair in a certain manner.

It would be unfair to transcribe the history of this Campaign from the production of some other person, and therefore I, to do justice, would have to hunt all the official documents and correspondents' letters which would in this limited work, cause more trouble than it would benefit anyone after such publications as have already been made.

The weather during our stay was remarkably fine, and was getting very warm. Water was of an inferior quality and in limited quantities; rations were hard tack and bacon, sugar and coffee (without any vegetable food at all) only as we would occasionally gather a mess of greens composed of every description of plant almost that the country afforded but the feasts were delightful.

The troops had cut away the underbrush for hundreds of yards in every direction, and thus we could plunge into the deep recess of the green timber and roam for hours, unmindful of the occasional crash of the cannon at the distant front.

At last the order came to move, this time carrying everything, and leaving our Camp about 8:00 or 9:00 o'clock in the morning, we marched on over mudholes, corduroy roads, and occasionally a firm spot of ground till about noon when we filed off to the left of the road and soon into line according to command "on the right to file into line, march" at right angles with the road, and in a place where the undergrowth was exceedingly heavy, and the taller trees were rather scarce, yet enough to answer the purposes of shade which we were beginning to need very much, and this day was

exceedingly hot. In the afternoon we cut away all the underbrush and swept up and burned the leaves, and by the appearance of night had a very nice Camp; but no water except by going about 3/4 of a mile and then waiting your turn at a very much crowded well.

On the next day we dug several wells on a low spot of ground near the Camp and then procured a supply of tolerable water. While we remained at this place, we performed all the usual role of a soldier in camp, viz., Camp guarding, Camp policing, Company and Battalion drilling, etc. but we were getting much nearer the front, and the now very frequent booming of the cannon was becoming very distinct, and it seemed that another move would put us very near the Rebel line.

The drilling was very irksome to me, for mentally I was well acquainted with the whole principal of all drills that had been taught in our Regiment, but the thing of putting it into practice and getting able to execute the commands with the necessary promptness to ensure efficiency and the appreciation from inspectors was a part that I almost loathed the performance of; not that I thought it unnecessary, but simply from a feeling of intolerance. But you must understand that I was not one of the class that are always asking "to be excused from drill today."

One day the Regiment was sent out on picket, but did not have to go very far, and we were all allotted our respective positions and had gotten things arranged tolerably conducive to our comfort, when at 2:00 p.m. we were suddenly relieved and ordered to go to Camp and get ready to move immediately. Soon we were back to the Camp and on the march, leaving knapsacks and tents, etc.

Marched about 4 miles when about sundown as we came to the summit of a small eminence, a most grand and striking sight was presented to our view. The fields were uninterrupted and cleared of any obstruction to vision for nearly one mile and one-half, and on this ground our whole division and a portion of Pope's was preparing to go into Camp. Bodies of Infantry were marching and countermarching, suddenly wheeling into line, into column, into platoon, section and almost any evolution of the tactics could have been witnessed that evening. Batteries of artillery were galloping across the fields, general officers, and staffs, were moving steadily among the whole and the scene altogether was one the equal of which is rarely witnessed.

Just as the scene burst upon our view, we were ordered "by Company into line" and immediately afterwards "Companies forward to a line", which threw us into line of battle. In the hurry of the moment, my first impression was that we could see the enemy in the distant part of the opening, and

hence so much activity by our troops in the foreground, and the fact of us being ordered into line of battle tended not a little to increase this impression, but I should never have mentioned this fact had I not heard several others say that for a moment their impressions were just the same.

This was in view of the village of Farmington and here we were destined to stop. We went into Camp between sundown and dark and had strict orders to lie close to our guns and be ready for an alarm at any moment. After a night of disturbed slumber, we awoke upon the beauties of another beautiful day. Everything remained as calm as if no enemy had been near, and the booming of the cannon now seemed to be as far off as when I first heard them.

This morning I saw Gen. Pope and staff. The General at a distance is a splendid looking man and this evening was splendidly mounted, and according to his reports, he did some fine work among the Rebels. On that evening I was detailed with a large fatigue party to go out and assist in working on some fortifications nearly a mile to the front, and from the works about one and one-half miles farther on I saw the first skirmish line that was really fighting that I had ever seen in my life, and also the first shells I had ever seen burst in the air, and the first cannons I had ever seen fired.

In fact, I saw a very animating skirmish out in advance between our men and the "secesh", and really to look at that distance I could not see anything about it that was so very distasteful, for I saw no one seem to get hurt, and I saw a brilliant charge made by our line, and I saw the secesh fall back and this, of course, all looked impressive.

We continued working away at our breastwork till sometime after dark when through some misunderstanding, the men all threw down their picks and spades to return to Camp. We had worked very negligently all the evening. Considerable confusion was raised by this act of the men, and the officers could not be heard above the general clamoring as they attempted to restore order, till at last some officer that was about, and I think a General, suddenly whipped out his sword and threatened to whip off the first man's head that uttered a word. All stopped as if in astonishment at his imprudence when he seized his opportunity and said that the Rebels were near and that such loud noise would betray us and after this order was preserved we were soon relieved and sent to Camp.

We camped that night on the same spot as on the night previous and on the next day moved back about one mile and the wagons having come up, we put up tents and were again regularly encamped, and we remained at this place for several days again. In the meantime, the weather had become very

warm and the water was very insufficient, which was a source of inconvenience to us. The drills were regularly attended to, both Company and Battalion.

We (Co. B) were much pleased with our Lieut. (Somerby), who seemed to understand his business. Our Battalion drills were generally under the supervision of Lieut. Col. Geo. H. Cram and Maj. J. H. Grider. Vice Roark, accused; and Hinson resigned; respectively. The Lieut. Col. showed great judgment in training raw troops, but according to our undisciplined minds, he was a degree too harsh in his orders, commands, etc.; but I will speak of him more fully hereafter as an officer and a gentleman.

The Major was a man of no great military acquirements, and in fact I think he was not cut out for a military man, yet he was the soul of courage and presence of mind in danger. He was at this time the idol of the Regiment, treating all with kindness and respect, he was beloved by all.

I think it was about the 24th or 25th of May that our Regiment was sent on picket about 4 miles in advance of the Camp and in two miles of Corinth, and that I did my first picket fighting or fighting of any kind.

Our Company, in consequence of having Enfield Rifles, which no Companies except ours and "A", as flanking Companies, had ever been armed with, was thrown forward on the left to a house that formerly was a dwelling, but was now used to shelter cotton of which it contained a large amount. The position was evidently one of danger, so far as regarded the enemy's sharpshooters, but was safe in case of a charge from the fact of the many fences about the house that formed the yard and garden, and also hedges, and a plum orchard that was almost impassable.

It was at this point that I heard the first ball whistle from a Rebel gun. It was here that I first saw the ground torn up about my feet by a leaden agent; it was here that I learned to promptly fall on the ground on the approach of a certain object that foretold it's coming about the 150th part of a semi-second ere its arrival; and it was here that I first pointed my rifle at a human being and used effort to make my aim so true that it would drive a ball through his brain. Seriously, thought of it is an awful thought, and one year previous to this time it would have made me shudder to even see a man through the sights of an empty rifle, but now it was enough for me to know that the man was dressed in gray and that he was trying to get a shot at some of our boys even to myself, and so I fired away. I cannot state whether I "winged" him or not, for the morning was very damp and foggy and ere the smoke of my gun cleared away the Rebel for some cause had changed position. I would have been very

much pleased to know that my first shot had killed one of my Country's enemies.

During the day, Ben H. Waddle was posted at a small apple tree which was by no means sufficiently large to protect his body. He had not been at his post a sufficient length of time to become by any means in the slightest degree domesticated when he accidentally attracted the notice of two secesh sharpshooters who seem inclined to contest his right of living and they both, Ben and the "secesh" put into shooting with all haste.

The Rebs out-shot Ben in a style that was truly dangerous to be the object of, but Ben returned their fire with much spirit, and after a term he turned and said "God, I have killed one of them." And the evidence of this fact was very conclusive from the fact that the secesh fire slackened considerably. After a time I was called upon to relieve Waddle and with many misgivings and thoughts of danger I crouched along till I reached him. He then remarked "Woodcock, I am very glad you have come, but am very sorry for you." But it seemed that the other Rebel had also decamped, for not a single shot was fired while I occupied the post.

