

and musket balls like chaff before the whirlwind. They made a gallant struggle, but everyone could see that they must soon give way. The Rebels were now so close on our front line that the deathly missiles of every description were flying thick over and around us, and we were compelled to shield ourselves by lying close to the ground, branches of trees cut off by the flying cannon balls were flying thick in every direction.

Presently the front line broke and back they came in helpless confusion, running over us as we lay upon the ground, and kept on their way to the rear. Next came the front line of our Brigade, which was so badly demoralized by the issue of the contest in front, and by the unearthly yells of the now rapidly approaching and victory flushed Rebels that they came running back in as demoralized a condition as the front line, and unceremoniously running over us they also followed in the wake of the others. Next came the caissons of a battery that was rapidly working in our front, and heedless of our inability to be run over by the heavy wagons without the probability of being smashed, they also made a dash to pass through our recumbent column. This was more than human nature could bear. We had already submitted to the humiliation of being run over by two columns, and many of us could test that members of this column were weighty and wore new shoes, but when we saw the caissons coming toward us, we instinctively began to open intervals to give them room to pass to the rear.

This movement was misunderstood by many as an intention to join the retreating columns, and followed by the remainder of course, they immediately broke and even we were rolling in a confused angle to the rear, but this was too much for the 9th Ky. Many a soldier yelled out "never let it be said that the 9th Ky. ran without firing a gun."

Our gallant Colonel spurred his horse in advance of us, and then whirling around and waving his sword over his head he called out for "one more effort to be made by the 9th Ky." Obedient to his command, the Regiment halted and about-faced, and was soon placed in tolerable order, and then with as loud a yell as two hundred men can raise, we again dashed at the now invincible enemy.

This was a trying moment to any participant in the struggle. As far as we could see to the right and left, our troops were falling back by thousands, and being closely pursued and continually shot down by the countless number of the enemy, who had not yet emerged into the open field.

Those in our front seemed astonished at our rashness in attempting to check such a heavy and impetuous movement, but they had come to a halt, and as we charged forward at a run, they poured an awful fire of musketry and artillery into our

ranks, but onward we went, our Regiment alone with the exception of a gallant handful of the 19th Ohio, who with their colors and one officer (promoted to Adjutant after the Regiment re-enlisted) who had rallied on the left and seemed determined to die or remain with us.

Oh, the terrible feelings that must have possessed the heart of any witness of this scene. There were less than three hundred men, regardlessly throwing themselves into the scale against thousands of the enemy, who were rendered more furious by their recent success on our front lines, every man seemed willing to sacrifice his life if it would in any way retrieve the fortunes of the day which we now saw was surely lost without some almost superhuman effort. I saw tears streaming from many an eye as the poor boys would cast their eyes to the right, left and rear, and see unmistakable evidence that the day was lost.

But onward was the cry and forward we went near two hundred yards when we came to a small barricade that had been occupied by our front line in the beginning of the engagement. Here we found a battery that had not yet been deserted by its brave cannoniers, but who had been so nearly all shot down by the now closely approaching Rebel infantry that there were only enough left to work two of the guns. They raised a feeble but cheerful yell as we came up and seemed to redouble their exertions, yet hoping that the enemy might be driven back and that they might save their guns, for their horses being all killed it was now impossible to haul off the pieces. I never shall forget to my dying day the anxious look that was depicted on the countenances of these powder-blackened artillerymen as they heroically worked their cannons, and swore they would not leave as long as their ammunition boxes contained a shot.

When we arrived at the barricade the Rebels were not many yards beyond, and were keeping up a terrible fire, we poured a scattering volley into their ranks, and it seemed to have a momentary effect upon them, for they seemed to hesitate a moment, but then they only parted in the center and made a dash at the wings of our short line.

A section of Rebel artillery had advanced into the open field within about 150 yards of the barricade and was working rapidly when we came up, but we soon compelled it to hide itself in the trees to the rear.

We remained here about five or ten minutes, and struggled hard to maintain our position, but we soon discovered that was worse than useless, for we could distinctly see that the Rebels had cleared our line in the rear, both on the right and left, and were rapidly closing in to cut off our retreat.

The command to retreat was heard along the line and then we

started to run the gauntlet, from which we could not hope to be free till we had retreated at least half a mile. I cast a longing look at the brave artillerists (before mentioned) but they still stood to their guns, and I have no doubt they were either killed or captured to a man.

Presently we came to a wide gully that ran along in rear and nearly parallel to the barricade. This gully had been crossed by us as we made the charge, and was at the time literally filled with men who were so cowardly that they would not raise their heads above the surface lest they should be shot, and as we passed over them we tried to induce them to go forward with us, but they never heeded our solicitations.

Now we were retreating and when I was in about ten yards of the gully I yelled out to its occupants "retreat or you will be captured", but they only seemed to crouch lower to the ground, and I determined that at least one of them should have an excuse for being captured, so when I was in about three yards of the gully I strung every nerve to the effort and made as lofty and extensive a spring as I possibly could, considering I was greatly retarded by my baggage, but I calculated correctly, and came down on one of the occupants of the gully with a crushing weight, planting my right foot right in the small of his back, and no doubt rendering it necessary for his \_\_\_\_\_ to bear him from the field. As my foot struck his body, I brought it around on a kind of a twist and bending that knee and as suddenly straightening it, I was soon many yards beyond. If that man is yet living, I have no doubt that he has a legible print of my shoe heel on his back, but I am at a loss to know how he will account for it to his friends.

When we had fell back about three hundred yards, our Regiment was so badly scattered that no man could have decided which way it was going, and by some means I had lost sight of the colors, but just as I came to the edge of the open field I saw a flag a short distance to my left and apparently nearly a regiment had rallied around it. I concluded that this was our flag and with a few others, turned and took position on the left and commenced firing at the advancing Rebels. I soon discovered that this was neither our Regiment nor our flag, and looking all around I could see not a single organization or flag of any description, except the long gray lines of Rebels who were climbing the ridge away to our right. And now, for the first time, the idea of the possibility of being lost in battle forcibly struck me.

For a moment I was completely bewildered and undecided as to what course to take, but I was soon relieved of any embarrassment by the organization with which I had rallied, breaking and flying confusedly to the rear, and it took me no time to decide as to the proper course to take and I

immediately commenced a race that would have taken the premium from almost any biped that ever strode the earth. I climbed the hill entirely alone and as I perceived that the Rebels in my rear had halted a moment probably to dress their lines for another heavy surge, I halted a moment and cast my eyes away to our right, proper to see the Rebels charging on one of our batteries that was planted on the crest of the hill.

The front line of the enemy was within one hundred yards of the battery which was pouring mines of grape among them with fearful rapidity and apparently doing much execution for at every discharge of a cannon, some portion of the Rebel line would be completely enveloped in the cloud of dust that was raised by the flying missile, but the enemy seemed to bow their bodies as if in defiance of anything a cannon could do. They were rapidly approaching nearer to the battery which seemed destined to only defend and then be captured, and I was anxiously awaiting the grand catastrophe, when a shower of whizzing balls about my ears convinced me that I had enemies in my rear and that they had again discovered me, and I again beat a hasty retreat up the hill and arrived at the top almost overpowered with heat and exhaustion. I here found a gallant band of near 500 men who seemed to have been gathered from all regiments, and I assure you they were well off and they had formed a solid line at right angles with the ridge and were awaiting for the enemy who were coming from the right to reach the summit of another elevation about 100 yards to the front.

Stragglers were joining them continually and they were halting those that evinced a disposition to pass on. I took a position on the left of the line and sat down to breathe a few moments. Just then an officer rode up to me and ordered me to assist in rallying stragglers. I told him I was too nearly exhausted at that moment but would assist him in a moment. He said I was a d\_\_\_\_\_d poor officer and rode away.

Soon after the Rebels arrived at the crest of the previously mentioned hill, and opened upon us with a heavy volley of musketry. I turned and saw the brave officer who had just a few minutes previously spoken to me in such an insulting manner, now going to the rear as fast as his suffering horse could carry him. Just then if I had a loaded rifle I should have taken the pains to spare one Rebel, and subtract one from our list of cowards; but other matters called my attention for the Rebels had gained the desired position, and the gallant band of stragglers with whom I had rallied had poured a destructive volley into them, and followed their volley with a yell and a charge that sent the Rebels pell mell down the hill and across the fields to the woods beyond.

We advanced to the spot from which we had drove them, and formed our line again and lay down to let circumstances develop what we should do next.

Presently we saw a column emerge from the woods away to the right and advance toward our position at right angles with the original direction of the lines of the two armies in the morning. They were near a half a mile away and exactly resembled Federal soldiers, at least a great many thought so, myself among the rest.

The front line had not come far into the field till another came out in it's rear and advanced in the same direction. Immediately there was a verbal conflict in our ranks as to whether they were Yankees. A Lieut. Col. (the ranking officer present) said they were U. S. Troops and ordered us not to fire upon them. A Major said they were Rebels and ordered the men to fire.

There was but one flag visible in the whole of the two columns and it very much resembled the Kentucky State Flag, hence the ground for deceiving us. They continued to advance toward our position and uncertain what to do, our Commander ordered one of the several flags that were with our party to be waved at them to see if they would recognize it, but they did not; still many of us were firm in our belief that they were Federals and used our endeavors to keep the men from firing.

When the front line had advanced to within about two hundred yards of our aim, several of our boys who were convinced that they were Rebels, discharged their muskets at them. The Rebels concluded that their trick had failed, and opened on us with a volley that caused many a brave fellow to bite the dust. I think it did more execution than any volley I ever saw fired, and we all at once saw the necessity of retreating, which we would have done sooner had we not been deceived by the enemy's blue coats (for I yet believe they were dressed in something that approached near to the U. S. uniform).

This time we were hopelessly scattered by the want of organization and the many banners that were in our squad. I went over the ridge and through the woods about a half a mile to the rear, when I came upon a squad of stragglers, numbering about 50 men who had been rallied by a Colonel. They were placed in charge of a Captain and myself, and we again soon started for the front, taking a path that led in the direction of the point of where I had last seen the enemy, but we had gone but a short distance when we were fired upon by the enemy's skirmish line from a direction that we had little expected.

The whole squad immediately broke, with the exception of one or two who stopped to give the enemy a parting shot, and fled, every man in his own direction. The Captain took off up the hill in a line leading most directly from the enemy, and I followed at a speed which I would have considered wonderful, had I not had so much better specimen of the sport just in advance of me, in the rapid movements of the Captain.

Reader, you may as well know that by this time I was getting considerably demoralized, and I was afraid to move in almost any direction lest I should receive a shot from some Rebel, for I began to believe that the woods were literally alive with them. I could have gone direct to Chattanooga without any danger, but I could not yet get the consent of my mind to go to the rear without making another attempt to find my Regiment.

Soon after this occurred, I came upon Capt. Miller of Gen. Beatty's staff, but he could give me no definite directions as to how I could find my Regiment, and this left me almost without hope as to whether I ever would find it at all that day. But I set out, according to the suppositions of Capt. Miller, and had not gone far till I passed through the right wing of a skirmish line that was advancing in front of Granger's Corps, and some of the men told me that they had not yet been engaged throughout the whole battle, though it was now at least 3:00 in the evening.