At night we were posted two together at posts about 15 yards apart and had to remain there without relief during the whole night, with orders to be on the alert at all times and in no case to go to sleep. I was posted with my friend, that worthy soldier James M. Crabtree, and tediously did the hours roll away. Finally I and Madison concluded to sleep awhile. I sat down and leaned against the tree facing to the rear, and was soon in the land of dreams, while Madison standing directly in front of it, or rather over me, kept a look-out till he thought I had slept long enough to entitle him to a short nap, and then he aroused me. Thus, we relieved each other by turns till daylight. I don't think I ever, at any other time, experienced such extreme anxiety, when there was such little danger, as I did in the first half of the night, for it was very dark, and I being from my inexperience naturally apprehensive, also from a natural deficiency unable to discern the direction of sounds, consequently every time any of the sentries on the post to the right or left made a noise I immediately supposed it to be a Rebel trying to steal a march (on me, of course).

I was inwardly very much exasperated at the carelessness exhibited by my friend, who having been at the Battle of Pittsburg Landing, and all the incidents connected with the operations against Corinth, and in fact with the Regiment every day since it's organization, had become accustomed to such work. And to add to my perplexity, we could at all times hear the secesh talking, laughing, etc. on a hill about 400 yards in our advances, and we could hear occasional

noises at their skirmish line in our immediate front, and not more than 200 yards away at the bottom of a slight depression from us and in a heavy thicket where it was impossible to discover any of them at all in daylight by the most vigilant watchfulness.

After midnight the moon rose and there when I could bring my ocular powers into service I thought I was much safer. Just at daylight, according to orders, we all fell back to the house and remained there some minutes when the usual number were again thrown forward to the line. And it was about one hour of the sunrise this morning that I shot at my first secesh which has been referred to.

On the morning previous past as our Company went on post a skirmish line moved forward through a field of rye on our left and brought on a small skirmish, but on the whole the affair was conducted rather awkwardly and we were not much edified by the opportunity of seeing the engagement.

At the expiration of our 24 hours, we returned to Camp and then I sat down to write a letter home and to tell Father I had been in a skirmish and had "shot at a secesh", and in fact I was a real tip-top, up and down, thoroughbred soldier. In fact, I greatly delighted in the pop shooting carried on out at the skirmish line, for while there was no real danger by a little care, there was occasionally an opportunity to pop away at a Rebel and thus the thing was just exciting enough to keep us from tiring.

Our Camp at this place (Farmington) was one that gave us many opportunities for observation, and of becoming acquainted with the general machinery of campaigning and noting many facts which we had not the opportunity of again for many months. Here I saw the first regular magazine that I ever saw. It was built while we were at this place. Also an observatory or long pole ran up some twenty feet above the top of a tall tree to look from into Corinth.

We had a regular News Department to which we could go and procure any kind of novel we wished and the latest papers from the East and West. Sutlers abounded on every side. No nourishment that it was possible to transport from the North but what was there. And money in profusion, and when I say money, you must not understand me simply to mean "green backs". Nay, but the regular "yaller boys" were jingling in every man's pocket. Persons that were going hence were glad of the opportunity to give gold for the greenbacks we had.

We also made a considerable advancement in the art of drilling at this place. Sickness was becoming very general. Mumps was loose among us, and a great many of the bowel diseases were terminating in that most fatal disease "chronic diarrhea", which I judge almost incurable in the Army. And

it was while at this place that our Regiment received it's first pair of colors, Battle Flag with the words "Shiloh" beside the name of the Regiment.

The weather gradually grew warmer till it had become almost intolerable, and we at length carried the branches of green trees and sat up around the tents to protect us from the rays of the sun. We procured water from some gums that were sunk in the earth, and had plenty of Army rations and consequently lived tolerably well.

In four days from the time we came off, we were again sent on picket and the Companies posted as originally (or at least Company B was), but this time there was very little shooting, and I did not see a single Rebel at a reasonable distance while out and consequently did not shoot. _____ flags of truce were matters of frequent occurrence. Conversations between the pickets of the two armies occasional, and from the general signs of the times it was evident that affairs were on the eve of a great change.

The boys of the right wing were, during the evening, very much annoyed by the vigilant attention given them by a Rebel sharpshooter who was mounted upon a tree a great distance off, and whose gun threw balls with a force and speed truly remarkable.

Several of the boys gave him their whole attention for several hours, and at last by a regular volley succeeded in bringing him down, or at least they thought so.

Again we returned to Camp without getting anyone injured, and again assumed the usual routine of duties devolving upon us.

On the 29th we again moved out toward the front, and were formed in line of battle along near the rear of the picket line. The whole Army seemed to be stirring; Generals and staffs were galloping around; orderlies bearing the dispatches were flying from point to point; Aides-de-camp were prancing to and fro; the ambulance corps was all out with their yellow rags, and what caused me to feel uneasy, the _____ "stretcher" which is a bier for carrying wounded off the field.

Cannons were booming very frequently along different parts of the line as far as we could hear to the right and left. The skirmishing in our immediate front was very severe, and men were occasionally getting hurt. Our Brigade Battery in our immediate front which was playing vigorously was occasionally answered by the secesh artillery and which answers came fearfully near us.

But night came in without disclosing to us any incident of great interest and with the appearance of night the firing

generally ceased, and with the usual prospect of rest we returned to sleep, but I was detailed to act as Sergt. of the Guard and there had my first talk with a secesh all to myself, and as I found him not very interesting, I soon delivered the necessary orders to the Cprl. of the stock guard and retired to rest and slept till near daylight.

This was a day of great moment to America. Two of the largest Armies that ever were marshaled in the Western Continent were here arrayed (as we thought the Rebels were arrayed) to make history for the benefit and curiosity of the world. Many loving wives who had sent their husbands willingly, yet reluctantly, to the battlefield to contend for the cause they deemed just, would ere might be bereaved. The next letter, instead of containing words of love and encouragement, and an admonishment to "pray for me" and signed by "your affectionate Husband", after having been filled from beginning to end of probably two sheets closely written - instead of all this the next letter would be a few unfeeling business-like lines written by the Captain, Colonel, or some comrade of my dead husband.

Sisters, whose love for their brothers amounted almost to idolatry, are little dreaming this morning that those whom they love so dear are in such great danger. Little do they think that his cheek is now turning pale, his lips compressed, and his eyes flashing fire as he hears the order to prepare for battle.

Parents, and especially mothers, you whose love for offspring is so great that you can hardly get your consent to sacrifice the Company of your dear child to the performance of any duty. Mothers pray; for this morning your son is expecting to lay aside his auxiliaries for comfort and through the whole of this day to use only the weapon of death. Horrible! that your boy, who was so fair and tender, so chicken-hearted, and so kind to everything that needed his attention; horrible! that he will today engage in the strife of blood and will be unceasing in his efforts to slay his fellow man - and slowly horrible, he may get terribly mangled, probably killed by the rude thrust of an enemy's bayonet, or the irresistible crash of a cannon shot.

Gentle maiden, you that have given your dear sweethearts, probably betrothed, to the service of this Country, weep not, but rather do you pray also? Pray that the special object of your mind may on that day make himself a record on the scroll of fame and gain a station among the list of heroes that will make you doubly proud to receive him in arms of love when he returns battle-scarred and war worn from the tinted field, bringing assurances that he has done his whole duty.

All was in a busy, hurried state of preparation - men in the ranks were placing money and other articles of value in the

hands of those who had been so fortunate as to be excused at "sick call" and were now going to the rear. Occasionally an ambulance or caisson rolled swiftly along the road. Aids and orderlies were flying in every direction giving the orders and dispatches of "the General" - field officers, and occasionally subordinates could be seen on the summit of the nearest elevation, striving anxiously to catch some object in view, as if by that they could foretell the events of the day. The rumor through the lines was that the whole artillery of our Army (supposed by the common class of us to be six hundred pieces) would be discharged that morning so nearly as possible at one moment as a signal for the grand attack, and now the occasional boom of the cannon only serves to remind us that the awful moment is drawing near. Soon an awful succession of explosions similar to the bursting of shells is heard in the direction of Corinth, but which we supposed to be in Grant's Division of the Army, and that it was the opening scene of the day's work; but after a few moments the sound died away without seeming to get any nearer, and again all was quiet -- even the skirmishing seemed to be growing less severe, and the firing of the cannon much less frequent.

By this time the sun had crawled almost unawares a considerable distance above the horizon. Old officers began to think it pretty late in the day to begin the battle. Little knots of the knowing ones could be seen gathered about and speculating upon the perplexing appearance of affairs, and the seeming mystery connected to the operations of the day. As yet no one had hazarded the expression, or even thought that the Rebels were evacuating, for reader, that was at a time when the Rebels had as yet choosed to give battle at every important point before retiring.

An orderly was seen to dash up to Brigade Headquarters. Another almost in the same moment came to Regimental Headquarters. The Rebels were evacuating, or rather had evacuated, Corinth and our Cavalry were now ordered to the pursuit.

The news was received with as much surprise as would have been a snowstorm on this sunny morning. The incredulous would not give it a moment's consideration, but just simply said it was unreasonable - the knowing ones said they knowed it yesterday, and scores of them said "didn't I tell you so?" But we soon had every confirmation of the report by the arrival of numerous orderlies, straggler, and hospitalmen, each of whom had been in Corinth, and had brought one or more specimen of the Rebel Camp. One would suppose that the relief of the Army from the anxiety peculiar to the exhaustion of a battle produced great joy and satisfaction among the troops this morning. Such was only partially the case. We had all anxiously expected that we would just make a final "smash up" of the Rebel Army at this place and thus

bring about a speedy termination to the war; but we thought their Army was pretty generally demoralized anyhow, and that it would never be arrayed again in formidable opposition to a single Division of our irresistible troops, and I really believed that the war would end within another six months.

Soon after receiving the news of the evacuation, the line of battle was broken up and our Brigade was moved some distance back to a good shade and encamped. Then the Cavalry began to pass in long, dusty columns, going toward Corinth with the intention of picking up those of the Rebels who were too sore-footed to keep within the protection of their main lines. We were compelled to remain here all day and not be allowed to see the prize for which we had fought till other portions of the Army had occupied it and destroyed many of the objects that claimed attraction.

I am again puzzled to know how long we remained at this place ere we were marched into Corinth (whether one or two days), but I think that on the next morning we were marched out and carried through the almost impregnable, abatis and various forts, lunettes and breastworks of every description, flanked by dead mules, old clothing, provision boxes and barrels of every description, and occasionally a dead Rebel, till we entered the town. In the appearance of the village, we were all invariably deceived, for we had expected to see a town of considerable size and wealth, judging from the important position it held in regard to railroads (two of the most important railroads of the South crossing each other at this point). But instead of a rich and prosperous inland town, we found it to be (or probably in its best days had been) but little more than an ordinary Railroad Station. The houses were all in a dismantled and wretched condition. Many of them bore marks of the cannon balls of our artillery; others had been burned to the ground, and one spot that had been occupied by the magazine presented abundant evidence of the real origin of the explosion we had heard the morning previous by the numerous fragments of shells that were scattered around, and cannon balls and arms of various description (rendered useless by burning) that were among the ruins.

Among other matters of interest there was a matter of a hundred bushels of dried beans lying in a heap in the street on fire. A few hundred citizen wagons that the Rebels had stolen because they had nothing else to do were also parked on one square of the town, but it is not worth your attention for me to attempt to describe the general ruin and devastation that presented itself on every hand in this ill-fated little railroad station.

We marched through town and about a half mile beyond between the South Mobile and West Charleston Railroads and encamped on the site of the recent Rebel encampment. The relics left

here by the Rebels were, in the general, so different from those always to be found afterwards in hastily evacuated camps that a good description of the encampment would repay the perusal by anyone, but my feeble pen shall not aspire to do justice to this extensive encampment, to its numerous beef barrels, old tents, mess conveniences, temporary wells, etc. I could say nothing of interest to its famous Bowie Knives, which were scatter promiscuously over the grounds by the thousand, and with which one Rebel was going to whip five Yankees. I will add no comment to its numerous old shotguns, sporting rifles, war guns of Southern invention, and old flint lock muskets marked 1776. You need no introduction. It seemed that the Rebels had surely shed the old skin and were either retreating in a new one or none at all.

We remained here on picket twenty-four hours and then returned to Camp (near Farmington). I have forgotten how many days we remained at this point, but it could not have been more than three or four, when we again set off on the march, leaving wagons and knapsacks behind, and marched out, leaving Corinth to the right, but going in a Southerly direction. Marched several miles, and encamped for the night in a little field that had been planted with corn. Next day we moved a few miles farther in the same direction and (about noon) turned off to the left of the road and encamped in a shady spot and again remained all night. Weather very warm and water scarce and inferior.

Next day we moved a few miles farther, which brought us in the neighborhood of Booneville, and which I suppose made about twenty-five miles we had marched in the three days, and again we encamped on the right of the road.

Next day we did not move, and early in the morning a detail was made to stand guard at Gen. Crittenden's Headquarters that day (the famous organization known as Provost Marshall Guards had not been organized at this time). In the evening, Gen. Crittenden issued an order to be ready to march on the following morning in an easterly direction along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and next morning we were tramping very early going over a portion of our last days' march and turning off to the right. We passed through a little village on the railroad known as Ravenna. On this, or the succeeding day, we passed through Jacinto (Shire Town of Tishomingo County) which was neither a neat nor interesting little town, and the only prominent feature of art in it was a very tall flag pole from which only a few days since had streamed in all its beauty the (anti) glorious Stars and Bars of the (so-called) brilliant, wonderful, and chivalric Southern Confederacy. The few squalid, miserable and thievish-looking persons that showed themselves at their doors gave one look at our Regiment colors and another at their naked flag pole, and then turned away as if they could not help it.

After a few days of pretty heavy marching, during which time Lewis Underwood of our Company arrived at the Regiment, and Lieut. Somerby was transferred to Co. K and promoted to Captain. We arrived at that little town rendered famous by a battle being fought there at a subsequent date in which our troops were successfully led by the gallant, but unfortunate, General Rosecrans, viz., Iuka.

We remained at this point a few days, being paid two month's wages in the time by Maj. Martin. Lieut. Underwood also resigned in consequence of an appointment as Cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. I suppose that those of my readers who have never seen this country would like for me to give a general description of this country as I saw it, but that is almost wholly out of my power, for the memoranda that I preserved extended with considerable trouble while in this country, and in which I was very careful to note all matters of local interest is lost, and consequently as I did not attempt to tax my memory with the preservation of them, I cannot now scarcely recollect anything.

My only impression in regard to the general topography of the country is that after leaving the swamps of Corinth and vicinity, we had found the country invariably covered with heavy pines, the other timber being generally scrubby and altogether presenting a barren appearance. The soil was generally sandy, especially after leaving Jacinto, and did not appear to be very productive, though the inferiority of the crops might have been imputed to the fact that there had been a heavy conscript laid on the citizens of this country after the planting of the crops.

Springs of water were very scarce, but occasionally there could be found magnificent ones, both in the quality of the water and the quantity afforded, and this was especially the case at Iuka. The wagons, which we had left at Farmington came up at this place bringing tents, cooking vessels, knapsacks, etc.

The weather was now growing so warm that we had no use for the heavy army overcoats, and roundabouts we drew the previous winter at Columbia. They were accordingly turned over at this point to the Quartermasters and were never afterwards heard from. (I left my overcoat at home), which was the cause of much discontent among the boys at the approach of winter again and they had to draw and be charged for new overcoats.

We left this place I suppose about the fourteenth day of June and marched toward Tuscumbia, Alabama, passing through the latter place on the seventeenth of the month and camping three miles beyond on the banks of the Tennessee River, near Florence.

I was attacked with a severe headache the day after leaving Iuka and on the day we arrived at the river I was not able to march and therefore had to be hauled in a wagon, for the ambulances were already filled with persons whom the hot weather and heavy marching had disabled. The troops seemed very much worn when we arrived at this point, but we had not the slightest idea when or where we would stop. My ideas of our destination were about as correct as those of the probable end of the war. Fact is, I had no idea about it and had questioned familiar shoulder straps for some point to base my opinions in vain, and had necessarily come to the conclusion that it would pay me about as highly not to bother my brains upon the subject. It is true that we occasionally receive newspapers, but they contained not even a hint officially as to our probable destination, and the opinions of the correspondents were already vanished ere we would have received the paper containing their letters

A considerable change was made in the non-commissioned officers while at this place. Sergt. W. B. Roddy had been appointed First Sergeant, Vice B. Thompson who had requested the Captain to put another man in his place on account of his general ill health. All the other Sergeants were reduced to ranks and the places filled by other members of the Company, as I always thought, just to satisfy some whim of the Captain. I and my friend Holland were reinstated in our offices of First and Second Corporal, respectively, to fill the vacancies occasioned by the promotions required to make Sergeants.