I now felt confident that I was at any rate safe from a surprise by the enemy, and concluded to sit down and rest a few moments, having had scarcely a moment's rest since the battle with our Corps began in the forward and was, of course, by this time very much exhausted, and finding myself for a few moments out of danger, the excitement in a great measure left me and I stretched myself upon the ground.

But I had not lain there long till I heard but a short distance from me, field officers giving commands to battalions and looking down a hollow that stretched off in the direction of the left of the main line of our Army, I saw two fine and fresh looking Brigades moving up in rear of the skirmish line that I had just passed through. It was Gen. Steadman's Division of Granger's Corps and they were preparing for an attack on that part of the Rebel line that was just in front. As I had lost all my taste for fighting away from my Regiment, I immediately effected a change of position and moved to the rear of the line formed by this Division.

They moved quietly up to within a few paces of the brow of the hill, and of their skirmish line, and then with a loud and continued succession of yells they charged forward toward the enemy who soon received them with a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. A short and terrific fight issued

which resulted in the enemy being driven back about 1/4 of a mile, but our troops suffered severely, as the numerous wounded who were borne to the rear gave ample evidence. A short lull then occurred in the storm of battle, and it began to appear that these gallant troops were going to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of the victory without any more trouble, but it was only a verification of the old song "a calm precedes the most violent storm", for they had not rested many minutes till the enemy made such a charge as was not to be repelled by any but the most obstinate fighting.

They bore down upon our front line with almost irresistible force, and judging from their audacious yells and heedless advance, they did not expect that our troops would make the slightest attempt to check their progress, but they were for once deceived. The gallant Steadman and his heroic Division received them with galling fire and heroic counter-charge that brought the impetuous Rebels to their senses, and caused them to decide to act in a more cautious manner.

They made a temporary halt and commenced pouring a destructive fire into our line and making a slow but cautious advance in our line. Our troops were now borne down by the mere force of numbers and compelled to commence a reluctant retreat, and in this way they kept a severe and destructive fight with the enemy for near 1-1/2 miles. Sometimes the enemy would make a dash at our line as if they would force it to break and begin a more rapid retreat, but our boys always received them with an obstinate coolness that seemed to say "I'll die ere I run".

The Rebel battery would sometimes advance to within a very short distance of our line and then for a few moments the destruction would be awful. But still our gallant soldiers still continued to slowly fall back and keep up a continual fire upon the enemy, which was beyond all doubt very destructive in their ranks.

Finally, the enemy seemed satisfied that they could gain nothing by pursuing this line, and they came to a halt and left the poor fellows a few moments to breathe. After this struggle ceased, I started off in the direction of the left of the Army, but had not gone far till I came to a road that was literally filled with stragglers going back in the direction of Chattanooga.

Wounded men of every description, some traveling without assistance, some who were able to walk were being supported by their comrades, and in many cases had not less than a half a dozen for immediate attendants. Some were being borne upon litters of hasty construction, sometimes a blanket or piece of tent serving as a stretcher - officers and soldiers of nearly all ranks and departments of the service - squads of Rebel prisoners - occasionally a single piece of artillery or

a caisson, and in fact there was abundant evidence that a large portion of our Army was routed and making a most disorderly retreat.

With a heavy heart, I joined this throng and for the last time that day turned my face to the direction of Chattanooga and, bewildered and confused, I determined to go to the rear and trust to Providence to place me with my Regiment.

Soon another road coming into ours from the right of the Army was reached, and it was, if possible, more crowded than the one we were on, and the general crowd of meeting thousands, and numerous wagons rendered this road, for a considerable distance beyond, almost impassable.

At this point I found I was joined by one member of our Regiment, Sergt. Butrum of Co. E, but he could tell no more of the whereabouts of the Regiment than myself, for he had become separated from it at the same time I had.

We traveled that night to within one mile of Rossville and encamped on the ground of Granger's recent encampment, having found two others of our Regiment in the meantime.

What a discouraging sight presented itself! Hundreds of yards in every direction was covered with the innumerable campfires of thousands upon thousands of straggling and disordered troops, without any regularity or organization existing among them. The air was filled with the constant voices of men calling for their Regiments, and with the moans and groans of many wounded who were scattered about the camp in charge of their friends.

We could find no one from which to obtain any reliable information of the condition of affairs at the front, but as we could find representatives of almost every Division in the Army on every hand, we naturally thought that the whole Army had sustained a terrible defeat, and that if the enemy improved their advantages that our Army would be completely annihilated. But still I felt hopeful, for from the various reports I knew that they had not given away at a single point till they had dealt death to scores of the enemy, and thus I hoped they (the enemy) would not be able to follow on the next day.

Only about 40 men and a few officers of my Regiment had been rallied under the Colonel after I became separated from it, but these fought hard till night closed the scene. They were stationed at the point of a ridge from which lines of troops extended back in two directions, and thus they were exposed on two sides to the assaults of the enemy, and they were many and vigorous. In one instance, they made such a desperate assault that our troops at one part of the time near the point gave way for a moment - one of the Rebel color bearers

leaped over the low barricade that had been erected and waved his colors and called to his comrades to follow. The sight of this hate rag so enraged our wavering troops that they rallied and with a desperate struggle regained their position and drove the Rebels down the hill. The color bearer was killed, but his colors were snatched from across the works and borne off.

This was at a point between Gen. Granger's Corps and the left of Thomas' Corps, and the fight raged fiercely at short intervals till near dark, when our Regiment fell back with the rest of the line and soon joined in with the retreating throng and encamped that night near Rossville. Thus closed one of the most eventful days that it has ever been my fortune to witness, as well as the most sanguinary that the Army of the Cumberland was ever engaged in.

Our Army, as every person interested in American affairs well knows, had gained nothing at a single point, but had been driven from the field at all points, except that occupied by the troops under the invincible Thomas. Through the whole of that terrible day, he had maintained his position on the main road, leading from the scene to Chattanooga and had received and repulsed charge after charge from the best disciplined Corps in the Confederate service; but knowing that this was the key to the whole position, and that upon its protection depended the salvation of our Army, Gen. Rosecrans had sent Division after Division to Gen. Thomas' aid until he had the flower of the Army under his command, and with them he won imperishable laurels, and gained another step on the ladder of fame, which he finally ascended to such a height as to become one of the four master experts of the war.

Though our whole Army was compelled that night to give up this gory field with its precious load of gallant dead and wounded, and leave them to the uncertain care of the enemy; though we had suffered greatly in killed, wounded and prisoners; though several Divisions of our Army had been badly demoralized and scattered in all directions; though we had lost an immense amount of artillery, small arms and military stores generally - yet as I plodded my way back toward Rossville that night, I could not feel that our Army had received what is generally termed a whipping, nor could a man be found that would acknowledge it. All seemed confident that if we could be reorganized again before the enemy could catch us, that we would yet prove to them that their dearly bought victory had not lessened the valor or damped the order of our Army, and all seemed anxious for an opportunity to convince them of this fact.

Notwithstanding the discouraging turn affairs had taken, and the dismal scene that presented itself in our Camps that night, yet all seemed to be in high spirits on every hand and we could hear them with a soldier-like pleasure recounting

the many incidents of the day, and telling how they mowed down whole ranks of the enemy as they made their last effort to hold their positions. Everyone was confident that the enemy had suffered dreadfully, for he had through the whole day fought with a stronger bravery and heedlessness of danger as if depending alone upon the mere strength of numbers.

Mon. Sept. 21st. The sun was clear and beautiful again this morning, but the air was not cool as on the morning previous, and was soon exceedingly warm, the disagreeableness of which was doubled by the clouds of dust that were continually being by hundreds and thousands of passing and re-passing troops. I was at Rossville by sunrise where I came upon Gen. Crittenden and his staff. I asked Col. Starling (Chief of Staff) for information in regard to my Division, but he could tell me nothing, but gave it as his impression that it was encamped at the Tennessee River near the foot of Lookout Mountain.

After beating about for another hour and learning nothing more certain, I joined a small detachment of the 79th Ind. under Lieut. Co. Oyler, and we set out in the direction of Lookout Mountain, but when we arrived at the place indicated by Col. Starling, we could not find a single vestige of our Division, and the road was filled with thousands of stragglers who were as yet unable to find their commands.

Wearied almost to exhaustion, footsore to an extent that nearly rendered me unable to walk, overpowered with heat, and suffering a continual near approach to suffocation from the clouds of dust, I turned my course for Chattanooga, hoping that I might there gain some information. I came into the town about 11:00 a.m., but you may be sure that I met nothing there to revive my now drooping spirits. Every street and all the vacant grounds, and approaches to the river was choked with wagons, all directing their course toward the trestle bridge that had been erected across the river.

Disorganized soldiers flocked by hundreds through the streets; houses of every description were closed and apparently untenanted except the hospitals, and they were numerous, for though we had left many of our gallant wounded on the battlefield, yet many had been borne away, and it is a significant fact that numbers of our wounded were borne from the battlefield to Chattanooga by the manual exertions of their comrades.

By some accidental source, I learned that our Division was camped on the river just above town, and I set out to find them. They were encamped near an unfinished Rebel fort that subsequently took the name of Fort Wood, and on the extreme left of the line that was subsequently formed by our Army around Chattanooga.

I found our Regiment badly cut up, and there was yet considerable numbers missing, but all were in high spirits and seemed not to be apprehensive that the Rebels would not fail to follow up the advantages already gained. The Division was camped without much regularity and seemed to be only resting. The ground about the Camp was covered with a thick, thorny underbrush, but most of the larger trees had been used for fuel or other purposes.

Night closed upon us without our receiving any definite news from the front, but the occasional arrival of someone who had been reported among the missing, informed us that Gen. Thomas was still out in the hills to keep the Rebels in check, and also that the Rebels showed no great disposition to follow up their victory. This was encouraging to us, for notwithstanding our usual good spirits, we could not see the philosophy of our defeating the Rebels here in the open fields about Chattanooga, when we could not maintain our ground in the hills and thick forests of Chickamauga.

It is true that we were in constant expectation of a heavy reinforcement, composed of Gen. Burnside and his whole Army, but his proximity had not yet been realized. "Burnside will be here ere nightfall" had been the cry throughout the evening of the previous day, and many a poor soldier cheered by this hope stood to his post till he received his death wound.

Tues. - Wed. Sept. 22nd and 23rd. We commenced fortifying our position today after we had been formed in the proper order, as best we could by collecting together the few remaining logs and filling up the crevices with rocks, billets of wood, etc.

About noon we received a small number of picks and spades to each Regiment and commenced tearing up the ground and throwing dirt on our imperfect works. With our limited number of tools and the almost impenetrable firmness of the ground, rendered so by the continued drought, our progress was necessarily very slow, and the men having fully recovered from the devil-may-care excitement that always succeeds a heavy battle, had now began to feel some of the unpleasant emotions of despondency and did not seem to work with their usual good will.

About an hour before sunset, a squadron of Rebel cavalry attacked our pickets and for a time a severe skirmish ensued in which the Rebels appeared to rather have the best of it, for our line was compelled to give back some distance, but that seemed to arouse the fears of our troops, and to open their eyes more sensibly to the condition of our situation, and receiving a fresh supply of entrenching tools, they commenced their work with a new energy and determination.