Preparations were made for crossing the river, and the second day after we arrived at this place and order came for all who were not able to make a long and heavy march to be sent to the rear. I fell among that number and about noon, the 19th day of June, I was sent to Tusculumbia and lodged in the barracks at the fairground. Be patient, reader, and don't come to the conclusion that I remained in the hospital nearly all the time I was a soldier, for you will very soon begin to learn that such was not the case, and it was nearly two years from this time ere I was again placed on the sick list.

At this time I was not really sick, and only needed a few days' rest to enable me to be ready to discharge the duties connected with a long campaign. My headache was caused by over-marching and drinking bad water to an excess; and in four days from the time I reached the barracks, I was abundantly able for duty, but could not get to go to the Regiment. The trains were running regularly to Decatur, and connecting with the Nashville trains, but I did not know anything about where the Division had gone, and never heard from it from the 19th day of June till about the 6th day of July, or I should have attempted to have gone to it much sooner than I did.

Tuscumbia was a beautiful little village and the country in the immediate vicinity has its many attractions, being very productive also. The town is famous for the many large springs in it's suburbs which afford the best of water.

The barracks contained a great many sick and deaths were very frequent. After I had been there a few days, a large number of the "wellest" were removed to some tents that had been pitched near the barracks, and were laid off in Companies and placed under the command of numerous sergeants who were giving us the usual trouble to be experienced in convalescent camps by coming around continually to make details for every imaginable duty that an M.D. who has nothing else he can think of.

At one time an attempt was made to establish a Camp Guard to surround the hospital and camp. I think it took the Sergt. Major at least two hours to get his detail reported and formed; then we went through the ceremonies of Guard Mounting, and the first relief was placed on the line and the second and third reliefs permitted to go to their quarters till they would be required. When the bugle was blown for the second relief, not one-fifth of the number answered to the call. The Corporal went over camp in search of his men, but there were not a sufficient number of men in the whole camp of the two reliefs to make one. They had gone to the spring, which was outside the guard line on the opposite side of a creek and had not returned. After several attempts, about half the posts were occupied by a second relief. After it had been on post near an hour somebody concluded that a mistake had been made and the whole thing was broken up and that ended Guard Duty during my stay at this place.

My messmates were generally very interesting fellows, three of the 39th Ind. Infantry, and three of the 19th O.V. Infantry, besides A. J. Carter of my Company. We had quite an interesting time during our stay here, considering it was a convalescent camp. The citizens of the country seemed desirous either to add to our comfort, or to possess some of our "greenbacks", for every day they brought us fresh supplies of fruits and berries, also fresh meats cooked and uncooked, and anything that the country afforded, for which they demanded very moderate prices compared with what we had to pay for such articles at a subsequent date.

On the 4th of July, we had a political sermon by a Chaplain of some Ohio Regiment, a national salute at the proper time of day and at sundown we went up to town and saw that the officers and soldiers of General Thomas' Division were celebrating in a high style. A stand had been erected for the occasion in one of the principal streets, and from this we heard some able and eloquent speeches by several of the officers which was being responded to in a stirring manner by the cheers and shouts of the numerous soldiers. All the

Regimental flags of the Division were gathered near the stand, rockets were flying up from several batteries, while loud buzzes announced their upward flight, and in fact everything that could be done by the soldiers to commemorate the importance of Independence Day was done, but not a single demonstration was made by the citizens of the town. No flags floated from the housetops, nor was a single window illuminated.

During my stay here, a newspaper was started by some former attaches to the Louisville Journal under the title of Louisville Journal Junior. I don't recollect how long the paper flourished, nor what was it's title, but know that my mess had many a hearty laugh at the idea of soldiers getting up a paper in a foreign office.

About the 5th day of July an examination of all the convalescents was made by the surgeon and a squad of us were marked for the front and immediately ordered to be ready; were marched to the railroad depot and kept sitting in the sun during the whole day, and then marched back to the Camp.

On the 6th, another examination was made and almost every member of the Camp pronounced able to go to the front, and this time we started. Left Tuscumbia early in the afternoon on a very heavily laden freight train, which we had to assist the locomotive in taking past the up-grades by "main force". After riding and pushing alternately for about three hours, we found ourselves about 20 miles from Tuscumbia at a little station (for I have no correct idea as to the name of the station or the distance from Tuscumbia, but know it was just 5 miles to Courtland). The engine was out of order and compelled to go back to Iuka for repairs, and we were compelled to remain there till we could get away. There were about 300 men on the train, but not more than twenty had arms, therefore we naturally felt very apprehensive to be left thus out on a railroad in an enemy's country, far from any considerable body of our troops.

Several citizens lived near the spot and all seemed to be friendly, disposed and treated us very kindly, coming out among us and conversing very freely on the condition of affairs.

We remained here three days living on the two days' rations with which we started from Tuscumbia, yet fared very well, for we managed to procure some little delicacies from the country. The evening of the third day of our stay here the citizens came in and told us that there was a body of Rebel Cavalry in the neighborhood and that they supposed them to be intending to attempt to capture us, and in reality, they expected them to come on us ere sundown. They evinced so much concern for us, and had all along treated us so kindly that we believed them to be representing the state

of affairs in a truthful light. We accordingly marshalled our forces and divided into as many squads as there were cars and each squad taking a car we were soon making some progress in the direction of Courtland, and as the route was principally level or down-grade, we made the trip in about three hours, arriving safely at Courtland about sundown or a little later.

It will be a matter of curiosity to the reader why we had to lay three days on railroad without being able to get on a passing train, but it is a fact that not a single train passed us during the three days that we remained at the station. The bridge had been burned some distance in advance between us and Decatur (the evening we left Tusculumbia) and therefore no more trains could be expected till they were repaired. I don't think our forces did repair that road very soon again; at any rate, there was no indication of such a purpose at the time I left the road.

We found two companies of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry at the bridge near Courtland under command of Captain Davidson, who were stationed there as guards. We still had no rations; there were none on the train except a few days' supply for Captain D_____ 's command, therefore we were reduced to the necessity of subsisting on roasting ears, of which we could now procure a tolerably mature article, and fruits and berries.

Remained here most day (July 9th) vainly hoping that a train would come along and carry us on at least to the end of the road where the first bridge was burned; but no train came and early next morning (July 10th) I and four others of my regiment concluded that we would attempt to walk to Decatur which was now about "20 miles away". We set out very early but on account of the weakness of some of the party, we travelled necessarily very slow, and had only completed eight miles about 2:00 in the afternoon which brought us to the first of the burned bridges and at which two more Companies of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry were station; and as if to irritate us for our sore feet and tired limbs, just as we sat down in the edge of the camp, a train came up, but it could not go beyond this point. Several boys whom we had left back at Courtland were on this train, but when they saw the burned bridge and heard the engine whistle for backing, they stuck to the train and urged us to get on and go back with them. We did not choose to go back, thinking that it was about as safe walking to the front as riding to the rear, for this train brought news that about sundown on the evening we left the station where the locomotive left us, a body of Rebel Cavalry under the notorious Roddy had charged in and captured the station and a few of our party who were too lazy to come with us. Had burned the depot, woodyard and about twenty cotton bales and burned a small trestle work and cut the telegraph wire. We remained here all night, these companies

being kind enough to furnish us rations which added to some fish bought on the route made us a very plentiful supper.

Next morning (July 11th) we again let out for Decatur and as the weather was very warm, and much of the road lay in long lines, and some of our party were very weak, we did not get to Decatur till very late in the afternoon.

Sergt. J. Meader of Co. C and one of our party here procured one day's rations for us and then we crossed the river in the steam ferry Tennessee, which had enough black paint - and portholes - to give her the appearance of a most formidable "ironsides", but she wasn't big enough. Across the river we walked up to the junction, which I believe is about three miles from the river, and about sundown a train came down the road from Nashville, took us on board and we were whirling away over the country in the direction of Huntsville, at which place we arrived a little while after dark and immediately taking shelter under the boughs of a spreading oak, we were soon in the "Land of Nod".

Early next morning we were up and took a pleasant walk about this beautiful little town to view it's many reputed attractions and were much pleased with it's general appearance. It is true that we saw no wonderful curiosity of nature or art, but the nicely laid off streets - the large lots - the splendid residences - the beautiful yards and gardens - it's large pure spring, and, in fact, everything about Huntsville goes to prove that before the war it was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and pleasant little towns in the Southern States.

A little while after sunrise we again got on a train and were soon jolting along through a principally uncultivated country in the direction of Stevenson. Rode on top of the cars, and as the day was very warm we were anything but comfortable. Arrived at Stevenson about noon and found that to be from all appearances a very important post, but like most other Southern towns, that have an advantageous situation - remarkably shabby. A train load of troops was just leaving for Murfreesboro, which was reported to have been captured the day previous with all its garrison. We could get no transportation beyond this point, neither could we procure any rations, but were informed that our Division was camped somewhere near the mouth of Battle Creek on the Tennessee River and about fifteen miles from this place.

We started again pretty soon and traveled about 8 miles that evening, procuring our supper about sundown from an old soldier of the Seminole war. When night came on, we turned aside into the bushes, spread our blankets and went to sleep. We were afraid to travel the road after dark on account of rumors of guerillas.

We were up and traveling early next morning (July 10th) and about noon arrived within the camp of the Division and of course soon found our Regiment, which had arrived only the day previous and was clearing the bushes from the camping ground.

The boys had made a very lengthy wearisome, hot, dusty and generally disagreeable march since I had left them, and presented visible proofs of the hardships they had undergone. They had also at the last draw, been reduced to half rations and, of course, the thought of this did not serve in the least to rest their wearied limbs, and to increase the enjoyment of the repose they were now promised from long and heavy marches.

Upon the whole, they looked rather gloomy and cheerless and went moping about more like inmates of a convalescent camp than of a regimental camp.

The Camp was being established in a beautiful grove, which after all the underbrush and trash were cleared off, proved to be a very pleasant one. The water was procured from springs almost a mile off, but in a sufficient quantity and of a very superior quality.

The citizens of the surrounding country occasionally brought in fruit and vegetables, but it was in very small quantities compared with the wants of the Army.

Duties came very regularly on us during our stay here in the performance of all kinds of Camp duties, picket, etc. We were called up and into line on the parade ground a little while before daybreak and kept standing one hour; then following breakfast and fatigue call, next guard mounting and then the Company drill occupied about two hours in the forenoon; then came the non-commissioned officers' drill which lasted one hour.

In the evening came battalion drill, which also lasted two hours. Went on picket every four days by brigades.

The principal source of amusement to the boys was the nice bathing place at the mouth of the creek, across which a floating bridge was laid. From this place we could very distinctly see and even converse with the Rebels on the opposite bank of the river, and there was many a hearty laugh ringing across the quiet waters of the Tennessee, occasioned by the comic speeches of some sedate Yankee, or the tart replies of some specimen of Southern chivalry.

Our boys would frequently swim across the river and converse with them a few moments and then return unmolested. One of these fellows was detained and made prisoner in consequence of some new Rebel order. As the Rebs carried him over the

bank he hollowed back to his comrades "just take care of my clothes."

Toward the close of our stay here our Company concluded to have some amusement in a new style. By a general understanding, each mess sent a representative to a convention that was convened under the shade of a spreading oak within the municipality of the second mess, and this convention saw proper to select another man from the Company who was to officiate at once as speaker and clerk. This Convention proceeded to frame a Constitution and Code for the government of "B County" and as the Convention was omnipotent there was no election for its adoption, but a proclamation from the Chairman of the Convention at once placed the Constitution and Laws in full force. Next followed the election of the officers. The Constitution allowed us to elect all the officers peculiar to a County, and a Circuit Court Judge and Attorney General.

The members of the Convention established some laws that were very contrary to the spirit of most Republican governments, and among the rest there were some very severe and extensive retrospective laws, but still the boys said "Let's support the Administration and all vowed a strict obedience to the officers who should be elected. The election for the various officers proved to be an exciting contest, but went off without any blood being shed.

Soon after the new government got in motion, the Magistrate Courts were overflowing with business, and the "Appeals to the Circuit Court" soon ran up a long list in the Clerk's docket book.

Then, at the first session of the Circuit Court we had the beginning of a series of amusements that helped very much to wile away the hungry hours of the long evenings after Battalion Drill.

The Attorney General was an able and tricky lawyer who could so completely construe any part of our laws or Constitution to suit his purposes that he rarely failed to succeed in condemning a culprit, and his wit brought _____ speeches from his opponents, who were assailing his wit and trickery more than the evidence against their clients.

Sometimes he (the Attorney) would bring a charge of the most felonious character against some person and the evidence would be so conclusive in proof of the defendant's guilt (who sometimes happened to be really guilty) that I have known disinterested persons to prevail with him to withdraw his suit lest some trouble should be produced. Yet, we never had any difficulties to arise from any of the testimonies, pleadings or decisions.

But our government was as short-lived as it was glorious. When we had to evacuate that place, the public archives were placed in my possession and I had the misfortune to lose the whole concern.

Our rations were very short during the whole of our stay here, and if it had not been for some amusement to keep us cheerful, we would undoubtedly have become in a measure despondent.

It is with great dissatisfaction that I pass over many interesting incidents of our stay at this place, but from the fact that my journal was lost, I am compelled to, for want of confidence in my memory, to give an accurate account of them.

Col. Grider obtained a leave of absence of twenty days and went home. Lieutenants Stout, Co. E., Gregory, Co. D., and Pipkin Co. H resigned. Lieut. Rodes Co. K. (sent back sick during the siege of Corinth), returned to his Company, and Ben M. Johnson was promoted to Second Lieutenant of our Company, Vice Silus Clark promoted to First Lieutenant during our stay at this place.

Also, about the first of August we commenced to erect a fort on a commanding piece of ground just below the mouth of Battle Creek and had it pretty nearly completed when we left. It was styled Fort McCook in honor of the Commander of the troops at this point.

August 19th. (first day accounted for in my journal) we went out on picket up Battle Creek some distance at the foot of the mountain. Rumor through the Camp in the afternoon that the Rebels had made a fresh inroad on our communication line and several of the boys immediately charged upon a field of corn near by and secured a good supply of roasting ears.

August 20th, we returned to Camp and soon heard reports going about the Camp to the effect that we were going to move in a very short time. There seemed to be a general stir about headquarters and the common duties and amusements of the men were all suspended. During the afternoon these reports received confirmation, and about 6:00 p.m. we were ordered to strike tents, pack up and be ready to move immediately.

This was gotten through with the usual confusion after being in Camp so long, but we were ordered to be very noiseless in our operations. At 7:00 p.m. we were called into line and marched up the river to the mouth of Battle Creek, which we crossed on the before-mentioned floating bridge, which had now been covered over with green corn and sand to prevent the noise of our crossing disturbing the quiet slumbers of the Rebels on the opposite bank of the river. Then we marched up the river and off the left on the road to Jasper, making one

of the most disagreeable imaginable of a dry moonshining night. The road was everywhere filled with large stones, and most of the way shaded by heavy timber and consequently the walking was very tedious and irksome. We arrived at Jasper a little while after midnight, having traveled near ten miles.

August 21st. Sunrise this morning found us scattered over the cornfields and orchards adjacent Jasper in search of anything nourishing to the inner man, such as roasting ears, peaches, apples, etc. Jasper is a very gloomy looking prospect for a town, and especially a County Seat; the buildings are mostly brick, but generally in a state of dilapidation. About 11:00 a.m. our whole force, composed of Crittenden's and McCook's Divisions, left Jasper and marched off in a northeasterly direction on _____ Road and traveled till about 1:00 p.m., our regiment being in the advance. We then halted and went into camp and the remainder of the day was principally consumed in passing the long supply trains to the front.