We worked by reliefs through the whole of that night, and when the sun rose on the following morning we had sheltered ourselves by a tolerably respectable rifle pit, but we were not satisfied with that for we were morally certain that they would have to receive the heavy thumps of huge artillery missiles, therefore we continued our work throughout the whole of the day without interruption, and the order was "never let an implement be idle".

Early in the afternoon we could see the Rebels coming over the crest of Mission Ridge, and pouring down its green sides along the winding roads leading into Chattanooga Valley by the thousands. We now began to feel certain that we would be attacked within the next 48 hours, but it was now beginning to be an event more to be wished for than dreaded, for our works were rapidly advancing to such a state of perfection that gave us confidence that we were masters of the town, and that we could repel any assault of the enemy. We also knew by the tardiness that the enemy had exhibited in pursuing us that we had taken heavy toll out of his ranks while he was driving us from bloody and disastrous Chickamauga, and another encouraging fact was that through the whole of this day their pickets did not show the least disposition to encroach upon our lines, and as a consequence the skirmish lines were very quiet.

The stragglers had now all come in and we could make a correct estimate as to our losses in the recent battle.

Our Regiment had lost three men in killed and about sixty wounded, and several captured. Co. B lost one killed, 5 captured and several wounded. Thus, our losses footed up much smaller than I had expected; but the losses in that battle were generally smaller than usual, and can be readily accounted for by the fact that our Army fought all the time on the defense, and partially sheltered, had received the heavy and daring charges of the enemy, and that fact also accounts for the heavy loss of the enemy.

Combining all the circumstances, we could not give up that we had been badly whipped.

Thurs. Sept. 24th. through Sat. Sept. 26th. The weather that day was dry and warm as usual. The pickets commenced fighting pretty warmly early after daylight and continued it throughout the day, and at one time a young battle was brought on by a Division (Wood's, I believe) making a reconnoissance in front of our Corps.

Gen. Rosecrans passed along through the lines on the night previous, and made many encouraging remarks in the presence of the boys. Among other things he said that he intended to stretch a trip wire in front of our works and that we could then shoot the Rebels with a more unerring aim as they would

fall over this device, and true to his word, the wire was stretched that evening. The next day I went on picket, but no adventure occurred worthy of note except an ineffectual attempt by the Rebels to discomfit our picket line by throwing shells at us from a little mule cannon.

The next morning I returned to Camp without anything to tell. On that evening Gen. Rosecrans made us another visit, this time stopping and making a short speech to each Regiment as he passed, which was received by long and loud cheers.

Sun. Sept. 27th through Tues. 29th. Weather still very dry. The Rebels seem to show no disposition to make an attack on us and we are beginning to apprehend the troubles and uncomfortable necessities of a long siege. It is true we are not entirely surrounded, neither do I believe we will be, but the enemy have retaken Lookout Mountain and their line now stretches from the river above town to the river below town, thus effectively cutting off all railroad communications and rendering it necessary for our supplies to be transported in wagons across Cumberland Mountain from Stevenson, and, of course, we will soon be on short rations, although as yet we are receiving plenty.

But then we are cut off from all the avenues for procuring forage, such as fresh pork or beef, potatoes and vegetables of any kind, or corn meal, or in other words, we are reduced to the necessity of feasting entirely upon the dry, salty Army rations.

We can now have no long agreeable walks through shady forests, inhaling the pure country air that infuses a fresh spirit of life in everyone, but we are confined to the narrow limits of our Camp and the dull, uninteresting town of Chattanooga, which, of course, after having been submitted to the stragglings of two armies, offers but few opportunities for pleasure or information. Everything is changed as if by magic into a resemblance of the Army or its attackers, or rather every object displays the spoiling hand of the conqueror.

No house in town is occupied as a business house by any of its citizens, but all are filled by sutlers, clothes dealers, Quartermasters, Commissaries, Christian Commission agents, Sanitary Commission agents, Staff Officers, and many other sects that are innumerable. We are also without mail, and we since the battle have been under the promise of receiving it in a few days.

Flags of truce were exchanged today between Gen. Rosecrans and Bragg, no doubt with a view to some arrangement or disposition of our wounded that are in the hands of the enemy, probably an exchange of wounded prisoners will be the result.

On the 29th our pickets were ordered to cease firing entirely unless the Rebels should attempt to advance, and the Rebels in general did the same, but our pickets were considerably annoyed by some Rebel sharpshooters who were posted in a house entirely beyond the reach of our guns.

Wed. - Thurs. Sept. 30 and Oct. 1st. For the first time in a long while we had some appearance of rain and fine mizzling rain fell for some hours during the morning. The pickets remained quiet throughout the whole of the day, and the general and usual monotony of Camp life was only broken by an occasional report from the gun of a Rebel sharpshooter, yet they did comparatively no damage.

The long wished-for rain fell that night and the next day in considerable quantities, rendering everything more comfortable notwithstanding the general gloominess that always attends a rainy day in autumn, and the unusual disagreeableness of matters it generally creates in a military encampment, where "dog tents" are the only covering, and your own natural heat is the only indoor warmth. But we were encouraged by the rumored arrival of many pieces of artillery to replenish our depleted batteries, and by seeing two long steel rifles 32 pounders driven up to Fort Wood and their gaping mouths thrust through its embrasures and pointed toward Mission Ridge as if staring defiance at everything it might support.

Fri. Oct. 2nd through Mon. Oct. 19th. The weather on this and the next two days was very fine, and the pickets of the two armies remained generally at their posts within full view of each other. They made a kind of agreement that they would not fire at each other, except in case of an advance by one of the lines, and this agreement was strictly adhered to during the whole of the remainder of the time that we were kept cooped up in that desolate Camp.

Almost immediately after this agreement was entered into, the pickets commenced exchanging papers, and for several days we were regularly supplied with the latest southern newspapers, from which we gleaned many interesting pieces, interesting from the tendency they all seemed to possess of giving the most exaggerated accounts of the prowess of the Confederate arms, and of the inexhaustible resources of the South. But they all joined in a wailing over the dearly bought victory of Chickamauga, and did not conceal the fact that there their armies had lost thousands of its best soldiers, and almost a score of Generals of different grades, and they openly declared that if Bragg did not succeed in capturing our Army, and, of course, Chattanooga, that the Battle of Chickamauga was really a victory to the U. S. arms.

On the night of the 5th, Gen. Rosecrans came around to see us again and had many of his little encouraging and sometimes comic speeches to deliver to us, but we were not now in dread of a battle, for we knew the enemy too well to think he would attempt to storm our works, but we were dreading the consequences of a protracted siege, and the probabilities of the enemy cavalry running in on our single line of communication, and so interrupting it that we would be compelled from sheer starvation to either surrender to the enemy or vacate the city, for it was a plain case that our little Army could not even think of storming the enemy in his lofty and apparently impregnable stronghold.

On the 6th we moved our tents back from the works and regulated our camps in regulation order, for previous to this time each tent had stood just where it's owner desired it to since our encamping at this place, and as this entirely dispersed all thoughts of an early battle, we began to sink into that listless monotony that is inevitable to persons in our situation.

About the first of the month I began to be troubled with an irregularity of the digestive organs, and it was now assuming the form of a diarrhea, and caused me much suffering. I lost my appetite for everything that we received from the commissaries, and as the sutlers had been all banished to Bridgeport, I was greatly put to my wits to procure something to eat, and the first result was that I ate scarcely anything at all, and kept daily dwindling down to that second rate species of skeleton so often visible in long-tenanted camps, and which so plainly says "chronic diarrhea". Sickness was the only situation in which I could be placed in the Army to cause my spirits to sink below the proper mediums, and this was, I think, the worst of all sickness to bring about a hypochondriacal state of mind. I was all the time longing for something nourishing, something that I could not get; and at one time I felt that if I could get a can of peaches that I would be satisfied, but finally a sutler run the gauntlet of red tape gallows, and brought up a full stock of goods. I procured a supply of his most desirable articles of food, principally fruits, and although they seemed to agree with my digestion organs than poor beef or crackers, I was still not satisfied.

Between the 5th and 10th of the month our rations began to grow scarce, and simultaneously with this event we began to receive wormy bread and occasionally stinking bacon, and beef of the lowest quality, and from this I might date the beginning of hard times, for from this time our rations grew gradually and "beautifully less" till I think for the last two or three weeks of the siege, we did not receive more than one-quarter rations, and this small quantity, combined with the generally inferior quality, tended to render our condition truly unenviable.

The pies and cakes that were sold by the bakers in the city commanded almost fabulous prices, and were not a mile towards supplying the wants of the Army. Every device that inventive genius "hunger" could produce was called into practice to satisfy the continually craving vitals, but still the men were almost continually hungry. When a beef was slaughtered, every part of him except his hide, hoofs and entrails was messed for the table. Even the tail was skinned down to its extreme end of flesh and bone and eaten with smacking lips and appreciating appetites.

Though we to some extent suffered for want of rations, yet I think upon the whole that the health of the troops was better than if they had been receiving plenty, for the provisions were not so scarce as to produce hardly a single degree of emancipation, and it is probable that if we had been kept in that condition for months that we would have fair finally become so accustomed to it as to have suffered no inconvenience from it.

Wood became very scarce soon after our occupying the place, and we were reduced to great straits to procure a sufficient quantity of this article to keep us thoroughly warmed, but it finally increased our favorable ideas of the comfort of a Dobia tent. The boys would draw their tents close to the ground and then an oil cloth was fastened across one end, and the other filled with a kind of mason-work which somewhere contained a flu that led up from a small fireplace in the interior of the tent. A few coals from the cook's fire would be thrown on this model grate which were fed by small particles of wood, soon diffusing a general warmth throughout the small apartment, and rendering comfortable its two or three occupants.

The stumps of trees that stood near the Camp soon were nearly all leveled to the ground, and the abbatis that was formed in front of the line of works, suffered materially ere we could procure larger quantities of wood. Not a floating piece of wood of any description that came in reach of the shore escaped the vigilance of our soldiers and much wood was obtained by dragging it ashore as it was floating past. A considerable quantity was also procured by crossing to an island adjacent to our Camp and bringing the desired article across in a small flat-boat.

On the 9th of October we were greatly relieved by a rumor that Gen. Hooker had arrived at Bridgeport in command of two Army Corps (11th and 12th). The first impression was that we would now undoubtedly in a very short space of time be able to act on the offensive toward the enemy. Since the Battle of Chickamauga and up to this time, it seemed that a general reorganization of the Army had been going on. The 20th and 21st Corps had been nominally consolidated under the title of the 4th Corps and was to be commanded by Gen. Granger. The

Reserve Corps was, I suppose, distributed between the 14th and 4th Army Corps. Our Brigade was consolidated with what was formerly the 2nd Brigade of our Division, and which for the last several months had been commanded by Col. Dick of the 86th Ind. Our Brigade was now composed of eight Regiments, namely the 9th and 17th Ky; the 13th, 19th and 59th Ohio; the 44th, 79th and 86th Ind. The Brigade was in command of Gen. Samuel Beatty, and was styled the 3rd Brigade of 3rd Division of the 4th Army Corps. The Division was commanded by Gen. Thomas J. Wood. The 1st and 2nd Brigades were commanded by Genl's Willich and Hazen, respectively.