One circumstance occurred after our halt and as it was the first of the kind I was ever witnessed, I think it deserves special mention. It was the shameful pillaging of a house within the precincts of the camp. A bunch of stragglng vagabonds, after having taken everything the yard and garden afforded, went into the house and searched through the whole house, carrying off anything they could find that suited them. Despite the entreaties of a tender little girl, they bursted bureaus containing clothing, tableware, and anything they had no use for, and carried off the contents; tore down ladies wardrobes and carried off any and all that suited them, and what they could not carry off, they destroyed. It was the first - and I think the most blamable piece of robbery I ever saw committed - and the greatest cause for dissatisfaction I ever had with our Guards was the attention I necessarily give to carelessness they generally exhibited in regard to this certain class of thieves who had crept into blue uniform, and were serving as soldiers, but who were daily committing deeds that would disgrace the humblest convict in "Sing Sing". There seemed to be a charm about them as soon as they turned out to stealing, and when provosts would charge upon a body of offenders, they were sure to escape.

August 22nd. Our Regiment on picket today, but late in the evening were relieved and ordered to get ready to move at once. At 7:00 p.m. we started back on the road we had come, and turning to the right near Jasper, marched toward Battle Creek and encamped nearly opposite to our former picket ground. The night was very dark and road rough, some rain falling; therefore, we, of course, had disagreeable marching. I cannot now see what all this marching and countermarching meant, for a large body of Rebels were in Jasper in the

forepart of the night on which we arrived and again on last night.

Sat. Aug. 23rd. Went about three miles up Battle Creek and again encamped in a very nice bunch of trees and sent our wagons on a foraging expedition to procure roasting ears, etc. We were yet on very short half rations - were in an enemy's country - heard various rumors and constructions in regard to the passage of and nature of the "Confiscation Bill", therefore we could not be expected to suffer from want when surrounded by plenty.

Sun. Aug. 24th. Set out early and climbed Cumberland Mountain, reaching the summit about 2:00 p.m. and marched till several hours after dark in order, I suppose, to reach water for we found scarcely any at all after arriving on the mountain till we got into Camp. A large number of the boys gave out and were left behind, being overcome by the excessive heat and fatigue, and scarcity of water. The right wing of our Regiment - with the Colonel strayed from the main road in the darkness of the night - and it was a considerable time after we arrived in Camp till they came in.

During the night after all had become quiet, an alarm was created in some portion of the Camp by some loose horses running through the lines and the men raising a yell to frighten them away. Immediately the whole camp was up and hollering, and all in our part of the Camp, not knowing the cause of the disturbance a general panic seized upon all parties. Many supposed that a body of Rebel Cavalry had charged into the Camp and therefore broke to the gunstacks and took position. Some who were awake from the beginning and knew the real cause of the alarm got behind trees and some of them even climbed trees to avoid being run over. I think two or three climbed a very thorny tree of some description near which I posted myself to avoid the expected trampling, but within the space of two minutes, the excitement had entirely subsided and all returned to their blankets.

Mon. Aug. 25th. Marched early, and began to descend the mountain about 10:00 a.m. and by noon had reached it's base in a rich and beautiful country, known, I believe, as Sweden's Cove. We now were compelled entirely upon foraging for subsistence, for the wagons had left us on the 23rd with scarcely a day's rations in our haversacks. But the country was very productive and was now loaded with a heavy crop of corn, and some of the finest peach orchards I ever beheld, and on such rations as this we were now mainly living. If hogs had been plenty, we would have fared better, but stock of all kinds seemed to be very scarce.

Tues. Aug. 26th. The wagons came up and six days' half rations were issued to us, but as we had not yet become

accustomed to living on short rations, much forage was still consumed, and as a consequence, many of the boys began to complain of diarrhea.

Wed. Aug. 27th. We remained in Camp Wednesday sweeping and cleaning off our Camp as though it was intended for us to remain there several days.

Thur. Aug. 28th. Were raised up at 3:00 a.m. and ordered to be ready to march at daylight. At daylight an order countermanding the other was received, and we took another nap. At noon, heard a rumor that the enemy had opened upon Fort McCook with several batteries of artillery and that our troops, left there, had evacuated the fort and were now coming up with us. I have forgotten what troops were left there, but I think it was only a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery to divert the Rebels from our real purpose.

Fri. Aug. 29th. Our Regiment went on picket about three miles from Camp, but was called in about 3:00 p.m. and ordered to be ready to march immediately. The march soon began, our Regiment acting as rear guard, and marched in a northwesterly direction, passing through Pelham, a little village about three miles from our Camp, and going six miles beyond to a stream which I learned was named Fishing Creek, where we encamped. The roads were very dry and dusty and therefore marching was very disagreeable.

Sat. Aug 30th. Marched about three miles to a little village named Hillsboro where we took the McMinnville Road. Passed a beautiful little lake at the head of the creek before-mentioned and encamped about a mile from town between the McMinnville and Nashville Roads. We now had no idea as to the purposes of our Commander (McCook) and knew as little about the whereabouts of the rest of the Army as if they never had existed. I did not see a newspaper for weeks, and had not received a letter from home in such a great while that I almost despaired of hearing from them again at all. The men almost ceased to speculate upon the prospects, and I think there was greater ignorance of the state of affairs among the men at that time than I ever knew at any other time.

Sun. Aug 31st. Marched to Manchester, the County Seat of Coffee County, a distance of 7 miles. A considerable shower of rain fell during the evening, which was very disagreeable for we had not been accustomed to camping without our tents, but the boys remedied the defect by stretching their blankets something after the fashion of the famous Dobia tent which had not been invented. Thus, a new novelty was created in the formation of a Camp that elicited much remark.

Mon. Sept. 1st. Marched on the Pike 13 miles in the direction of Murfreesboro and encamped about noon on Garrison Fork Creek, just beyond a little hamlet known as Beech Grove. The road passes through a rough, hilly country, but it was in a high state of cultivation. Our march was principally along a deep, narrow valley which presented many beautiful scenes of nature. A very hard rain fell in the morning, but the almost baking sun soon dried the earth again.

Tues. Sept. 2. Next day we marched 14 miles in the direction of Murfreesboro and encamped on a little creek just three miles to town. After we had gotten into Camp and were all lying around in the shades, a large (and fat) frightened hog ran over our Orderly, who was asleep and (the boys said) hurt him seriously. This anger of our Company and Co. G was aroused to the highest pitch upon seeing such an indignity offered to a United States officer, and they immediately gave chase to the offender; and after running him almost under Col. Beatty's tent (Brigade Commander) they came up with and killed this specimen of the grunting race. He was considered too heavy to carry away and a council of subsistence decided that he should be immediately dressed and cooked in retaliation for the injury inflicted on our Sergeant.

Wed. Sept. 3rd. We marched through Murfreesboro on the morning of the third and halted about three miles beyond on the Lebanon Pike till about 4:00 p.m. when we again took up the march and went across a branch of Stone's River seven miles from Murfreesboro on the above-named road and encamped, making our day's march about 11 miles. This evening I began to feel rather unwell again, and when we got into camp very sick and could eat nothing.

Thurs. Sept. 4th. This is the twentieth anniversary of my birthday.

Fri. Sept. 5th. We remained in Camp and enjoyed the good water and fine forage the country afforded. About this time creditable reports were in the Camp that served to discourage us very much. The Grand Army of the Potomac had been reduced to the extremity of acting on the defensive, and were reported to be in full retreat for Washington City. The Rebels were making threatening demonstrations on Baltimore, and Bragg was reported to be attempting to flank Gen. Buell and our Army and capture Louisville and Cincinnati. Many little skirmishes were spoken of in which the Rebels were reported victors, and affairs in general were a very bad face.

The troops seemed to be very much discouraged and began to feel a considerable lack of confidence in the Commanders. We were receiving no newspapers or mails, and consequently had no means of judging how nearly all these reports might be true; but the short rations that we were continually

receiving served to confirm our fears that the Government must for some cause or other be very much straightened.

Sat. Sept. 6th. Marched early in the direction of Nashville, and went to within four miles of that place (whole day's march 27 miles). This was an exceedingly warm and dusty day and the great distance marched, together with the scarcity of the water, rendered it very disagreeable and fatiguing, and I don't think there were fifty men with the Colonel when he arrived in Camp. I was so unwell in the morning as to be unable to march, and by order of the Surgeon, was placed in ambulance and was hauled the whole day. The Regiment arrived in Camp by 3:00 p.m., but a large number of the boys did not get in till that night or the next morning. A heavy mail, but of rather ancient date was here received from the north, but not a letter from my part of the country. The railroad all along from Nashville to Louisville, and no trains were running at all, therefore, we received but little news of interest. We expected that we would get plenty of rations here, as we had believed all the time that there was plenty at Nashville, but in this we were again mistaken.