Gen. Crittenden left the Army on the tenth, first passing quietly to the Headquarters of each Regiment and taking a formal farewell of its Commander. He was, so rumor said, going to Indianapolis to attend a court of inquiry that had been convened at that place to investigate the conduct of certain general officers in the Battle of Chickamauga. I was truly sorry that Gen. Crittenden was about to leave, for I had ever considered him a brave and efficient officer; but as to his conduct at the battle of Chickamauga, I had no opinion for I saw neither him or any other general after the grand charge of the Rebel Army about 11:00 a.m. on the 20th till the next morning when I arrived at Rossville.

The soldiers had begun to be naturally apprehensive lest the relieving spirit that had so long seemed to curse the Army of the Cumberland, would now take possession of the immediate rulers of the affairs of the Army of the Cumberland. We thought that the mere fact of a man losing a battle was a poor plea upon which to have him arraigned before a Court Martial in defense of his character as an officer, and we feared that if this mania did sweep over us that we would lose "Rosy" in the operation "and who can succeed him?" was the question that always followed this result of our verbal speculations.

Though there was no general determination of feeling, yet I think that many of our soldiers were loath to part with General Crittenden. But he was not going alone. Gen. McCook of the 20th Corps was, as rumor said, relieved by the same order and ordered to report to the same court, and many dark hints were whispered about the Camp that Gen. Rosecrans would come in for his share of censure. This caused many unpleasant apprehensions but the soldiers generally seemed to be loaded with thoughts of the inner man, but little was said about governmental affairs.

Gen. Van Cleve, formerly of our Division, was assigned to the post at Murfreesboro, and notwithstanding his inability for active field service on account of old age and partial blindness, yet many of us were not satisfied to exchange him for Gen. Wood, about whom we had heard all kinds of stories as to his tyranny, hard marching, etc. Though wherever we

met up with any member of Wood's old Division, he expressed regret at losing his Commander.

On the 11th our little short Regiment was for the first time since the Battle, drawn out on inspection, and presented a striking contrast with what it did less than six weeks previous to that time. The next four days were raw, rainy disagreeable ones, and we could do no more than roll around in our tents and comment upon the probable result of the Ohio gubernatorial election, which was held on the 13th; and also discuss the merits and designs of soldiers - U.S. soldiers - who had fought for two years and had sadly felt the need of having thousands more troops in the field - who voted for the 2nd epistle to Jeff Davis, in treason, if not in crime; to-wit, C. L. Vallandigham.

On the 15th I made the following entry in my Journal: "Rain all last night and today, and nothing to do but eat wormy crackers and shiver with cold - narrator suffering much from diarrhea."

On the 16th I was for the first time detailed to work on the fortifications that were then just beginning to be marked out on the numerous commanding enemies near the City, and which have since assumed a magnitude of strength, and exhibit such perfect engineering as to render them among the most formidable that were built by the Cumberland Army. The next day we resumed the old Camp orders to the extent of a dress parade.

Tues. Oct. 20th through Thur. Oct. 22nd. Weather clear and cool. Our Brigade moves down to the left of our Division which throws us on the extreme left of the Army, our Regiment being on the left of the 2nd line. Today the rumors that Gen. Rosecrans has been superseded is so current that we are almost forced to believe it, and really if the change is made I don't think there will be much murmuring for one reason: While we are giving away a good man from the head of the Army, we are receiving another equally as worthy.

We had not forgotten how the gallant Thomas had saved our Army at Chickamauga, neither had we forgotten the other long list of heroic achievements where deserving a place on his banners.

On the evening of the 22nd, the orders creating the Military Division of the Mississippi and placing Grant at its head; and also relieving Gen. Rosecrans of the command of the Cumberland Army, and placing Gen. Thomas in his stead was read to the troops, with eliciting scarcely a murmur of either approbation or dissatisfaction. Several shells were thrown at the Rebels from our works during this evening without obtaining any reply, which we rather desired, for we were almost dying for the want of some excitement - anything

that would indicate a change. We felt confident that some effort to change the relative positions of the two armies would be ere long attempted as soon as the order was issued announcing Gen. Grant as our Commander, for he was growing high in our esteem as he was in that of the Nation, and at any day I believe the soldiers would have gladly responded to the order to make a direct assault on either Mission Ridge or Lookout Mountain.

Fri. Oct. 23rd through Mon. Oct. 26th. Cold and rainy during the whole day; bad tents; little fire; no mail at all; no news of interest; no prospect of a move, either forward or backward; no probability that the enemy will quietly fall back to Dalton and leave us free; no prospect that we will get plenty of wood, rations, clothing or supplies of any kind, and, in fact, there seems to be no nothing.

About the 25th there was much talk of consolidating our Regiment into a Battalion and uniting with the 8th Ky. Inftry. which was first to be consolidated in the same manner. A majority of the officers of our Regiment was in favor of it and accordingly an application was made to Headquarters for permission to do so.

Tues. Oct. 27th through Fri. Oct. 30. Considerable cannonading the day from Lookout Mountain and our batteries on the opposite side of the river, and some fighting farther down, but we don't know to what extent, or the number of troops engaged. Rumors late at night that Lookout Mountain is in our possession and that the steamer Paint Rock has gone to Bridgeport for rations.

The 28th was raw and rainy, and our Regiment had to go on picket. That night, for three hours following midnight, we heard a heavy cannonading and musketry away down the river, and were much puzzled to know the nature and result of the contest.

Sat. Oct. 31st through Thurs. Nov. 5th. Much cold but no rain. Heavy cannonading to and from Lookout Mountain. Rumors that our boats are coming up the river within six miles of this place and that we will soon have full rations. Hooray!

On Wednesday, the 4th of November, our Regiment went on picket. I, on account of ill health, was unable to go and consequently remained in Camp for the next few day following. Nothing of interest occurred except that mails began to arrive much more frequently, and at an earlier date after starting, and caused many hungry soldiers to hope that in a few days we would be in the receipt of full rations.

The firing from Lookout Mountain on the front of which the Rebels had stationed one or more pieces of artillery some

time in the month of October, was continued each day till as long as the Rebels occupied the territory, and thus hundreds of shots were thrown toward our Camp without ever, to my knowledge, having killed or wounded a single man. For the first few days after the battery was established, it was a source of some annoyance to our boys, but they soon became apprized of its harmless effects, and would amuse themselves by watching the smoke puff from the crest of the point, and counting the number of seconds till the report of the piece would reach us, or till the shell would burst.

Fri. Nov. 6th. An unusually warm, clear and pleasant day. The shells from Point Lookout burst lower down than usual and indeed in some instances today their proximity to us was alarming.

Sat. Nov. 7th through Fri. Nov. 13th. Weather still exceedingly beautiful. Battery on Lookout Mountain works away with its usual regularity. Rations growing much plentier. Hurrah for that!

Sat. Nov. 14th. Wood, wood, is the cry on every hand. We have burned almost every stick of wood inside our lines, and what will we do if it should turn cold ere we can push the Rebels back far enough for us to procure a supply. The Paymaster has been here several days, and we have made out pay-rolls and he has them in his possession. Therefore, we are expecting soon to receive another installment of greenbacks, which, added to our increasing supply of rations, serves to render the boys gay and high-spirited.

Sun. Nov. 15th through Tues. Nov. 17th. Weather a little cooler than yesterday. Inspection today at 10:00. A few shots from Lookout. A mess of dried beans for dinner. Hurrah for dried beans!

Wed. Nov. 18th through Thurs. Nov. 19th. Our Regiment went on picket on that day. That portion of the line which our Regiment occupied, stretched in from the river bank along a small creek that here emptied into the river, and by establishing the line on the creek it caused the left of it to be thrown a considerable distance to the rear, and greatly injured the appearance of the line, as well as requiring many more men to fill the posts, yet it had heretofore been considered by our picket officers imprudent for our line to be advanced beyond the creek lest its high banks and the depth of the stream should be the means of some of our boys being captured.

This evening our Company and Co. K were crossed over the stream on a bridge that had been previously constructed, and the first platoon of each Company deployed and made a dash at the enemy's line. The enemy simply fired one scattering volley, and then run, a portion of them throwing down their

guns and one of them threw himself down and remained till we came up and then surrendered. Ere many minutes had elapsed we saw the Rebel line again established about three hundred yards in advance, but they evinced no disposition to fire at us, and thus the matter passed off quietly, and the general peacefulness of the picket line was not in the least disturbed.

Fri. - Sat. Nov. 20th and 21st. About 12:00 noon the officers of our Regiment were notified to report to Regimental Headquarters. When all had assembled, the Colonel proceeded to inform us that we were to attack the enemy tomorrow, and then he unfolded the whole programme to us, which, strange to say, the General Commanding for one time thought proper to communicate to all the officers in the Army. The Colonel then proceeded to give us the general instructions that were to be adopted and finally closed by ordering us to be mute on the subject to anyone.

This news raised my feelings a considerable percent, for I could now see a termination to the many troubles and inconvenience we had suffered since being hemmed in this place. The most ignorant man in regard to military operations that could have been found in the Army would have at once pronounced the place of our attack on the enemy a good one, and the sequel proved that their judgment would have been correct.

But they told me on all hands that I would not be able to participate in the struggle, and I was myself conscious that my physical strength would fail on the very commencement of any arduous undertaking, yet I had been pent up so long, and had suffered so much, that I resolved to go with the Regiment as far as I could.

At 5:00 p.m. we received orders to have two days' rations cooked by morning, and to be ready to move early next day. We also received the usual number of extra rounds of ammunition. At 7:00 this order was countermanded and we were ordered to return the extra ammunition.

A steady rain fell through the night of the 20th and the whole day of the 21st. There were no fresh indications of a fight, and I began to think that the plan had fell through. There was much verbal speculation in Camps about the intentions of our Commanders; yet as all knew that Sherman had come up to the opposite bank of the river, and had heard rumors that Longstreet had gone to Kentucky, they believed that victory to our armies was as certain as we made an attack.

Sun. - Mon. Nov. 22nd and 23rd. Weather clear and moderately cold. Inspection today at 1:00. Get ready for the movement tomorrow. Each man must carry 100 rounds of ammunition and

two days' rations, and one blanket, leaving the knapsack behind. This begins to look like active operations, but I feel worse in health today than usual and unless a change for the better, I will have to remain behind.

The first incident that occurred on the next morning of interest was the order to turn over the extra ammunition. This almost led us to the conclusion that our commanders didn't exactly understand themselves; but about noon the ammunition was again issued and the troops ordered to march immediately, and as everyone knew that the movement was to the front, and that they could not go far without fighting, there was an unusual bustle and confusion among the troops as they made a disposition of long-treasured souvenirs and valuables to those that were remaining behind, and hurried to buckle in the accouterments of war, and march from the quiet Camp, and almost at a single step find themselves in the midst of a general battle.

Soon our Corps was in front of our ranks, and in heavy columns commenced moving down the gentle slopes that led into the level valley, and where, not more than three-fourths of a mile away, could be distinctly seen the Rebel picket line quietly looking on. I almost fancied that I could see their countenances (even at that great distance) betray signs of puzzled curiosity and amazement. And prisoners that were captured that evening avowed that they thought that our Army was coming out on grand review, and indeed for a time such an idea would have been justifiable; for the long, heavy columns moved out in slow and steady movements, with good order prevailing throughout the whole. Richly dressed staff officers dashed from point to point, as if they were apprehending any danger of their soon being conspicuous marks for the enemy's sharpshooters.

Generals with their numerous staffs rode each with his respective Brigade or Division, without any of the usual precautions generally taken in such cases. No wonder the enemy thought the Union Army was coming out for a review. On the side of the enemy we could see no unusual movement occasioned by our movements. The pickets still remained listlessly at their posts as if inapprehensive of danger, struggling men and animals were seen moving about the naked face of the Ridge, apparently looking on with wonder at the grand display that was being made by our troops.

Soon the columns began to close up in rear of the picket lines. The enemy's pickets seemed to straighten up and step forward as if to fully satisfy themselves of our intentions. Soon our picket line began to advance, and then the enemy's line was seen to jump into their pits, or behind trees, now fully comprehending the designs of our troops. For a moment they waited as if still anxious to avert the contest that must inevitable ensue unless our troops should soon come to a

halt, but no, they still advanced. Presently they commenced a hot skirmish fire on our troops, to which our boys respond with a yelling charge that soon causes the enemy to break and fall back. Gen. Willich, who commanded a Brigade to the right of ours, found some serious opposition in his front, but he went ahead over every obstacle and soon succeeded in capturing almost the whole of an Alabama Regiment that was stationed on his front. Almost simultaneously with the first fire, the whole scene was changed in the Rebel Camp. Drums beating the long roll, and bugles sounding the assembly could be distinctly heard rallying the Rebels to resist our attack. Mounted men were dashing up and down and along the face of Mission Ridge. Wagons were going up the Ridge by every road that lead from the valley, and upon the whole there was considerable evidence that they were not expecting us to attack so soon.

Heavy skirmishing fire, occasionally interspersed with volleys from whole regiments was kept up during the whole evening till dark closed the scene, when our line had been firmly established about one mile in advance of the original picket line. Our Regiment had lost only two men wounded, Sergt. Riley Hudson of Co. B, severely in the groin, and \_\_\_\_\_ Robinson of Co. D.

Some other Regiments had suffered more severely and in some instances had lost several killed. Those that returned to Camp for various reasons seemed to be highly pleased with the result of the evening's engagement, and anxious for tomorrow to come to see what it might bring forth. The enemy had lost some killed and wounded that fell into our hands, and several prisoners besides one almost complete Regiment.

With an anxious mind I stood that night and viewed the fires on the summit and along the sides of the Ridge, and occasionally caught a glimpse of dark forms passing and re-passing between me and the fires, fondly hoping that ere night again went and come that there would be a change in the prospect thus afforded - that either there would be no fires, or that they would give warmth to people of a different purpose.

Tues. Nov. 24th. Was one of the important days in the Battle of Mission Ridge. All was quiet along the center and left during the whole day, except an occasional picket shot. The steamer Dunbar went up early in the morning out of sight above the city without attracting the attention of any of the enemy's batteries, and remained above nearly the whole of the day and then, late in the afternoon, returned.

Late in the forenoon we began to hear sharp skirmishing all around the base of Lookout Mountain near the Point, and at about 11:30 a.m. the firing became so severe that we knew that something important was being undertaken in that

quarter. The firing continued, sometimes with great severity, and at others slackening down to an ordinary skirmish till late at night. The day was slightly rainy and unusually foggy, sometimes the summit of the mountain would be enveloped in a dense rain cloud and at others we could see the bleak point rising out of the unremitting fog that kept the base continually hidden from view, like a barren and rocky island rising abruptly from a tempestous sea.

We fancied that at times we could catch glimpses of dark lines fighting their way up the mountain side, but we could not be positive, and the distance was too great to distinguish by the ear whether locality of the firing was being changed.

When darkness came on we could occasionally catch a dim view of the flash of a gun and from their increasing proximity to the summit of the mountain, we rightly judged that our troops were gaining ground, and that if it was possible to reach the top anywhere near the point that they would soon be there.

Had it not been for the thick, heavy fog this battle would have presented one of the grandest battle scenes ever witnessed, but as it was, nature interfered and cut off the pleasure of witnessing such a scene, lest we should become too much elated over its sublimity, and the welcome news we received next morning - that "Lookout Mountain was in our possession".

Wed. Nov. 25th. This event was exceedingly clear and beautiful. The air was cool and bracing just to the extent that is disagreeable - scarcely any wind was stirring and indeed all the turbulent elements of nature seemed to withdraw themselves from the scene, as if to give wicked man a fair field over which undisturbed, he might shoot and butcher his fellows for having a different way of thinking.

The air was perfectly light, and clear of all mists which tend to obstruct the vision. The smoke from the thousands of camps and bivouac fires seemed to ascend with a speedy velocity above the line of the horizon. Really, nature in every respect was favorable to the operation of both armies.

I sprang from my cot early and was soon out to catch a view of the scene that might present itself. With considerable anxiety I strained my eyes to catch a view of the northeastern extremity of Mission Ridge, hoping to ascertain if Sherman's Corps had yet crossed, but the distance was too great, and the darkness not yet sufficiently dispelled by the increasing daylight to render objects visible, but a little while before sunrise our ears were greeted with the heavy boom of cannon, and the crashing roar of musketry away in the direction indicated, and we then knew that Sherman had crossed and was now falling upon the enemy's right flank. As

the sun began to peep over the crest of the long, barren Ridge, we could see away to its termination on the extreme left, a battery seemingly on the last knoll working vigorously and throwing its charges at another battery on the next swell of the Ridge to the right, but at the great distance they seemed to be not more than 100 yards from each other. Oh, how elated I felt when I saw this evidence of the maturity of the plan that had been previously explained to us! And as I stood and looked at the now dark smoke curl up between me and the bright sun I felt confident that Sherman had obtained a foot-hold and that the victory would eventually be ours.

With anxious emotion did I listen to the fearful combat that Sherman made this morning as he three times attempted to break the enemy's line, and was as many times repulsed - anxiously did I watch to see the batteries momentarily cease firing, and change positions, for by that alone could I form an estimate of the probable results of the contest, but they remained apparently immovable for several hours, and almost without intermission continued to emit their deadly missiles. At times early batteries seemed to be almost completely enveloped in the smoke of the other's shells. I knew that the contest was a terrible one, and oh, how anxiously did I await the result.

I did not know that Sherman was losing men by the hundred in dangerous but unsuccessful charges upon the enemy's works, neither did I know that Gen. Thomas had sent Gen. Baird's Division to reinforce Sherman and that Sherman had ordered him to return with the laconic remark "I know what my men can do." The battle raged heavily in that quarter till about noon without my being able to ascertain who were getting the better of the struggle, though I had occasionally caught a slight view of dark moving lines in the fields near the batteries and had once seen what bore a strong resemblance to a shattered column flying down the side of the hill, but we were unable to distinguish what army they belonged to.

About noon there was a general lull in the storm of the battle, and I began to tremble with anxiety for the fate of Sherman's Corps. Scarcely a gun could be heard in any direction, and a general calm seemed to assume the place of all the noise and confusion that had reigned supreme in the left of the Army throughout the forenoon. But the center and right had remained very quiet up to this time, and seemed as if they were awaiting to see if Sherman's single corps could defeat the whole Rebel Army.

The center (our Corps) had been shifting and moving about all the forenoon, and occasionally advancing a short distance, meeting with only a slight resistance from the enemy's lines. The boys said that they were never before so eager for the fray as on this occasion, although the storming of Mission

Ridge was truly a fearful undertaking. But they were encouraged by the great amount of Generalship that everyone could plainly see our Generals were exhibiting. They had seen column after column of the enemy pass along the crest of the Ridge in their immediate front and go on to the assistance of those who were battling with Sherman. They had seen heavy columns leave the works in their immediate front and therefore they knew that this part of the enemy's line was materially weakened, hence, this eagerness to storm the ridge.

Our Regiment was on picket, or rather on the skirmish line, about six or seven hundred yards from the base of the Ridge. One solid line of the enemy occupied a line of works about 500 yards in front of our line, and Col. Cram thought they could be easily dislodged. The boys said he solicited an order from Generals Beatty and Wood to charge this line. At any rate, he received such an order, and the signal for the beginning of the charge was to be the firing of six guns from Fort Wood.

The gallant Colonel read the order to reserve, and remarked "pretty heavy boys but we can go if any can". Soon the sharp, but deafening peals of the long steel 32 pounder was heard issuing from the embrasures of Fort Wood. The first five shots came in quick succession, as if to not give the boys time for a single thought between the first and the starting.

Then, there was a moment of awful suspense, but only a moment between the firing of the last two shots. The sixth shot pealed forth upon the thin air, but before its keen notes were reverberated from the distant hills our Regiment (and others) bounded forward to the charge. They had a fearful race to make. The 500 or 600 yards that lay between them comparatively open ground and every foot of it in plain view of the score of batteries along the crest of the Ridge.

Therefore, the moment our boys emerged from the woods into the open ground, they attracted the attention of these batteries which immediately turned their whole fire upon our advancing line. Then was presented a scene far fancier in fact that defies all description. The whole line of the summit of the Ridge seemed to be the continuous crater of one immense volcano. The white smoke curled up from the mouth of the cannons in almost one dense cloud, but the lightness of the air lifted it rapidly, and thus the beauty of the scene was heightened. The pieces were worked with truly commendable rapidity, and terrible was the shower of shells and shot that were poured upon our advancing line. At times the smoke of the bursting shells rose almost in clouds from the open spot of ground across which our line was advancing.

This was the great danger that our boys apprehended before advancing, and consequently they advanced across the fields at the top of their speed, and in this manner they were continually just below the range of the cannon shots, and consequently the front line suffered but little by the enemy's artillery, though it gave them a close race, and ploughed up the earth in great ugly furrows just after our troops would have passed over it.

When our Regiment arrived in about three hundred yards of the enemy's works at the foot of the hill, its occupants delivered a scattering volley upon our advancing line, and immediately broke and fled up the hill in confusion, and soon afterwards I could catch an occasional view of a glistening bayonet as they neared the summit.

Finally, our boys, almost faint from exhaustion, reached the enemy's works, and literally rolled into its ditches to catch a safe moment to breathe. But they could not remain long, for soon the depressed pieces of the enemy's artillery were raining their destructive missiles in their midst, ploughing up the works, throwing the timbers about with great force, and rendering the situation truly critical.

Gen. Wood rode along through this storm of lead, attended only by his color bearer, and came up to where our Regiment was lying. He said "hurrah for the 9th Ky." The 9th Ky. responded with three cheers, then bounded over the works and commenced the fearful and painful ascent. They were almost exhausted from their previous exertions, but they were now in the midst of a sea of whizzing lead, with no way to extricate themselves except by advancing up the rugged sides of the hill in face of the enemy, or by falling back to their original position and this they could not think of.

Then commenced that contest of physical strength and courage between the various regiments of our front lines for the fame of being the first to reach the enemy's works. The hill was very steep in many places, and was covered with patches of scrubby undergrowth, and the branches of fallen trees, which rendered the ascent very laborious.

The rolling shape of the face of the hill prevented our boys from being very seriously annoyed till they were near the enemy's works, and then every time one would show his head above the parapets, he received the leaden messenger or that deprived him of life and carried desolation to some fireside. The Rebel line was so weakened by the great number being sent away to the right to withstand Sherman that after a short, but severe, struggle with our wearier boys, they fell back over the crest of the Ridge in great confusion. But in some instances not until they had made a momentary resistance with clubbed muskets and the staves of the defenses.