Sun. Sept. 7th. We marched at 3:00 p.m. and arrived in Nashville just as the last wagon of the preceding Division was going on the bridge (an evidence of the ability of Gen. Buell to march a large Army) and consequently were detained in the City but a few moments, but passed on over the bridge and then marched five miles up the Gallatin Road and encamped. We were now becoming very much perplexed as to what was next in store for us, for I had all along believed that we would surely not go north of Cumberland River, but it now seemed as if we were going to leave Nashville and the whole of my state to the mercy of the Rebels.

We had collected all the livestock (cattle and sheep) that could be found on our march - the whole Army was going northward - the Rebels were in our front and on our right flank. Nashville was garrisoned by a very small force who would be compelled to succumb if attacked by any considerable force - really a generally contemplation of the state of affairs left me in a situation bordering very closely on hypochondria.

Mon. Sept. 8th. Marched 5 or 6 miles and encamped on the railroad not far from Lebanon Junction where the road crossed a creek. The wagons again came to us this evening and we were ordered to procure anything from our knapsacks that we would be likely to stand in need of very soon "the probability is that you will not see your knapsacks again for a long time."

It should have been stated ere this that our knapsacks had been hauled for us ever since leaving Battle Creek on account

of the hard marching and the scarcity of anything else wherewith to load the wagons.

As we did not march very far on this day, the boys were not very tired, and after supper (about sunset) they had secured the services for the evening of the celebrated vocal and instrumental musician - Mayhew of the Eleventh Kentucky Infantry, and had just commenced a series of amusements which promised great recreation, when an order came for Companies A and B to prepare to go on picket. The musicians struck out on one verse of:

"Hang up the fiddle and put away the bow"

and the boys immediately proceeded to obey orders. We went five _____ miles to stand picket, and were posted at a little town known as Goodlettsville. (Goodrichville)

Tues. Sept. 9th we marched on the Franklin (Kentucky) Pike to Lyra Springs, and the next day to Mitchellsville, the ancient site of Camp Trousdale, which a large camp of instruction the Rebels established at this place in the spring of 1861.

Thurs. Sept. 11th. Marched through Franklin, Kentucky and encamped about six miles beyond at a large spring which runs through the bottom of a sinkhole. We now began to meet with some evidences of respect to our Army by the citizens, they flocking in large numbers to the road to see us pass and bearing numerous national flags. Many of our Regiment met with acquaintances in Franklin, and several of them ventured a few miles out into the country to take dinner with their friends.

Our rations still continued to be found in very small quantities, and we were now reduced to the necessity of gritting corn to procure bread as it had become too hard to use as roasting ears.

Fri. Sept. 12th. Several of the boys of our Regiment were missing this morning, and a citizen of the neighborhood (Rev. Nimrod Davis) with whom a large number of the Regiment was acquainted, came into Camp very early and confirmed the suspicion that they were captured by the Rebel's Cavalry. Two of them had been captured at his residence the day previous and in the fray a lady had discharged one of the boy's muskets at the Rebels and had now fled with the old gentleman to our Camp for safety.

Companies G, K and I of our Regiment and as many companies from the other regiments of the Brigade were immediately ordered to be ready to go a scouting. They were loaded into covered wagons and sent to where the Rebel Cavalry was last heard from, as a foraging expedition, but failed to attract the attention of any of the Rebels. Soon after this

detachment started, John Smith of Company D (one of boy's captured at Davis residence) came into Camp, having escaped from the Rebels a few hours previous, but not till after he had been paroled. He reported the enemy to be at least one thousand strong and not more than two miles distant. The seven companies of our Regiment that were left in Camp were immediately ordered to be ready to march and fight.

We set out about 10:00 and I, accompanied by about 80 men of the Second Kentucky Cavalry, the whole being under command of Col. Board of the latter regiment, and marched up the Pike to Woodburn and then turning off into the country to the right, we began to skin our eyes for the enemy.

We marched three or four miles when we came on a squad of negroes who informed us that a Rebel company was on picket about one-half a mile ahead at the house of Mrs. Bunch, or rather in an adjoining lot, and that they were making preparations for "big dinner" on the provisions taken from the premises. We were immediately ordered to "double quick" and so devoted were the Rebels to the preparations for this dinner that we got within two hundred yards of them before they perceived us, then in an instant we were thrown into "line of battle" and ordered to "Charge the fence and Rebels - double quick - March!", which we obeyed in a spirited style, firing a volley as we went, which killed one (a negro, clothed, armed and equipped in Confederate custom) and frightened the rest so terribly that they mounted their horses and left in splendid style, but some of them didn't wait for their horses, but went off through a field of corn.

In their haste, they left several shotguns, carbines, rifles, sabres, bacon, hams, and about one bushel of cornbread. We did not stop to take any of these articles, but kept on in the direction of the frightened Rebels. Soon came on their main body, a whole Brigade, stationed on an elevated piece of ground behind a high fence near the residence of Mr. _____, an old acquaintance of the Colonel.

We exchanged a few shots with them and then charged them, notwithstanding they were all on their horses, our Cavalry charging through the lane on our left in the most gallant style. As we advanced to the charge, they gave us a parting volley and fled. We charged across a lot about 150 yards wide and where we came to their position they, in large numbers, were about 150 yards farther on and endeavoring to make their way through a thicket, but the bushes were so thick that it was with great difficulty that they could make their way, and till they did we had the fairest opportunity - desirable of just literally slaughtering them, but the Colonel mistaking them for our Cavalry which we had lost in the great cloud of dust, promptly ordered us not to fire, and thus rendered the whole expedition ineffectual. As the last of them entered the thicket, he turned and discharged his

carbine at us as if to defy us. Somebody made an inexcusable blunder.

In the last affair we captured two of the enemy, and they said we had killed and wounded several - also captured several horses. We halted and formed after the last charge and concluding that we could hold Cavalry a good race much farther, we turned and started to camp after performing a few evolutions for the benefit of the enemy, whom we could now see in a field away to our right. Our Regiment lost only one man wounded (Andrew J. Moss of our Company) and it was a slight gunshot in the side of the head. The Second Kentucky lost a Sergeant killed in the last charge. Returned to Camp ere nightfall.

Sat. Sept. 13th. Marched toward Bowling Green, Kentucky and encamped at Cave Spring, 3 miles to Bowling Green.

Sun. Sept. 14th. Remained in Camp at this place during the 14th and on this day many refugees from our country came into Camp giving doleful account of the passage of Bragg's Army through Macon and Jackson Counties, Tennessee, and Monroe County, Kentucky, but by this time we had become accustomed to such reports and they did not affect us, only to serve to increase our anxiety to meet the Rebels at an early day and contend for their right to thus desolate our fields.

Today an Uncle of mine (Smith Woodcock) who had met us at Franklin, started for home. It was with much difficulty that I managed to press a cheerful letter to my parents, for I could not feel cheerful in the least and had not a single encouraging item to speak of; could tell him no good news from any part of our Army; could not tell him that I was getting plenty to eat and enjoying myself well; and finally I concluded that it would not be safe for Uncle to carry a letter and accordingly did not send it.

Mon. Sept. 15th. Received news that Munfordville was taken yesterday by the Rebels, together with it's garrison of 2,500 men under command of Col. Wilder. To take a casual glance at affairs at this period, it seemed as if the Rebels were really getting ahead of us. Col. Wilder and his valiant little garrison had defended Munfordville with a valor that would have acquitted and distinguished the arms of any troops, and the news of the Rebel attack on them was received within our lines a sufficient length of time ere their surrender, for some of us to have been marched to their relief, but we just fooled along and did not get there soon enough.

Tues. Sept. 16th. We went through Bowling Green, crossed Barren River on a pontoon bridge and encamped a few hundred yards further on.

Wed. Sept. 17th. We marched in the direction of Bells Tavern, our advance guard skirmishing with and driving the enemy continually, taking also a few prisoners.