In many cases the contest was so close that when the enemy gave way our officers threw down their swords and hurled stones after the retreating enemy. One number of our Regiment (Alfred Cook, Co.A) killed one man with the butt of his rifle as he mounted the parapet. The Rebel had fired at him and grazed his ear, though he was so near that Cook was powder burned by the flash of his gun, when he perceived that he had not laid Yankee, he threw down his gun to surrender, but Yankee told him he was too late about it and that he "could not quit" and served his as aforementioned.

The first strugglers had not been many moments on the enemy's works till the Yankees were pouring over to the right and left by the thousand. As Capt. Simmons arrived in the works he and another officer of our Regiment (have forgotten whom) hastily loaded a piece of artillery, primed it with a musket cartridge and whirled it to fire on the retreating enemy, but ere they could level the piece the way was blocked up by thousands of Yankees and they were compelled to desist.

Now came the exciting part of the eventful battle. Gen. Wood had arrived at the top of the hill and made a short speech to the boys, telling them that they had ascended it without his orders and now "if they didn't stay there he would have them all court martialed." This was responded to with a hearty cheer and the boys continued to advance down the crest of the ridge in pursuit of the flying enemy. They were apparently as much scattered as the enemy, and without heeding the rallying commands of the officers, every man was acting on his own hook. They were so elated with success that they seemed to have forgotten that any precautionary measures were necessary, but considered themselves invincible.

Many of the retreating Rebels still seemed to entertain hopes of effecting something yet to change the fortune of the day, and they stubbornly coveted every inch of ground from behind every tree as they fell back before the myriads of Yankee, but they were swept along as the chaff before the whirlwind. Presently they met the returning surge, or in other words, this heavy masses that had been sent to engage Sherman. They now, partially vanquished (with Sherman pressing heavily on their rear) came sweeping up the crest of the ridge with a strength and velocity that seemed to defy all opposition and fell with incomparable fury upon our disorganized thousands.

For a few moments the conflict was terrible. The Rebels fought with the determination of men who believe life is at stake, and doubt seemed to be accumulating in the scale of victory.

The main body of our troops could not immediately engage the desperate enemy on account of the eager ones that were scattered promiscuously in advance and were manfully striving

to check the coming storm. But this seemed to have only a momentary effect, and soon overpowered by numbers, they came falling back on the main body. A few moments then decided the day, for there was a perfect wall of Yankees, many lines deep, across the crest of the hill, and while those in front received the desperate enemy with terrible volleys of musketry, and slight counter-charges, those in the rear were building a barricade in order to be prepared for the worst. But ere this dreadful carnage had been going many minutes, the enemy began to waver and were soon retreating over the hills in hopeless confusion.

Our Army was too completely exhausted with the exertions of the day to immediately follow up the advantages already gained, and this only saved the Rebel Army from complete annihilation.

This terminated the ever-memorable battle of Mission Ridge, which resulted in one of the most complete victories that had ever been known to the United States arms during the war. The enemy had been driven in confusion from a position that was considered by nature almost impregnable. He had suffered an immense loss in artillery, small arms, and military stores. He was now convinced that he could offer no formidable opposition to our advance into the heart of their Confederacy. The backbone of the Confederacy (Chattanooga being one of these joints) was now effectively broken, and it's recovery was hopeless.

Our Army was now freed from the white prison in which it had been confined ever since the battle of Chickamauga. Our soldiers were now freed from the pain of seeing themselves corralled by a wall of gray by day, and a wall of fire by night. They would now no longer chafe under the half confinement to which they had been subjected by the tenacious enemy. Their losses and reverses of September 19th and 20th were doubly and trebly atoned for, as far as was in the power of man. Indeed, it seemed like making a single step from bondage to freedom, from starvation to plenty.

Our tired and battle-worn troops sank exhausted upon the ground where they exchanged the last shots with the discomfited enemy, but a moment sufficed for their pant, and then they were up talking in all the glad excitement of victors who knew they have done a great work. I could fairly catch the sound of their animated and joyous cheering as they caught sight of some favorite officer, or heard of fresh fruits of the victory on other parts of the field. As everyone had been his own commander from the time of reaching the crest of the hill, each one had some exploit to narrate to his comrade. When night set in, the firing had ceased in every part of the field, evincing conclusively that the Rebels were all gone, and soon bright bivouac fires were gleaming from the crest and sides of the hill on the very

spot occupied but the night before by the enemy; but they now seemed to shine with twofold brightness.

The enemy had suffered greatly in killed and wounded ere they left their works on the summit of the hill, and the ditches were lined with their bodies. Thousands of small arms of every description were scattered in all directions, also accouterments and equipment were lying almost in heaps, as if the Rebels had stripped themselves for the contest and had forgotten to gather their property in the hurry of their retreat, and many of our soldiers feasted that night with a keen relish on the fresh baked "corn pone" and fat "shote" which had been thus unceremoniously thrown aside by the frightened enemy.

The loss of our regiment was comparatively trifling considering the conspicuous part they bore in the action, and the great length of time they were under fire. Its loss was five killed and thirty wounded. The killed were Lieut. William Barton of Co. A, William Kirtland of Co. C, William Mitchell of Co. D, Thos. M. Arturburn of Co. G, and another whose name I have forgotten. Col. Cram received a very painful wound after arriving at the top of the hill, the ball entering the top of his shoulder and coming out on the shoulder blade bone.

Capt. Moore of Co. E was severely shocked, bruised, and to some extent wounded by a shell bursting somewhere in his vicinity. One of the fragments had gone through his hand, another had dreadfully torn his clothing on the side opposite his wounded hand, and in fact almost every part of his person bore marks of his proximity to the bursting missile. When he undertook to explain the manner in which he received his wounds, he would proceed with clearness till he came to the bursting shell and then said he "I felt mighty queer for a moment and then knew no more".

Lieut. Pope was severely wounded through the body. Other officers were slightly wounded -- many of the men severely, but upon the whole the losses did by far come up with the expectations of eyewitnesses of the scene.

Thur. Nov. 26th - That was a bright and cheerful day, and a joyfully spent one by every member of our Army who was able to be on his feet and moving. Scores of stories were related of thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes that had been enacted on the previous day. Wagons were out collecting the valuable muskets and accouterments that had been captured on the battlefield and frequently two or three pieces of artillery drawn by mules could be seen coming into town. The slightly wounded who had come to camp were relating thrilling stories of the scene.

About 9:00 p.m. our Brigade returned to camp. I and the mess cook had made preparations to the full extent of our abilities, to give our mess a worthy reception, and rendered cheerful by the result of the late battle. It was a considerable time ere the boys could sufficiently calm down from their great height of story telling to eat supper, but we finally discharged this perilous duty and retired to rest with the weight on our minds of a rumor that on the morrow we would have to start to East Tennessee in pursuit of Longstreet.

Fri. Nov. 27th - Weather warm and cloudy -- a rumor in Camp this morning that on yesterday Gen. Palmer defeated a large body of Rebels on the old Chicamauga battle ground and that he captured many guns and prisoners. The continued reports of the complete demoralization of the Rebel army cheers us greatly and were it not for having to go to East Tennessee, we could make a finish of Bragg and then go into winter quarters. Late in the morning we received orders to be ready to march at 6:00 tomorrow morning.

Sat. Nov. 28th - Weather cloudy and warm. We did not march as early as was ordered on the previous evening, but were instructed to keep in constant readiness to start any moment. I contended that it would be best for my health for me to undertake the trip for it was every day becoming more evident that I could not live much longer in Chattanooga. I knew that if I gave out on the march that I would not be left behind, and also that the exercise, change of water and diet would be beneficial to me, therefore I made arrangements to accompany the expedition.

Late in the afternoon we started from Chattanooga and traveled 6 miles on the Cleveland Road, arriving in camp about sunset. A little after sunset the air began to turn cool and the wind to blow very chilly, but my friendly and able-bodied mess had soon erected a tent and kindled a large fire at one end of it and I was soon comfortably seated in a warm place feasting on some sweet potatoes that had been hastily boiled.

Sun. Nov. 29 - Weather very cold but partially clear. We marched to Harrison's Landing fifteen miles above Chattanooga. A portion of the road was exceedingly swampy, and in some instances was barely passable, but about two miles above Chicamauga Creek we struck firm ground and for the rest of the way had a very fine road.

Mon. Nov. 30 - Weather exceedingly cold - Gen. Beatty says "the coldest day since I have been in the service." We marched twenty miles and encamped for the night within one mile of Hiwassee River, but had scarcely gotten into camp and kindled our fires till our regiment had to go on picket. But after mature deliberation, we concluded that it was best to

not get mad about it, and made the best of it that could have been done by slaying several animals of different kinds and appropriating their flesh to fill our flesh pots.

Today we began to find some of the people that were so long the prominent subjects of Rebel tyranny - loyal East Tennesseans. All along the road they seemed to welcome us as deliverers and received us with all possible demonstrations of joy. The first Union flag was hung out near Georgetown. Our brigade band went down to the house and played the lively and soul-stirring tune "The Star Spangled Banner". The family were so much affected at the sight of the dear old flag borne by national troops and the sweet notes of one of our national tunes that they all shed tears.

I rode on horseback the greater portion of the day, which with the keen air, caused me to feel much stronger than usual.

Tues. Dec. 1st - Weather still very cold. We remained on picket all day, the Corps being halted for some purpose. In the morning we drew a very limited supply of rations, and could hear it occasionally hinted around that it was unknown where we were to get any more; that we would now have to forage for a living for some time to come.

Early after 9:00 p.m. we moved down to the river and after standing on the bank for some time we were finally taken in and ferried to the other side by the steamer Dunbar. After we got across, we stumbled about through the brush for nearly a mile and then went into camp in a little field.

Wed. Dec. 2nd - Weather clear and a little milder than on yesterday. Marched 22 miles in the direction of Kingston and camped on a Rebel captain's farm. Our march lay through a rich and productive country, and as the boys knew that they were now thrown upon their own resources to provide provisions, they were not slow to embrace the opportunities that were afforded today, and as a result we had for supper fresh cuts of almost every description.

Thur. Dec. 3rd - Weather very warm and pleasant, but as a result of that the roads are exceedingly soft and muddy, which renders marching very disagreeable. After marching around about 25 miles, we found ourselves in the pretty little railroad village known as Sweetwater, where we encamped for the night. Just as we were going into camp we heard a sharp skirmish a short distance beyond a skirt of woods that lined the fields. We soon learned that it was the result of a collision between a party of our independent foragers and a company of Rebel calvary, but our boys proved to be as good at fighting as foraging and the Rebels soon skedaddled.

Fri. Dec. 4th - Weather warm and pleasant. I walked all day and began to think myself much stronger, as we had marched 15 miles. Our march lay through a very fruitful country, but the people were not so unanimously loyal as on some other days. A detail of twenty men was made from each regiment this morning to forage, each detail for its own regiment during the day. Our detail did not procure scarcely anything and as a consequence, we turned in at night in no enviable state either in body or mind.

Sat. Dec. 5th - Cloudy and a little rain. We marched about 5 miles and crossed the Holston River at Morgantown and marched about 10 miles farther in the direction of Knoxville. We crossed the river on a small hastily constructed bridge and it broke down just after the troops and headquarters train had gotten across, and therefore we had to do without our blankets through the night, which was, of course, a severe deprivation. The citizens of Sweetwater informed us that Longstreet had made a fierce assault on Burnside, and then went on to give a tolerably clear account of the affairs. As their stories all seemed to agree, we all settled down into the conclusion that it was certainly true and thus were relieved of the agreeably sudden joy we would have felt had we received the news by an undoubted source at first.

Sun. Dec. 6th - We marched to Little River - a distance of 10 miles, and on our route passed through the little old town of Maryville. The forage detail did much better than usual today and brought in considerable quantities of flour, meal, salt, potatoes, etc., and as the commander of the detail (Lt. B. O. Rodes) belonged to our mess, you must know that I came in for a full share of all these good things.

Since the weather had begun to have warmed, my health had begun to grow much worse again and I was now rendered to great straights to procure anything suitable for my condition.

Mon. Dec. 7th - We crossed Little River at Rockford and marched to within 16 miles of Knoxville and learned to a certainty that we had had our long and tedious march without any prospect of being repaid for our sufferings by a chance to chastise the famous Army camps of Longstreet.

We had traveled over 130 miles in 10 days -- through a rough, hilly country -- with scarcely any rations but such as we procured from the country through which we hurriedly passed -- in the most inclement weather -- very indifferently clothed on account of the "blockade" at Chattanooga, and, in fact, we had everything to render the expedition at once disagreeable, except the thought that we were marching to the relief of our suffering brethren. Yes, the gallant Burnside and his noble little army were surrounded and cut off from all chance of escape by a large and well appointed force of the enemy and

this thought that our timely arrival might effect some great object rendered our march comparatively an easy one. But we did not have the remotest idea of the amount of suffering and weariness from constant watching. We had no idea that Burnside's noble little army was surrounded on all sides and reduced to almost no rations, -- and above all, we thought that that army was at least twice as strong as it really was; but small as it was, it had successfully repelled one of the most and bloody assaults recorded in the annals of modern warfare. Though worn down with hunger and fatigue, they had manfully maintained possession of the city, and in the last desperate attempt of the enemy, had come off victorious.

But where were the Rebels? "The nest was there and warm, but the bird had flown," yet he had left abundant evidence of his rashness. All around the parapets and in the ditches of one little fort could be seen the marks of a recent desperate conflict -- desperate in every sense of the word, for there a chosen body of heroes had attempted in one single charge to decide the fate of an army, and they had acted in every way worthy of the occasion.

But it is already known to the world how Longstreet attempted to reduce Burnside's army to such a state of destruction that it would have to surrender, and how when he heard the Fourth Army Corps was coming, he attempted to take the city by assault, and how he met with an awfully bloody repulse, and how he concluded to let Burnside alone, and how he pulled up stakes and went on further East.

We remained on picket the night of the 7th and the whole of the 8th till late in the afternoon when we were relieved by the 17th Kentucky and then we went into camp about three miles from town.

We remained at this place several days without anything of interest occurring, except an occasional order to move and equally as frequent countermanding ones.

Though we had plenty of such rations as the country afforded, yet we could not be said to be faring well, from the fact that we had not suitable vessels for preparing bread, and the indifferent manner in which we were compelled to cook and eat it caused some sickness in our ranks.

The boys were sadly destitute of shoes, and to remedy this defect, leather was issued to the various regiments to repair the shoes of those that had any, and raw-hides to make moccasins for those that were entirely destitute. The last was a source of much amusement among the boys, but I believe I never saw anyone try the experiment of raw-hide moccasins.

During our stay we also received an order of thanks from General Burnside: "heartily thanking General Granger and his

gallant Corps for the gallant promptness with which they had marched directly from one bloody field to participate, if necessary, in another to save his Army from inevitable annihilation."

On the 15th I procured a horse and went over to have one peep at the famous City of Knoxville. I had spent the day very pleasantly and was just thinking of starting to camp when Hazen's Brigade came marching through town. This rather hurried me up and I immediately hastened to camp and found our brigade just going into camp where I had left them. They had had orders to march, but after the tents were struck they received orders to wait till morning. We began to wonder "war \_\_\_\_\_" for from the movements of Hazen's Brigade we were sure that our destination was somewhere above Knoxville and previous to this we had almost begun to hope that we would go into winter quarters, vain hope, for no more did we enjoy winter quarters while we were in the service.

On the 16th we passed through Knoxville and 15 miles beyond in the direction of Blaine's Cross Roads, and encamped on a very steep and thickly wooded hillside. There were now many rumors afloat in regard to the strength of the enemy at the front, and our calvary were undoubtedly falling back, therefore we began to suspect that we might yet get satisfied with the notorious Longstreet.

The air was so warm that my mess lay down without pitching the tent, and some time after midnight when the rain began to fall, we reduced to the awful necessity of breaking into quiet naps a sufficient time to clear off ground, erect and ditch around a tent. But it is so disagreeable to be awakened from a pleasant nap by the rain falling on your face and then to stand around in a hard shower till you are thoroughly drenched to the skin! On this night it was particularly so.

I was so emaciated by disease at this time that I could scarcely walk, and no one can imagine the heavy yearning I felt for home as I stood on that steep hillside, the rain falling briskly, the night exceedingly dark. As I looked through the already inky darkness with imagination's eyes, I almost fancied I could see warm, soft beds, bright firesides, pleasant sofas, the old armchair, and many luxuries rolled up before my mind as if to make me feel more keenly the discomfiture of my situation. But those days are passed now.

The soldier no longer makes heavy marches, and tentless bivouacks, and breadless suppers; and those that have suffered from these causes can scarcely realize the fact, since they have returned to the happiness and comforts of home and friends, much less those who have never seen a battlefield or a soldier's bivouack can have a correct idea of

what the soldiers of the late war endured for the salvation of this great and glorious Republic.

I believe that the loyal portions of this Nation feel all the gratitude that is possible toward it's defenders and I believe also that they sympathized with the soldiers while they were in the field, for in proof of that fact many evidences could be brought out. But if they could have a correct idea of the real toils and privations that a soldier is compelled to make in order to befriend his country, they would never cease to shower laurels upon his head, and speak words in his praise.

About an hour before daylight on the morning of the 17th, we received orders to be ready to "march or fight" at daylight, but daylight came on in due time without any other company save a slow rain and deep mud, and a desolate scene generally.

The 17th Ky. (they were sent back to Little River to guard a mill) came up during the day and brought a few rations, but rations now began to grow scarcer for we were in a country that had been foraged over by Longstreet's and Burnside's armies, and could not reasonably expect to find a great amount of offerage left.

On the 18th, Companies B and G were sent out under Capt. Simmons to escort a forage train for hay and feed corn, and on their return they fetched some persimmons and apples which pleased my fancy very much, for it is the nature of persons afflicted with chronic diarrhea to crave fruit of any kind.

The air was very cold through the day, but that just suited me for every time the weather became cooler, there would be a temporary improvement in my health.

The weather was a little warmer on the 19th and so scarce had become the fighting news that Co. H of our regiment was sent some distance in the country to guard a grist mill. Large wagon trains and droves of cattle passed on to the front and from all indications we judged that Longstreet had finally given up the idea of being able to accomplish anything in this end of the earth and had gone to try his hand with the Yankees of the Potomac.

About the 20th I began to entertain serious thought of attempting to procure a leave of absence for I had given up being able to conquer my disease if I remained in camp. I finally went to Old Dr. Jeffray, Brigade Surgeon, and asked his advice as to the course I should pursue. He told me that I might either "resign, take a leave of absence, or die," and I thought he was going to add "and I don't care which you do," but he did not. I concluded that I "must have time" to make up my mind as to which I should choose and accordingly

returned to my tent about as wise as when I left, for my friends had been repeatedly urging me to resign or obtain a leave of absence for a month.

On the 21st we received a large mail, which I believe was the first since leaving Chattanooga, but it was very old, yet a letter is never too old to be desirable and interesting to a soldier.

The 24th (Christmas Eve) rolled around and found us still on the same steep hillside, but under many obligations to an All-Seeing Providence for the enjoyment of such general health and good spirits among the troops. It also found us in the midst of a considerable excitement in regard to re-enlisting as veterans. Almost the whole 19th Ohio that was present was extending toward our regiment, in which there were many ready to veteran provided they could make choice of the arm of service in which they might serve. But somehow or somewhere else it never got a right start among our boys, and though I would not encourage anyone to re-enlist, yet I felt that it was one of the great politic strokes of our rulers by which our army was to be kept filled and discipline and experience retained.

Had I been healthy at the time, I expect I should have attempted to induce Co. B to "go veterans". I also expect my efforts would not have been answered with success.

Christmas was cloudy and some warmer than usual, but on account of the scarcity of chaplains and other materials we could not have the usual holiday sports, and the proper religious exercise. After dark the other regiments of our brigade got up such a scene by throwing firebrands and turpentine balls, and such a racket by any and every means that could be invented for creating noise that they were brought out and compelled to stand two hours in line of battle. This is one of the sorest punishments that is known to the soldier, but on this cold night the regiments seemed to defy it -- it's facilities for creating anything but pleasant feelings, by giving a deafening yell just as they were dismissed from parade.

Amid varied scenes of camp life we passed the next few days at this place, but time passed as cheerlessly and sluggishly as I ever knew it. The weather was at times very cold, and again it would be warm, and the rain falling in torrents rendering our conditions in many ways disagreeable. We were getting no rations at all except as we procured them from the country and then it was in exceedingly small quantities and the meat was generally of the most inferior quality, the animals which were driven in for meat being generally of the very leanest order.

To add to the disagreeableness of the situation, we hardly ever received any mails, and when we did they would have been on the route for many days. We almost entirely lost communication with the general current of events in the outer world, and had not the most remote idea as to what progress was being made by the various departments of our armies.

We once or twice received a limited supply of clothing and shoes, but not, by far, enough to supply the increasing wants of our ragged and barefooted soliders.

Thursday, Dec. 31st - Weather warm and rainy. I made application for leave of absence this evening in consequence of my very low and swiftly declining state of health, though many have urged me to resign as they think that I will never again be able for service; but I think that if I can get home that I will soon recover my usual good health.

About 10:00 in the evening of the 31st the wind commenced blowing with a violence that seemed intent upon sweeping every movable thing in its face, and with such coldness that seemed to pierce the very bones, so sudden was the change from a very warm state of air. Many of the tents were blown down, and not a few were blown entirely away, and the whole valley seemed to burn a perfect blaze of light, produced by the flying sparks of the agitated campfires. The men generally had left their tents and were standing on the Company's streets enjoying the piercing wind and yelling at the top of their voices, as if they would drown the roar of the wind.

Notwithstanding the piercing wind, the flying sparks, the falling tents, the hungry stomachs, the naked limbs, and shoeless feet, yet the boys seemed to enjoy the sport amazingly. The next morning was the coldest I ever experienced. A slight snow had fallen the night previous and this, aided by the still driving wind, rendered the cold exceedingly severe, and the wood began to disappear from our side of the hill with such a wonderful rapidity that we knew that it would not be long ere we would be compelled to move camps to be near a supply of that article.