Thurs. Sept. 18th. Marched to Cave City and went into Camp. Skirmishes brought in about one hundred Rebel prisoners, among them several officers. Again bad news of the capture of Munfordville and garrison, but that it was done at a later date than was before represented. We got into Camp here very late and could find no water except that in the reservoir, which had probably been in there for a month as the waterworks were not in operation.

Fri.- Sat. Sept. 19th and 20th. We were greeted early this morning by the painful, yet welcome, appearance of about 4,500 U.S. troops coming into lines from the direction of Munfordville without arms or accouterments or anything of the kind. They were the troops that had composed the recent garrison at Munfordville, and it sorely pained my heart to see this fine body of troops thus lost to our service, for a considerable time at least, through the tardiness of our movements. They seemed deeply _____ at the fact of having been compelled to lower their flag to their enemies and many of them, as they came into our lines, were so enraged at the seeming carelessness of our troops in marching to their aid that they could not suppress frequent expressions of indignation. They had made a desperate resistance and only surrendered when long resistance was worse than useless - remained in Camp at this place during this day and the next, hearing very favorable rumors in regard to the numbers and disposition of our troops to the north and east of the Rebel army, which, if they had been true, would have inevitably resulted in the complete capture of the Rebel army.

Sun. Sept. 21st. Rebels all gone and we are ordered in pursuit. It is very discouraging to be always getting up with them and then not being allowed the privilege of fighting them a little! We marched this evening to Green River and waded it at Munfordville, and then went about one mile further and encamped, it being very late in the night ere we halted.

Mon. Sept. 22nd. We marched about 10 or 12 miles on the Louisville Road.

Tues. Sept. 23rd. We passed through Elizabethtown about sunset and marched 9 miles further, making this day's march at least 26 miles. We were very much fatigued and worn out when we arrived at Elizabethtown, and had hoped that we would get to Camp near that place for the night, but as I have already stated, we had to march 9 miles further; but the dread of the march and the soreness of our feet and weariness of limbs were almost forgotten amid the many tokens of

sympathy and respect evinced by the numerous, unanimously beautiful, and loyal ladies of the town. The stars and stripes were floating from every window, and through the beautiful floatings we could see numerous black eyes and rosy cheeks looking on us with evident feelings of pleasure and approbation, and making numerous little speeches of encouragement to us to follow the ruthless enemy and subjugate or exterminate him.

As we passed a lovely group standing on a corner, one of them made a remark that clearly evinced wit and patriotism in the superlative degree, and which called forth a cheer from all who heard it (I have forgotten what the remark was). One man of our Company of a very ardent and excitable temperament could not suppress his feelings, and losing all command over his tongue and selection of language, he bawled out "bully for you". The first word of the expression and the accompanying knowledge of the person's partiality for ladies, raised such a peal of laughter among our animated troops that I don't think the lady heard the remark, and I hope she did not, for it would have given a serious offense where the very opposite was intended.

Wed. Sept. 24th. Marched to West Point at the mouth of Salt River and encamped during the heat of the day. A member of our regiment died by the roadside today of overheat - drew a considerable quantity of fervor after we got into camp, and for want of baking vessels, some of us were laying large pieces of dough on piles of wood, while others would roll it around a stick and hold it near the fire, but in different ways we managed to cook about the best meal we had since leaving Battle Creek.

But such straits as we had been reduced to for the proper kind of food, and the consequent excess in eating too great quantities of trash, together with the hard marching, excessive heat, and scarcity - and inferiority - of water (we drank water from ponds principally after passing Bowling Green) had told of their effects in our ranks.

We left Battle Creek with more than six hundred able-bodied men in our Regiment and now were reduced by the above named causes to less than three hundred, and a large number were afflicted with Camp diseases to such an extent that they could scarcely keep along with us. I had, for a wonder, been able to keep with the Company all the time by being hauled one day and was at this time actually gaining in health and strength. About sunset we crossed the river and marched three miles on the bank of the river and encamped.

Thur. Sept. 25th. Marched to within eight miles of Louisville, and then turned square to the left again and marched to the river and about two miles along it's bank, upstream, and then went into Camp. Had put out a Camp Guard

to keep the boys from straying off to the numerous and plentiful orchards of the vicinity, and had eaten our supper and in general lay down to sleep when at 8:00 p.m. we were aroused from our early slumbers and to Louisville that night, arriving at the latter place just as the town clocks were pealing the still hour of midnight.

Fri. Sept. 26th. Remained in camp in the suburbs of Louisville (near the cemetery) during the day, largely, but individually, enjoying the hospitality of many of it's citizens who seemed to think that much was due to Buell's men for the preservation of the city from capture by Bragg's army. It seemed that they had been very fearful that we would not get there in time to effect that object, and they had only partial confidence in the troops that were defending the place, as they were mostly new and hardly at all disciplined. It was very easy to discern between the soldiers of our army and the garrison of Louisville, by the dirty and ragged clothing and rusty guns of the former, and the shining uniform and polished arms of the latter. The Provost Guards were quickly subdued after the approach of daylight by some of our (probably too "fust") boys and we had full liberty to roam over the city during the whole day, when and were we pleased, and the effects of this began to be plainly visible by now in the numerous "turning up" of canteens by almost everybody; the numerous whoops and huzzas and jovial speeches and comical remarks, and staggering forms of our boys all told but too plainly that ardent spirits had in a measure got the better of martial spirit, and was waging a fearful war with good order and military discipline. Many a soldier was on that day considerably intoxicated that was never known before or since to be in the least affected by any intoxicating drink. Regular teetotalers even succumbed to the attack of the fire water, giving way at the first shock, but returning to the attack with determination to exterminate the vile enemy that was well worthy a noblier cause. They fought hard for a considerable time, but were finally left wilting in their gore (vomit), completely subdued.

Sat. Sept. 27th. Marched through the southern edge of the city and out about three miles southeast of the same and again encamped. Considerable rain fell today and as it was very cool, the want of our tents proved very disagreeable, but all this inconvenience was more than compensated for by the receipt of full rations of all kinds of army fare.

We were also gratified today by the appearance of Ex. Major Hinson in Camp for whom almost every man in the Regiment cherished a warm friendship. Since leaving the Regiment, he had been compelled to live almost entirely on the secret, and compelled to be at all times on his guard, except when within our lines. He had run many narrow risks and had many hair-breadth escapes from the guerillas. Subsequently, to this he

served over a year as Captain in the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, and was afterwards promoted Colonel of the First Tennessee Mounted Infantry, and was on his way to assist in recruiting this Regiment when the brave, but unfortunate, man was killed by a squad of guerillas in Macon County, Tennessee.

Sun. and Mon. Sept. 28th and 29th. These days presented nothing of interest. Our Regiment went on picket on the former and came back on the latter day.

Tues. Sept. 30th. Remained in camp, drawing a little clothing, but not by any means enough to fill the demand, as we could not hear anything of our knapsacks in which almost all of us had full suits of clothing, drawn just before leaving Battle Creek.

We also drew a supply of tin vessels of various sizes and shapes that were to answer all the purposes of cooking, and which we would have to carry about our persons on the march. The boys grumbled very much at the idea of having to carry their cooking vessels, but a few days' experience proved to them that it caused scarcely any more fatigue (from the lightness of the vessels) and was far more convenient than any other arrangement on a long and heavy march.

If a sufficient number of wagons to haul "any and everything" do accompany an army, it is always necessarily several hours after the troops arrive in Camp till the wagons come up, and thus they are frequently kept till very late in the night without their supper, and a warm dinner is out of the question.

When the soldier carries his coffee pot and frying pan about his person, one hour at noon is sufficient to enable to cook and eat his dinner; and when he goes into Camp at night, he will have his supper served and eaten, and be sleeping soundly long ere the wagons would have arrived into Camp.

Wed. Oct. 1st. Marched back through the edge of the city and took the Bardstown Pike and marched 12 1/2 miles ere night, and encamped in a nice grassy lot on the left of the road. Our advance skirmishers had a severe fight with the enemy this evening at the creek 4 miles in advance of our camp. Our Regiment went on picket tonight.

Thurs. Oct. 2nd. Our Regiment in advance (the whole of Buell's army reinforced by several thousand new troops was now moving out on different roads to attack Bragg or compel him to retreat), we moved on till we came in sight of our Cavalry skirmishing with the enemy across the creek. We immediately marched near the summit of an elevation that gave artillery complete command over the point where the road crosses the creek, and halted and lay down, when a section of