We had rumors of every description in regard to our going back to Chattanooga but they all proved to be unfounded, yet we never could see why we were kept here so many miles from any kind of transportation, and where we had foraged over the country till it was almost completely stripped of all the necessaries of life for either man or beast.

On the 4th we suddenly received an order to be ready to march at a moment's warning, each man to be supplied with 100 rounds of ammunition, but we never heard any more of it.

On the 5th, Gen. Grant passed up the road going in the direction of the front and rumor said that he was going through the mountains to Kentucky. We received a small mail again on that evening, but no papers.

On the 6th I received a leave of absence for 20 days, which I told the boys I thought would probably last till I could reach home, and I could then get it renewed till I should have recovered my health.

I concluded to not start home till the baggage train should arrive from Chattanooga which I had heard was on the route, for we had all been compelled to leave the greater portion of our baggage at Chattanooga.

The 7th was cloudy and cold, and in the evening we had about 1-1/2" of snow, but we could not yet get any definite news from the train and, of course, began to grow very impatient.

On the 9th we again heard from our train, and it had not yet left Loudon. My patience now knew no bounds and I immediately resolved to be ready to set out for home on the next day. Gen. Wood and staff had gone on a few days previous and I now regretted that I had not gone with them as far as Chattanooga, for I expected that transportation to that point would be rather difficult.

Early on the morning of the 10th I informed the boys that I was ready to receive anything they wanted to send home, and soon found myself encumbered by a roll of money amounting to nearly \$2,500, and it principally in small bills.

I then set out for the depot accompanied by my brother officer and mess-mate, B. O. Rodes. We traveled on horseback and went to Strawberry Plains. The train had just arrived from Knoxville and as there was no convenient place for me to rest till it would commence its return, Rodes assisted me into the car where he said that I would be comfortable and unmolested. I would have been well situated, but the conductor soon came along and informed me that the cars had to be moved some distance by hand to get the locomotive to the other end of the train and therefore ordered me out. Rodes saw me coming out, directly ordered me to return and also cursed the conductor for his (as Rodes called it) impudence. I was not molested any further.

Train arrived at Knoxville about sundown, and the first thing I did was to procure a bill of transportation to go by the cars to Loudon the next day, and then I looked for some place to stay all night. I went to one hospital and procured supper, and was expecting to sleep there when the surgeon in charge came in and informed me that I better report to the Medical Director. I repaired to his office immediately, but he was not in and another surgeon that was in the M.D.'s room

said that he knew that he would do nothing for me if he were there. I next, by the advice of an old gentlemanly looking citizen, went to the house of a widow woman near the river and which was a boarding house, but here also failed to procure any quarters, but the "good woman" gave me a substantial and nourishing supper. After knocking at a half dozen other houses, I finally obtained quarters in Hospital No. 1 where I was kindly cared for by the surgeon in charge, who seemed to be as solicitous for my comfort as if he had not been used to seeing hundreds of men in my condition and worse almost every day.

On the next day I took the cars for Loudon and after a jolting, rocking and altogether unpleasant ride, I arrived safely at my destination from which place I expected to travel to Chattanooga by boat, but when I arrived the last boat had gone out of sight and another was not expected for two days. Feeling rather vexed at this, I immediately started in search of the baggage train which I supposed was still somewhere near this place, but I soon met up with the last of the escort just marching off in the direction of Knoxville. The train had already gone but the private baggage had all been left at Chattanooga. There was a considerable squad of my regiment along, accompanied by Lieuts. Goad and Coyle, and the few minutes that we spent together was spent in their telling me of a fight that they had at Chattanooga as they came on. And their account of Gen. Wheeler's unsuccessful attack on the "Quinine Brigade" was truly entertaining, slightly bordering on the ludicrous, and I would that I had space to give a full account of this interesting little affair.

I went to the camp of the 3rd Ky. Infantry and procured transportation for the next boat that should pass down the river and there in company with a Lieut. of the 15th Mo. whose name I will not mention and Capt. Miller, Commissary on Gen. Wood's staff, we crossed the river to Loudon and for the modest sum of \$1.00 we procured a dinner of corn bread and coffee. Then we recross the river and bivouack under a large shelter lest the boat should come and go during the night.

I was very much annoyed by the close attention of the Missouri Lieut. and felt some apprehensions as to the honesty of his intentions, for I could tell by his remarks that he believed my pockets would be worth rifling. Capt. Miller warned me to be on my guard and was so kind as to extend to me a portion of his blanket which his careful ideas of comfort had caused him to bring along.

We remained on the river's bank during the whole day of the 12th, without being greeted by the anxiously expected boat and with an impatience that was scarcely endurable, I turned into my humble breakfast of cold beefs liver and corn bread, which my cook had been so careful as to prepare for me before

I left camp. For dinner the Missourian went and made arrangements with the mistress of a house in the vicinity, and soon we were there and seated at the table loaded with -- whereat I seated myself at the table, and feeling no sense but hunger, I pitched into some cannister biscuits and black flesh, but a few mouthfuls of this satisfied me and I finished my meal in short order by taking a few sups from a cup of coffee and then sat back. I then began to look around the room to ascertain, if possible, by what kind of people I was surrounded. It was a mixed collection of old and young women, dirty girls, and boys and, in fact, they were the most rottenwitch family that I ever beheld.

One corner of the room, which to all appearances contained a loom, was literally piled with ragged uniforms, broken chairs, stinking raw hides, one or two beef heads, several articles of questionable appearance, and right under my chair I discovered a sheepskin with the legs attached, and judging from the pale color of the fleshy side, it was originally a covering for the identical meat that I had just partaken of on the table. This heightened my disgust and caused an almost uncontrollable desire to eject that which I had just eaten, yet the Missourian ate on as if he were dining at the most elegant saloon in any large city.

Presently an anti-silvery voice asked me to eat more, and looking around, I saw a fat, dirty, greasy, black eyed, red faced, yellow complexioned, indolent, dissipated, and self centered specimen which I believe some folks call a young lady. A throng of dirty, ill-raised children were on every side of me and were charging into the dish of meat and plate of bread, with a rapidity and veracity that would have soon left nothing for me to eat, even had I been so disposed.

I don't think I ever in my life saw such an ignorant, degraded, uneducated family of persons. They seemed lost to all the finer feelings of humanity, and were rolling in dirt and crawling filth, in the happy state that lets every day provide for itself. But I can't repress a feeling of mingled loathing and regret to this day.

Disparaging of hearing of the boat that night, I went to the camp of the 3rd Ky. Infantry, and soon joined the cabin of an old friend, J. M. Akin, and with him I spent the night after eating a rough but decent supper.

Wed. Jan. 13th. Lieut. Akristie came down early in the morning and invited me to his cabin, and requested me to remain with him as long as I should stay about the camp. And as he had the best table and my friend the best arrangements for sleeping, I made my arrangements accordingly.

Thur. Jan. 14th. I was again doomed to the disappointment of not seeing a boat arrive, and oh, but I began to grow

impatient -- my furlough was rapidly shortening -- my health gradually declining -- and really the fates seemed to conspire against my welfare. We had no news through the day to relieve the painful monotony except a cheering telegraph from Kingston to the effect that the steamer Chattanooga had gone to Bridgeport for repairs and that the other steamers were too heavy draught to come up in the present low stage of the river.

The weather was now disagreeably nice and clear, for you may judge that I wanted to see heavy rains. The next two days were of the same impatience creating nature, and I began to get so low spirited that my health became rapidly worse, but on the coming of the second day Gen. Wagner and staff came down from Knoxville going on leave of absence, and then I summed up all my powers of patience to see if I had as much as a "star".

On the morning of the 18th, a sick man of the mess with whom I had been sleeping began to break out with smallpox and, of course, this incident did not increase my satisfaction, considering that I had occupied the same bed with the sick man for the four previous nights.

Late in the evening I joined a party of several officers of different regiments and 1B privates principally of the 3rd (?) Ohio Calvary (veteran) who were preparing to start to Chattanooga that night in an open ferry boat. This I considered to be a rather hazardous undertaking, especially as the river was very low and filled with many rapids that would render night traveling in such a frail conveyance both disagreeable and dangerous, but I felt willing to incur any risk or inconvenience in order to be traveling toward home.

Accordingly, about 6:30 p.m. a jolly crowd had assembled at the river bank preparing to start on the perilous voyage. Generally, they seemed to anticipate a fine time during the voyage and were as busy about their leave-taking with men whom they had never seen till a few hours previous, as if they were starting on a voyage across the Atlantic, and were taking a last sad parting with dear relations and friends. Soon we had completed our preparations and amid the shouts of a dozen spectators and the firing of a pistol, we started down the river. Not a single passenger of the boat was in any way acquainted with the river, but we knew that before starting and had heroically concluded to "go it blind".

There were twelve stout men among us and they agreed to work the oars by reliefs, and they would keep the boat at a swift enough speed to give steerage way. I and a few others (being unable to row) were placed at the bow of the boat to look out for snags and shoals, etc. and soon we had every possible regulation made to insure a quick and safe voyage. We steered around many rough places, which we could distinguish

in the darkness by the roar of the water lapping among rocks. At one time we found ourselves so close to a rapid before discovering it that we saw no other way of escape but to go straight over or under, and the helmsman called for a "hearty pull" at the oars intending to run over in a manner to prevent swamping. We wheeled to the left and over we went broadside where the water made a perpendicular ascent of nearly three feet, but which we had judged from the roar of the water to be much worse. As it was, our boat took in water frightfully, but finally we cleared the "breakers" and were again in smooth water.

When we had been out two hours and just as we were making a turn in the river, we espied a sight ahead which would have been an exceedingly welcome one a few hours since, but which now called for a volley of half-malicious oaths from many of our river-sick passengers. It was the steamer Kingston coming up the river, but she was some distance off and we did not pass her for another half hour. Then the usual hails were passed and some of our boys were just laying in a volley of jests upon the passengers of snail-traveling steamers, when we found ourselves in its waves and they came very near sinking our clumsy vessel.

A hasty consultation had been held when we came in sight of the steamer relative to whether we should hail the steamer and be taken on board or "go ahead". The former alternative, after considerable discussion, was agreed upon but the officer of the steamer refused to recognize our hail, and we soon found ourselves in the wake of the steamer irresistably drifting down the current which was at this place remarkably strong. Our crew then for a few moments indulged in a torrent of oaths and imprecations that would have curried the palor from any lager beer saloon in time of a Dutch festival, and they swore they would "go ahead" in our present conveyence or die in the attempt, but after the steamer was lost from view, we began to calculate how long it would take our boat and the steamer to make the trip to Chattanooga and finding a vast difference in favor of the latter, we resolved to land at the first suitable place and make our way back to Loudon.

After having been in the water for about three hours, we "hove to" and learned from a citizen that by the river we were twelve miles from Loudon and only twenty by land. Several of us at once resolved to return to Loudon that night, hoping to get there ere the boat would leave. Hired a wagon and away we went. We arrived at Loudon about 5:00 a.m., but the guards would not suffer us to cross till after daylight, and as the rain had begun to fall, we repaired to the Moss Hotel and bided our time.

At daylight we crossed over when to our intense mortification and chargin we learned that the boat was intending to make a